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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

I N D E X

for

VOLUME 241

JULY — DECEMBER 1970

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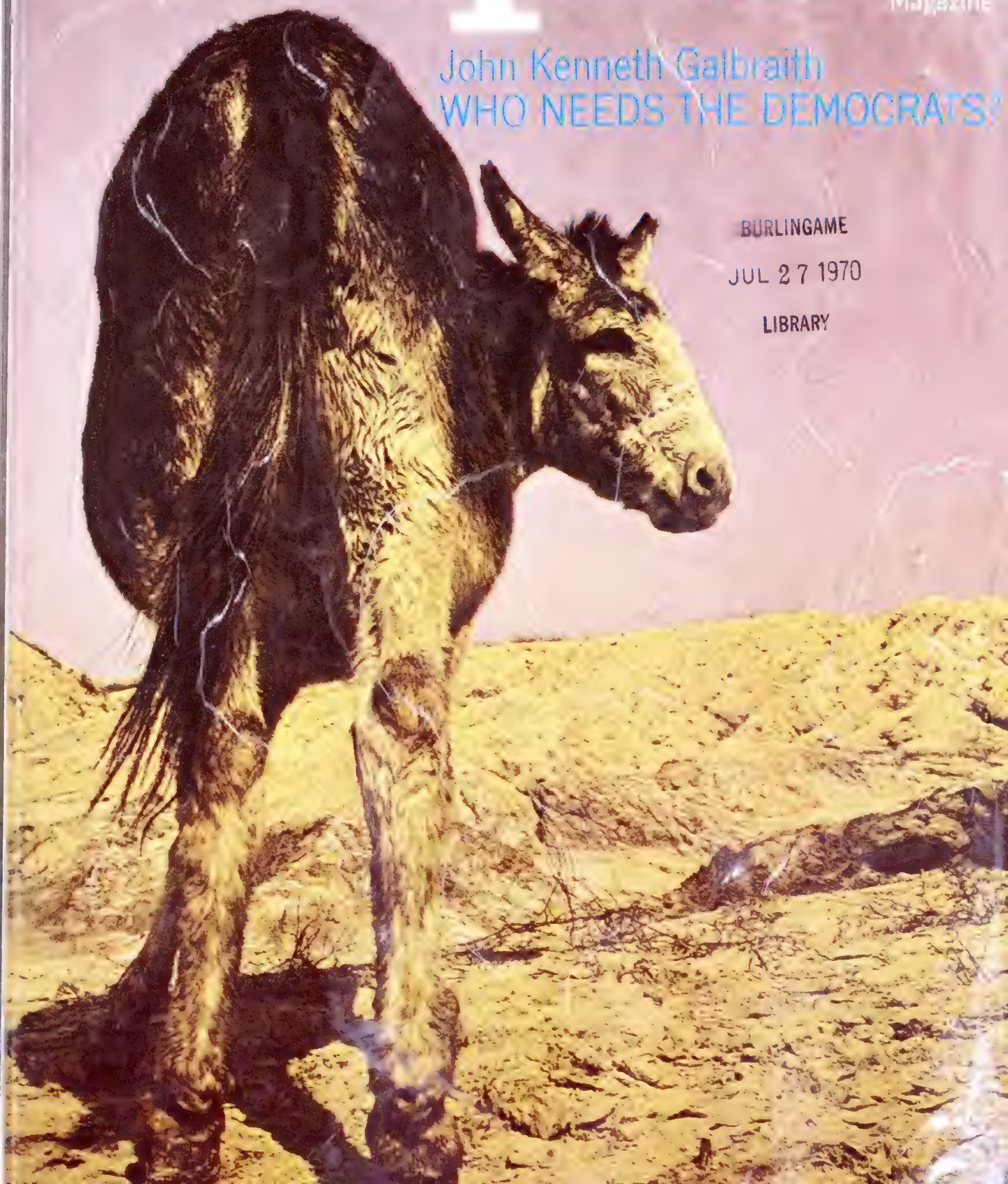
Magazine

John Kenneth Galbraith
WHO NEEDS THE DEMOCRATS?

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JUL 27 1970

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Like to be a Lord?

Pimm's Cup, the most distinguished of drinks, has decided to have a competition. And naturally, we could only offer an utterly distinguished prize. An English title.

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PIMM'S CUP





The painting that made a marriage legal

Not one person in a thousand suspects the real meaning of this famous double portrait by Jan van Eyck. Usually, it portrays a wedding, and all the fascinating details are symbolic references to the sacrament of marriage.

As John Canaday points out in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, the little white symbolizes faithfulness; the discarded sandals, humility; the single candle, the presence of God. Above the couple, which signifies purity, is an inscription meaning, "Jan van Eyck was here, 1434," written in script proper to a 15th-century artist. For the painting really is a document: a painted certificate!

If you had come across this painting in a museum, you have understood what the artist was trying to say. Or would you have missed the hidden meanings?

A surprising number of otherwise cultivated people have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. When visiting a museum, they stand before a respected work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help these persons that New York's Metropolitan Museum and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created Seminars in Art, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

Each seminar comes in the form of a handsome portfolio, the core of which is a lecture devoted to one aspect of painting. Each is illustrated with many black-and-white pictures and contains twelve large separate full-color reproductions of notable paintings. As you compare these masterpieces side by side, Mr. Canaday's lectures clarify their basic differences and similarities, and so reveal what to look for in any painting you may see.

Soon paintings will be more than just "good" or "bad" to you. You will be able to talk knowledgeably and form your own educated opinion when you visit a gallery or museum. And parents will find themselves sharing their knowledge with their children, thereby providing a foundation for a lifelong interest in art.

Examine the first portfolio without charge

You can study the first seminar by mailing the coupon on this page to the Book-of-the-Month Club, which administers the program for the Museum. You will receive the first of the twelve portfolios, *What Is a Painting?*, for a two-week trial examination. Subsequent portfolios, sent at the rate of one a month, are devoted to realism, expressionism, abstraction, composition, painting techniques, and the role of the artist as social critic, poet, and so on.

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At a time like this, Bob Lynch isn't thinking about the balance of payments.



Bob Lynch and his wife, from Walla Walla, Washington, are getting a big kick out of spending their \$200 duty-free allowance in London.

With Mrs. Lynch in a smashing evening gown, the furthest thing from her husband's mind is the U.S. balance of payments. And who can blame him?

What he probably doesn't know is that many of the Londoners they dealt with are customers of ours.

The owner of the boutique on King's Road in Chelsea, for instance, drives a rented Avis car on weekends.

The maitre d' of their favorite restaurant spent his last summer vacation at the Sheraton-Malta Hotel in St. Julian's on the Mediterranean, and the manager of their hotel owns a

color TV set made by ITT KB, one of our British companies.

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Companies like ours make a direct contribution to economic strength abroad through foreign payrolls, taxes, exports, new construction and purchases of parts and raw material. And by decreasing costs through more efficient production, by stabilizing employment and by paying a fair return to investors.

What's more, foreign direct invest-

ment in the U.S. now comes to more than \$10 billion. And a number of countries—especially Great Britain, France, West Germany, Italy, Switzerland and Japan—now compete aggressively with the U.S. in world markets. The large U.S. balance of payments deficit for last year makes this obvious.

Key is growth

The key to U.S. success in world markets is growth. No company can stand still for very long today, especially in a world that demands application of advanced technology and modern business management techniques for survival.

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Harper's Magazine

FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 241 NO.1442

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CREDITS: The photograph of Eisenhower on page 70 is from United Press International. The photograph of Frankfurt on page 84 is from Photoworld, Inc.

Erratum:
We are advised that there were a number of factual inaccuracies in an article about the New York Post by Jack Newfield in our September issue. We regret any harm that may have been done as a result of its publication.
The Editors

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine, Inc., 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Cass Canfield, Vice Chairman; William S. Blair, President. Subscriptions: \$8.50 one year, \$21.00 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: \$1.50 per year additional. For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 375 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, and San Francisco. Copyright © 1970 by Harper's Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine, Inc., under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. Printed in the U.S.A. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices, postmaster: Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43021.

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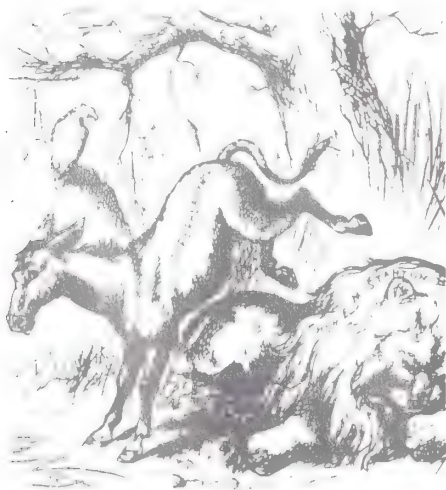
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

This July 1970 issue of *Harper's Magazine* is concerned in good part with politics and Presidents, left, right, and middle American, from Mr. Nixon to Ike, Woodrow Wilson through LBJ. Some of the writers' concern is critical, perhaps most of it; and leading the critics of the Democrats, in this instance, is the famous liberal economist and outspoken nagger, John Kenneth Galbraith. More adept than anyone who speaks for him, he speaks for himself (in the Foreword to his forthcoming book *What Has Happened to the Democrats?*).

For thirty odd years I have been a reasonably active Democrat, and over

The cover. The donkey photographed for this issue is alive and well and living (it happens) on Long Island, a descendant in spirit from the traditional symbol of the Democratic Party in its more rambunctious moods. Thomas Nast, the cartoonist who usually gets the credit for creating this emblem, first used it to represent the Copperhead faction of the Democrats 100 years ago in *Harper's Weekly* for January 15, 1870.



all that time my relations with the Party have varied from uneasy to unpleasant. In the late Thirties, the Party elders in Washington viewed the evangelistic young Keynesians who were around town with distaste and even alarm. I was one. Later, when in charge of war-time price control, I was thought, along with Leon Henderson, to have caused the loss of a number of key Congressional seats in 1942. (In politics one only loses key seats, never non-key seats.) I have always felt that the contention had merit. So did FDR, who a few months later dispensed with my services, to general applause. He offered me a job in South Africa.

In 1952, the people who were helping Adlai Stevenson on economic policy were felt by more reputable Democrats to be guiding him too far to the left—a view that was shared by Adlai himself. Again I was one. Later during the Eisenhower years, I was chairman of the domestic-policy committee of the Democratic Advisory Council. For the first time in political affairs, I found myself burdened by the responsible position. Accordingly I was assailed by Leon Keyserling from left and right and by Dean Acheson from the right. (Dean and I clashed also on foreign policy. At the time he was persuaded that John Foster Dulles was being too soft on the Communists.) In the early Sixties, I found myself in disagreement with my old Keynesian allies over tax reduction. Such a reduction was required by what was now the new orthodoxy. I thought the money should be used for public needs. Nothing serves one so well in politics as the ability to change sides. Consistency is what freezes you to error. For several years in the late Sixties, the Massachusetts State Committee used to meet only to consider my ejection from a highly symbolic Party post. Fortu-

nately the matter never came to a vote. Vietnam was by now the issue. Prior to the Chicago Convention, a move to expunge me from the delegation for the same heresy did succeed. The first order of business before the delegation when it caucused at Chicago was a resolution to remove me again, for meanwhile I had arrived back on. One could, eventually, get the feeling of not being wanted.

"None of this is to establish my right to a persecution complex or even my credentials as an excessively experienced malcontent. It merely allows me to point out the most important thing about the Democratic Party, which is that no matter how much you may dislike it and vice versa, you cannot escape it. And the reason is the *raison d'être* of the Party. The Democratic Party, not the Republican Party, not third parties is where the change occurs and thus where the action is. . . . Its shortcomings, eccentricities, and anachronisms notwithstanding, the Democratic Party has been the instrument of a remarkable amount of change from the days of the New Deal on. I would hope it can be so again. In any case, there isn't anything else."

Award notes: Seymour M. Hersh, whose book *My Lai 4* was introduced in a special section of *Harper's* May issue, won this year's Pulitzer Prize for international reporting for his disclosures on the massacre in Vietnam. Other recent Pulitzer winners, whose prize works first appeared in this magazine, include Norman Mailer (*The Armies of the Night*) and William Styron (*The Confessions of Nat Turner*). And coming soon in *Harper's* is a new poem, "The Chalk Cliffs of Rügen," by the winner of the 1970 Pulitzer Prize for Poetry, Richard Howard.

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LETTERS

My Lai

The article by Seymour Hersh about My Lai 4 [May] is shocking and disturbing. The massacres which occurred . . . are comparable to the tales of Mongol hordes, the Germans entering Belgium, the Holocaust.

But the most disturbing thing about reading such an article is the sense of futility. We have known that Americans were slaughtering civilians in Vietnam for years; we used to see it every night on the evening news. Johnson was forced to retire because everyone was tired of the war. But still it goes on, gets worse, expands. We vote for people, from the President on down, who promise to end the war, to change our priorities, to set us straight. And it goes on, gets worse, power becomes more remote. It seems as though the President is in fact the head of two nations. One which votes, the other which is a Byzantine power structure of military, industry, labor, conservative politicians. The two are pursuing different courses and perhaps are heading for war with each other. If the more powerful one decides that the citizens are the enemy, My Lai may come home to be Elmsford, N.Y.

SALLY SHEEHY
Elmsford, N.Y.

One of the sources of the intense pride the professional soldier takes in his occupation is the feeling that he exemplifies the willingness to lay his life on the line in defense of his country. I used to feel that the Army never encountered ethical problems when a grave question was to be answered. Existence within a structured society where the rules cover everything made me think that there couldn't be a choice between the truth and some other alternative. *Everything* was covered by regulations.

Yet I ask the perhaps immature question: At what time in one's career does the preservation of one's career take precedence over what is right? How

could persons of considerable rank with a great deal to lose fail to demonstrate that unerring adherence to the right that should have been automatic, failing incredibly by assuming what seems to have been the fabled ostrich attitude, when every commander knows that the only way to be really sure of what's going on is to *be there*?

I am a sadly disillusioned soldier, especially when I consider the untold risks my own men took two years later abiding by controls designed, perhaps, to prevent a similar tragedy; controls which were unnecessary given the self-discipline and military discipline which could have prevented My Lai.

ROBERT W. HINTERMAIER
Vida, Missouri

Seymour Hersh's superbly written "case study" of the events preceding and surrounding the massacre at My Lai 4 is deeply disturbing. I wonder how many fellow Vietnam veterans reacted as did I: that is, discovering a reawakened impact of emotions which were well on their way toward repression. For me, Mr. Hersh has given a word picture of the pervasive insidious effects of the "culture" built into and taught by the military system, and the manner in which this culture in the Vietnam combat setting precipitated the devaluation of human dignity and existence. . . .

In recalling my experience as a professional social worker in the Army in Vietnam . . . [and] in talking with many people, from commanders to infantrymen, from helicopter pilots to combat medics, my impression was that there were not merely isolated anomalous incidents of purposeful killing of civilians by American soldiers, but that these incidents were indeed commonplace. . . .

I believe it to be tremendously important that we (the public) learn what it is about the nature of man that enables such events as the massacre to occur. Some would say that the only explanation adequate to cover the seemingly inconsistent images of the Ameri-

can soldier as feeding war orphans, building schools and bridges, and the soldier as murderer of innocent civilian to a degree far beyond the tolerable excesses of warfare, is that some toxic poison must have severely altered the personality of each individual soldier. Thus, in hearings conducted by Senator Dodd, several psychiatrists have testified that there is a toxic psychosis which has been associated with marijuana abuse. . . . Indeed, Senator Dodd stated on the floor of the Senate: "Mr. President, the grisly incidents alleged to have occurred on March 16, 1968, in My Lai, South Vietnam, present us with a major confrontation in character. Have American soldiers suddenly been transformed into brutish monsters overnight? Or, is there some other cause, another factor that has induced this terrible aberration? There is reason to believe that this new image of the GI as a storm trooper could well be the direct result of the toxic effects of certain drugs which are abundant in Vietnam!"

In the May edition of *The International Journal of the Addictions*, a report of my research concerning the incidence of marijuana use by Army soldiers in Vietnam appears. . . . The research was requested by the then chief psychiatrist in Vietnam; however, when the issue became politically "hot," I was ordered to leave the data in Vietnam. Some six months later, I was able to convince the Army Surgeon General's Office to order the material returned to the U. S. for analysis.

The results of this research may cause one to rightly ask some very different questions than those asked heretofore. For example, is it possible that the use of marijuana in Vietnam actually serves to *decrease* the likelihood of murder? Is it possible that the high rate of marijuana use among psychiatric patients is not the cause of psychiatric disorder, but that instead men with mental illness or other forms of characterological difficulty use drugs (whether marijuana or alcohol or other such stimulants) in an attempt to *control* their behavior or to

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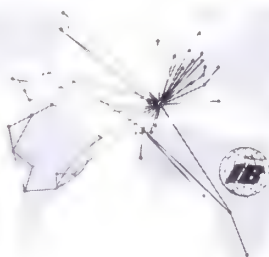
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LETTERS

suppress their intrapsychic stress?

There are many such questions which objective social-science research would attempt to answer. To date, the overwhelmingly inordinate emphasis given to anecdotal, unscientific, and subjective data is such as to suggest that there is a question of greater magnitude and generality which must first be answered. That is, is it possible to objectively and rationally inquire about man's nature in terms of behavior in combat, or the use of drugs? Or is the preoccupation with preserving notions of man's nature as it ought to be so entrenched that rational inquiry can not occur?

ROGER A. ROFFMAN
University of Calif., Berkeley

Your article on the so-called "My Lai Massacre" was the most biased piece of liberal reporting ever printed.

In the first place, there *was* no "massacre" at My Lai and I am more than outraged at the efforts of the liberal media to crucify our officers and men who in turn were outraged at watching their fellow soldiers killed and maimed by booby traps and land mines set by old men and women, and by small children.

We all know that "war is hell" and that the Vietnam action is more hellish than most. However, the people of the United States should support our unfortunate men who are in most cases sent there against their personal desires, not condemn them.

ELIZABETH ALSTON BUTLER
Austin, Texas

I am trying to read the report of the My Lai Massacre in your May issue, but I cannot go on. My heart is sickened and my eyes are blinded by tears. For God sake, let us stop this war now before we are completely and hopelessly corrupted.

ANNE ONISHI
New York, N.Y.

Voices

Although I have for some time admired *Harper's* for its general objectivity, even when its content has been, as it often is, at variance with my position, I can scarcely attribute this quality to Joseph C. Goulden's "Voices from the Silent Majority" in the April issue.

I do not necessarily include myself in said "Silent Majority" . . . However, neither can I believe that Bobby Moga the Township Supervisor is representative of the several hundreds of thousands

of U. S. citizens who expressed approval of the President's speech on Vietnam last November. (I am not one of the incidentally.) Rather I believe that representative individual among a group, if one could be selected, would be better informed, less extreme in views, and more tolerant of the opinions of others. And I am forced to feel that quite a few of those approving *Harper's* read books dealing with the subject Vietnam. (The undersigned has read several, including the very excellent ones by Bernard Fall.)

As any experienced insurance man knows, Bernoulli's Theorem (generally known as the Law of Averages) does not operate with small numbers as sampling. Hence, it follows, Mr. Goulden could never have achieved "representative" sampling by selecting as few as seven letters (and probably not with a hundred times that many). This proven principle, but especially the contemptuous tone of his account, convinces me that his sampling was by no means random. Let us face it, it was carefully selected sampling, chosen to reflect discredit on the President and on his supporters.

EARL E. EICABROO
Captain, U. S. Army (Retiree)
Gig Harbor, Wash.

Armed with his preselected letters and his predetermined point of view, Mr. Goulden infiltrates the Middle West and soon discovers that, by all odds, only Robert Moga is his fattest turkey. He accepts Mr. Moga's hospitality, dines at his table, sleeps in his guest room, meets and lunches with his friends, and eventually returns to New York, where from the vantage point of his superior breeding, upbringing, and education, he proceeds to chop Mr. Moga into small pieces.

Mr. Goulden does his reporting with all the casual arrogance of the appointed liberal. (It is warmly profound and wonderful for Andy Williams to sing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" at Robert Kennedy's funeral but gauche for Rotarian types to sing it in "anthem rhythm" at a luncheon; it is profound right to march in the—misnamed—Moratorium, gauche to criticize it.) Yet one feels strangely sorry for Mr. Moga. He is presented as a wretched caricature poorly educated, self-righteous in his blind patriotic fervor, all problems neatly solved with a fist wrapped in the Flag.

Yet there is this to consider. Mr. Moga may not really know or unde-

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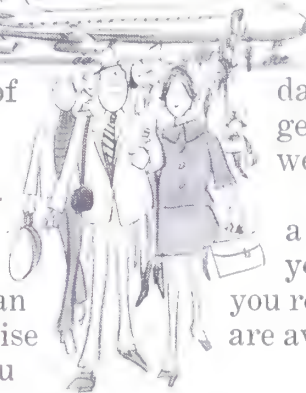
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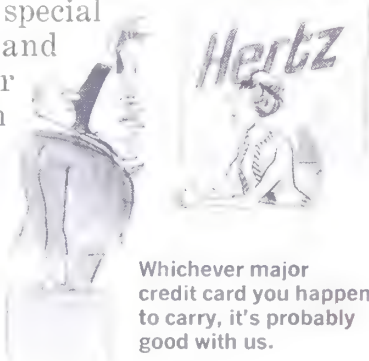
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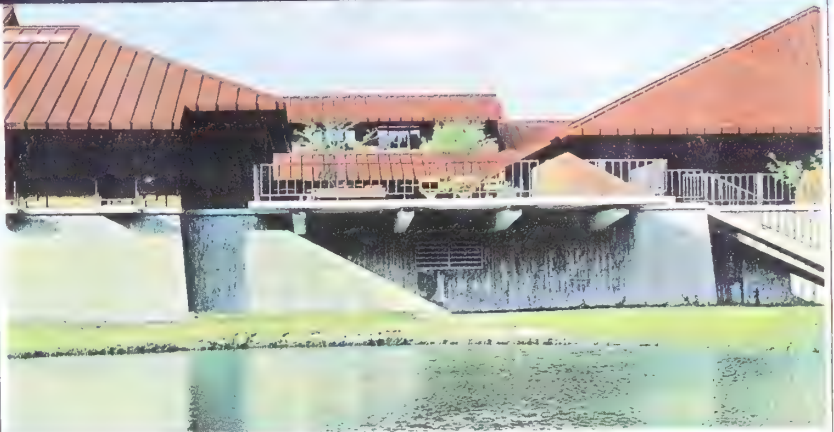
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stand what it is he is saying and doing. Mr. Goulden, on the other hand, does.

DANIEL A. JENKINS
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

"Voices From the Silent Majority" makes a perhaps unwitting point: nowhere today does there exist a book on the horror and stupidity of the Vietnam war which is written in terms that the Silent Majority can respect. Reading Bernard Fall is no help, because Fall makes the constant assumption that his reader is already a liberal. As Mr. Goulden's article points out, Silent Majoritarians do read, although their reading patterns are different from those of intellectuals. If Eddie Rickenbacker can write a book that the Silent Majority will read, someone can do the same with the war, because the stupidity of this war transcends the boundaries between liberal and conservative.

... Too many liberals try to use Vietnam as evidence of the superiority of liberal over conservative, because conservatives supported the war for so long. Even Mr. Goulden, in what he leaves unsaid about the reading habits of the Silent Majority, seems to be making the point: if Nixon's Silent Majority read good books, they would perhaps not believe as they do; therefore, it is essential that everyone read good books. The argument is fine in theory, but it is very dangerous stupidity to insist on it now. This war must be stopped, and much sooner than the time it would take to convert Bobby Moga, Jean Gast, Diane Hicks, Tom Frey, and the rest of the Silent Majority to the virtues of the humanities.

W. D. MAURER
Asst. Prof., University of California
Berkeley

Two articles in the April issue, one on the Silent Majority and the other on violence ["The Future of American Violence," by Richard Hofstadter], complemented each other well. It must be said that after hearing what the Silent Majority has to say, one can appreciate the turn to violence in America. ... They say they are informed yet have never heard of, let alone read, a book on the war. "I don't feel we have enough information to know whether policies are right or not. Leave it to the leader." But isn't this what we fought World War II about, so people wouldn't leave things to the leader or wouldn't just obey orders? When will people learn that it is their duty in a democracy, if they are going to prevent that democ-

racy from becoming a dictatorship?

No wonder the Left, most of who really cares about saving America, at least what America stands for, is turning to violence. Violence, however, really has never solved anything. As long as Nixon and his Silent Majority have power, America the land of freedom will soon vanish. So perhaps violence and narrow-minded chauvinism must be fought with violence. As myself, and I speak for many others who abhor violence, yet who often the need to fight back and throw bones because that was the only way to survive the repression of the Silent Majority. The above remarks give some idea at least as to why I no longer live in U. S.

BERNIE KOEHLER
London, Ontario

JOSEPH C. GOULDEN REPLIES:

The persons featured in "Voices" were "carefully selected," but in the conspiratorial sense alleged by Captain Eigabroadt and other outraged citizens. The initial "selection," in fact, was made by the White House communications office, in response to my request for a sampling of letters received at the November 3 speech. Just what criteria the White House used I do not pretend to know, although I will point out that this office, run by the very capable Herbert Klein, is the public relations arm of the Presidency. Of fifty-odd letters passed to me, I carded perhaps five because of shrillness (three exclamation points per sentence is my limit); and quasi-literacy (let me be accused of interviewing a group of Snopeses). Because my concern was with civilians, I dropped seven other letters from military personnel. From the remainder I selected potential interviewees (a) whose letters were more than a one- or two-sentence "I'm-for-you" and (b) who were geographically dispersed, reachable in ten days of travel. So for the one man who wrote on his official stationery, I knew nothing more of the people than what they wrote. The seven I asked for interviews accepted my writing the article I discarded one as repetitious. In sum: my selection process was as random as the breakfast menu of a stray dog, and I had not the slightest notion of what these Silent Majoritarians would do or say until I sat down with them. As a citizen I fervently hope Bernoulli's Theorem was temporarily inoperative: as a journalist I suspect it wasn't, and that the voices I heard were truly representative of Mr. Nixon's Silent Majority.

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If you've been with us for the past few years, you know we're ready with our own little car, the Vega 2300. Almost.

But first, there are a few things we've been meaning to talk to you about.

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Before we tell you anything about the car itself, we think you should know that when it comes out, it's going to stay out. We don't plan to change it for at least four years.

We've got it just the way we want it, and we think you'll like it.

Of course, there is the possibility that we'll find ways to improve Vega from a functional standpoint. If we can, we will. We'll make you a promise, though: no change for the sake of change.

So, when you see the 1971 Vega, you'll be getting a preview of Vegas to come. That's how confident we are. Here's why.

Little, but big.

To be perfectly honest, we're pretty proud. Our little car is unlike any other little car.

For one thing, it is

indeed little: it's on a tight 97-inch wheelbase, and it's built for four passengers. Yet it feels bigger, because there's as much room per passenger as there is in many big cars.

There are other things that make our Vega a lot of little car, like its zippy performance, its quiet ride, and even its taut, smooth handling. In fact, our little car is more than just maneuverable—it's plain old fun.

Naturally, all of these things are ads in themselves, so stay tuned to this magazine.

Little, but little.

Although our little car feels and acts like a much bigger car, there are times when its littleness really shines.

Like when you pull into a gas station. We aren't ready with final figures yet, but we can say this much: Vega will get gas mileage in the same neighborhood as the best of the economy cars. And that's a pretty good neighborhood.

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31787 MAMAS & PAPAS — 1st Greatest Hits
Dunh LP, 8TR, CASS



42693 KING CRIMSON
Atlan LP, 8TR



31799 THREE DOG NIGHT — It Ain't Easy
Dunh LP



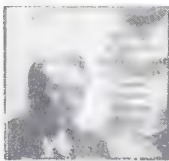
44309 BEST OF
HERBIE MANN
Phili LP



42718 BEST OF
NINA SIMONE
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



33067 COUNTRY JOE & FISH —
Here We Are Again
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



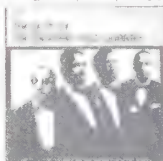
17064 MOZART: Sym
Nos. 25, 29, 32 —
Lon. Sym, Davis
Phil LP



42665 CROSBY,
STILLS & NASH
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



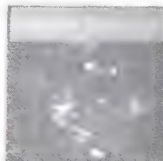
33032 IAN & SYLVIA
— 1st Greatest Hits
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



42715 BEST OF MIQ
BOYS — Sing Mozart
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



17074 VIENNA CHOIR
BOYS — Sing Mozart
Phil LP



31942 GABOR SZABO
— Sorcerer
Impul LP, 8TR, CASS



17049 SIBELIUS
— Sym. #2 Concert-
gebouw/Szell
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS



33029 BUFFY
SAINT-MARIE
— Gonna Be A
Country Girl Again
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



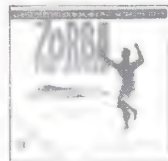
33077 JOAN BAEZ
— One Day At A Time
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



17317 CASALS
— Plays Beethoven
Phil LP



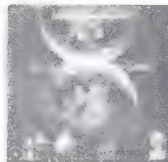
17263 GREGORIAN
CHANT
Phili LP



34506 ZORBA THE
GREEK — Soundtrack
TwCen LP, 8TR, CASS



44369 MYSTIC MOODS
ORCH. Stormy Weekend
Merc LP, 8TR, CASS



33443 IRON
BUTTERFLY — In A
Gadda-Da-Vida
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



17273 HANDEL
— Water Music
Concertgebouw/
Van Beinum
Phili LP



42673 LED ZEPPELIN
II
Atlan LP, 8TR



34525 HELLO DOLLY
— TwCen LP, 8TR,
CASS



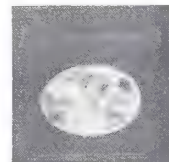
30556 D. ROSS &
SUPREMES — Love Child
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



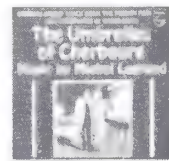
33065 JOAN BAEZ —
David's Album
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



43837 ROD STEWART
ALBUM
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS



17742 FRENCH
OPERA ARIAS —
Beverly Sills
Westm LP



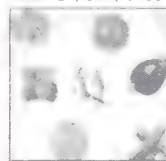
44244 UMBRELLAS
OF CHERBOURG
— Soundtrack
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS



49706 B.B. KING —
Completely Well
Blues LP, 8TR, CASS



45638 HERBIE MANN
— Underground Memphis
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



33486 CREAM — Best
of Cream
Atco LP, 8TR



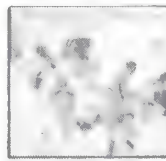
17274 BACH — Ten
Chorale Preludes
Dupre Phili LP



43840 JERRY BUTLER
— You And Me
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS



67500 STEPPENWOLF
Live (2 records
counts as 2)
Dunhi LP



30555 D. ROSS &
SUPREMES
— Join Temptations
Motow LP, 8TR



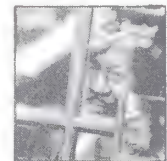
44368 PAUL MAURIAT
— Midnight Cowboy
Phil LP, 8TR, CASS



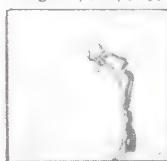
32495 BLIND FAITH
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



12265 ITALIAN
BAROQUE MASTERS
Baroq LP



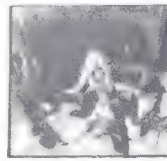
33081 OTIS SPANN
— Cryin' Time
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



48782 APPLAUSE
— Original Cast
ABC LP



43793 SPANKY AND
OUR GANG — Greatest
Hits
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS



33069 PETER
SCHICKELE
— Good Time Ticket
Vangu LP



33062 JACKSON 5
— I Want You Back
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



33252 WES
MONTGOMERY — Be
River LP, 8TR, CASS



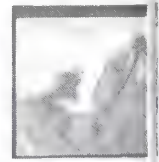
44373 HAIR: Fren
Original Cast
Phili LP



17042 BEETHOVEN
— Piano Sonatas/
Richter Phil LP



31791 STEPPENWOLF
— Monster
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



17750 CONTEMPORARY
MUSIC FOR
GUITAR
MusGu LP



42700 MABEL
MERCER & BOBBY
SHORT — 2nd Town
Hall Concert
Atlan LP, 8TR

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DO YOU EVER RETURN RECORDS OR TAPES?	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NEVER!
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or 1 FREE TAPE
 ☐ 8 track ☐ cassette

Also add Gift Memberships at \$2.50 each to my request. (Attach separate sheet with names and addresses. Indicate Master Catalog request)

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Make a check or money order payable to
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THE EASY CHAIR

Mark Rothko: portrait of the artist as an angry man

IN THE SPRING OF 1959 Mark Rothko was famous but not yet rich. He also was tired from eight months of labor—nine to five every day—on a set of murals, the biggest commission he had ever received. He was not satisfied with the way the work was going, so in June he took off for a rest and a change of scene. With his wife and eight-year-old daughter he headed for Naples, traveling tourist class on the *USS Constitution*.

After dinner on the first night out of New York he wandered into the tourist-class bar, looking for someone to talk to. Talk, as I later found out, was a necessity of life for him, like breathing. As it happened, I was the only other person in the bar: everybody else was up in the lounge at one of those jolly shipboard get-togethers, which I had long since learned to avoid. Rothko peered around the room through his thick-lensed glasses, then ambled over to my table with his characteristic elephantine gait. He introduced himself, and began a conversation which continued—intermittently and with long lapses—until he killed himself last February. At the time of his death I had not seen him for several years, but I had taken it for granted that we would meet again any day now and that he would pick up the talk where it had broken off. So the news brought me a special sense of loss, as if an engrossing story had been interrupted in the middle and now could never be completed.

DURING OUR FIRST FEW MINUTES in the ship's bar Rothko probed to see whether I knew anything about the art world. When he assured himself I did not—that I had no acquaintanceship whatever among fashionable painters,

critics, dealers, museum curators, or collectors—he began to talk freely about his own work. He would never have done so, as he told me later, if I had had even a tenuous connection with the *cognoscenti*: for such people he distrusted.

I had never met anybody like him. Consequently, when I got back to my stateroom long after midnight, I made notes on what he had said—as I did on subsequent occasions. I am transcribing some of them here in hopes that they might provide a useful footnote to the history of contemporary art.

Rothko first remarked that he had been commissioned to paint a series of large canvases for the walls of the most exclusive room in a very expensive restaurant in the Seagram building—"a place where the richest bastards in New York will come to feed and show off."

"I'll never take on such a job again," he said. "In fact, I've come to believe that no painting should ever be displayed in a public place. I accepted this assignment as a challenge, with strictly malicious intentions. I hope to paint something that will ruin the appetite of every son of a bitch who ever eats in that room. If the restaurant would refuse to put up my murals, that would be the ultimate compliment. But they won't. People can stand anything these days."

To get the oppressive effect he wanted, he was using "a dark palette, more somber than anything I've tried before."

"After I had been at work for some time," he said, "I realized that I was much influenced subconsciously by Michelangelo's walls in the staircase room of the Medicean Library in Florence. He achieved just the kind of feeling I'm after—he makes the viewers feel that they are trapped in a room where all the doors and windows are bricked up,

so that all they can do is butt their heads forever against the wall.

"So far I've painted three sets of panels for this Seagram job. The first one didn't turn out right, so I sold the panels separately as individual paintings. The second time I got the basic idea, but began to modify it as I went along—because, I guess, I was afraid of being too stark. When I realized my mistake, I started again, and this time I'm holding tight to the original conception. I keep my malice constantly in mind. It is a very strong motivating force. With it pushing me, I think I can finish off the job pretty quickly after I get home from this trip."

As things turned out, the murals were far from finished, and they were never hung in the dining room which he despised.

THIS VERBAL FEROCITY was at first hidden, not to take seriously, because Rothko looked anything but malicious. He was sipping a Scotch and soda with obvious gusto: he had the round, beaming face and comfortably plump body of a man who enjoys his food; and his voice sounded almost cheerful. Never, then, did I ever see him display any outward sign of anger. His affection for Mell, his wife, and Katie, their daughter, was touchingly obvious; and with his friends he was more companionable and considerate than most people I have known. Yet somewhere inside he had a nurse's small, abiding core of anger not against anything specific, so far

Mr. Fischer digresses this month from recent Easy Chair discussions of American universities, problems of the environment and coming changes in local and regional government. He is former editor in chief of Harper's.

ld tell, but against the sorry state
e world in general, and the role it
offers to the artist.

e had been nursing it for a long
ever since he was a boy growing
n Portland, Oregon. His father, a
macist, had moved there with his
ly from Russia when Rothko was
years old, and the youngster never
able to forgive this transplantation
land where he never felt entirely at
e. Although he spoke little about his
nts, I gathered that they were politi-
radicals, like many Russian emi-
ts of that time. At any rate, Rothko
w up as an anarchist, long before
ould understand what politics was all
at."

While I was still in grade school,"
aid, "I listened to Emma Goldman
to the IWW orators who were plen-
on the West Coast in those days. I
enchanted by their naive and child-
vision. Later, sometime in the Twen-
I guess, I lost all faith in the idea of
gress and reform. So did all my
nds. Perhaps we were disillusioned
ause everything seemed so frozen
hopeless during the Coolidge and
ver era. But I am still an anarchist.
at else?"


few times during our eight-day
age I ventured a tentative remark
at current politics, in which I was
deeply involved as a minor hench-
and speech writer for Adlai Steven-
Rothko made no effort to conceal
boredom. Formal religion bored
too, as he made plain when we were
ed from time to time by a priest,
er Joseph Moody, who also took
ge in the tourist-class bar most eve-
gs. Invariably the conversation soon
ted around to the world of the artist.
his enemies.

ere, for example, are my notes on
Rothko view of critics:

I hate and distrust all art historians,
erts, and critics. They are a bunch
parasites, feeding on the body of art.
ir work not only is useless, it is mis-
ling. They can say nothing worth-
ening to about art or the artist,
le from personal gossip—which I
nt you can sometimes be interest-

Two of his special hates were Emily
auer, who had described his paint-
s in a *New York Herald Tribune*
cle as "primarily decorations"—to
a, the ultimate insult—and Harold
enberg, whom he regarded as "pom-
s."
Rosenberg," he said, "keeps trying
interpret things he can't understand

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Dan Sarazin,
photographed by Karsten, Ottawa



With sinewy hand, practised eye and dedicated heart, Dan Sarazin expresses his Algonquin heritage. Each canoe he builds is an art treasure: birch bark stitched with spruce roots, stretched tight over cedar ribs, sealed with bear grease and spruce gum — traditional materials found close at hand at Golden Lake Indian Reserve, in Ontario. Cultural patterns persist in all the peoples who live in this land's nostalgic solitudes. In the true North, man is still the stranger, outnumbered by moose, deer, beaver and bear. And the promise for the visitor to this part of Ontario is an intriguingly *different* vacation experience. Explore its history, its quarter million lakes, its unique Precambrian geological curiosities. Observe the Canadian Shield's massive indifference to man's puny scratchings and burrowings — for all that it yields a billion dollars in gold and silver, uranium, copper, nickel, iron and lead. A Great Ontario Adventure Vacation, such as few of your friends have ever enjoyed, offers unique satisfactions. We'll describe them for you when you write:
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A director of clinical medicine at a major pharmaceutical company makes decisions that can be important to you and your family. And he wonders what you would do if you were making the decisions.

"If a drug could restore your health would you accept the risk of side effects?"

On occasion, I've read in newspapers and popular magazines about side effects of drugs. They imply that they are there because of something I or the people I work with have done. Or have not done. The truth is that every potent drug can cause side effects. If it didn't have any at all, it couldn't possibly do any good. The question is one of benefits versus potential risks.

Twenty-five years ago we didn't hear much about the adverse effects of drugs, but we didn't have many effective ones at that time. With the advent of more potent and useful products, undesirable side effects sometimes become a problem. This will be true in the future, too. New cancer agents, antibiotics and drugs for hypertension, for example, will probably be even more potent. Many anti-cancer agents owe their activity to their effect on cells. Which means a balance must be drawn between the good work done by a drug and its unwanted effects.

Physicians often can affect this balance by adjusting the dosage, or by selecting a different form of an existing drug product potent enough to do the job. But that doesn't stop us from looking for improvements. Perhaps what we are learning about modifying molecular structures will help us to control side effects. We've already had some success. We expect to have more.

In the meantime, the physician needs the widest possible latitude in the choice of therapeutic agents to treat his patients. The pharmaceutical industry will continue to provide him with useful data—reliable and current information on favorable and adverse effects of drug products. Guided by this type of full disclosure, the most logical decision can then be made on whether the benefits outweigh the risks.

*Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association,
1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005*

THE EASY CHAIR

and which can't be interpreted. A painting doesn't need anybody to explain what it is about. If it is any good, it speaks for itself, and a critic who tries to add to that statement is presumptuous."

If he had still been around to read I think Rothko would have regarded Rosenberg's elegiac interpretation of his work in *The New Yorker* of last May 28 as a case in point.

IN ADDITION TO CRITICS, Rothko tested "the whole machinery for the popularization of art—universities, advertising, museums, and the Fifty-seventh Street salesmen."

"When a crowd of people looks at a painting, I think of blasphemy. I believe that a painting can only communicate directly to a rare individual who happens to be in tune with it and the artist."

For this reason, he generally refused to lend his pictures for group exhibitions. (Also, I suspect, he disliked having his work shown in the company of artists whom he disdained.) He was, however, going along with the plans of the Museum of Modern Art to give him a one-man show—although he did not exempt MOMA from his general condemnation of museums.

"I want to be very explicit about this," he said. "They need me. I don't need them. This show will lend dignity to the Museum. It does not lend dignity to me."

Why was he so bitter about the Museum of Modern Art? "Because it has no convictions and no courage. It can't decide which paintings are good and which are bad. So it hedges by buying a little of everything."

Nevertheless, when the Museum opened his exhibition in 1961 with a private showing for invited guests, Rothko gave every sign of being pleased with the occasion. For all his gregariousness, he was shy; and since he was on display as much as his paintings, he began to wince in an agony of stage fright. Later, as one guest after another came to congratulate him—and usually to express an almost reverent admiration for his work—he relaxed and started to glow with affability, even when he was talking to a curator or critic. His ego, like everybody else's, evidently was not so different to homage.

Rothko's attitude toward his own work, as expressed during our shipboard talks and later, occasionally struck me as contradictory. He insisted that

...ing ought to be savored only by
 "rare individual" who really could
 appreciate it, in the privacy of his own
 room. Yet his canvases, at least in the
 period for which he became famous,
 were so large—and so expensive—
 they could be displayed only in
 museums, or in homes with lots of costly
 space. As an anarchist, he disappreciated
 of the wealthy and questioned
 their taste; but his pictures seemed
 destined to end up in their hands. More-
 over, he repeatedly remarked that "no
 work can be judged by itself." Every-
 thing an artist produces, he believed,
 is part of his continuous development,
 and therefore his entire output should be
 regarded as a single whole. This view, it
 seemed to me, implies a museum or a
 private collection large enough to keep
 at least a substantial sequence of a
 painter's work on permanent display.
 Well, if some contradictions lurk
 in my mind. Nobody has a right to
 insist that an artist be consistent.

ONCE I ASKED HIM a silly question:
 What did he think one of his paint-
 ings was really worth?
 "Whatever I can get for it," he said.
 Fifteen years ago I was lucky to sell a
 canvas for sixty dollars. Today my price
 is six thousand or better. Tomorrow it
 may be six hundred."

Like most people who grew up during
 the Depression, and worked long years
 for small return, Rothko was keenly
 aware of the value of money. One day in
 1951 he asked my wife and me to meet
 him in his studio for a drink, before
 going on to his apartment for dinner.
 His studio was a converted gymnasium
 that once had been a YMCA on the
 Upper West Side. Inside it he had erected a scaf-
 fold of the exact dimensions of that
 painting room in the Seagram building,
 in which he supposedly was painting
 his murals. He still had not been able
 to finish them to his satisfaction, and
 the day of our visit he had turned
 away from them to work on another
 canvas. It was typical of his later work:
 a rectangle of about 9 by 14 feet, cov-
 ered with a solid color over which he
 had painted three smaller rectangles in
 contrasting colors.

"This kind of design may look sim-
 ple," he remarked, "but it usually takes
 many hours to get the proportions
 and colors just right. Everything has to
 be put together. I guess I am pretty much
 a plumber at heart."

Big racks built along one side of the
 studio, and in adjoining quarters which

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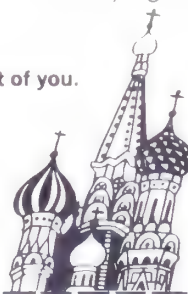
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apparently had been the gymnasium dressing room, were stacked full of similar outsize paintings—at a quick estimate, several dozen of them. “I can’t afford to put them on the market just now,” he explained. “This year I already have to pay too much income tax. And if my prices hold up, I can probably get more for them next year anyhow.”

He added that he was a little nervous about holding them indefinitely, because he well knew—and resented the speed with which fashions shift in the New York art market. Sometimes he spoke as if every painter, and every school of painting, were locked in mortal competition with every other. He thought of himself as belonging to a group which included Motherwell, Klein, Still, and de Kooning, all of whom he respected. He had nothing but contempt, however, for Kandinsky and for Ben Shahn “a kind of cheap propagandist.”

“Nobody can deny,” he once said, “that my group accomplished one thing. We destroyed cubism. Nobody can paint a cubist picture today. But we didn’t destroy Picasso—he is still valid.”

I couldn’t resist asking him whether he had any idea who the young painter might be who eventually would destroy Rothko & Co. “If I did, I would kill him,” he said. He sounded as if he meant it.

A moment later, he added that he had no doubt such a destroyer would come along sooner or later. “The kings die today in just the same way they did in *Flaxer’s Golden Bough*.”

ACCORDING TO HIS ACCOUNT, Rothko became a painter almost by accident. He had dropped out of Yale in 1923, after a couple of years of liberal arts, and moved to New York with no clear idea of what he wanted to do with his life.

“Then one day,” he said, “I happened to wander into an art class, to meet a friend who was taking the course. All the students were sketching this nude model—and right away I decided that was the life for me.”

For a short time he attended Max Weber’s class at the Art Students League and then—when he got bored with nude models—he launched out on his own. For years he painted realistic pictures, and what critics later were to describe as paintings with expressionist and surrealist tendencies. None of these experiments brought him either fame or much money, so he turned for two years dur-

ing the Depression to work with the WPA Federal Arts Project in New York. Only about 1947 did he develop a style which caught the attention of important critics and patrons—among them Peggy Guggenheim—and from then on his rectangles floating in colored space found a growing market, first through the Betty Parsons and then the Sidney Janis galleries. By the early Sixties he was widely regarded as one of the country’s half-dozen leading painters.

My wife once told him that she thought he must be a mystic, “because his paintings conveyed, to her at least, a sense of magic and ritual, verging on the religious. He denied it.

“Not a mystic. A prophet perhaps—but I don’t prophesy the woes to come. I just paint the woes already here.”

Even I could see that, in the unfinished Seagram murals. In their latter stage the color masses—purple and black and a red like dried blood—breathed an almost palpable feeling of doom. And, in spite of his denial, an almost religious mysticism. Peter Selz of the Museum of Modern Art described them as “celebrating the death of a civilization... their subject might be death and resurrection in classical, not Christian mythology... a modern Dance of Death.”

In the end Rothko apparently came around to a similar conclusion. He decided that this series of canvases, on which he had spent so much labor and emotion, amounted to a good deal more than a malicious gesture to rich gourmands, and deserved a better setting than a fashionable dining room. Not long before his death he arranged for them to be hung in a building created especially for them—a nondenominational chapel in Houston, built to his specifications and commissioned by the de Menil family.

ONLY TWICE IN MY HEARING did he hint that his work might be an expression of some deeply hidden religious impulse.

At the end of that 1959 voyage, his family and mine both stayed for a few days in and around Naples to see the usual tourist sights, sometimes separately, sometimes in company. After he had visited Pompeii, he told me that he had felt “a deep affinity” between his own work and the murals in the House of Mysteries there—“the same feeling, the same broad expanses of somber color.”

Our two families went together on a day-long expedition to Paestum, the site

of an ancient Greek colony which contains the ruins of three of the most interesting temples this side of Athens. On our early morning train ride south from Naples, two Italian boys on holiday from high school struck up an acquaintance with my teen-age daughter and presently decided to join our party. They would be glad, they said, to serve us as guides—although the arrangement was a little awkward, since they spoke no English and none of us spoke Italian. Our group conversation, such as it was, had to be carried on in French, which they spoke imperfectly and which my elder daughter, Nic, managed only a little better.

The ruins turned out to be even more awesome than the guidebooks had led us to expect. We wandered through them all morning; Rothko examined every architectural detail with bemused attention, rarely saying a word. At noon I picked up some bread, cheese, and a bottle of wine at a nearby grocery and all of us settled down in a shady pavilion inside the shell of the Temple of Hera for a picnic lunch. Nic hardly got a bite because she was busy trying to interpret the boys’ questions. Who were we? What were we doing there?

Turning to Rothko she said,

“I have told them that you are an artist, and they ask whether you came here to paint the temples.”

“Tell them,” he said, “that I have been painting Greek temples all my life without knowing it.”

THIS IS PURE SPECULATION, but I suspect Rothko’s death may have been related to the fact that artists these days are not encouraged to paint temples.

For centuries, of course, that was one of their main functions. Art was intimately connected with religion, in such places as the House of Mysteries and later in the churches and monasteries of Byzantium and Europe. The great artists of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance were largely preoccupied with teaching the lessons of the Bible to the illiterate, by means of fresco, mosaic, portraits, sculpture, stained glass—visual aids of their time. The Church was their chief patron. Their role in society was explicit and secure. Their work was both necessary and honorable.

*During World War II Paestum was taken by American troops as part of the Salerno beachhead, and the Temple of Neptune was commandeered for a headquarters and communications center. It is a miracle that it was not destroyed by the German artillery on the hills surrounding the battlefield.

d, almost holy since it was recog-
as God's work.
ually this function diminished,
the invention of the printing press,
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at of the camera. By the twentieth
ry artists were no longer perform-
unique role: the creation of images
n filled a deeply felt need of their
re, and which they alone could pro-
Inevitably many people began to
d their work as "primarily decora-
—a cosmetic of society rather than
for its soul.

cently the artist has been assigned
all more demeaning role: the pro-
on of artifacts which can be ex-
ed by the art world—that is, the
ers, critics, fashionable collectors,
speculators. Even a mutual invest-
t trust, the Fine Arts Fund, recently
een organized to deal in such arti-
: its managers obviously have no
est in an artist's message, but only
is appreciation potential. Will a
hol rise in price faster than a
ko?

ach a question can infuriate a man
Rothko. So too can the judgment of
tic such as John Canaday, in his re-
of Rothko's Museum of Modern
show. He commented that, to a large
ee, "the painter today has become
an whose job it is to supply material
progressive stages for the critic's
hetic exercises. This is a distressing
-before-the-horse relationship, but it
its legitimacy—no question about
—in a day when other arts supply
t of the needs that painting used to
ply, and leave painting only its more
eric functions. In such a situation it
quite natural that the critic may be
pted to find most in the painter who
s least, since that painter leaves most
m for aesthetic legerdemain."

Rothko. I believe, deeply resented
ng forced into the role of a supplier
"material" either for investment
sts or for aesthetic exercises. I have
rd several explanations of his suicide
at he had been in ill health, that he
d been unproductive for the last six
nths, that he felt rejected by an art
rld which had switched its momentary
cy to younger and inferior painters.
ere may be something in all of them:
on't know. But I have a hunch that
least a contributing cause was his
g anger: the justified anger of a man
o felt destined to paint temples, only
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Nowadays, no city can afford to waste this much space. There is no room for expansive boulevards and miles of townhouses and shops, much less a daytime business section, a nighttime theater district, parking lots in prime space, unused rooftops and other buildings thrown in wherever they fit.

The only way a city can beat the population explosion is to grow *up*, not *out*. To build apartment houses on top of hospitals, parking grounds on top of supermarkets on top of garages. To combine activities—like merging a nighttime theater with a daytime lecture hall or a daytime courtroom with a nighttime classroom.

As a step towards this change, Olin has joined with several companies in a new project called the Jonathan Housing Corporation, an experimental "living laboratory" to test housing innovations.

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ty planning.

ident villages (or neighborhoods) surrounding a town center, will consist of a single, large multi-purpose building built over road and principal highway.

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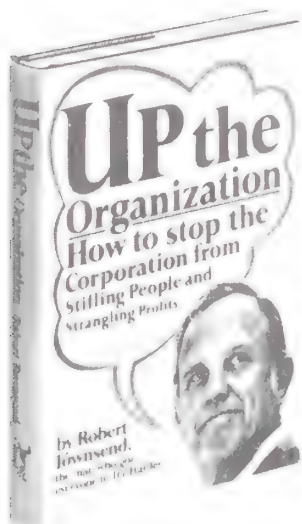
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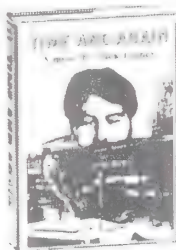


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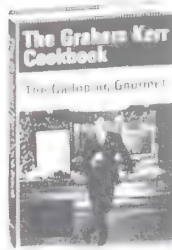
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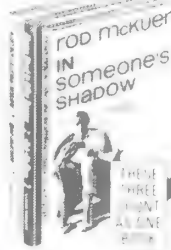
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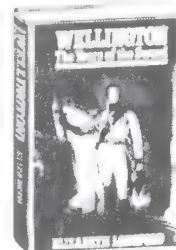
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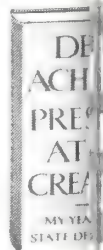
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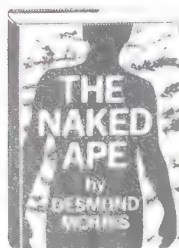
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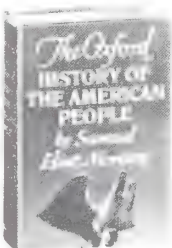
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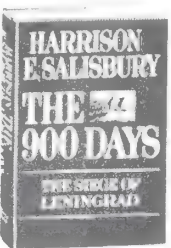
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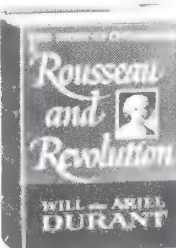
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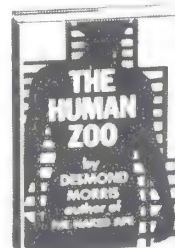
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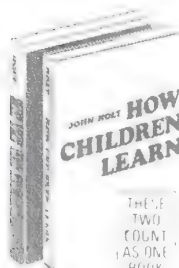
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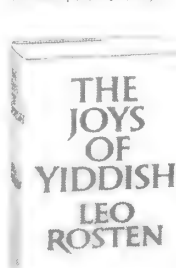
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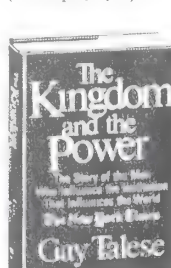
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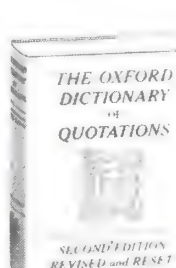
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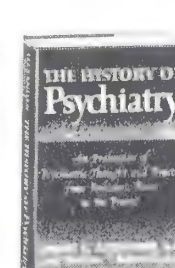
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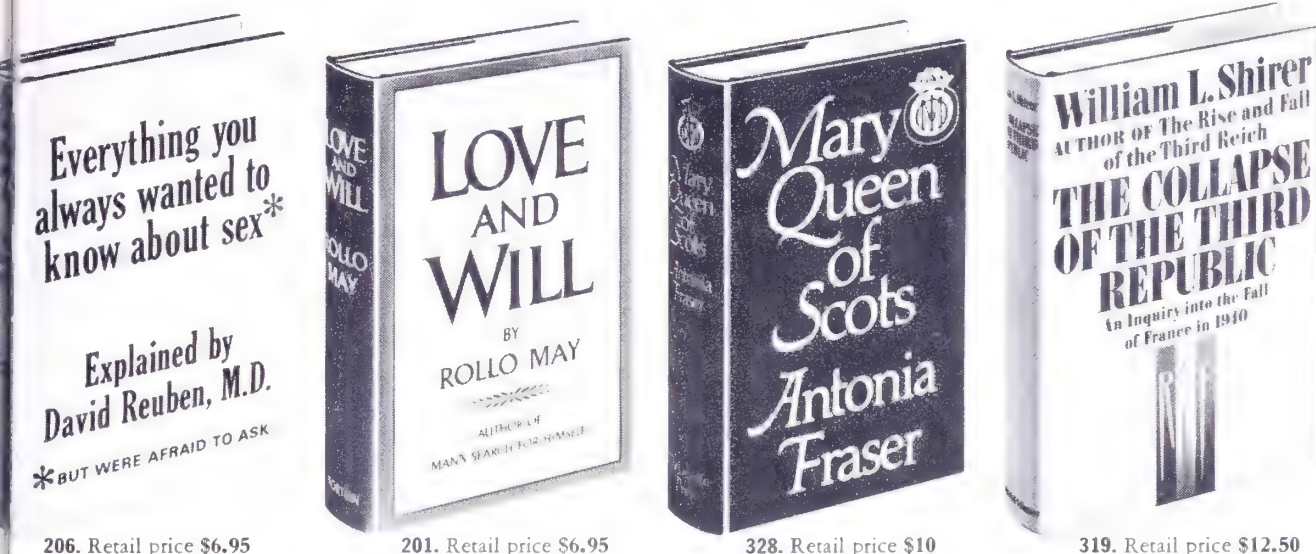


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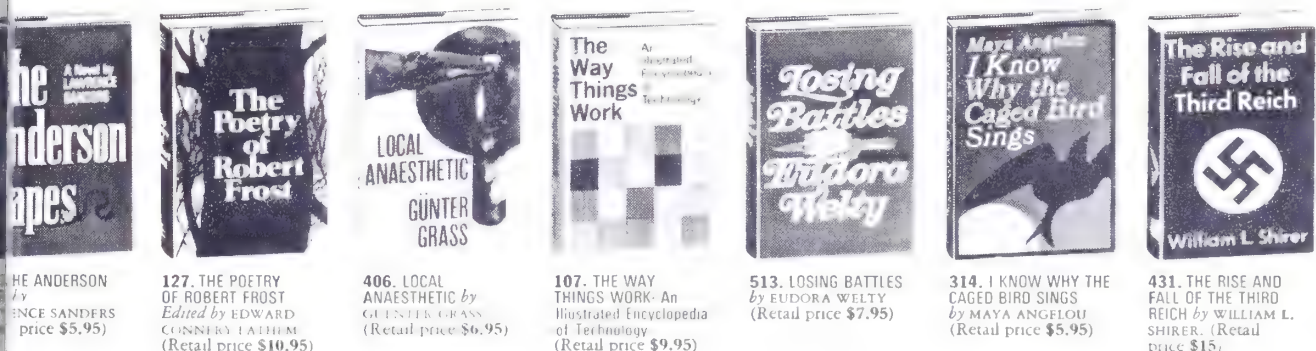
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AMERICAN NOTES

Mr. Nixon meets the language

HE HAS, OF COURSE, never been known for his rhetoric. It has always bordered on the banal, a little spongy, a few interlocking clichés, not even quite commonplace. Even in the golden days when he was the semi-hatchet man of the Grand Old Party his phrases were curiously weak: perhaps he cared too much about respectability, and good hatchet men must never desire respectability. Now he is President, and we are informed of his minor doings with infinite detail. Indeed, we are informed of his doings in inverse proportion to their import, the smaller the action, the greater the detail on how he accomplished it; the greater the import, the more scarce the information. When he writes a major speech we are with him, the long hours at Montauk Point or San Clemente, scribbling on those large yellow pads, casting aside draft after draft. We wait with bated breath for the final product, only, in its mediocrity, to wonder what the first drafts were like. One speculated, reading his speeches, why there was so little feeling for the country or for the language. We remembered that he came to us in his political life not so much as a young man attached to causes, issues, ideas, but propelled simply as a vintage product of an era, another good clean young American who wanted nothing more than to get ahead. Young men who want to get ahead are not likely to value language. Indeed, a sense of language might be interpreted as a weakness. Adlai Stevenson, after all, cared about language, and look where it got him.

Yet finally language, like style, is important as a reflection of what we are; it can be overemphasized, it is not an end in itself, and good style and a sense of rhetoric do not substitute entirely for toughness of mind and generosity of

spirit. But they are in fact brief outer glimpses of the inner man, so little revealed in our public figures. Take, for instance, that basic staple of the Nixon diet. *Let me make one thing perfectly clear*. One associates this phrase somehow with the lawyers in the Perry Mason show. But what kind of a phrase is it for a President of the United States? Men who are sure of what they are saying, of the force and clarity of their language and their vision, do not need to say, *Let me make one thing perfectly clear* ("I would like to make perfectly clear that we are now testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure..."). Here I think one finds the most basic clue to the public Nixon, the essential falseness: he says he is being perfectly clear and he is not.

The second part of the basic Nixon diet is the Whittier Debating Society Exposition. Why are we in the Pacific? Well, first, the Pacific Ocean is a large body of water. Point one, point two, point three, point four. Again it is not particularly becoming to the President of the United States. In style it reeks of someone underestimating his audience, and in substance, or lack of substance, of a man projecting a false clarity. The idea, of course, is that if he spells it out that carefully he is being candid, he is telling all, whereas more often than not the reverse is true. (The style reminds me of how *Time* and *Newsweek*, when doing cover stories and failing to penetrate their subjects with any real sub-

stance or insight, would give us a breakfast treatment, how many eggs, what style, how long they were cooked, how many strips of bacon, crisp or not. Thus if you are intimate with the subject at breakfast, you must be intimate period: the journalism of illusion.)

SO THERE IS A KEY to Nixon to be found in formal language: a certain falseness, more than likely involuntary, in that language which claims to bring frankness and clarity but which inevitably reflects a certain subterfuge and murkiness. It was not, after all, criticism of the Administration who defined the Nixonian language for us—Don't watch what we say, watch what we do—it was the Administration spokesmen themselves. If the slogan is *Bring us together*, the politics, slowly unfolding, the Cambodian War Games coming on the eve of the Yale Panther Rally, is to drive us apart, split the already shaky Democratic Party coalition on racial and class lines. If the speech talks about just peace it will almost surely mean longer war; if the President, as he did in April, congratulates Americans on how they have suffered and borne the burdens during this war, then the truth is that, except for a very few homes, the country has borne no burden at all, least not in the sense that Mr. Nixon means. When it comes to placement of the burden, it has in fact been a particularly unfair war. If Mr. Nixon talks about sacrificing his political career and becoming a one-term President in order to destroy the base camps in Cambodia, it is a sure sign that by his political reckoning of what he feels the national political majority to be, he is not thinking of himself as a one-term President but indeed trying to set himself up as

Mr. Halberstam has been reporting on Vietnam since 1962 and won a Pulitzer Prize for his coverage for the New York Times. He is now working almost full-time on a major study of the roots of the Vietnam war, to be published by Random House.

term officeholder (yet the very raising and injecting of such considerations in a speech which is allegedly about crisis in national security is the kind of unseemly and demeaning action one would not expect with Nixon). If he talks as he did with the Pentagon secretaries about his war record and his service when he was "there," then it is almost a sure thing that his war service was on the periphery of combat, for I cannot imagine anyone with a dishonorable combat record needing to read a faithful public of it at a time like this. If he talks as he did during the 1968 campaign of a "plan" to end the war, then it is a sure sign that there is no plan at all, but simply an excuse for a front-runner not to discuss an issue which plagues the country. Since I can tell how he felt, if his chauvinistic election speeches had been given during the campaign, it might well have won him the election.

In a formal speech there is a particular precision when he refers to history. The best it is something to be plucked from a page, hopefully in support of the point, and in general his sense of history is shady ("My fellow Americans, we live in an age of anarchy, both abroad and at home. We see mindless attacks on the great institutions" which have been created by free civilizations in the five hundred years. Even here in the United States great universities are being systematically destroyed"). Worse, he seems to be surrounded by men who do not correct his mistakes and his imprecision. His November 3, 1969 speech was riddled in factual mistakes (such as blaming the accepted number of refugees who came down from the North). Is Henry Kissinger's job to correct this sort of thing. Does Kissinger not know any better? Or worse, does he know better, but is just too weak in his relationship with the President to suggest corrections?

Or even worse? . . . The White House seems to be particularly weak on its facts about the 1954 period. In the April 1970 Forward-to-Cambodia speech, we are fighting in order not "to expose them [the eighteen million freedom-loving South Vietnamese] to the same slaughter and savagery which the leaders of North Vietnam inflicted on hundreds of thousands of North Vietnamese who chose freedom when the Communists

took over North Vietnam in 1954." Did the North Vietnamese inflict slaughter and savagery on those who stayed behind, or those who opted—at American urging—to go south? Did they really slaughter those going south? Does this mean that in addition to the 800,000 who finally made it below the 17th parallel that hundreds of thousands of others were slaughtered on their way down the trails? Would Henry Kissinger of Harvard accept a sentence like that from a Harvard graduate student? Most assuredly not. Would Henry Kissinger of the White House accept a sentence like that from the President of the United States? Most assuredly he would, and has. Just two years ago, Henry Kissinger, the professor and aide to Nelson Rockefeller, used to give reporters devastating critiques of the many flaws of Richard Nixon. Is it Nixon who has changed, or Kissinger? And if it is Kissinger, why are the college students so restless?

Beyond the formal, there is of course the extemporaneous Nixon, most recently contrasting good Americans with bad Americans for the benefit of Pentagon secretaries.

You see these bums, you know, bumming up the campus. These, the boys that are on the college campuses only do the fakiest piece in the world, doing to the greatest writers, the, and the, (they are burning up the books, storming around about this issue. You name it. Get rid of the war there will be another one.

Then out there you have the kids who are just doing their duty. They stand tall and they are proud. I am sure they are scared. I was when I was there. But when it really comes down to it, they stand up and, boy, you have to talk to those men. They are going to do this and we have to stand in back of them.

The description is so imprecise that the poor *New York Times*, in time to present it the next day, had to refine for Nixon what he failed to do himself: it did its own qualifying. Though the attack is a blanket one, the *Times* headline read "Nixon Puts 'Bums' Label On Some College Radicals," and the story itself claimed that Nixon had attacked some campus radicals, Bums. If they are bombers actually destroying the universities, they are a good deal worse than bums. It seems above all, in this painful

turmoil, when a sense of language, of nuance, is so terribly important, a singularly inappropriate word, revealing more of the viewpoint of the accuser than of the actions of the accused.

But it is his support of the troops which is even more extraordinary. Were his motive genuinely that of wanting to praise the poor grunts in Vietnam, even according to the prevailing mythology of heroism (a mythology to which the grunts themselves no longer subscribe), it would be a motive worthy and deserving of worthy language. His words are somehow so spiritually and intellectually bankrupt as to be virtually illiterate. Can a man have the education Richard Nixon has, know the things he must know, suffer the defeats he has suffered, run the political campaigns he has run, read the books he is said to have read, and speak like that? Has nothing rubbed off? Feeling that he had to communicate with the youth, he went one night to the Ellipse to talk to the young people. Where are you from? he asked a young girl, Syracuse, she said. So of course he had to talk about the Syracuse football team. Then he turned to the boy next to her. Where was he from? California, Boy, he said, the surfing out there. . . . Has something so terrible to the mental processes happened that he has finally perfected the art of using language for repressing rather than expressing? Should we be surprised, then, that when he heard of Kent State, there is no sign of outrage, pain, or sadness?

Even Lyndon Johnson, who was not a reader of books (he was a reader of memos, which is a form of non-language rather than language) and who was extremely and falsely pious in formal speech, has a kind of primal force and strength in his extemporaneous talks. We are told of the last two Presidents that we must respect their decision in Asia because they have more facts than we do. The decade has sadly proven that to be an illusion: we are less isolated than they, and we are given less self-serving information. Similarly, we are told about Nixon that we do not know the real man, that the real man in small private conversation is intelligent, forceful, even brilliant, but I think the judgment is finally that we poor initiates on the outside know more about him than those so privileged as to be on the inside. He is what we always thought he was. □

He includes, one assumes, his own recent attacks upon the Senate of the United States and his party's attacks upon the Supreme Court.

Department of Foreign Escalations: in his post Kent State press conference, the number of Vietnamese who will be slaughtered if we leave precipitously has become "millions."

FOREIGN REPORT

The Bangkok Prince

THAILAND: THE RESTAURANT at seven-thirty is filled excepting for the round table in the center toward which the Prince heads directly, his party behind him. His presence silently explodes in the consciousness of the diners who, first sensing then actually seeing him, put down cup and chopsticks and press hands together in subserviently appreciative greeting which he acknowledges quickly and impatiently, insisting on this and at the same time sick of it as he is sick of every gesture which wastes time and advances nothing, for he is seventy and his curiosity is far from being slaked and he wants to converse.

"No-no, opium is not at all the same thing. Heroin is a derivative of opium but it is far deadlier. Years ago I smoked opium very often and I knew men, bankers like myself, who habitually went to the dens and smoked—some of them took ten and fifteen pipes a day, but carried on business with all their usual intelligence. It was the great leveler, not entirely a bad thing, actually. The rich lay down with the beggar in the same cot and smoked together. Then when they awoke, they got into their fine suits, and went back to the bank and carried on. Some naturally were addicted and it made them worthless finally, but a minority, I think. Heroin is the poison of opium. Opium gives good dreams, good feelings, an optimism that carries over into daylight existence. Heroin totally separates the man from other men. It is antisocial altogether, an individual and cultural poison. We finally had to ban opium in Bangkok although it is still used, I know. On balance it is probably no good: most people haven't enough self-control. I gave it up altogether. It is a waste of time. I read the reports about America and heroin. You must act quickly, you know. We simply throw all the addicts in jail and the sellers. An addict goes directly to prison and that is all there is to it. There is no other way. The thing

will destroy you, believe me. An addict is a demon. Put him immediately in jail."

He gives the order to the waiter-owner. It goes on for more than ten minutes and only ends when he gets bored thinking of different dishes. He is a little saddle-brown man less than five feet tall with a big chest and wide shoulders. The back of his shaved head is flat, like a small Buddha's. His gold-rimmed eyeglasses are recent and keep sliding down his nearly bridgeless nose. He is very tough, his reincarnation will be as a stern ferret.

"I am very interested in prostitutes. There used to be about fifty thousand in Bangkok, but probably fewer now. Prostitution is an entirely different affair here than it is with you. It is a business and is done for very important and usually decent reasons. A man will meet his prostitute in the street with his wife and greet her and ask about her life. It is not shameful at all. Mostly they are from the country and begin by wanting to save up enough to buy two water buffalo. That is why Bangkok prostitutes were always so fresh, always so young, and frequently so beautiful. Once they earned enough to buy the buffalo they went home. A certain proportion became interested in real estate, car dealerships, restaurants, and so forth, and these remain. But for the most part they want only a small thing and once they have it, they go home, marry, and end well. Of course there is a certain amount of forced prostitution. I read only today in the paper that a Chinese captured a young peasant girl and kept her imprisoned somewhere on the outskirts for some months. This

Arthur Miller, the playwright, added to his international reputation last fall with his book In Russia. It appeared as a special feature of Harper's September issue, with photographs by Inge Morath. He is currently at work on a new play for next season.

used to be more common. The Chinese have strange ideas.

"Here now, eat. Don't bother with the chopsticks if they trouble you. Eat everything at once, the way we do. You have too much etiquette, but that's a lot of Protestantism; eat anyhow all as long as it attracts you. We are not elephants, you know."

THE PRINCESS TASTES from the many dishes and says nothing. She is very beautiful and tired. It is she who carries the money and will pay the bill. Her furious energy imprisons and pleases her and she hardly speaks at all. She is in her late thirties and he is her godfather whom she suffers and who gives her life. When they go out in the evening he selects her jewelry. Her blouse buttons are gold-encrusted rubies.

"There is nothing to live for but beautiful things. A beautiful woman, a beautiful view, an animal, certain kinds of weather.

"It's a pity you haven't time to come out to the country, I have a marvelous elephant. You should get to know at least one good elephant. When we go for a walk on the road and someone approaches from the other direction she moves between me and the stranger to shield me. As we walk she plays with my ears with her trunk. Or smooths my eyelids. It is very tender. She can pick up a needle. Or a half-smoked cigarette without wetting it or burning herself. She is about forty. You can't do anything with them until they're over twenty. Too frisky, and can't keep their minds from wandering. They live to a hundred and fifty or so. Providing there is no wind I can go into a herd and walk around in the midst of them. It gives a great satisfaction. But you must insure the wind is absolutely dead. They never look down, always up at the tree where the food is. But if a breeze still they catch your scent and you've had

course in the rutting time this is possible; the bull is a nasty fellow, impossible.

Once I was out and saw this fellow, the largest elephant I have ever laid eyes on. Nothing is more beautiful. I turned and asked my man for my camera. He handed me the gun. 'Shoot, Master, shoot him!' 'My camera, you idiot, my camera!' 'Your gun, Master, take your gun!' Well the elephant heard this stupid argument and charged. I turned and ran. I do not believe man has ever moved so fast, my skin was following me. My face was behind me. I flew. It was uphill through bushes, jungle. Finally I realized he would be on my back and I flung myself to one side and he missed me. I watched him through the trees. I could barely breathe. He came to a halt and without any hesitation he went up the hill at a run. I shot him. He fell into a gorge, over and over, his body pounding the earth like a drum. I thought it would never stop, that rumbling sound as he kept rolling down. They know everything we do except how to talk. A pity you can't come.

The Chinese like the Mercedes: it's because they're rich. We are suffering from a multiplicity of banks. It is the same in the Chinese. They have no faith in Taiwan or a little more in Hong Kong so they've flooded in here. And now we have given them citizenship so they have all the rights we have but not the responsibilities. There are far too many banks here. How long can a country last when perhaps a thousand live as I do and twenty million have nothing? They are trying to convince themselves that as American help decreases they will still be able to carry on, but the truth is they're worried. This is what happens when you rely on others too much. It isn't that we are anti-American, although many are, but that we're pro-Chinese. But as you go out the Japanese are everywhere in. They're all over the place. Everything you see is Japanese. All over Asia.

'Yes, I believe there will be war again. Yes, with the Japanese. There are always three. Two against one. Then one against one. Then one. Then three again. And then war again, two against one and so on. Always. They are a fantastic people.

Think of it: in America you have the Irish to make policemen and soldiers, the Italians to labor, the Jews to make business and the arts, and so forth. The Japanese have only themselves and they do all these things perfectly. Japanese are laborers, bankers, artists, ath-

letes, whatever you like. They can do anything at all. No other country can say that about itself. None whatever. Their adaptability is infinite, endless. There will have to be war, I'm afraid. Not soon but one day certainly.

"They behaved rather well here, actually, during the war. Not bad at all. Of course there was no resistance, we declared war on the United States, so that probably helped. Not me, of course: I jumped in alone and did some surveying for the British expedition in Burma. It was a marvelous time, I had only a compass and some worthless maps. That was when it paid off to know elephants. They were all over the place. I moved with a Burmese who kept wanting to run away: I had to threaten to shoot him and nearly did once. The most important weapon in this part of the world is your shoes. I wore tennis shoes, leather is hopeless. But you have to use them sparsely or they give out. Strap them on your chest when the going is good and put them on only when necessary. . . . Don't eat that, it's too hot. I don't eat it either. They don't cater to tourists here, put it down, it's too hot.

"It's good you came this year, the canals will all be paved before long. The floating market is only for tourists now, but it used to be quite wonderful. Thousands of boats from the country, the city floating on those canals. But the boats are too slow. They carry more than trucks can and carry it cheaper but people can't wait anymore, everything is faster, and they will pave the canals.

"Oh yes indeed, we have guerrillas in Thailand. Up in the North and in the South where the land is poorest. No, not Vietcong, they are Thais. Why not?—there is nothing to live on. You'd never know it, of course, here in Bangkok, but Bangkok knows nothing about the countryside anyway. We don't need Vietnamese to start things going here, we have our own, although you'd hardly know it from the papers. Until a few years ago Bangkok was a sleepy river town, Anna and the King of Siam. Now it is full of banks, traffic jams, and bad air.

"I have two films I'd like to make. I may. The others I've made are very popular but they're all silly. The Thais don't like dramatic stories only silly things, slapstick. Nothing that hangs together pleases them. The one good one I made had no success here but it went well in New York. The Thais prefer things thrown together, like this dinner. I have a wonderful story on a prostitute.

They are fascinating women. I know many of them. If Shirley MacLaine played her, and some male star, it might work here. . . .

"No-no, I'm afraid that wouldn't work—to use a native woman. Quite true, yes, it would be authentic then, but the Thais want stars. I have another story, the life of Buddha. The Japanese just made one but it's terrible."

HE TELLS THE PRINCESS to write their address. She takes out a card on which it is printed in Thai, and on the back writes in English, "H.R.H. Prince. . . ." He takes it from her once she has finished and gestures over the "H.R.H." as though to disregard it. When he rises, some twenty-five diners rise with him, pressing their hands together and bowing, and he returns the gesture and hurries out ahead of his wife and guests. He has resigned his generalship in the Army, sick of it and everything else except his movies and cooking. In the new Lincoln on the drive back to the hotel through the monoxide night of Bangkok, he remembers his new oven.

"I bought it in Hong Kong, a radiant-heat oven. It does a roast beef in five minutes, a chicken in two or three. But you must puncture the meat or it explodes. Eggs are impossible, they fly all over the place. The thing is terrible, but if you manage to outwit it the results are fantastic. All the juices are kept in. Works on radio waves, you see. But they don't tell you that you have to puncture everything or it will blow up. I wish there were more time, I'd like to ask you about these bombings in the United States. Well, good-night, good-night, good-night."

He remains in the back seat, not even glancing back to wave farewell as the Princess chauffeurs him away. Motionless, pulling on his pipe, he seems to peer at some definite point in time. He leaves muted echoes behind, a wake of immense suggestions—the chaos in America seemed to shoot real pain into his gaze. Where would he be should America's hold loosen here? Yet, was there not a certain surprising color of pride over his emphasis on the guerrillas' being native Thais and not foreigners? Doubtless he admires them more than the Chinese bankers, and would fight them nevertheless, to safeguard everything he is tired of or despises, along with the few things he loves. □

PERFORMING ARTS

Porn and Man at Yale

Dutiful movies

... ARE A BIG SUBJECT, bigger than you probably think. A decade ago, there were, at most, a hundred theaters purveying them to the public. Now there are at least a hundred. Their clientele is mostly students and they are no longer confined to the occasional sleazy towns of big cities. They are in small and medium-sized cities in the suburbs. There are even rustic drive-ins specializing in them. You are more likely to come across one in your neighborhood than you are to find one that offers anything but the most basic of pleasures. No easy matter, when the public-opinion polls inform us that there are still strong anti-pornography laws. But the infant industry seems to indicate three-quarters of the three-quarters must be virtuous.

The Griffith of the skin flicks is a burlesque director named Russ Meyer. Ten years ago he and a friend of the proprietor of a burlesque house (this is a good time to make a confession: I expressed interest in this field and found it wanting. The skin houses were mostly playing short subjects—a girl taking a bath in a sylvan stream, a volleyball game in a nudist camp. They thought they could do better than that. So they invested \$24,000 and three days shooting time in a picture called *The Immoral Mr. Teas*. It was about a delivery boy blessed with magic vision—he could see right through a girl's clothes. Leslie Fiedler thought it was "funny, profound, and sad" and good on our pop culture. Most critics didn't review it at all. No matter. *Mr. Teas* turned out to be immortal as well as immoral: the film grossed over a million dollars and started the skin trade on the path to its present profitability.

As for Meyer, he has gone on to make nineteen other skin flicks. Their plots are varied, but they have certain elements in common: low cost (never more than \$70,000), enormous profitability

(*Teas* alone grossed more than \$6 million and no Meyer film has ever lost money), a glossy technical polish that makes them look studio-made (which is quite amazing, since Meyer rarely uses more than five), and, of course, his own photographer, editor, and screen writer (all as producer-director). He is reported to be a millionaire.

He is also going respectable. In its present agony Hollywood cast a covetous eye at the balance sheets, wrinkled up its nose, and said, "What the hell." So now he is completing *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* (a sequel to your-know-what) for Twentieth Century-Fox, which is so pleased by what it has seen so far that it has given him a three-picture contract. His next project is living Wallace's *Seven Minutes*.

Yale

TO HAVE IT COVERED. Tradition crusted. Prerevolutionary. And like most colleges these days, full of film buff. Since it was founded in 1701 it had never been host to a film festival exclusively devoted to a single artist—or so the press release said. "Russ Meyer Is Coming," the posters said early this spring. "Hold on to Your Popcorn." It was to be an occasion for low comedy. Or high camp. Something groovy, anyway. "We thought it would be nice not to take movies too seriously for once," a kid said.

Me

I ATTENDED AS A MOVIE CRITIC (deficient in my duty. By and large, skin flicks come and go at a level beneath the critic's lofty gaze. And even when one is invited to screen them, they tend not to be at the top of one's must-see list. Yet people are going to see them. Attention should be paid.

So much for rationalizations. Robert Warshaw, probably the greatest of all American movie critics, said, "A man watches a movie, and the critic must

acknowledge that he is that man." I like sexy movies. I even like, on occasion, *bad* sexy movies if they are sexy enough. Sure, I was up there at Yale to test the waters of popular culture. But my mood was not entirely dutiful. Like the kid, I hoped for titillation. A turn-on.

Critical perspective

PERHAPS "PERSPECTIVE" IS TOO powerful a word. Let's call it "intellectual foreplay." It was accomplished with considerable wit and grace by Roger Ebert, the rotund young film critic of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, who, coincidentally, coauthored with Meyer *Beyond the Valley's* screenplay. The strategy of his keynote address was shrewd. He called Meyer "our own perhaps 'the last great undiscovered talent' in American cinema, and there is nothing a group of film buffs like better than to recognize previously unrecognized talent. Besides, the *auteur* theory of moviemaking has raised to a peculiar pantheon quickie directors who have managed, despite budgetary limitations, to make personal statements in the unrespectable film forms. Budd Boetticher, Sam Fuller, Roger Corman, Don Siegel, Nicholas Ray are names that spring to mind in this regard. Since Meyer shoots quicker and cheaper than they do, since his genre is even less respectable than the Western, the horror show, the crime story, he is a logical candidate for the pantheon. And who can deny that his obsessive interest in naked, overdeveloped, uncannily willing females is a highly personal thing, a kind of statement, if not about the world then about the quality of his own sensibility?

Thus, the main activity of the Russ Meyer Film Festival turned out to be placing him and his work aesthetically. By its end, the majority of the serious

Mr. Schickel, film critic for Life, has reviewed books, movies, and plays for Harper's. He is the author of Movie: The History of an Art and an Institution

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young film scholars present had, indeed, proclaimed him a genuine *auteur*. Which may come as something of a surprise to the Citizens for Decent Literature, which does not confine its moral fervor to literature and which continually plagues Meyer's films. What the denizens of the nation's "stroke houses" (to use the industry's inelegant term for the theaters in which Meyer's films play) would make of the news that old Russ was a film artist is, of course, unimaginable.

Critical perspective II

FRANKLY, I DON'T KNOW what to make of rooms full of healthy, normal American boys turning themselves on to the notion of skin flicks as art, either. I found Ebert's second proposition more interesting. He said, to put it simply, that any skin flick must finally be judged on its ability "to get the job done," i.e., sexually stimulate its audience. It is really the only honest way to look at them. All else is hypocrisy. Moreover it can—and should—be argued that the "redeeming social value" of these movies does not lie in their content. They exist to serve the needs of men in a state of either temporary or permanent loneliness. The minute one of these sad souls (and each of us has, one time or another, been a sad soul) enters the sheltering darkness of a nudie house, the film has finished its essential business, which is to present the viewer with an opportunity to harmlessly discharge those tensions that have built up in his solitude. One imagines that for a certain percentage of the audience nudies are a harmless substitute for following women in the streets or arranging to bump against them in subways. And so on. One finds the experience of Denmark relevant in this respect: there has been a shooting decline in sex crimes since *Immoral Men* pornography were lifted. Lively boy-blessed flicks seem to "get the job done" as well as they can. He could see right (of quality, inspiration, clothes, Leslie Fiedler tip, is of no consequence), profound, and sage. Or, as the satire on our pinup culture, less has nothing didn't review it at all. No more. *Teas* turned out to be immortal about the same immortal, the film grossed over \$1 million dollars and started the sort of job on the path to its present profitability. As for Meyer, he has gone on to make nineteen other skin flicks. There is a certain method, but they have certain of art elements in common: low cost (new offers is than \$10,000), enormous pro-

The films themselves

MEYER'S RANGE IS NARROW. The Yale sampling was evenly divided between works of his middle and late periods. (He regards his early stuff as insufferably primitive—although it is precisely that quality that gives *Mr. Teas* a charm, even an innocence, lacking in the films that followed it.) Anyway, from his middle period he chose a couple of gloriously titled epics (*Faster, Pussycat; Kill, Kill*; and *Mud Honey*) as well as the more blandly captioned *Lorna*. They turned out to be austere black and white films, shot and edited in the formalist manner perfected by the studios in the Thirties and Forties. *Pussycat* contains no nudity, no consummated sex, much absurd and violent death. (One critic has evoked Jacobin tragedy in an attempt to place the piece within some tradition or other, since criticism of people like Meyer tends to be hysterically hyperbolic, praise is similarly inflated.) The other pictures of this period are heavy-breathing dramas of rural rape and revenge. Full of preachment against hypocrisy, exhibiting no more skin than the plot absolutely requires, they are crudely vigorous in their development. "American Gothic," was the word on them among the kids. "My drive-in period," murmurs Meyer, all of whose artistic decisions are based on marketplace considerations. (His honesty about this fact is one of his most engaging qualities.)

Late Meyer is very different. The films are in color, less moralistic, more surrealistic. Their humor is conscious, the editing snappier, concern with character and motivation less careful, which is to say they reflect larger trends in the film world outside the grind houses. In these pictures characters tend to be led around by their insatiable, but relentlessly cheerful, sexual appetites. So lacking are they in the normal reticences and hesitations that the final effect of a film like *Cherry & Harry & Raquel* or the famous *Seven* is comically dehumanizing—an effect Meyer enhances with his penchant for visual puns and verbal *double entendres*. For example, he will intercut shots of a couple making love with shots of stock cars banging into each other. Or a man making a date with a call girl will inquire, "What time can you slip me in?" It may not sound like much, but that's damn near Shavian wit in a skin house. And it goes over well even at Yale, the level of college humor being one of the

few things that has not changed much thank God—during these last wonderful years.

Atmosphere

PROBABLY THE MOOD AT YALE WAS conducive to a fair test of the lubricity of Meyer's films. To your typical skin house middle-aged men repressing, with downcast eyes, their chain counted out in advance to avoid potentially embarrassing delay at the box office. Once inside, they scatter themselves as widely as possible. The experience is essentially onanistic. Visible signs of enjoying oneself in these theaters are frowned upon.

At Yale, the kids queued up in long loud lines. Many brought dates. Uptight was *infra dig*. Since there were no exit seats scatteration was impossible. And since Meyer's appearance was arranged through Fox, the festival had the air of a premiere about it. Meyer was surrounded by an entourage of flacks and a covey of newsmen recruited from over the Eastern Seaboard. He also had a couple of starlets from *Beyond the Valley* in tow at all times. The movement of this group through the large crowd was almost invariably the occasion for cheers, applause, jockings to closer proximity.

Unlike the typical Meyer audience, which will a suspension of disbelief in order to better to engage with his screen fantasies, the Yalies willed belief in the humorlessness of every scene in order to prove their imperviousness to erotic suggestion. This desire to express a certain superiority to the film on view, indeed, an immemorial habit of college audiences, and sitting in this one I experienced a psychological return to the thrilling days of yesteryear, when I shouted my first brief movie review into the raucous air of the State Capitol Theaters in Madison, Wisconsin, when I was an undergraduate.

Since Meyer's films always have a serious moral, there was a good deal of hooting the good guys and cheering the bad guys. The kids would shout encouragement at the occasional shy, stumbling male who didn't get the message of the endlessly willing Meyer girl. But if they continued too long in the paths of righteousness, vigorous boos were their lot. Sober, upright critic that I am, I found this mood irresistible and so finally joined the highly vocal spirit of the occasion. Haven't had so much fun at the movies in years.

nd Meyer himself had a blast. An
rely unpretentious man, whose
or contribution to a scheduled dis-
sion of "Art and Pornography" was
statement that the former "was a
broad subject" and that he didn't
ow anything about pornography."
had dreaded this confrontation with
nisticated, distinguished Yale. But he
s he likes to say, "an entertainer,"
no one could doubt the kids were
ly entertained by his work. Pos-
y in some secret recess of his mind
was offended by the laughter some
is seriously intended philosophizing
ked, but the kids were so good-
ured that he cheerfully acquiesced
their mood. "I just can't seem to
ke anything but comedies," he cried
to the hilarious tumult when he was
roduced after the lugubriously-in-
ded Lorna.

f the hilarity hurt at all Meyer
ld easily console himself with the
riety of the minority who happily
fused his technical facility with art.
e boy earnestly compared *Mud*
ney to Jean Renoir's *Swamp Water*:
ouple of kids rose to claim he had
ctured the social reality of poverty-
cken Appalachia as they had seen
with their own eyes: many—myself
cluded—noted his flair for handling
(onsexual) action sequences. The De-
ession films of Ford, Vidor, Mile-
ne were evoked, though Meyer's pre-
upation with rural reality is less a
ction of social conscience than it is
tight budgets. It's cheaper to shoot
an isolated ranch or farm than any-
ere else.

But laughter is to skin flicks what
tpeter is to the diet of a boy's board-
school. And if, instead of laughing,
u find yourself writing a Ph.D. thesis
film aesthetics in your head, the
ovie is not "doing the job" as in-
uded. By the end of two days we had
en some nine hours of film and, look-
g back, I can find only a few isolated
ments when my pulse rate was even
ldly elevated: that girl running
ound the desert with nothing on but
Indian war bonnet—very intriguing:
at scene in the doctor's office—very
vel. Checking, I discovered most of
y co-auditors in a similarly unstimu-
ed state. The most often cited turn-
my informal poll uncovered were a
uple of lesbian encounters in the more
ent Meyer films. Others mentioned a
lly clothed scene in *Vixen* where the
roine does a dance using a dead fish
a phallic symbol, a nude romp in the
oods in the same film ("like a Salem

PRONOUNCE IT "TANKER-RAY"



*If this were an ordinary
gin, we would have put
it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray*

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come and come to life"; and, talk about nudism, one had mentioned a scene in which an empty cabin was burned down. As Robert Bookman, one of the film society leaders put it, "the line of the nudies had no clothes."

So the essential question raised by the Russ Meyer Film Festival was, how come it turned out so decorous? Some possible answers follow.

If, rather obviously, a dirty movie is shot in a motel room over a weekend, using two or three "actors," an amateur's camera, and some drugstore photofloods for light, we instantly brush aside such conventions of plot and characterization as the director bothers to introduce. Instead, we become enmeshed in the reality of the filmmaking process itself. That girl—who is she, why is she doing this? This room—will it be raided before the film is finished? These motelmuscles—who do they think they are, what rationales do they make for themselves? The film is a document in degradation. But it is a *human* document, much more so than any sexual fiction a man like Meyer can invent. His drive for slickness actually works against him. Later, he becomes a best put-on. And that is antithetical to the very essence of the experience we seek at these movies.

Class lines

KINSEY AND THE QUEST FOR IT is that it matters of style, though not necessarily property: the lower and lower middle classes are sex and conservatives. Now, Meyer calls the Middle West, the South, and the Southwest, where the most conservative of these conservatives are to be found, "the breadbasket of the industry." As his films are aimed at the heartland. He is, moreover, very much of the class to which he caters. The son of a nurse and a cop, high-school-educated, the great experience of his life was World War II, "the last good war." Wherever he travels, he keeps up with his old wartime buddies. A couple of them turned up at Yale—grazing, conservatively dressed men, peering puzzled and silent at Meyer and the Hollywood crowd from behind their hornrims. They were as awed as Meyer was by their presence in these hallowed educational precincts.

There are, of course, certain things Middle America eschews in sex and Meyer goes along with its tastes. There isn't much in his films beyond the basic man-on-top-of-woman position. Vari-

ants are rarely shown and oral sex, sado-masochism, fetishism are occasionally promised but these promises are never fulfilled. In *Vixen*, for example, he toys with incest and miscegenation, then quickly pulls back from both topics. The language of his movies is more chaste than your typical high-school locker room. His girls tease far less than the beloved burlesque queens of yore. And he handles his camera as those prudent, not to say prudish, dates of our adolescence handled us—permitting nothing below the waist.

The Playboy philosophy

UNDoubtedly there are those for whom Meyer's fantasies are potent projections of their wildest dreams and desires. But they are not mine, they were not—by and large—the Yalies'. Ever since pornography went public it has grown more and more simplified, less and less able to intrigue a reasonably mature, reasonably educated, reasonably experienced man. Each of us, I suppose, has his own pornographic measure: mine happens to be *The Story of O*, that cool, elegant, entirely perverse, extremely intelligent bit of French nastiness. Next to it Meyer's stuff seems preadolescent and that is what all the hooting and hollering was about at Yale. We were regressing to its level in order to enjoy it. But the fear that it might seriously touch us, or anyone who is not dismally sad or stupid, is groundless. As far as Meyer can see, the only message of his films is that "sex should be fun." At best that is unexceptionable; at worst, like *Playboy* magazine which espouses the same line, it trivializes and simplifies and therefore sanitizes a rich subject.

Anyway, it all struck me as very American—not some foreign plot to sap our moral fiber, not a scheme of the far-flung effete Eastern snobs to pollute the provincial American mind. If this be filth (and I don't think it is) it is our own, our native idiocy.

Russ Meyer speaks!

I LIKE WOMEN WHO ENTER into sex like it was a soccer match. I don't like all this protocol stuff, where the man is expected to make the first move. A woman should be able to make her wants and needs known. She should be terribly imaginative. Like she should be able to do a striptease at a very

surprising moment. I want them to let as much as follow."

You see what I mean? There speaks your American democrat, the guy clumsy to court, too shy to ask a direct question. Before the enigma of woman the typical American man has a tendency to scuff his toe in the dirt, aver his gaze, and murmur, "Aw, shucks." The dream we have trouble outgrowing is of the girl who anticipates *our* wants and needs, catering to us without embarrassing questions. In the national fantasy she has big breasts. She is, in fact, Mom transmogrified into the sexual realm, taking care of us there as once she took care of simpler problems. Thus those marvelously willing Meyer girls, and his attitude toward them, turn out to be as American as apple pie? And as corny. And the young gentlemen of Yale, as slightly funny. No wonder they cheered Russ to the rafters.

Meyer told the kids: "These were the most important two days of my life," and he meant it. He had invaded what is, for him, foreign territory: a land that lies across the age and class barriers and he had been greeted as conqueror. The attempt of a couple of girls from the Women's Liberation movement to rain on his parade at a concluding seminar was howled down. Yes, of course, he uses women as objects, but they charged. But as objects of veneration, however crudely he expressed the feeling.

Driving home late that night, I began to see we had all along been comparing him to the wrong moviemaker: Ford, Renoir, the *auteur* cats, indeed. I started thinking about his preoccupation with glossy, technical perfection, his frugality, and his promotional sense, his modest, artless manner, his conceit for and identification with Middle America, his uncanny ability to put part of its fantasy life up there on the screen to groove on, and I realized there was only one figure in movie history to compare him with. He, too, had received one of his first academic recognitions from Yale—an honorary Master of Fine Arts degree in 1933. His name was Walt Disney.

The thought cheered me on my way. This night, anyway, it seemed to me The Great Republic could sleep safely in its bed. Out there beyond the range of my headlights it was dreaming better dreams than its Great Pornography would ever dream.



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This bird sanctuary

Imagine a tiny green hump of an island in a Louisiana swamp. Its total area is less than five square miles.

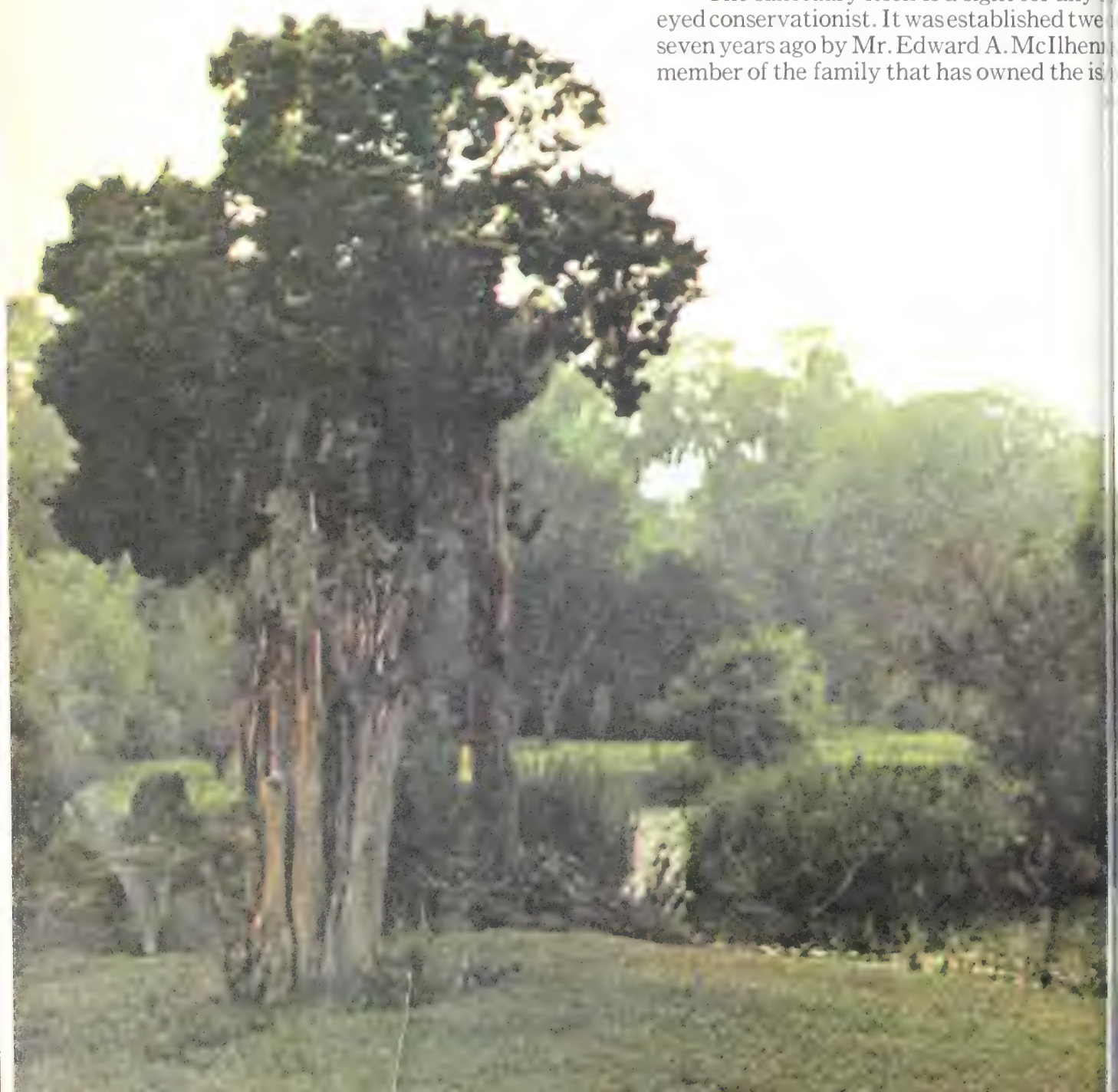
Put two hundred houses on it and seven hundred people. Add one of America's largest rock salt mines, the Tabasco® sauce factory and over a hundred oil wells. And what have you got? Overcrowding?

Quite the opposite. Avery Island seems al-

most undiscovered. A place for the painter and the poet.

Its bird sanctuary sits in a 200-acre garden. Here you find irises from Siberia. Grapefruit from Cochin. Evergreens from Tibet. Bananas from China. Lotuses from the Nile. Soap trees from India. Daisies from Africa's Mountains of the Moon. And the world's most complete collection of camellias.

The sanctuary itself is a sight for any seasoned conservationist. It was established twenty-seven years ago by Mr. Edward A. McIlhenny, a member of the family that has owned the island since 1883.



an oil field.

3 years. It had one purpose. To save the egret from extinction.

known as Bird City, the sanctuary started only seven egrets. Now, over 100,000 nest on its man-made lake every year. To see alabaster birds sharing their Eden with herons, ducks, coots, swans, cormorants, turkeys and alligators is almost a primeval experience. It seems to put the clock back to beginning.

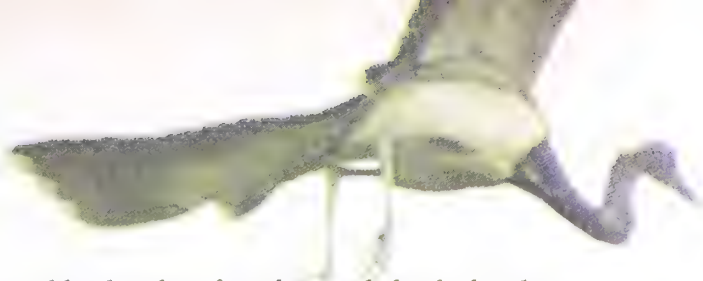
And, wherever you wander on this peaceful land, you have to look hard to spot the oil. Many are hidden by grandfatherly oak trees bearded with Spanish moss. Others are

screened by banks of azalea and rhododendron. To Jersey's affiliate, Humble Oil & Refining Company, this respect for environment is only right and proper.

The oil industry provides Louisiana with one-third of its total revenue. But even this contribution would be a poor excuse for defiling beauty or disturbing wildlife.

Amen say the egrets.

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by John Kenneth Galbraith

WHO NEEDS THE DEMOCRATS?

and what it takes to be needed

Conservatism by attrition

EARLY LAST WINTER, about the time the Congress reassembled, I chanced to be relying for political wisdom on the *International Herald Tribune*, an excellent paper which saves you from the unimportant news and has an alarming collation of omnists. One day Joseph Alsop had an epistle from the Pentagon; the generals were conceiving a missile gap and Joe was already several months pregnant. All the rest reflected on the poor condition of the Democratic Party.*

It was depressing. Most of the concern was with leadership. Hubert was Hubert. Ted Kennedy suffered a serious misfortune which all regretted in the manner of the late Uriah Heep. (His political misfortune was, I thought, being celebrated a bit prematurely.) George McGovern was a sensible man, at least on issues and notably so on the Vietnam war. He was being right, he was therefore too unexciting. Harold Hughes hadn't yet surfaced. Ed Muskie was

generally praised for making no waves, not annoying anyone. But a man can stand only so much of that kind of praise.

The position of the Party in the House of Representatives was thought to be especially bad. John McCormack, the Pericles of progressive democracy in that not excessively august body, was held at seventy-eight to be unappealing to the very young. They are getting hard to please. His cronies who had been using his office (so it is averred) to soften the impact of the impersonal state on their friends, for a price, was thought to be unappealing to people of all ages. However, their operations had left the Democrats with no alternative next January but to reelect old John in order to vindicate him and, generally speaking, show their appreciation. Carl Albert, the Majority Leader, was not considered a catalytic figure, as, being a sensible man, he would not dream of regarding himself. Hale Boggs of Louisiana was not thought to be a man to capture the heart and mind of the masses in the ghetto. Members of the Southern mandarin in the House—Mendel Rivers of South Carolina, Jamie Whitten of Mississippi, William Colmer of the same precinct, Otto Passman of Louisiana—made Boggs

look like the new Martin Luther King.

Could anything be done about it. Tradition dictates that however incompetent, unpopular, or generally reactionary the Democratic Congressional leadership, it must, like the Union, be preserved.

John Kenneth Galbraith, economist, Harvard professor, former Ambassador to India, has been, he says, "a reasonably active Democrat" for thirty-odd years. His books include The Affluent Society, The New Industrial State, and How to Control the Military.

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None specified what that was, which was to evade a hard question. Here I have reference, broadly, to those who hold on under its entitlement and, as regards policy, to what is urged in the last election or now wins the support of a majority of the Congressional party. Strictly from the administrative point of view, Paul Porter, the noted attorney, has said, the Democratic Party can be compared only to a state of casual pleasure run by the girls.

John Kenneth
Galbraith
WHO NEEDS
THE
DEMOCRATS?

That is the American way. (In the Senate the Party position is not perfect. But there a score or more of sensitive, energetic liberals make it much better.)

There was also a great deal of hand-wringing over the debts of the Democrats from the last election which the poets took seriously. No one else should. Quite a bit of this is owed to fat cats, some thick with lard, who put up the money with something more for themselves in mind than honest usury, if only a nice welcome at the White House. Humphrey lost and so did they. I was surprised, though, that none of my learned friends thought to dwell on the position of the Democrats in the great industrial states. These erstwhile strongholds—New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Michigan, as well as Ohio, Illinois, and California—are all without exception governed or anyhow administered by Republicans. It is impossible to think of a Democratic governor of distinction and there could be a reason. Everything considered, if the test of the success of a party is the quality and number of its officeholders, the Democrats are not doing well.

THE FUNCTION OF THE COMMUNISTS is to think for us, which is a great service and one that should be respected. But like others they assign too much importance to a sudden distrophy of the Democratic leadership. There is, I think, a deeper cause, which is that the Democratic Party, within a relatively short span of time, has lost its main purposes. It has become a defender of the status quo, a role in which it cannot possibly compete with the Republicans. Harry Truman pointed out years ago that faced with a choice between two conservative parties, the voters will always opt for the real thing.

History, in fact, has played a nasty trick on the Democrats. It has made politically commonplace all of the major policies for which the Party has stood in the last thirty years. The one important exception is its foreign policy which it has made aggressively damaging. The men who occupy the positions of power and influence in the Party (with some notable exceptions) are still deeply committed to these policies or deeply identified with their own past. So, to borrow General Westmoreland's best word, they have become conservatives by attrition. Not that many would admit it. Being a liberal is like being an Episcopalian: if you have once been well and truly confirmed, you are allowed to consider yourself a communicant for life. You don't have to practice. But let me be specific.

IN THE THIRTY-ODD YEARS since Roosevelt and the Peacetime New Deal, the national Democratic Party has won elections on five major policies. And the spillover from these policies has won a legion of local contests. The policies were:

(1) Implementation of the New (or Keynesian) economics. This insured, as all liberal Democrats believed, that the economic system worked.

(2) The elaboration of the Welfare State. This

won the gratitude of all who because of age, sex, dependency, illness, or the absence of a job could not make a go of it in the economic system.

(3) Support to the trade-union movement. This got the unions.

(4) A reasonably firm if highly gradualist approach to the elimination of racial inequality. This got the voting blacks.

(5) A foreign and military policy which recognized our responsibilities as a superpower and more especially as a bulwark (as we called it) against international Communism, and which armed ourselves and our allies accordingly, but which resisted the idea of solving delicate international problems by blowing everyone up. This appealed to the informed and substantial citizen.

This was not the whole agenda. There was a heavy payoff to the farmers. Support to education played an increasing role. In later years there was the poverty program and a mélange of efforts on behalf of the cities. But the five policies listed provided, I would think, some 90 per cent of the Democratic appeal. And, as noted, they won a great many elections. All have now gone down the drain, as a quick glance will suggest.

APART FROM FOREIGN POLICY, which is in a class by itself, the greatest misfortune of the Democrats has been in economics. It was long the deepest Democratic conviction that, in contrast with the pre-Keynesian and pre-Cambrian policies of the Republicans, they could manage the economy. Principally required was a modern or Keynesian economic policy—essentially the regulation of the total demand for economic product by the deliberate adjustment of federal spending and taxation as well as of investment from borrowed funds. There is, in fact, little doubt that, by these methods, serious depression can be elided. But we now also know that it brings inflation. The single-minded concentration on production also brings a very unequal array of productive blessings—numerous automobiles, terrible housing—and is itself the cause of a disenchanting array of new disorders of which environmental damage is currently inspiring the most oratory. And on these problems, alas, the Democrats are not identified with solutions. And to make matters worse, the Republicans have now adopted Keynes. Mr. Nixon's economists, some secondary distinctions between fiscal and monetary policy apart, are orthodox members of the Keynesian faith.

On the Welfare State, the Republicans have moved ahead of the Democrats. For years whenever Democratic scholars (a subcaste to which indubitably I belonged) told themselves they needed new ideas, they invariably had in mind some new and compelling form of social security—something like unemployment compensation or old-age insurance that the voters would cherish and the Republicans would reliably oppose.

Actually, the available ideas are far fewer than conservatives imagine. And the only important one in the last quarter-century is the guaranteed mini-

income. This makes money available to all need it without a means test. Some part is given as other income is earned, but in such fashion a family never has less money as a result of a member's getting a job. This idea unquestionably goes to the Republicans. The guaranteed income, a variant called the negative income tax, was first tentatively broached by Professor Milton Friedman of the University of Chicago, once an adviser (described anyhow) to Barry Goldwater. Except the monetary policy is involved, Professor Friedman, a man of highly independent mind, is not likely wrong or even conservative. Liberal economists, most notably James Tobin, who was one of President Kennedy's economic advisers, have im-
posed the idea. But it was President Nixon who passed it to Congress. Though the rate suggested, \$600 for a family of four—is derisory, the political authorship of the idea is not in doubt.

Organized labor is still in alliance with the Democrats. It can still hold the big battalions as it did for Hubert Humphrey. But apart from a few aggressive internationals, the leadership is geriatric and sometimes, as in the case of the miners, inept. Many of the leaders are archaically hard on Communism, unapologetically for the Vietnam war and untroubled by the military power. In other words, they are indifferent or hostile to what concerns the younger Party members. In Massachusetts the McCarthy-Kennedy Democrats have recently been organizing to unseat Philip Philbin, an ancient time-server from a district near Boston who as number-two man on the House Armed Services Committee faithfully follows because he cannot anticipate every wish of the Pentagon and Mendel Rivers. A few months ago, I voiced general support for their enlightened effort. The first test to arrive came from my friends in the state AFL-CIO. Philbin is right on labor.

Whatever the black community may be, it certainly isn't Republican. But here too there are nasty problems. When the Democrats do not have the White House, the Southerners in Congress are exceedingly visible. This does not enhance the Party's image in Bedford-Stuyvesant. Without the Presidency there is no chance of offsetting this effect by a strong legislative initiative on civil rights. And legislative gradualism, which is what the Democrats have offered in the past, has lost much of its appeal to the blacks. They, not surprisingly, want equality now or soon and there isn't much sign of a Democratic formula for that. So all the Democrats have is Attorney General John Mitchell. It is logically indefensible for a Democrat to pray for the health of the blacks on purely political grounds. But some do. Foreign policy is, of course, the crowning blow. The Democrats were supposed to be expert, intelligent, and responsible in foreign affairs. They managed to come up with the worst disaster since the Vietnam War. The magnitude of the reaction to that disaster is still hard to appreciate. It is also hard to understand other than proud. For the first time in modern history a great nation reacted to the unwisdom of its policy in the middle of the war—not as usually hap-

pens after it is over. And, in effect, it threw the men who were responsible out. But the men responsible were Democrats or, more precisely, they had been given power by the Democrats. And the Democrats have been in office for every war since the skirmish with Spain. To those wars that were just or unavoidable, we have added responsibility for one that no viable Democratic leader would now dream of defending.

Economics, foreign policy, the split in the Party as it relates to racial equality, and some resulting questions of political style all require a special word. To these matters I now turn.

The problem of economic policy

SOME YEARS AGO, in a considerable access of originality, Democratic Presidential candidates stopped running against Herbert Hoover and the Great Depression. Possibly it was unwise, an impractical as well as unaccustomed concession to the young, for no other issue ever served the Party so well, and to this day the polls show that the Democrats are thought better than the Republicans for putting down depression and unemployment. In the Roosevelt and Truman years the Democrats had a near monopoly of the notion that, by vigorous fiscal intervention in the economy—spending and a deficit when needed to overcome unemployment and sluggish performance, a surplus when inflation threatened—the economy could be made to work. The Republicans cooperated admirably on all public occasions by reverently demanding a balanced budget, which was the one course of action that by nature excluded an effective economic policy.

The Eisenhower years, when nothing terrible happened, partly redeemed the Republicans from Hoover. But during much of the Fifties there was a persistent increase in industrial prices and by the end of the decade, unemployment was above 6 per cent and economic growth negligible. Kennedy ran in 1960 on the promise "to get this country moving again," by which he meant a higher rate of economic expansion, a lower level of unemployment with, hopefully, a lesser rate of inflation. Remarkably enough as political promises go, he accomplished these things and added further to the reputation of the Democrats for good economic management.

It was a further tenet of the Democratic faith (and still is) that if unemployment was small and economic growth was adequate, the economic system worked. Fear of unemployment was the overwhelming psychic legacy of the Great Depression. Then upwards of a third of the working force was without jobs and in the public and political mind, unemployment established itself as the transcendent domestic disaster. In principle the economic system was subject to tests of performance other than growth and jobs. In practice nothing else really counted. And if the economic system worked, the system worked. In what he may well have considered an understatement, Lyndon Johnson sum-

"Harry Truman pointed out years ago that faced with a choice between two conservative parties, the voters will always opt for the real thing."

John Kenneth
Galbraith

WHO NEEDS THE DEMOCRATS?

narrated the Democratic achievement in his last economic report to the Congress.

The Nation is now in its 95th month of continuous economic advance. Both in strength and length, this prosperity is without parallel in our history. We have steered clear of the business-cycle recessions which for generations derailed us repeatedly from the path of growth and progress.

This record demonstrates the vitality of a free economy and its capacity for steady growth. No longer do we view our economic life as a relentless tide of ups and downs. No longer do we fear that automation and technical progress will rob workers of jobs rather than help us to achieve greater abundance. No longer do we consider poverty and unemployment permanent landmarks on the economic scene.

But it is not for only the Democrats who can count on such triumphs. The Republicans are, in principle, equally apt—as at least some Democrats concede. Arthur Okun, the last chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under the Democrats, recently observed that: "The bipartisan nature of our national commitment to full prosperity was clearly demonstrated in the initial months of the Nixon Administration. This was the most significant and gratifying development in economic policy in 1969."

The Republicans have also discovered by now that the bipartisan commitment to prosperity has some significant but less gratifying features. On these Lyndon Johnson (like other members of his party) is not so much inclined to dwell.

THE FORMULA FOR INSURING "the vitality of a free economy" is to encourage more public and private spending when the economy is slack, including more borrowing and investment from borrowed funds. When inflation is the problem, the process is reversed. The Republicans set particular store by raising interest rates to cut back on spending from borrowed funds—the tight money policy—but this is difference of method within the larger strategy.

The difficulty is that strong unions and powerful corporations can defeat the policy by raising wages and prices whenever the economy is close to full employment. And the prices so raised are passed along to the rest of the economy—to postal employees and airline controllers and civil servants (generally forcing compensatory wage increases even by the government itself. This is what has happened in recent months. Thus, while employment remains high, the inflation continues.

If the cutback in demand is big enough, there will come a point when prices cannot be raised. But by this time there will be a good deal of unemployment (and some other strains which I will mention in a moment), with the result that the remedy will seem worse than the inflation that it cures, especially

for those who, for the larger public good, are righteously deprived of their jobs and stock market gains.

The Republicans have lately been risking this remedy. So far they have managed to combine a modest reduction in growth and employment with the highest rate of inflation in twenty years. Their economists continue to promise stability. But such promises have been made week by week and month by month for a year and a half. Even economists are expected some day to make good. (Only in foreign policy is one allowed to say that failure is success.) And there has now been a tacit confession of failure. The tight money punishes with peculiar severity the smaller businessman who must borrow money, while leaving comparatively untroubled the large corporation which has its own resources and in any case, is a favored client of the banks. The housing industry is a particular casualty of this policy. These consequences forced some easing off even while consumer prices were rising at a near record rate.

The obvious solution is to intervene directly to limit the wage and price increases that are the causative factor. Under similar circumstances other industrial countries do so, as have we in the past. But this encounters deep moral objections—it is a confession in effect that the free price system, the Holy Grail of all good Republicans and of all economists who yearn for respectability, no longer functions as it is supposed to do. It means that the corporations in conjunction with the unions have too much market power. This is a terrible thing for a good Republican or an economist who cherishes his respectability to have to believe. (A further and compelling objection for some economists is that it means conceding that the Galbraith line on these matters is right.)

In the early Kennedy-Johnson years, the Democrats experimented with wage-price restraints—the so-called guideposts. They worked well for a time but succumbed under the pressure of the Vietnam war. Since then, Democrats have been almost as reluctant as Republicans to come to grips with the inflation problem. Talk of wage and price controls is poorly regarded by the Establishment. Democrats yearn to be reputable, too. Mr. Gardner Ackley, who preceded Arthur Okun as head of the Council of Economic Advisers and whom Huber Humphrey recently named head of the Economic Policy Committee of the new Democratic Council tolerantly told the Republicans last winter that he didn't blame them for avoiding such action.

THERE ARE OTHER ECONOMIC PROBLEMS that the Democrats have been reluctant to face: the Keynesian economy relies to a disconcerting degree on military expenditures. These, amounting to about half of all federal expenditure in recent years, provide a highly reliable flow of demand to the private economy. Meanwhile the taxes that support this expenditure are flexible—they rise when production, profits, and other incomes rise, and thus the exercise a dampening effect and increase less rapidly

ll when production and incomes fall, thus re-
g revenues for private spending.

beral Democrats, over the years, have devel-
a singular faculty for closing their eyes to
ole so played by military outlays. It was the
oduct of Cold War necessity and purely an
lent that it helped the economy. Civilian spend-
ould do just as well and would be welcomed
alternative by every decent citizen.

now it is clear that we get military appro-
ions far more easily than civilian ones. A
get-conscious Congressman is (or was until re-
y) a man who wanted to cut back on non-
ary spending. Military spending is also the
or for extensive socialization of technological
elopment where that is too expensive or too risky
private enterprise to pay for. Atomic energy,
computer, modern air transport all have been
ided. And a new and uncouth generation is
cting these things out.

et, by and large, the political liturgy has not
e abreast. In the Cold War years Democrats,
als especially, were required to praise the eco-
ic system on all occasions of public ceremony
celebration. It was how one proved he was a
nesian and for the Welfare State without being
ommunist. The old music continues. It is still a
c assumption that, subject to some tinkering,
system works. As long as it depends on big arms
ays for stabilization and technical dynamic, it
e, not work, and the oratory which holds that
es has a patently fraudulent sound.

HE SYSTEM IS GRAVELY DEFICIENT in two other
pects. Its performance is highly uneven. In
ut half the economy—that half characterized by
large corporations or where needs of the large
orporations are being served—production is effi-
it, men are well paid, for those who belong there
o poverty. In consequence, our supply of auto-
obiles, gasoline, highways, household appliances,
ergents, gargles, space vehicles, and weaponry
xcellent. Outside of the world of the large cor-
ation the performance is far less reliable—or
satisfactory. This is especially true of that part
he economy which makes urban life agreeable
even tolerable. Housing, surface transportation,
pital and health services, street cleaning, police
ices and the courts, other municipal services and
cation are provided with increasing relative and
n with increasing absolute inefficiency. And poor
ductive performance in this part of the economy
atched by poor employment conditions. Jobs
poorly paid and vulnerable (as in the case of
olic employees) to inflation. In further conse-
quence of this and other factors, income inequality
ncreasing. Thus, although national income and
ss product continue to rise, they disguise a
reasingly disparate performance within the econ-
y. And it is from the disparity that the urban
teller, and especially the urban ghetto dweller,
fers. He has to live with the fact of the poor
formance and the poor wages it pays. The urban

dweller cannot be told that the system works. "Foreign policy

But a heavy indirect price is also exacted where
it does work. Production rises but the price of in-
creasing production is unpleasant and even lethal
surroundings. The air is less breathable, the water
less potable, the countryside is invisible, and the
air waves unbelievable. These are the consequences
of the single-minded concentration on aggregate
production as a social goal. And the organizations
—the great corporations—that pursue this goal in-
creasingly see the individual as someone to be ac-
commodated to their interest, not the reverse. If he
worries about the effects of automobiles on air
pollution or highways on the cities, his doubts are
something not to be respected but to be overcome.
He needs to be sold. Similarly as regards weapons
or any lingering supposition that cigarettes cause
cancer. And—an issue Ralph Nader has dramatized
—if the government undertakes to regulate on be-
half of the citizen, the corporations respond by
regulating the regulators. Increasingly, where the
system does work, it does not exist for the in-
dividual. The individual and the government exist
for the system.

So the old assumption of Democratic economic
policy can no longer be sustained. The economic
system does not work. And the reforms required to
make it work—to make it work uniformly and for
individuals, not the corporations—are far more
fundamental than anything contemplated by the
cheap and soft and easygoing liberalism of these
last years. This the Party has not faced—nor begun
to face. I will return to these remedies presently.

The foreign-policy disaster

THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT, foreign policy for the
last fifty years has been the nemesis of the
Democratic Party. Wars, just or unjust, have come
with devastating reliability every time the Demo-
crats have enjoyed power: World War I with Wil-
son; World War II with Roosevelt; the Korean war
with Truman; the deepening involvement in Viet-
nam with Kennedy; and the full-scale disaster there
with Lyndon Johnson. The response of the voters
has been equally reliable—ignoring all affirmations



the presence (or return) of the Red Army. And, of course, it was concerned to insure the reduction and neutralization of German military power which, more than any other country except France, it had the political reason to respect. But as pursued without delay by Stalin, accompanied by the Communist revolution in China and orchestrated by Communist rhetoric, it was easy to imagine that this policy implied much more—that it implied a plan in preparation for world revolution. Among men whose fear of God is usefully reinforced by fear for their property, alarm over atheistic Communism is easily encouraged. It can become paranoiac. There were such in the United States at the time.

And events in Europe in the late Forties could outrun Soviet policy. They did in Greece as possibly also in Korea. In Greece Communist rule in the years immediately following the war, and inspiring the so-called Truman Doctrine, appeared to appear, despite Soviet opposition, the case of Soviet domination in Southern Europe. These revolution was the work of Chinese, not Russians. (Stalin, like some Americans, initially disdained Mao as an agrarian reformer.) Had Italy in France remained economically distraught, politically disoriented, and militarily a vacuum in the years from 1946 on, their large and cohesive Communist parties might have taken over—and without particular encouragement from the Soviets. One of the errors of the period, as I shall argue presently, was in exaggerating the power of a superpower, American or Soviet, to control such events, or better or worse—my own orthodox instinct might think for better—this did not happen. And its failure to happen coincided with a vast and many-sided initiative by the Democratic Administration in Washington—the Truman Doctrine on behalf of Greece and Turkey in 1947, the Marshall Plan in 1948, and numerous military steps leading to the rearming of Germany and the creation of NATO in 1949.

Of these actions, the Marshall Plan made the most profound and lasting impression. Here was free enterprise supplemented by a sizable infusion of capital, combined with sound American leadership. Nothing great could be expected. Expectations were justified: Western Europe came back with marvelous speed. Whether it would have gone to the Communists without the Marshall Plan will never be known. The great fact is that with the Marshall Plan it did not.

Improved economic well-being was accompanied by greater political stability. Support for violent revolutions waned. This proved what liberal Democrats had always held—and wanted to believe—and economic policy made sound political sense. Additionally, the European military forces, strengthened by American aid, and the NATO forces deployed across Western Europe, helped guarantee internal tranquillity as well as the frontiers. Conservatives like this kind of hardheaded, sentimental answer to the Reds. There was something in this policy for everyone. Working so well, brilliantly, in Western Europe, it was natural to

conclude that it would work everywhere. In 1950 the Korean war made the Communist threat seem universal. So the European package—economic assistance, military support, collective resistance—became a universal answer.

When opportunities in the new Europe were early in the Fifties went an equally precise view of the kind of men who should run it. Needed in addition to the professionals of the State Department and Pentagon were successful lawyers and businessmen, preferably liberal Republicans. In part this was to win Republican support in the Congress. This was a matter of undoubted moment between 1946 and 1948 when the Republicans, reflecting the normal reaction of the American voter to war, even a widely approved and indubitably victorious one, had won control of both Houses. But even more, it was because nearly all liberal Democrats with experience of foreign policy were disqualified—or had disqualified themselves. The Roosevelt Administration had been in the closest wartime association with the Soviets under Stalin: most of its members had taken the association very seriously. Some had been romantic. Now with Stalin the archenemy and the Soviet Union the international villain, those who had been so involved were not the sort of men to be entrusted with the new policy. It had better be someone whose intelligence was considerable, whose respectability was impeccable, and whose anti-Communist sympathies were beyond doubt. Of such men the business community and the bar—especially the New York legal establishment—had a more than ample supply. So they—Robert Lovett, Paul Hoffman, John J. McCloy, the Dulles brothers (who began under the Democrats), William Burden, William Foster, Paul Nitze, and many others—were recruited. Quite a few continued under the Republicans. In time it came to be supposed, not the least by those involved, that such men had an exclusive franchise on foreign policy.

When, in the late Forties, Alger Hiss was shot down just before completing his extremely daring traverse from the fashionable left-wing establishment of the Thirties to the Cold War establishment

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been associated with foreign policy under FDR became nearly complete. Democrats were definitely suspect. Adlai Stevenson, who had played a minor role under Roosevelt, and Dean Acheson, who had compensated for a more important one by becoming the leading Cold War strategist, had trouble proving their eligibility. Only Averell Harriman, who had encountered liberal criticism during World War II for his highly unsentimental view of Stalin, occupied a position of major leadership in the two periods. Intellectual guidance was provided by a younger generation of officials, mostly nonpolitical, whose military or Washington civilian service had kept them safely away from the Russians. Out of conviction or thoughtful observation of the fate of those who had associated themselves with the earlier policy, they were adequately anti-Soviet. These men—Richard M. Bissell, Robert Richardson Bowie, Lincoln Gordon, Dean Rusk*—led the new guild of the day, the professional Cold War strategists. They worked under the general protection of the liberal businessmen and the New York legal establishment and in close association with the professionals of the State Department and Pentagon. This was a portentous development. Out of the need to appeal to the Republicans on Capitol Hill (this was the bipartisan foreign policy), and the need to break with the Roosevelt officeholders, foreign policy was delegated by the Democrats to the New York Establishment, the new scholarly strategists and the professional soldiers and civil servants.

The same leadership continued when the Democrats returned in 1961. Instead of Stevenson, Harriman, or Fulbright with their Democratic Party associations, Kennedy turned for Secretary of State to Dean Rusk, now become a paramount figure in the Establishment. The selection of Robert McNamara and Roswell Gilpatric for the Department of Defense (although neither was an enthusiastic Cold Warrior) affirmed further the continuing delegation of foreign policy to businessmen and the New York Establishment. The influence of Chester Bowles in the State Department, an active Democrat who had held elective office, was quickly liquidated. Foreign policy was thus removed from the influence of party politics. All thought this good. Less celebrated was its not partial but total removal from the

influence of men who had any personal stake in the future of the Democratic Party, the President apart. Historians will consider this a remarkably daring delegation of the policy which could, more than any other, destroy the Party.

With the passage of time, Democratic Senators and Congressmen (and eventually something close to a majority in the Senate) came to oppose the Vietnam involvement. The less politically involved men in the Executive Branch, especially in the State Department, remained stalwart. It was not that the Democratic Senators were either more or less intelligent than Secretary Rusk and his associates. It was only that they were far more sensitive to what the war was doing to the country, to the Democratic Party, and, reflecting an aptitude common to elective politicians, to their own political prospects.

The divorce of foreign policy from party responsibility was greatly strengthened by the tendency of the policy—the superpower vision and the accompanying economic and military measures to arrest the progress of Communism—to expand and empower the civilian and military bureaucracy. The bureaucratic consequences of seeking to be a superpower are of the highest importance and still only dimly perceived.

IF ONE BELIEVES that through a combination of economic and military measures the country can greatly influence the course of events in other countries, and if one believes that in consequence of the Communist threat one should do so, then a further consequence is certain. There will be a colossal bureaucracy. And this bureaucracy in turn will develop a life and purpose and policy of its own. "By its nature, bureaucracy . . . is unable to stop whatever it is doing except by drastic action applied from the outside," Admiral Rickover said to a House subcommittee.

Specifically, if it is believed that the economic and political development of Thailand can be greatly shaped by the United States and that the Thais are a natural bastion against Communism and so must, poor bastards, have their future shaped, there will have to be a mission to supervise the infusion of capital that (following the Marshall Plan model) is essential for economic development. And there will have also to be auditors to regulate the indigenous tendencies to larceny. And there will be men in Washington to recruit, serve, and supervise this mission. And there will be technicians

*Some of these, in turn, were to pay professionally for too rigid commitment to the policy which was then so successful. Richard Bissell was the manager of the Bay of Pigs affair and left public life not long thereafter. Robert Bowie was the creator of the so-called Multilateral Force—a design for giving Western Europeans nuclear arms by having them participate in a fleet manned by men of various nationalities and equipped with nuclear weapons targeted on the Soviet Union. When interest evaporated, he was left as the rather lonely defender of what erstwhile supporters were now pleased to dismiss as a somewhat ridiculous idea. Dean Rusk, faithful to the policy to the end, brought it to disaster and his own reputation likewise, in Vietnam.



the field to help guide the development of industry, education, and agriculture, and more supervisors in Washington. And other men will be needed in the field to collect the military, political, and economic intelligence on which the policy is based, more men will be required in Washington to test this information and revise it as necessary to the Washington view. And there will have to be other men in the field to watch for subversion to frustrate it, and more men in Washington to select, guide, equip, and cover up for these spooks. And a military mission will be needed to supervise the distribution of the arms with which the Thai government, in accordance with the policy, defends itself against Communist incursion or insurrection. To train the local heroes in the use of these arms. This mission will be very, very large. So also will be the supporting and supervising bureaucracy in the Pentagon. Guiding the government of Thailand and guiding Washington on the guidance being provided to those that guide the Thais will be a sizable diplomatic staff. Explaining the various purposes of the Americans to the local citizens and explaining them away to the American press will be a considerable information organization. This too will be guided by men in Washington who will be guided from the field. All this is now true of Thailand. It is only moderately less true of many other places. The price of being a superpower is a truly huge organization. In 1939 the predecessor agencies of the Department of Defense had about 200,000 civilian employees. Last June 30 there were 1,341,587 on direct hire. Some 36,000 Americans now serve in foreign lands. Before World War II all overseas work was accomplished by 100 State Department officers and a handful from other agencies.

The tendency—the inevitable tendency—of any huge organization, public or private, is to be authoritarian and exclusive. It pursues its purposes and minimizes outside interference, and does so not because it is wicked but because that is the nature of organization. So it was and is here. A great civilian and military machine was created. Its task was to move against Communism the world around. Its reluctant tendency was — and remains — to take cover. This machine was further protected in its exclusiveness — i.e., in its freedom from political control and responsibility — by secrecy. If one is encountering Communist subversion in some foreign jurisdiction, one can plausibly ask for reticence. To debate these matters in Congress, even to allow politicians to know about the proceedings, is to expose one's hand to the other side. (If one is nurturing anti-Communist politicians, reticence is also in order considering the type of talent commonly available.) It may even seem necessary to be circumspect in the information one offers to the President. Leaks occur in the White House. "There are no secrets in Washington," President Kennedy once observed, "except things I need to know." The worldwide war on Communism — the superpower mystique — meant a large bureaucracy, a powerful bureaucracy, and a bureaucracy protected in the

exercise of power from political scrutiny. The party in power, after 1960 the Democrats, was responsible only for the results.

THE RESULTS WERE DISASTER. A bureaucracy is governed not by the truth but by its own truth. It defends its truth against the reality. Those who question its truth are discounted for eccentricity, ignored for ineffectiveness, or excluded for unreliability. The truth of the superpower bureaucracy and the foreign-policy establishment as it had developed to circa 1960 was of an all-pervading Communist conspiracy, based in Moscow and reaching out through regional offices in Berlin, Prague, Peking, and Hanoi and elsewhere to probe and then press on any weak place in the frontier. It was a vision given expression in a dozen speeches by Dean Rusk, a hundred columns by Joseph Alsop, and in its most precise form in the concept of the "truce line" by Walt Rostow. The Rostow truce line was the boundary dividing the Communist from the non-Communist world as it had become stabilized after World War II. It could be accepted but it must be defended. The Communists could be counted upon to test it, to try our intentions, and they must be left in no doubt. The Rostow truce line was, in many ways, the finest delineation of the bureaucratic truth.

As Admiral Rickover observed, bureaucratic truth is rigid and unaccommodating. It is a battleship with heavy armor, much armament, but no rudder. In those days it required reaction to seeming Communist aggression: it would not allow for the possibility that a Communist insurrection might arise from civil, not international causes: that there might be insurrection and revolt without Communists; and that the revolt might be beyond the civil and military power of the United States to suppress. Most of all, it could not admit this last — that a superpower might not, after all, have the power. Of course it could not hold that the Communists were themselves plural and divisive and that with some of them we needed, at a minimum, to be friends.

On all of these matters, bureaucratic truth, departing from truth, impelled the Democrats into

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deep trouble. The bureaucratic truth held that Communists being visibly wicked and having no indigenous support, Castro could easily be ousted in 1961. The truth was that he had wide support. The result was disaster at the Bay of Pigs. Bureaucratic truth held that there being civil disorder in the Dominican Republic, Communists must be the cause. Thus the massive military descent on that country to put things right. In truth it was a normal Latin-American political brawl. The Communists, not existing in any important way, had to be invented after the fact. Bureaucratic truth held that Vietnam was a case of external aggression stemming ultimately from Moscow, then Peking. And it held that the course of events in South Vietnam, no less than in Europe in 1948, could readily be influenced by American economic and military intervention. In fact Vietnamese Communism was an expression of intense nationalism. And the South Vietnamese countryside was beyond the reach of American economic and military power, however massively deployed. Thus the long-drawn-out disaster in Vietnam.

Such was the record of bureaucracy in pursuit of its own truth. Had bureaucracy been rigorously checked and corrected by strong and skeptical political leadership, perhaps the results would have been different. But the Democrats gave away the leadership, too. Bureaucracies survive. So have the leaders to whom the power was delegated—although some of them have had to face temporary exile to the Old Confederacy or its environs. But the Democratic Party, with the Bay of Pigs, the Dominican fiasco, and the durable and hence far more damaging disaster in Vietnam to show for its years in power, has not come off well. Nor, as one reflects, had it the right to expect otherwise.

That something went wrong in Vietnam, as also in Cuba and the Dominican Republic, is not something that any deeply percipient Democrat needs to be told. The conclusions to be drawn from these disasters—that in much of the world there is little that the United States can do and less that it should do, that a party must not delegate to the experts the power that can destroy it, that bureaucracy can be unswerving in its purposes even when these are drastically opposed to the public interest—have been less fully learned. And not learned at all is the most important lesson of all, which is that we cannot risk a foreign policy that requires large and dangerous delegation to a large military and foreign-policy establishment. These are very practical matters to which I will return.

The politics of anachronism

AMONG THE GREATEST CURIOSITIES of American politics are the outlandish things that are tolerated, even praised, because they exist. Vested intellectual interest plays a role. Political comment in the United States is a considerable industry employing a sizable number of people supporting their loved ones and serving a substantial market. In the hands

of some of its practitioners—Novak, Seavareid, Crawford—it is highly automated and thus superbly predictable. But to be so, its operatives must defer to those features of the political system to which they are programmed. What exists they must believe to be normal and right, however odd. Change, however logical, requires new thought. It is better dismissed as being motivated by men who do not fully respect the system.

The examples of this ability to sanctify the irrational or the obsolete are legion—Congressional procedures, the seniority system, the system of financing elections, J. Edgar Hoover, many more. But the most remarkable manifestation is the ability to third of Senators John Stennis and Gaylord Nelson, and Representatives Mendel Rivers, Allard Lowenstein and John Conyers all as members of the same political party. And it is not alone the political sage who are noteworthy in this respect. The ability of liberal Democrats to accept the incredible is even more to be remarked.

The classical function of the political party is to unite men of broadly similar views who seek to undertake or influence the tasks of government. And often it brings together men of dissimilar views to effect a compromise. (Shared greed, as the late John Steinbeck averred, is nearly as beneficent an influence in the state as shared aspiration and rather more common.) But it has never been the function of a political party to bring together men of irreconcilable views—men of implacable hostility. That is what the Democratic Party now does with the further consequences of according power to an intransigent minority which would otherwise not enjoy it.

The Democratic Party encompasses the traditional Southern white politicians who, with the passage of time, have come to see the primary purpose of politics as the assertion in whatever semantic disguise of traditional white supremacy, and the black citizens, North and South, who, like other minorities over the years, have come to the Democratic Party because it seemed the best available instrument for advancing racial equality. Between those who are against racial equality and those who proclaim to be unequal, there is no ground for compromise.

Almost as starkly, the Democratic Party joins those, again the Southerners, to whom the crisis of the modern city is a matter of indifference, and the urban legislators to whom, if they are serious politicians, this is central. And it joins the martial sons of the Confederacy with the most ardent opponents of the Vietnam war. Among the processors of standard political comment there is a cliché that to find such implacable hostility within the ambit of a single political party is, by some odd manifestation of national eccentricity, peculiarly American. This is nonsense. It is a device for keeping in power the most regressive part of the American political community.

Not for years have the Democrats functioned as a party for Presidential elections. Large sections have defected routinely every four years—to Stroy

mond, George Wallace, or the Republicans. At 1948 Convention, the strains were already sufficient to provoke a walkout by Southern delegates. The error in this tactic was soon seen. They needed the Party more than the Party needed them. And this was made evident on a small scale at Atlantic City in 1964 and then on a larger scale in Chicago 1968, with the exclusion of the racially more insistent Southern delegations. Only in the Convention does the Democratic Party ever act as a national party. This is once every two years when the Democrats vote as a party to organize the two sessions of Congress. In this brief ceremony the unity of the Party—the modern wing which has monopolized the Presidential power—places itself under the control of the Southern wing of the Party. The control is exercised by the Southern committee chairmen. Having thus empowered men whose beliefs are wholly at odds with the avowed convictions of the rest of the Party, and who represent a small fraction of its total voting numbers, the Party as a party then dissolves. The Southern leadership form a firm coalition with conservative Republicans for the ensuing two years. The Northern majority then fights the coalition for the same period. Thus the one unified national accomplishment of the Democratic Party is to accord power to Richard B. Russell of Georgia, John Stennis of Mississippi, Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana, James Eastland of Mississippi, Russell B. Long of Louisiana, John L. McClellan of Arkansas, B. Everett Rosten of North Carolina, L. Mendel Rivers of South Carolina, William M. Colmer of Mississippi, J. L. Whitten of the same state, Wilbur D. Mills of Arkansas, Otto Passman of Louisiana, John L. Millan of South Carolina, and William R. Poage of Texas. All are key committee or subcommittee chairmen. By the grace of the majority with which they most devoutly disagree, these men enjoy an authority to which they could not, in any other circumstances, possibly aspire.

THE COMPOSITION OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY was not always as wildly irrational as now. Like all obsolete arrangements it was made so by passage of time. Through the New Deal years, Negroes in the South were voiceless and politically destroyed as they had been since the collapse of Reconstruction. And Northern Negroes rallied to the Democrats not on the issue of civil rights and equality, but because FDR had given them jobs and social security. And if gratitude did not inspire a sufficient sense of civic duty among black citizens, the Northern Democratic bosses provided the requisite additional encouragement as in some cities, notably Chicago, they still do. So there were no issues of civil rights and social and economic equality to induce irreconcilable hostility.

There were other grounds for agreement. Agriculture was still important; there was an element of Populism in Southern politics. Support for cotton, tobacco, peanuts, TVA, and the textile industry could be won only by according reciprocal support

to relief, welfare, and even labor legislation sponsored by Northern Democrats. It was an uneasy alliance, but in the main it was Southerners—Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, Pat Harrison of Mississippi, James Byrnes of South Carolina, Lister Hill of Alabama—who guided the Roosevelt legislation through the Senate. It was also another Southerner, Huey P. Long, who most ardently belabored these gentlemen (and Roosevelt) for being too conservative.

Time has totally removed this community of interest. Agriculture has declined greatly in importance. Its present legislative needs are settled by a small legislative subsystem working with the Department of Agriculture of which most members of Congress are only casually aware. Northern support is rarely needed. If it intrudes, it is likely to ask inconvenient questions about payments to large landowners or malnutrition in the Southern countryside. Southern Populism has disappeared. Few Southern voters are available for welfare, labor, or urban legislation.

Meanwhile, blacks in the South have started to vote. Northern blacks are conscious of their identity. They are no longer grateful for economic crumbs. Neither have they anything in common with those whose purpose is to deny the black community access to economic advantage and political power. Whites who depend on black votes must be even more careful in their association. Not only is the old community of interest gone, but the two sides cannot be safely seen talking to each other.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE OLD SOUTHERN leadership is, in fact, only a matter of a few years. At the next convention, black or decently integrated delegations will present themselves from nearly all of the Southern states and with a plausible claim to be seated. Northern delegations, under pressure from black members and voters, will seat them. This means that white politicians in the South who want to retain any influence in the Party will have to come to terms with the black voters. This will be true in Congressional and Senatorial races—a coalition of black voters and their white allies will increasingly threaten the old guard. The recent discovery by Harry Byrd, Jr. that he could not be renominated as a Democrat in Virginia, once racially among the most regressive of states, is a highly encouraging sign of the times. In the absence of some crushing setback to black voting in the South, there will be many more such enlightened discoveries in the years ahead.

Supporting and abetting this salutary trend are the Republicans. The Southern strategy could not have been better timed to persuade Democratic segregationists that they have a spiritual home in the Republican Party. The inspired visibility of the Carswell and Haynsworth nominations together with the foot-dragging on school desegregation and voting rights have reinforced the effect. Bigotry is rarely combined with great political perception: the man who is susceptible to the slogans of white su-

“Not for years have the Democrats functioned as a party for Presidential elections. Large sections have defected routinely every four years.”



Ahh, another great day!

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make morning a little easier to face. It's something
pleasant. A new face. It even has a fresh sound.
Come on grumpy, can things be all bad when
something looks that good?



Kellogg's

Morning. Let's face it together.

John Kenneth
Galbraith
WHO SPEEDS
THE
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premacry will also believe that John N. Mitchell can

Increasingly blacks, especially in the North, are wondering if either of the parties or the system of which they are a part will ever serve their cause. But the Republicans are insuring that, however inadequate the Democrats now will find the Republicans any better.

IN MY VIEW THE DEMOCRATS will become better, but it would be well to expedite the process. There is black patience to be reckoned with. The most immediate need is an attack on the Congressional seniority system. This is the citadel of Southern white power. It will be strongly defended by those who possess the power as well as by all who cherish the world's outstanding example of planned gerontocracy. But the way is also open to liberal Democrats to end this anachronism and make honest the relation of the Party to its black members. And such a course has now been suggested by liberal members of the House of Representatives. The remedy is to vote with the Republicans next January (assuming that the Republicans need the vote) to allow them to organize the House of Representatives. Nothing is lost by exchanging conservative or reactionary Democrats for conservative or reactionary Republicans. Once lost, the traditional Southern power will never again be restored. Such an action, in turn, will speed reform in Congressional and Senatorial primaries in the South. The old leaders will have to face primaries without the prestige and power (and, in the case of a man like Mendel Rivers, the considerable military patronage) of their committee chairmanships. The admirable electoral process by which they are being removed from the scene—as their segregationist supporters go to the Republicans and as black and white Southerners unite behind modern men—will be expedited. It will be better for the Democrats in at least one of the Houses to be a minority party that is halfway modern than a majority party that empowers anachronism. This is not, for the Democrats, a way of giving up the South (as will be said) but of keeping it.

The matter of political style

AMONG THE MANY THINGS that can damage a politician, none, imaginative larceny not excepted, is so serious as being long in office. It is why, in all well-regulated societies, those who inhabit official positions are at suitable intervals peacefully or violently expelled and replaced by equally ordinary men who, however, are much superior from not having been previously in public position. In the United States, the Democrats have been in control of the Executive for all but nine and a half of the last thirty-seven years and for most of that time they have been, though nominally, in charge of the Congress as well. The consequent damage has been very great.

This is not the corrupting effect of power. The

ordinary legislator or appointive official in Washington does not have enough power to endanger even the most dangerously susceptible soul. Far, far more statesmen are corrupted each year by high proof whiskey. In any case, the frustrated yearning for power can be as debilitating as its exercise. The damage from being in office comes from three other causes. These are the endemic tendency of the officeholder to caution, as exaggerated by his status and electronic communication; the ghastly effect of long-continued association with bureaucratic truth; and the temptation arising from recent Democratic policy, both foreign and domestic, to hyperbolic overpromising. Each of these requires a work-

THE IMPULSE OF THE POLITICIAN to guard his tongue—to hedge, evade, and mumble—is, of course, as old as government itself. And it is addictive. With age the officeholder does not tend to silence, which would be tolerable. Rather he resorts to one or another of the political surrogates for substance. The greatest of these is rhetoric. In the more remote past, a few gifted practitioners—Franklin D. Roosevelt, Adlai Stevenson at his best—have been able by sheer oratorical skill to make their audience overlook the fact that the real questions were being avoided. (They were also wise enough to ration these efforts.) Their example, in turn, has encouraged a legion of road-company windbags to believe that a few memorable phrases—warnings against fearing fear itself; calls for law and order, like the Union, to be preserved, and for crime, like Carthage, to be destroyed—would relieve them from the need to say anything. The Democratic Party is richly endowed with such men.

Competing with them are those who are persuaded that an aspect of great earnestness is surrogate for simple truth. Lyndon Johnson believed this deeply. Knowing that his reputation, if not for mendacity, was certainly for brilliant verbal similitude, he adopted a manner of deeply injured moral rectitude on all public occasions. This inspired real mistrust. Differing only in manner from Richard Nixon. Mr. Nixon adds a further very personal touch by proclaiming, with great sincerity his desire to be clear just before becoming wholly unclear.

Radio and especially television have profoundly reinforced the ancient political instinct to non-speak. Error is no longer confined to the immediate audience by whom it may not be noticed, from which it may go no further or where it may be intercepted and corrected. Instead it goes more or less instantly to the world at large. The result is the prepared speech laboriously concerned with syntax, elaborately eliding thought, a variant of which is the candid, impromptu, and relaxed interview in which the words and manner serve as a substitute for information. This is in the presence of television commentators who, since appearance and style are the requisites, are likely to be professionally unaware of the difference.

These tendencies are further refined and deep-

by the need of the modern politician, the issues numerous and complex, to rely on staff. Staff ants of a politician are compulsive writers of icy and even deathless prose. These for them are a substitute for content. Only the rarest staff member encourages the latter; if he does and public censure ensues, he is to blame. It is far safer to ignore the lurking dangers in an idea, however benign. Thus he combines an impression of competence and prudence with the maximum of self-censorship.

Time, to repeat, confirms all of these tendencies. In consequence, the longer a man has been in office, the more cautious he becomes. And the longer a man has been in office, the more cautious its style and mood. The caution communicates itself to the public increasingly as dullness or even dimness: the public opinion, however disguised by rhetoric, moral purpose, or soaring phrase, comes over increasingly as a nap. The man is chipped away, depersonalized. He becomes a parody of himself as a politician. Eventually he adds to the effect by extolling integrity. (This is why the Democrats, having been in office, are compulsive in their praise of integrity.) It's a test.

Not quite all politicians are subject to this process. More than anything else it was, perhaps, the case of President Kennedy that he understood danger. (I recall his preparation for an early press conference as President. Answers to the anticipated questions on foreign policy had been prepared by the State Department. All advised evasion. Eventually the President reacted in anger. "I can't answer questions without help: what I need is answers.") But such exceptions are rare. And in a man new to office, they are very rare indeed. Among those who learned last year it was believed that Vice President Agnew had struck a deep and responsive chord in his criticism of the political bias of the networks. This is another explanation. People responded with surprise and pleasure to a politician who seemed to have an opinion—even one of the Vice President's opinions.

THE LONGER MEN HAVE BEEN in office, the longer and more intimate also will have been their association with bureaucratic truth, and the more likely they will have confused this with truth. The bureaucratic truth will then also strike the ears of conditioned listeners as nonsense, and they will be repelled. This, too, is a price that Democrats have paid.

Way from Washington in these last years, it has seemed odd that the fate of mankind was being decided in Saigon, Hue, Vientiane, and Phnom Penh. One had to believe that whoever controlled the fate of mankind was eccentric in his choice of capitals. This was the bureaucratic truth. In Washington they placed the truth: to believe was to be informed, sophisticated, in.

Way from Washington it was also difficult to believe that we were winning this war. One troublesome point was why each brilliant success (such as

the Tet offensive) brought a request for more soldiers. But in Washington one saw men who had just been out to see Westy. And there was access through the bureaucracy at second, third, or fourth hand to the latest intelligence information and the newest batch of captured documents. These affirmed the bureaucratic truth, which was that defeat, properly understood, was bringing us to the brink of victory.

Away from Washington men might wonder whether, if we did not fight in Vietnam, we would *really* have to fight on the beaches in Hawaii. In a bureaucracy one respects what the leaders say.

Away from Washington in past years, it was possible to wonder if democracy was best preserved by inviting the ultimate showdown with the Communists and accepting fifty or sixty million casualties. But to a man who had associated with Curtis LeMay or Nathan Twining, this showed only a willingness to look the world in the eye.

The most remarkable political phenomenon of our time, as I have said, was the revolt against the war in Vietnam and the associated if less spectacular insurrection against a military-dominated foreign policy with no outcome except a steady accumulation of ever more massively destructive weapons against the eventual day of total annihilation. It did not begin in Washington. Here men were best informed on war and the weapons race. But here association with bureaucracy had extensively professionalized attitudes toward death and nuclear destruction. They were part of the day's work. The reaction came from the country, where the dulling effect of bureaucratic doctrine had not occurred, where war and nuclear annihilation still seemed unpleasant. All who were associated with the political opposition to Vietnam noticed that Washington officialdom, and its penumbra of lawyers, labor leaders, and erstwhile liberals operating as corporation fixers, were the very last to react. There was much anger as to what the kids, the professors, and eventually the country were up to.* In this environment many legislators felt dangerously behind their constituents, and some later found themselves in an unseemly scramble to catch up. Washington Democrats—officials, lawyers, legislators, lobbyists—were the last of all to believe that Lyndon Johnson could be unhorsed on the issue of the war, or that those who were making the effort were more than quixotic or less than silly.

A bureaucracy is a continuing congregation of people who must act more or less as one. Its major test of truth is forthright: it is that on which those of influence can agree. And whatever it agrees on, the public is expected to accept and believe. This expectation is wildly optimistic but it is another mark of a too-extended association with the bureaucracy when this is not recognized. Meeting in Wash-

"The longer a party has been in office, the more cautious its style and mood. The caution communicates itself as dullness or even dimness."

*a speech at the National Press Club on February 23, 1966, Mr. McGeorge Bundy said that he believed it was "wholly wrong and a great error" to conclude from the debate going on in Congress and the universities that either Congress or the academic community was against the policies in Vietnam.

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ington earlier this year, the Democratic Policy Council produced what could well become a minor classic of this optimism. (I was absent from the meeting and hence can claim no credit.) Reconciling the need to denounce the Vietnam war with the discomfort of those who, while in office, had been forced to defend it, the Council resolved that "the strength of our economy, as our resources of human life and spirit, is drained by a war that has been prolonged unnecessarily." (Italics added.) That the public would believe that the war became unnecessary just when the Republicans came to power (this being the agreed truth) was assumed. Most others will think it improbable.

The impact of bureaucratic truth on the man too long in office is greatest in the case of military and foreign policy. Here the pseudosophistication derived from association with generals, diplomats, and spooks most radically divorces a man from reality. The domestic civilian bureaucracy being less monolithic and more closely in touch with the American public is more subject to the corrective influence of public opinion. But the domestic bureaucracy has also its peculiar truths. On economic policy, in recent years, it has been deeply committed to the homeopathy of economic expansion. Given growth and the price system, all else is good. Environmental problems are cosmetic, not systemic. Unemployment and inflation, however unpleasant for those immediately involved, are technical faults and certainly nothing to justify any interference with the free price system. And a severe monetary policy, however unpleasant for the small businessman or would-be house owner who must borrow money, is something that should be tolerated for the common good.

Association with these truths has again dulled the reactions of Democratic officeholders. Of late there has been something of a rush in Congress to come abreast of popular concern over the environmental consequences of industrial expansion. Again it was public opinion that forced the issue. And there is still a general acquiescence in an economic policy that promises unemployment as a cure for inflation and arranges to get both. The wage and price restraints which would lessen the dependence on tight money lie under the interdiction of bureaucratic truth. In foreign policy, exposure to bureaucratic truth makes a man dangerous. In domestic policy, it makes him obsolete, useless, and something of a bore.

FINALLY THERE HAS BEEN the highly adverse effect on Democratic style of hyperbole. It is what British commentators have called Dawnism. In a society which is not without sorrow, there is a natural if adolescent tendency to hope that some new leader, some new victory, some new policy will bring the dawn of a new day. Men long in office yield to the temptation to play to such hopes. Among Democrats the success of the Keynesian and Welfare State encouraged such imagining here at home. The Marshall Plan and the superpower syndrome encour-

aged it on a world scale. The politician who responded established himself as a man of vision. He was not afraid to think great thoughts. With the passage of time, such thoughts cease to be guide to intention. They become an advertisement of the capacity of their author for unfettered thought. Great vision then becomes a surrogate for great action or any action.

In consequence, the Democratic oratorical style in the last ten years has run increasingly to Dawnism. Lyndon Johnson was its greatest practitioner. Hubert Humphrey was an apt and energetic pupil. The promises of the Book of Revelations are modest on the whole, compared with what these two men pictured for this planet. They offered a new Marshall Plan for Asia. Humphrey proposed another Marshall Plan to rescue American cities. There was to be a special one for the Mekong and the two Vietnams. Poverty in the United States was not to be lessened: Johnson promised its extirpation as the result of an *unconditional* (sic) war. On education, racial equality, economic opportunity, housing, nutrition, and the Appalachian Plateau, the visions were almost equally boundless. Presently people who are promised everything resort to the obvious protection. They believe nothing.

This as regards the Democrats may well have happened. Richard Goodwin, the most original of observers of the American political scene, believes that Lyndon Johnson has brought Dawnism to an end. As the Vietnam war increasingly monopolized the nation's moral and physical resources and thereby increasingly inactivated his Administration, the President increasingly resorted to visions of the domestic and world nirvana that would come once peace was restored. The result, he suggests, was that people stopped believing public promises of any kind and now switch off the set whenever a politician starts offering any.

This may be so. Certainly all who campaigned with Eugene McCarthy noticed how well voters reacted to his refusal to promise anything including his own election. Certainly Democratic orators face an interesting problem in the months and years ahead. As part of the Johnson legacy, the more the promise, the less that will be expected of them.

IN POLITICS, THE DIFFERENCE between style and substance is less than sometimes supposed, for the style of a politician is often a good index of his quality. Voters in primaries will do the Democratic Party a service if they react to style in the years ahead. They should watch closely any man who has been around a long while. If the personal experience which he praises has cultivated the habits of caution, evasion, and use of wordy and effusive sincerity to cover evasion, he should be thrown out. The voter should also suspect all rhetoric. Herman Goering once said that when he heard the words of a culture, he reached for his gun. There should be a similar if more peaceful reaction to the politician who is seen to be struggling for a deathless phrase.

In a world where the most important task of the

lator is to regulate and curb the power of public and private organization, nothing so disfigures a legislator as susceptibility to bureaucratic rule. Any man who returns home from Washington to explain why we are in Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, or the need for avoiding any action that endangers the free market, can be safely put down as pretty far gone. Finally, all who promise change must promise plain and matter-of-fact language. And any who wills the ends must specify the means. It is to say he must explain exactly where he gets the money and how he plans to mobilize the requisite political support. No more Dawnism.

The way back

THE REMEDY FOR THE DEMOCRATS FOLLOWS, not surprisingly, from the diagnosis. Some things are self-evidently obvious. If men suffer from having been long in office, the answer is to end their suffering. Although in politics the one thing worse than old foggy is the young foggy, neither is essential. In all primary elections there should be a presumption against incumbents and it should be very strong in the case of those in whom deathless phrasemaking and other rhetorical devices for evasion, bureaucratic truth or Dawnism can, however faintly, be detected. Where, this autumn, a Republican of evident candor and honest mind is opposing a Democrat who is far gone with these flaws, it will be a disgrace to the Democrats to support this Republican. The Democrats have no choice but to accept, and then to make adequate, the guaranteed income. And they should reflect concurrently on the disastrous caution that allowed the Republicans to get there first.

They must stop evading the issue of inflation. Where strong unions bargain with strong corporations, there will have to be controls. This doesn't interfere with the market. It restrains sensibly by public action prices that are otherwise fixed with public damage by private action. All candidates should be asked this autumn to declare themselves on the seniority system. It can no longer be the only national purpose of the Democratic Party to empower Mendel Rivers, Jamie Whitten, and their friends. If reform means voting for the Republicans in the House of Representatives, so be it. An argument can be made for keeping the Democrats in control of the Senate to keep Warren Mitchell's friends off the Supreme Court and to make it cautiously liberal. There is no similar argument for the House.

With the end of Southern rule, the Democratic Party can be unequivocal in its support of racial equality both North and South. There must be such a party. It will have pinned on it responsibility for the impatience of the black community and resultant violence. It will have to face the likelihood that, to a certain point, progress is as likely to beget impatience and extremism as to be a solvent for it. There is no other course. The liberal answer to

extremism is still to remove its cause. It is the only hope for sustaining the coalition between blacks and white liberals in the South that is now taking form. Nothing less will insure or justify black support (and that of Spanish-speaking and other minorities) in the North. Every effort must also be made to keep the unions in the Party. As black workers become more numerous in the union ranks, this could become easier rather than more difficult. But no concessions can be made to backlash sentiment of white workers. Nor can the older AFL-CIO leaders be accommodated in their preference for candidates who were good in the days of FDR.

RACIAL EQUALITY, a phrase which comes too glibly to one's lips, means continuing and doing adequately the things on which equality depends—in providing full access to political life, education, employment, income, union membership, housing, and the protection of law. Most of all as a purely practical matter, it requires that the Democrats become an aggressively urban party devoted to making city life in the United States not merely tolerable but safe, healthy, prosperous, and pleasant. It is in the cities that the black and Spanish-speaking minorities in overwhelming numbers live. Unless the cities are good, they cannot have a decent life. The policy should also be attractive to the considerable number of whites who still survive in the cities.

Two things are required. The first is that, having contemplated all of the other remedies for urban decay, we must now try using money. We must stop using sociology as a substitute for taxation. That ample funds for city services—for the schools, police, courts, sanitation, public transportation, parks, playgrounds, museums, public festivals—will make city life agreeable may not be clear. But financial starvation does make urban life intolerable. And good and amply financed housing services and amenities do make urban life quite tolerable for people of various races in other countries.

Modern city life is incredibly expensive. To make the necessary money available, Democrats must reject out of hand the notion that Americans are overtaxed. They are not and will be less so when foreign policy is reduced to need. A strong urban policy must include large bloc grants from the federal government to the large cities. (None should go to the states, which are not in any similar need.) But the money should also be given on terms that require the cities to tax their own rich, and their own commuters, more adequately than now. Before John Lindsay is given final credentials as a Democrat, he must be required to make rich New Yorkers complain more about their taxes and less about their services. It is nonsense to suppose that the world's richest rich cannot pay for clean streets or even for police to protect their variously gotten gains.

The second requirement of an urban policy is plain recognition that for the most urgently needed services of the city dweller, private enterprise does

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not work and never will work. This is true especially of housing construction; housing repair, rehabilitation, maintenance, and management; and the provision of local, commuter, and interurban transportation. For these services we now have an apologetic halfhearted socialism—rent control, rent supplements, ineffectual efforts to make landlords live up to minimum standards of decency, dreary public projects that provide shelter not homes, an underfinanced and stinking subway, highways instead of mass transit, speeches by Nelson Rockefeller that serve most inadequately as a substitute for trains. The answer is to take on these tasks proudly—as the Dutch housing authorities build houses, as the Swiss run trains, as Toronto, London, and Moscow run their mass transit, and as we have long operated that fine old manifestation of domestic bolshevism, the TVA. The city is an intensely social institution: it should surprise no one that it can only be served on important matters by social action. The Democratic Party must henceforth use the word socialism. It describes what is needed. If there is assumed to be something illicit or indecent about public ownership, it won't be done well. And the way will always be open for still more speeches calling upon private enterprise to rise to the challenge and thus postpone all remedy.

THE REMAINING ISSUE on which the Democrats must build their strength is common to both foreign and domestic policy. That is the recapture of power from organization. In the field of foreign and military policy, we must recapture the authority that the superpower mystique gave to the defense establishment, the CIA, the defense industries, and the professional foreign-policy establishment. Similarly at home, the mystique of an ever-expanding production, reinforced by the beneficent doctrines of the market, led to a plenary grant of power to the producing organizations—the great corporations—to use air, water, land, and space for whatever in their judgment most efficiently expanded output. Here, too, power must be retrieved.

The remedy, however, lies not simply in the regulation of power which, misused, causes the public anguish. It requires that we remove the reasons for the delegation. It means a foreign policy that requires no such delegation to the Pentagon, a domestic policy that requires no such delegation to General Motors. Again let me be specific.

DEMOCRATIC FOREIGN POLICY must recognize that, henceforth, there is little the United States can do and little that it needs to do to influence the political events in Asia, Africa, or Latin America. We should strongly support collective resistance to armies marching across frontiers. We should participate in the humane flow of economic assistance from rich countries to the poor. The Peace Corps and technical assistance should be available without pressure. Beyond these, in the Third World as it is called, we should do nothing. No military

alliances, no military aid, no training missions, other military missions, no counterinsurgent operations, no clandestine support to friendly governments, no plots against those that are deemed unfriendly. None of this means that all will be excellent in our absence. There will be cruel misfortune and disaster. It is only that in consequence of our presence, any disaster we now know will most likely be made worse.

If we resolve never again to intervene in Asia, Africa, or South America, we must expect that some countries will go Communist or what will be described. This on the basis of past experience may also be expected to happen if we do intervene. The likelihood must now be accepted. Democratic orthodoxy now proclaims the unwisdom of trying to police the world. The corollary is that we accept what happens in the world. If we do not, then what some jungle or desert proclaims itself for Mao, Lenin, or Mao Tse-tung, there will be talk of need to arrest the march of Communism or, in absence of action, of another American defeat.

Foreign policy like politics is the art of the possible. We have learned what is not possible. We must also see that below a certain level of development it matters little either to ourselves or to Communists what a country calls itself. If a country was poor and weak before it started calling itself Communist, it will be poor and weak afterward. And it will remain so for a long time. Had Communism a formula for the magical economic and political elevation of the poor countries, it would have captured them all by now. And we would have been wrong to oppose it, for we have no formula either. In the past there has been genius of a sort in our foreign policy. It has arranged defeats in circumstances where victory was not possible and was not needed.

In the Third World, the superpower mystique was an aberration of the period following World War II. That it was an aberration is now extensively recognized; what is yet to be recognized is the need to disestablish the bureaucracy—the military and bureaucratic power—that sustained that policy. To shrink this bureaucracy, and to take full political control of what remains, is central to a new Democratic foreign policy. This will not be easy. Military, intelligence, and civilian bureaucracy would not be worth worrying about if it did not have power to react in its own behalf. Abdication of world responsibility, return to isolation, and invitation to Communist aggression will all be averred. There will be little mention of the disasters flowing from the past policy. There will be need for Democrats to retain a certain alertness to bureaucratic truth.

IN FOREIGN POLICY THE THIRD WORLD has been an area of primary disaster. On the whole, things have gone much better where Europe, Japan, the Soviet Union, even Israel and the Middle East are concerned. The reason is simple. There we have been dealing (with exceptions) with strong govern-

The superpower mystique has been circumvented by what other governments would accept. The power delegated to and exercised by the government and the CIA has been much less. So far the clear and present Communist danger is contained and for doing something about it, there will be a better case for the Green Berets in Czechoslovakia than among the Meo tribes in the mountains of Indochina. Happily in Czechoslovakia the opportunity for such enlightened effort is much greater. It seeks instead the vacuum in Indochina.

Democrats must recognize that much of our military effort in Europe and in relation more generally to the Soviet Union serves bureaucratic, national purpose. Troop levels and deployment in Europe are still tied to the panic fears of twenty years ago when a march westward by the Red Army seemed imminent. The ABM, the new-generation intercontinental bombers, and the nuclear aircraft carriers are not the balance of terror, but the organizations that build and operate them. And beyond the current in spending, and thus in bureaucratic inertia, that is unilaterally possible here, are the deeper cuts that become possible (hopefully of course) by agreement with the Soviet Union. Again the purpose of this policy is not alone to save money, not alone to reduce the dangers inherent in the arms race, but also and most urgently to redeem power from the military and associated bureaucracy.

The reduced foreign policy will, of course, make it possible to be rid of the draft. This now survives because we wish to spare well-to-do taxpayers the full cost of sustaining the Army that the present system requires. So we impose not only the discomforts and dangers, but also the pecuniary costs of foreign policy on the young in the form of compelled service at sub-market pay scales. Not surprisingly, foreign policy is more popular with the old than with the young.

Needless to say, the next Democratic Administration and all that follow must keep the reduced foreign policy under firm political control. For a party to delegate to experts and members of the opposition the decisions that can destroy it is wildly un-American. This Lyndon Johnson learned or anyhow experienced. There is great safety in having a foreign policy considered in terms of what the people will accept. Such reflection is a partial antidote to inertia on the basis of bureaucratic truth.

WATCHING THE REDEMPTION OF POWER from the military is the need to redeem it from the civil bureaucracy and the great corporations. That is the other half of the Democratic task. Part of this task is obvious. It consists in protecting at all points the rights, immunities, and liberties of the citizen in an increasingly organized world. This includes the Department of Justice. It is not my personal view that the liberties are in as much jeopardy as commonly imagined. When Americans are enslaved, it will be by someone of greater demonstrated competence

than the present Republican Administration. A man who can be hushed up by Vice President Agnew or John Mitchell did not have anything to say worth hearing. But the Democrats must leave no doubt as to their determination to protect people from organization and to protect privacy from the state.

The first step in redeeming power from private corporations consists in redeeming the public regulatory agencies from their control. This—the private management of the ICC, FDA, and FTC by the firms that nominally they regulate—is one of the most obnoxious scandals of our time. And Ralph Nader has shown that people are deeply sensitive to the abuse. To rescue public agencies from private control, retire their time-servers, reorganize them, and give them true sovereignty for their task is thus a step of prime importance and high political yield. Required is a consolidated regulatory body for all regulated industries. Like the courts, it would then be beyond the control of any single industry. Also it takes a large public bureaucracy to police powerful private bureaucracy.

But there is a much more general delegation to the private corporation which raises the whole question of the purpose of the economic system. The question here is no longer how much, in crude terms, we produce; if this remains the objective, as all conservatives will argue, we cannot much improve on present arrangements. But that phase of our history has expired. The question now is *what* we produce and *for whom* and *on what* terms. Again let me be specific.

Present productive performance is highly uneven. It is ample or more than ample where the industry is technically powerful, has large public influence and large powers to persuade. It is poor in the public sector. It is equally bad or worse where the industry is technically weak or lacks public influence. Thus the need for balance—for vastly greater investment in urban services and for public ownership—if housing and transportation are to be tolerable. But balance also requires control of excess—of automobiles for urban use, highway construction, new gadgets such as the SST which promise more public sorrow than private good, of disposable packaging material that is now a patina over all the land. In the past we operated on the rule that all production was good. Henceforth we must assume that any item will be subject to public discussion and action. This, it will be held, will be damaging to efficiency. That can be conceded. But crude efficiency, which is to say maximum production regardless, is no longer the goal. It is only the defense of those who don't want interference.

As production ceases to be the sole goal, the question of who gets the product can no longer be elided—it can no longer be agreed that this problem is solved by everyone getting more. Income guarantees are part of the answer. So is more widely shared work. So is more employment in the civilian public services. So is a far, far better system of taxation to pay for those services. The essence of such a tax system is the principle that a buck is a buck is a buck—that however a man is enriched,

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whether by wages, salaries, capital gains, inheritance, gift, oil, or, for that matter, theft, he pays the same tax on the same enrichment. And this tax, needless to say, must be stoutly progressive and thus deliberately egalitarian in its effect. Again it will be argued that such taxation will be damaging to incentives and thus to productivity. But productivity means production and production is no longer the goal. It will again be evident how admirably the commitment to production serves the status quo—and how wise conservatives are to defend it. But not Democrats.

The terms on which production proceeds are, of course, those that minimize the damage to environment—that provide for orderly and agreeable use of space,* prohibit the disposal of waste in the air or surrounding waters, outlaw damaging productive agents and damaging consumer goods. Again it will be argued that such restriction is deeply inimical to efficiency. Nothing is cheaper than to dump waste in the nearest river or to march the highways and power lines across the countryside regardless. Once again it will be seen how appeal to productivity reinforces the conservative stand. Once again the Democrats will have to face up to the question of whether they are the conservative party. If not, there isn't much choice.

Last word

WHEN I HAVE COME FULL CIRCLE. A generation ago—thirty-four years to be exact—Keynes gave the Democratic Party its all-purpose weapon against depression and unemployment. The government intervened actively in the economy to insure high and steadily rising production. Now the question is whether that production will suffocate us—or, as a more practical matter, leave Western man locked in the ultimate traffic jam. And similarly on foreign policy. Having brought the United States out of isolation, the Democrats must now bring it out of the hands of an interventionist bureaucracy which automatically defends its own power by appealing to an obsessive fear of Communism.

As always, the solutions look unpleasantly radical. They are the solutions that the Democrats, in the years of the New Economics, almost completely abandoned. One could not fight on all fronts and Democratic economists by now yearned for respectability. So it became policy to be nice to the rich. Public ownership became all but unmentionable. Above all, the system worked. A thousand speeches a year proclaimed the affection of the Party for progressive private enterprise and its distaste for regulating, interfering, hamstringing, or otherwise messing into the business of this beneficent institution. Similarly on foreign policy. The military was sacrosanct and the essence of Dean Rusk's policy was to subordinate foreign policy to military need. Thus the Democrats in their oratory

and their platforms were at pains to forswear the lines of action that the present situation

For American conservatives, there is a fully perfect arrangement. It is to have conservative parties. Numerous Democrats prefer preference. Men who have been long in no reason to reject the policies that, in being underestimated as a political force, they to have kept them there. And in the Congress sufficiently noted, political longevity is not avenue to leadership, but it is the only or absolutely reliable. Democratic candidates have been tempted by the doctrine that, on the Left had no alternative, the smart strategy bid for the conservatives or anyhow the Some of the men immediately around Hubert in the last campaign were ardent exponent doctrine. Against this is the Harriman doctrine (Averell Harriman) which holds that liberals they have no place else to go, do nothing. They insure the defeat of any Democrat who woos conservatives. The Harriman doctrine is sound always influential.

Nice as it would be to have two conservative parties, it won't do. There will always be nervous who will feel that problems should be tackled though the only available remedies—taxing the nationalizing industries, regulating private enterprise, limiting consumption, redeeming power policy from military and civilian bureaucratic outrageously radical. The function of the Democratic Party, in this century at least, has, in fact, to embrace solutions even when, as in the case of Wilson's New Freedom, Roosevelt's New Deal, or the Kennedy-Johnson civil-rights legislation, they are regarded not only by Republicans but by the Democratic establishment as well. And if the Democratic Party does not render this function, at whatever cost, it is a reputable outrage and respectable heart disease has no purpose at all. The play will pass to those who do espouse solutions—or in frustration espouse violence as a substitute. It may not immediately change elections with a radical economic policy—for that is how it will seem, how it will be described, in the sense that it deals with causes, what it will do. For a while longer, in accordance with American tradition, the more fortunate or sanguine may imagine that these problems—inequality, uneconomic performance, dependence on military spending, and subordination to military power, industrial arrogance, and environmental damage will yield to hot air, or like Marx's state, given time, will wither away. If something drastic must be done, there must be an affirmation of the ultimate workability of the system, a warning on the dangers of violence, and, if things are really urgent, a call for a desperate prayer. But in the end reality imposes itself. The system is not working. Violence is a threat, not a solution. The only answer lies in political action to get a system that does work. To this conclusion, only because there is no alternative, people will be forced to come. Such is the Democratic opportunity. Oddly, I do not think the prospect entirely bleak.

Socialism also raises its head here. I am persuaded that the answer to effective urban and suburban land management is greatly increased use of public land ownership.



WASHINGTON. SEX. AND POWER

A rueful investigation of a world where politics and sex collide and sometimes confuse those who get caught in the middle.

RS. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, answering Theodore Roosevelt when he asked her what she thought about Washington, said that it struck her as a city full of famous men and the women married when they were young. Everyone remembers this, and this is important not only because what Mrs. Holmes said was true, but also because we remember at all what she said. Mrs. Holmes being a woman, and women seldom figure in the wit and folklore of the American capital. As you might guess, is not entirely the women's world. It is more that Washington is that kind of a city, ordered for men, and while it is acceptable for a woman there to become celebrated as a wit, it is a hard thing, often demanding years of practice and best done by widows, heiresses, and divas. We are talking here about official Washington, about life among our captains and kings and queens, and it can be a hard life for all of them, unlike the life anywhere else, complicated by the demands of power and politics, and the dark urges that steal upon ambitious men. The darkest urges, of course, concern other women, but since in Washington, full of elected officials and men running things, the dark urges do not often get let loose, but instead get turned into the business of politics, leaving the men a little more exhausted

than they ought to be, and the wives not entirely sure whether they want it this way or not. No one, however, talks about it much, which is because no one gets much. As a prominent lady said, "Sweetie, anyone who tells you this is a sexual jungle is out of his mind," and the ambitious men and their ladies probably get the miseries more often than the rest of us.

It is all made worse by power, which does not corrupt politicians so much as it makes them nervous. We are not talking here about the very powerful, who have no sense of irony about themselves, but about lesser men, an Assistant Secretary, or a Congressman, say. (In fact, no one in Washington has much of a sense of irony about himself, and some have even less than others.) Power, as anyone there will tell you, is what Washington is supposed to be about, not to mention it being one hell of an aphrodisiac, as well. Herein we interrupt a true conversation in mid flight one afternoon between a man and a girl in the bar of the Hotel Congressional, one block from the Capitol, and hardly by a couple of House office buildings. The man is the Administrative Assistant to a Congressman, whom we shall call Congressman Cohen. Cohen is not much to look at even in the best of times, but the girl, who is his secretary, is mad for him. "I

by John Corry

When John Corry joined Harper's as a contributor in 1966, he had been a reporter on the national desk at the New York Times. He has since then traveled to Iowa and Tennessee, Greece and Cuba, and often to Washington, D.C.

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don't think you've done badly for yourself at all," the girl says. "Ah," the man says, "look at Cohen." "You've got to respect my feelings about this," the girl says. "But my wife goes her way, and I go mine," the man says. "You must respect my feelings," the girl says. "Goddamn Cohen," the man says. In truth, Cohen is not much involved in the workings of the Republic, and in his bowels he knows it, and even wonders why he should be in Washington at all. The girl does not know this, and she thinks that Cohen is, like running things. Together they sometimes disport themselves after 6:00 P.M. on Cohen's black leather sofa, a sorry scene, under the framed photographs of Lyndon Johnson, John Kennedy, and the other members of Cohen's state delegation. (Cohen, who is an otherwise intelligent Congressman, thinks that no one besides the girl's roommate knows about this; actually, any number of secretaries in his state delegation know about it, as do several girls in the offices to his right and left.)

Cohen, being a Democrat, naturally likes women more than Republicans do. (Not even the best minds are sure whether this is a matter of temperament or ideology. However, any number of intelligent ladies in Washington say that the randiest old goats around are middle-aged Republican conservatives. "They're knee grabbers," a hostess says, which suggests that too much thinking about J. Edgar Hoover, the right to bear arms, and how to stamp out pornography can impoverish your id. The hostess says that no one at a party has made even the smallest move toward what she considers her proper erogenous zones, but that when someone does she is sure he will be a liberal Democrat.) Congressman Cohen, meanwhile, roistering without grace and probably without much passion, either, thinks, if he thinks about it at all, that he is on the black leather sofa only to get the hot water off his stomach. This is not true, but politicians do not like to have long thoughts about things other than their own careers, and if they did it would probably do them in. Cohen, being a politician, is more driven and compelled than you or I, and less secure, too. He gets laid because it makes him feel better, which is why you or I do too, of course, but probably with less urgency than he does. Besides, here is Cohen, every day watching big power, and sometimes even thinking he's got big power, which he has not, and when a man gets that way he thinks he's owed a little piece on the side now and then.

THERE IS MORE OF THIS IN THE HOUSE of Representatives than there is elsewhere in Washington, mostly because nobody besides lobbyists and foreign diplomats pays much attention to Congressmen, and so they come and go and do things with a lot less notice than other people. Only about thirty of them, say, can do much at all in the way of getting important things done, and the rest are just there, without either seniority or the special charm or promise that can be even better than seniority. They are nearly all, however, more full of their own

juices and most likely smarter than their constituents, and this is why Congressmen are happy with one another, and why they are not the same men when they are back in their districts. A leader in the House says he guesses that about a third of the Congressmen chase someone other than their wives when they have the time, but he insists this is only a guess, and that in any case it is not important. He also says that Congressmen do not censure one another for these things, and that for the most part they feel only compassion when a lady upsets a colleague's life. There is, for example, a gentle Congressman, now well along in years, who took up with his secretary at about the time of the Korean war. She is a harridan, and so is his wife, and he knows no peace. "You son of a bitch," the secretary said to the Congressman, "you want to know what's wrong with this office. I'll tell you what's wrong with this office, you're what's wrong with this office." There is also a Congressman, an unpleasant man, who allows his secretary to run not only him but his subcommittee, and this annoys the other Congressmen because they must always go through her to find out what the hell the subcommittee is supposed to be doing. Mostly, however, a Congressman can order his life better than that. A Democrat, who for years has had something going with one girl or another on his staff, when their love has turned to ashes, transfers the girl to the House Folding Room, which is something like a mailroom, only worse, and he says this has always worked out for him very well.

Different men have different arrangements for these things, and some have better arrangements than others. Cabinet Secretaries and their Under Secretaries have a harder time than most because they work long hours and often are not around Washington long enough to get something going for themselves. A Senator, unless infirmity is getting him down, in which case he can take to drinking, has it easier, and in some ways a President has the easiest of all. Power, remember, is a wonderful aphrodisiac, and the more important a man is in Washington the more people he will have to work out his logistical problems. (A man who married a girl who had had an affair with a President said he was really flattered that the girl had then chosen him. "It's like going to bed with a little piece of history," he said.) We are not talking now about affairs that have been sanctified by time, or ones in which the couple always take the trouble to have breakfast together, but about more casual arrangements, like a quick flop in the motel at National Airport. "Of these guys want," a Senator said of the important constituents who visit him, "is a quick piece of ass, and I'm the guy with all the phone numbers." There is not much class to this, but there is not much class to a lot of these things in Washington.

WASHINGTON, THOUGHTFUL LADIES THERE SAID is not a good place for a romance, or for an affair, and it is not very good for sex, either. "I am absolutely convinced that a staggering number

re do not sleep with their wives," a thought-
says, suggesting that politics takes the place
of romance, but of sex, too. The lady, her-
self of style, charm, and grace, says that when
like passes at her in Paris, London, or New
York it is all right, but if she feels one coming
in Washington it makes her uncomfortable.
This is probably because she knows it won't lead
to anything important. Ladies brood on these things
more than men do, and very thoughtful ladies who
go to politics brood on the White House.
I saw a very thoughtful lady talking about Came-
ron. There was an *aura* of romance about it, but it
wasn't real. And at the parties, there was always
a frenetic male laughter, *all* of the men com-
ing with one another, and the music blasting,
driving. Goodwin and Schlesinger would be
on their knees, talking to Jackie, while *she* sat on
the couch, and then there would be all those god-
damned animals walking in and out. Labrador res-
cues, or whatever the hell they were. You call *that*
romantic? Those people just played at romance.
They would *never* spend any time at it. Afternoon
at the museum, a drink, and *then* bed. Oh my
God."

There is another lady talking, this time about the
Johnson Administration: "The Johnson people
were women. All those Texans, they looked at you,
they talked to you. You could talk to them
about what love was, or about what affairs did, or
your analysis. They were sort of square, but
they knew they had all their juices, and that they
were men. When Jack Valenti put his arms around
me and gave you a hug it was a real hug, and when
I danced with Lyndon you knew that Lyndon was
holding on to you." (Few ladies talk about
the Johnson Administration; there does not seem to
be much to say. A girl who is having an affair with
a man there now says he is forever calling her at
eleven at night, and asking if he can come
over for a drink. To hell with it, she says. Nixon
doesn't get much.)

In fact, the White House was even easier on
women when it was under Johnson than when it was
under Kennedy. "Jack and Bobby," says a lady who
knew them both, "broke up more marriages than
any man could ever have done. The men were all
politically devoted to them, but they were always
off balance, and they were never really sure
of themselves. They were in constant competition
with one another, and they worried a lot that they
would say or do the wrong thing. They were really
very insecure men."

It is not so much that a man's sex life, in or
out of marriage, usually making him want it more,
is slowing him to enjoy it less. Generally, when
a prominent man in Washington looks to someone
other than his own wife to take to bed he looks to
someone whose social status is below his own, screw-
down, so to speak, rather than up. This is not
just a failure of the imagination; it is also that
prominent men in Washington fear being rebuffed
more than most men do, and so they look to women
they think are the least likely to rebuff them. It need

not be that way at all, of course, but many promi-
nent men do not know this. Besides, Washington
is a city of many conventions, the deadliest of which
is the dinner party, and this complicates other ar-
rangements. ("My idea is never to have sex with
anyone who might end up as my dinner partner,"
a columnist says. This is considered a good rule of
thumb, inhibiting but practical.) The acceptable
mistress for a Kennedy man, however, would have
been someone like, say, an uppity Episcopalian who
liked to hear herself swear, and was elegant rather
than beautiful, and full of class, too. Eastern liberals
often confuse style and substance, which is why
they sometimes have difficulty in understanding
when they are proposing a truly new policy and
when they are simply offering us more of the same.
The Texans, more perfectly responsive to the de-
mands of groin and crotch, and also more secure
in their jobs, did not much emphasize the uppity
kind of class. President Johnson, when he was in
a handsome mood, spoke of the delights of his own
marital bed, which is the kind of thing a big politi-
cian can speak of when he is beyond boorishness.
He was truly dominated by the viscera, and has the instincts
of a Populist.

Now what is left are the Nixon people and the old
Kennedy people, none of whom work this way, and
few of whom care awfully much for the sweaty
press of flesh upon flesh. The Nixon men are not
even much good at banter, which is what the old
Kennedy men do best, and the brightest you get
from any of them in the way of an approach to a
lady is something like, "Honey, this is the dullest
party I've ever been at. Let's you and me go sit
in a corner and talk." This, however, would be more
like something the best of the Nixon men would
say: an old Kennedy hand would begin by talking
about himself. Old Kennedy hands hardly ever ex-
pect no for an answer, and they more or less be-
lieve that they themselves are enough to begin that
peculiar sweating effect in the walls of the vagina,
when it starts its change of color, and allows the first
thrills and bursts of unexploded passion. They do
not know the vagina works this way, and they will
not concern themselves with it, and they are more
interested in their careers. When you are this way
you do not care much how a woman works, sex be-
ing peripheral to your life, and you think that your
own heavings and gruntings are sufficient unto them-
selves. They are not, but when the big apple in your
life is yourself you never get to know it.

This is not just a matter of style; it has to do
with your guts, and with why some men are better
politicians than others, and with why the Texans
did not go over big in old Georgetown. Georgetown,
you see, has nothing to do with anything other than
itself. Washington does not have a great deal to do
with anything else, either, and it is the only capi-
tal in the world, other than maybe Bonn or Brasilia.
It is not the most interesting place in its country.
People in Washington always talk of their town, not
of their city, and Washington has a small town's
pleasures, with not many of its eccentricities and
aberrations. Georgetown is where the liberal Demo-

"It is really not
that Washing-
ton is so full of
virile men; it is
more that some
men just seem
virile because
they are in
Washington."

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crats linger on while they wait for Administrations to change, the Republicans just packing up and going home when their time is up, and it is all grace and elegance, and almost no eccentricities and aberrations. "At dinner parties I turn to my left, and then I turn to my right, and sometimes I say something to the man across the table." This is a Georgetown lady talking, complaining in her fashion that the place where our very best politicians live has no balls. Now, the Texans, in fact, had balls, which does not have so much to do with lusting after flesh as it does with wanting something from strength, and not weakness. There is no madness among Georgetown people, although the rest of the country is full of it, and it is through madness, as any poet can tell you, that we come to understand ourselves best. The Texans were lousy on Vietnam, but so was everyone else in Georgetown, and Georgetown can't indict them for that. Georgetown indicted them because Lyndon operated from somewhere near his navel, and no respectable politician could possibly stand for that.

THERE IS AN ARROGANCE about our best politicians and the men around them that allows them to indict other men, but without arrogance they could hardly function at all, and would be driven into dark passages and thoughts of the implausibility of it all. All politicians are arrogant, of course, and if they were not they could hardly run for office. Georgetown reaffirms men in their arrogance, which is not always a bad thing, and it comforts them, too, which is not always a good thing. (Actually, there are one, two, many Georgetown in and about Washington. Some of them are as small as the Watergate apartments, which is where the Nixon Cabinet hangs out; others are Cleveland Park, McLean, Virginia, and a whole bunch of places out in the suburbs that you have never heard of. They have nothing in common except that the living is good in all of them.) Arrogance, moreover, is more interesting in Washington than it is in most places because sometimes the deepest arrogance there creeps from the deepest insecurity. There is nothing new about this, novelists having always known that it can be this way, but these are our captains and kings we are talking about, and they are more important to us than most.

In Washington, television commentators, columnists, and important reporters are the captains and kings to our captains and kings because our captains and kings reaffirm their existence mostly through what they read and hear about themselves. This, of course, puts a dreadful burden on the commentators, columnists, and important reporters, most of whom know they are there and important only through the sufferance of their network or newspaper, and most of whom, like the politicians, will screw down, instead of up. Commentators, columnists, and important reporters, however, do not have the same kind of arrogance that a politician does, and so they are big on going to psychiatrists. (The other people who are big on going to psychia-

trists are politicians' wives, but they go for different reasons.) Commentators, columnists, and important reporters also spend a good deal of time in Georgetown, where they talk very seriously about themselves, and reaffirm *their* own existence. Many ladies consider them the most interesting people in Washington, even though they are always so serious and even though the best of them are forever saying things like, "The kids are trying to tell us something." If you spend too much time in Georgetown it will be hard for you to know what the kids are trying to tell us, but what they are really trying to tell us is that *Georgetown* must go. Actually, not such a hot idea, but it ought to be considered nonetheless.

The Georgetown people, along with the rest of the bureaucracy in Washington, more or less know who they are by knowing who everyone else is. There is a firmament in Washington, with some men recognizing themselves off the White House, and some off the leftover Kennedy people, and some off the society pages. Everything exists in relation to something else, and wives, for the most part, exist in relation to their husbands. "Nobody knows my name," a Congressman's wife says, meaning exactly that, and a Senator's lady says that when the Senators' wives meet at their Red Cross club they talk exactly like their husbands. "We make motions," she says, "and sometimes we table things." A Senator's lady, who sees something funny about this, says she knows that her real political power is approximately zilch, and that the best she has been able to do is to have talked the Post Office into putting out a couple of commemorative stamps. Washington has no Madame de Staël, who got along well with Benjamin Constant while she fought off Chateaubriand, and it has not even a Madame Récamier, who fought off Constant and then devoted herself to Chateaubriand. Those ladies had some real political power, and de Staël got herself exiled because of it. It is a snare and a delusion when a Washington lady thinks she has real political power, and while Napoleon expelled de Staël to Geneva, maybe the worst that could happen to a Washington lady would be not to get invited back to have Sunday night supper with Joe Alsop.

Actually, since Joe Alsop is high society, it would not be a small thing to happen to a lady in Washington. It is not a big city, and when a lady comes down and out and getting herself dumped from someone's guest list there, it is not the same as getting herself iced out in New York or Chicago. There are not that many guest lists that everyone wants to get on, and Washington is poorer for that. Only the best of the women do not care if they are invited somewhere or not, and only the best of the women really make it as women in Washington, and Washington is poorer for all that, too. "I think," says a man there who is brighter than most, "that Washington is full of famous men, and of women of considerable interest who have been drained of their vitality." He means there is something about power that can get to a woman and leave her wondering if there is anything in it for her. There may not be

That is why a really good wife in Washington is stronger, brighter, and more full of pain than she is in other places. She puts up with more. She lives in a place full of power and famous people, as men, one of whom may be her husband. She is supposed to become celebrated, and then she has to move away from their wives, but in fact it is the wives who just as often move away from their husbands. Washington is not a big town where a divorce being bad for a politician. It is full of husbands and wives who do not have much to do with each other. It is easy for a wife in Washington to get intimidated by a husband's power, and then to resent it, and then to back away from being the person she ought to be, which is sometimes all it takes to send a husband into dalliance in another part of town. Lesser ladies in Washington bitch about their lives a lot, and others do not care very much anymore, but there are some who have been able to make it on their own, as wives and as people, and they are the best of all the ladies.

Politics and power and jobs hang over nearly all relationships in Washington like a fog, or like a miasma, and when the Assistant Secretary and their wives play tennis on the St. Alban's lawn at 7:30 in the morning, the men talk between themselves about their work; and when a wife shops at a store where she meets a lady whose husband was castigated that morning on the editorial page of the Washington Post and when two men bust up a friendship because of, say, the Carswell nomination, then the wives are usually not very good at talking about abstract things, but they know what's happening in the Congress on any given day, and one of the ways they flirt is to talk about it, if you can imagine it. The other way they flirt is through simple conversation. "I am always amazed," a pretty girl says, "how easy it is to flatter a politician. You can tell him nearly anything about himself, and he'll eat up every bit of it.") Wives, however, are generally not very good at what their husbands think about something, but they know what they think, and if they think about it, they are going to say it. "I'm not going to say anything at all they must come on strong to say so," a Senator's wife says, "that politicians won't pay any attention to what I say unless I'm overt, unless I force myself on them." The Senator's wife, who is a good wife, says that when her husband has a bad day with the other Senators, he is irritable as hell at home, and says things like, "I don't even bother you, do I?" "I try to reach him then without patronizing him," the Senator's wife says. "They need a great deal of encouragement, you know." Too much of having to be good can damage any good woman, but when a woman is good in Washington, she is extraordinarily good, and when a marriage is good it can be superb.

There are wives in Washington who have strengths that other women will never have, and they can be detached about themselves and their husbands and who know, even when their husbands do not, that fame and glory may not be worth chasing

after all. There are wives who bleed when their husbands are attacked, and who fight back for them in every way they know, sometimes even looking a little foolish when they do, and not caring about it in the slightest. "I think," the Senator's lady says, "that the very best marriages are in politics. We are the backbones of our husbands." They are not always backbones, but they are all the time appendages, and Washington is probably the only world capital where big news stories can first be reported on the society pages because a politician's wife is being quoted there. A lady who is unequipped for this can shrivel up and die, hit the bottle, or run around with another man. If she does none of these things, and she learns how to handle her life, she will be doing it alone, and she will be a tough and wise lady. There are also wives who went to Washington when their husbands got elected or appointed, and bought a big home, and loved the White House teas, and got to know the British Ambassador. When their husbands lost their jobs the wives lost a lot, too, and there is nothing quite like that to make a woman have thoughts about how fleeting it all is, especially if she is putting her husband together again while she is thinking.

"By God," a good wife says, this time about something else, "you've got to perform better than the girls do, and if he can't get it up, then it's your fault, and not his." This is from a lady past the flush of youth, who has also made it on her own as a person. She goes on: "Look, we've established that my husband is insecure, right? So, if he comes home and says that he met six women that day, and they all wanted him, then I say, 'Well, of course they want you, darling. Who wouldn't want you?' And if we're making love that night I say, 'Darling, which one of the six women am I?' He can think about it if he wants: he's in bed with me. And if he says he's too tired to do anything, then I take out the Elizabeth Arden body lotion and massage him. There are many things you can do to a man, and believe me, I've thought of all of them. And if he still goes out and chases other women, then he's just a shit, and he's sick."

Wives of politicians do not often express themselves this way, although they probably ought to, and they are more likely to be circuitous, like their husbands. Sometimes, however, they speak nothing but the truth, and here is another lady talking about how she holds on to a politician: "My children are going through sheer hell now, and they hate the life I'm leading, but I had to choose either them or my husband. There's a very attractive man I know whose wife just moved back home, and he's running around loose, and what do you think will happen to him? My husband and I go out seven nights a week, seven, and maybe once a week there's a yummy dinner, and the rest are just awful. I hate to be dumb, but the politicians I meet at them don't want an original idea from me. They just want to use me as a sounding board. But I'll tell you, the thought of my husband having an affair with anyone, anyone, makes me giggle. I simply don't let him out of my sight."

"Washington women know what's happening in the Congress on any given day, and one way they flirt is to talk about it, if you can imagine that."

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Still, a good many husbands could be let out of jail, and not much would ever happen to them. For one thing, there are not many places a man can go in Washington, and it can require a certain amount of imagination to get into any trouble at all. Some Congressmen say it is sure fire to ask a girl to go skinny dipping in the House pool in the small hours of the morning, and a man who could come and go in the White House says an invitation to sleep in the Lincoln bed was usually well received. A Capitol policeman says he has seen aged committee chairmen tottering with younger women into the small hidden offices they can command because of their seniority, and that he has seen them do it long past midnight, and that at such times they carry the burden of their years lightly. He says old Southerners are great for this, which is probably because they are men sprung from alluvial soil, swollen with the ancient forces of the Chattahoochee, the great dark Delta, and the Okefenokee Swamp. They are not much in the way of new ideas, however, and it is almost certainly untrue that sexual activity has a lot to do with political creativity. It is appealing to think that it does, and fuzzy radical thinkers are always suggesting it. If there were much substance to the idea, though, a great many state legislatures would be examples of good government, and a great many raunchy old guys would be statesmen. The real relationship between the sexual drive and politics is that it is something very like the sexual drive that gets a man to run for office in the first place, and that he carries with him into bed or onto the speaker's platform the same torments of fear and longing, and of triumph and disaster.

THE URGE TO VIOLENCE is more like the sexual drive, and old Southerners really do know this better than old Northerners, and that is another reason there are fewer old Southerners around Georgetown than there are old Northerners: violence and screwing wind through Southern politics the way corruption does through New Jersey, and there is no violence in Georgetown, and not enough screwing, either. There is a true sexual quality about politics, but it has something to do with the delirium of crowds, and of power, and of winning. A candidate can be exciting just by being a candidate, and a lady who is for him can get warm feelings just by standing there. A woman above reproach, who nonetheless often is out campaigning with Democrats, says of her excitement at a political rally, "You feel sexy. I was jumping up and down, and screaming for Bob Kennedy in all the primaries in '68, and then one night I realized. My gosh, it's just as if I'm having an orgasm. So then I started to pay more attention to the other women around me, and I'd look at their faces, and I could tell the same thing was happening to them. It happened around the other candidates I worked for, and it was always the same with the women." A candidate, she thinks, knows this, and is pleased by it, and gets to thinking while he is campaigning that he must be a hell of a man. Then, she says, he arrives in Washington,

starts diddling in dull hearings and uninteresting bills, and misses so badly what he once had to turn to philandering. She says, what do you get from an attractive, virile young man, and it is sad when the years get to him because then he starts drinking to make up for what he can't find.

It is really not that Washington is so full of men; it is more that some men just seem virile because they are in Washington. "Do you really think that Arthur Schlesinger and Ken Galbraith are such gay sprites before they got here, or that Henry Kissinger is honestly such a swinger, even though the newspapers are always calling him that? Henry is a nice man, but a swinger? Where would he even find the time?" This is a lady of many years talking, saying that Washington somehow confuses men and what they do with its own fantasies about the prerogatives of power. This is Washington's old problem of mixing up shadow and substance, although it is a fact that if enough people keep telling a man he is a sprite or a swinger, then eventually he may become one. Indeed, ladies in Washington are asked to name the interesting unmarried men in the city, they all come up with approximately the same list of names. The men do not seem to have that much going for them, except that they are not married, and that they are always on the list. In Washington, though, enough people say that someone is something, as an interesting unmarried man, then it becomes certifiable that this is what he is. This also happens in Washington to Northern liberals, Southern moderates, and astute political commentators, who keep getting told what they are. They get to believe it themselves, and then they start to tell one another. It is easier, however, to become a sprite.

It is also easier for Washington to allow the like dinner parties to replace eroticism, and that is bad because when eroticism is ignored something or other will go sour. It could be a spectacular thing for the country if the President, his Cabinet, and any number of other important men in Washington, J. Edgar Hoover coming quickly to mind, were from time to time locked up in a whorehouse, not a fine whorehouse on the Upper East Side of New York, but something sweatier and more intimate, where someone like Jean Genêt was the kind of man. This would not make the important men there any smarter, but it could make them more sympathetic to the rest of us. Washington does not take for granted the weaknesses of the flesh, and sometimes it does not even recognize them. Important men in Washington are not accustomed to feeling guilty the way the rest of us do, worrying all the time that we are doing something wrong, but if they did it could turn the country around, and the important men might know more about us, too. Guilt makes you kinder and more tolerant of others, and a real case of whorehouse guilt could work wonders on, say, the Justice Department. Strom Thurmond would bleed for the black man, the liberals would lay off the labor unions, and everyone would want to get out of Vietnam tomorrow. Georgetown, of course, would not stand for any of it.

an adult. They're teenagers.
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Richard Rhodes

IKE: AN ARTIST IN IRON

He gave all of his adult life to his country, subduing an immense inner violence to his goal of peace.



The name Eisenhower translates roughly as "iron" and "hewer." To further refine the original German, I'm told, one should know that eischenschmidt would mean blacksmith, while an eisenhower was something of an artist in iron, a man who literally hewed metal into useful and ornamental shapes, such as armor, weapons, etc.

—Dwight D. Eisenhower, in *At Ease*

SOMETHING OF AN ARTIST IN IRON. Dwight Eisenhower was that, though he did his best to hide his artistry within the plain armor of a soldier. Huckleberry Finn disguised as George Washington, he truly believed no one would ever find him out. He worked at obfuscation with the usual Eisenhower

doggedness. Hints of his interior life turn up haps twenty times in all the 2,350 pages of memoirs, which must be something of a record, hints tell the story: despite his cool superiority most of the cherished beliefs of mankind, his complete confidence in his ability to outgun all but very few of the citizens of the world, his conviction that he could think more clearly and act more wisely than any other man of his generation, he felt within himself a rebellion so physical that on will as hard as his own could have controlled it.

SIGNS AND PORTENTS. "All her life a woman of peace my mother was born close to war and the clamor of battle. Growing up, she could see its ravages in devastated land and in broken bodies. If her half of war arose out of childhood memories, she found justification. War's tragedy, inescapable in its winning and in its aftermath, was no tale she had read or heard. She knew it of her own seeing and pondering." Ida Elizabeth Stover, Dwight's mother, in *Virginia* on her own, at fourteen, to follow two of her brothers by wagon train to Kansas and get an education. In Abilene she met David Eisenhower, Dwight's father, and soon enough they were married. David had forgone farming—he hated it—to open a general store in Abilene, but the business failed after the drought of 1887 because David and his partner carried too many farmers on credit. The partner ducked out with the few remaining funds and David was left to pay the creditors. Looking for work, he and Ida moved to Denison, Texas, to raise their children in tow.

"I was born during a fierce thunderstorm and it was to that coincidence that [Mother] always blamed my liking for lightning and thunderstorms as a child." Born on October 14, 1890, the third of seven sons, one of whom died in infancy. Eisenhower would grow up to success and prosperity. One would grow up to history.

Why must always be the question. The beginning was auspicious enough. A mother born into a burned and salted Civil War valley who knew her own mind at fourteen and crossed half a continent to make it up. A father who had failed in business through an excess of generosity and who would never be generous again. A fierce thunderstorm at birth. Strong medicine.

WE ARE ALWAYS CHILDREN FIRST. His two great metaphors were his father and his mother—war and peace, attack and supply, masculine and feminine sternness and joy. He lived as a man within the gigantic limits of their lives, waging war as his father would have waged it, with a cold and unrelenting ferocity, waging peace as his mother would have waged it, with patience and unflinching optimism, but with shrewdness too.

Ida Elizabeth gave him his looks, handsome blond, blue-eyed. She also gave him his freedom. "Mother was by far the greatest personal influence on our lives." "Her serenity, her open smile, her gentleness with all and her tolerance of their way despite an inflexible loyalty to her religious convictions."

Richard Rhodes wrote the article on Harry Truman in Harper's January issue. He lives near Kansas City, went to Yale, and served in the Air Force Reserve. His book in progress about the Midwest will be published by Atheneum.

and her own strict pattern of personal conduct made even a brief visit with Ida Eisenhower "unpleasant for a stranger." And a lifetime memoir for a son. He shaped her manners and customs into the public Eisenhower, the serenely smiling mother of the nation.

Id Eisenhower gave us the other Ike, the man who controlled and completely confident violence. It is that Ike, years later, when Khrushchev is staring down the U-2 at the Paris Summit, staring the Russian down with the confidence of a hard-boiled boy: "The length of his explanation and the emphasis he gave to this subject clearly indicated he was determined to keep me out of Russia. The document was repetitious, and at one point he spoke so vehemently that I could not help grinning. It happened to notice this, and thereafter kept his allusion to the text of his speech."

David was dark, black-browed, stern, violent, the father of his family of hearty, active boys." Ike wrote "I'm sure that strict discipline was necessary for survival. He certainly was never one for spoiling a child by sparing the rod. If the evidence indicated that the culprit had offended deliberately, application of stick to skin was a routine affair." The culprit, often enough, was young Dwight, a boy until long after West Point from any duty he might find impractical, ill-conceived, or criticized, howsoever disapproved by custom.

David administered his most memorable punishment to Dwight's older brother Edgar. When his father found out that Edgar had been skipping school to earn some spending money, he marched him home for lunch and abruptly, without explanation, he began to beat the boy with a harness strap. Dwight, then 10 years old, had seen beatings before, but none like his one. He tried to pull his father off his back. "I don't think anyone ought to be whipped like that, not even a dog," he told his father. Later he could rationalize the beating because it convinced Edgar he should stay in school. But Ike remembered that piece of fatherly brutality all his life. And other experiences like it taught him to be tough even as it saddled him with a rage he would never learn to control. The serene Dwight D. Eisenhower, who remembered, smoked four packs of cigarettes a day until a physical breakdown in the late 1940s convinced him he should quit—which he did then, characteristically Eisenhower guts, cold turkey.

THE BROTHERS, HIS FIRST TEACHING Dwight D. Eisenhower protected him from bullies until he was old enough to protect himself, and from them he learned the value of superior force. Fight fair when the odds are low, but two against one will usually stop a fight that needs stopping. "Ed, Earl, and I were a hot-tempered and quarrelsome element, while Roy, Roy, and Milton were always credited with tractable natures." Earl and Milton paired off, Dwight and Earl paired off, both outwardly anti-intellectual, fighters, naturals. In 1944, Ike would write home from Europe: "I have heard that a man

named Kenneth Davis is writing a biography. I wish that all such things would wait until a man really had leisure to think up some really good tales to tell about his boyhood. If they gave me time and did not check up too closely on fact I could make you and me look like Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn." Then a sly thrust at Edgar: "Which would you rather be?"

Blood poisoning from a splinter in his leg sent young Dwight into a two-week delirium. "The doctor came two or three times a day and only occasionally was I conscious—usually when he used his scalpel to explore the wound." Now the team was working. Dwight overheard the doctor discussing amputation with his parents. He called in Edgar. "I... made him promise to make sure that under no circumstances would they amputate my leg." He told Edgar: "I'd rather be dead than crippled." Edgar stationed himself outside the bedroom door. No grim-faced father intervened then.

During most of Dwight's childhood the Eisenhowers lived in a small four-bedroom house in Abilene. His mother "skillfully assigned us to beds in such a pattern as to minimize the incidence of nightly fights." She rotated their chores and adjudicated their disputes, with the threat of massive fatherly retaliation always in the background. The brothers stuck together, despite their disputes. They even helped each other through college. Dwight working nights for Edgar at the Belle Springs Creamery in Abilene, winching up 300-pound cans of ice and studying for West Point on the side. The thickness of life with his brothers would shape his future choices of staff and companions. He was shy and undemonstrative with women, preferring the company of men. Men he could measure, knew the temper of their cutting edges, the shape of their patience, the force of their intelligence.

A PHOTOGRAPH: SIX BOYS AROUND A ROUGH CAMPING TABLE. white tent in the background before a screen of cottonwoods. Battered Thermos on the table, tin cups and plates. "While we were in high school, a group of us decided to camp on Lyons Creek, about twenty miles south of town, and so far as I know the only clear-water stream in that part of Kansas. . . . We planned to be gone two weeks. . . ." All the boys in the picture wear good school shirts and pants except Dwight. He wears a blue work shirt and bib overalls, socks that might once have been white, muddy, low-cut shoes. The others look around tentatively from their places at the table: he, bold foreground, faces the camera from his camp stool, tousled hair, collar up negligently in back, the consideration of a grin warming his face, shirt and overalls wrinkled, shirtsleeves too short for his lanky arms, big hands lolling in his lap, a kitchen towel dangling from one hand, legs spread-eagled and heels parked against the ground, a stamped tin cooking spoon nonchalant in an enameled pot camped between his feet. He looks, as he intended, like one hell of a fellow. "I could make you and me look like Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. Which one would you rather be?"

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MEN OF DESTINY ARE OFTEN hard to tell from other men," Richard Rovere wrote at the beginning of Eisenhower's campaign for the Presidency. Winston Churchill, sick in his childhood bed, prodded his counterpane into hills and set clever tin soldiers to engage the enemy. Dwight Eisenhower read Greek and Roman history, committing its battles to his total memory. "Such people as Hannibal, Caesar, Pericles, Socrates, Themistocles, Miltiades, and Leonidas were my white hats, my heroes. Xerxes, Darius, Alcibiades, Brutus, and Nero wore black ones." Hannibal, master of exotic technology and the surprise attack, he liked best of all. "This bias came about because I read one day that no account of Carthaginian history was ever written by a friendly hand. . . . For a great man to come down through history with his only biographers in the opposite camp is a considerable achievement. Moreover, Hannibal always seemed to be an underdog, neglected by his government, and fighting during most of his active years in the territory of his deadly and powerful enemy." He read so hard his mother locked his books away. He found the closet key and went on reading whenever she left the house.

Hannibal would not be his only hero. He collected them as other boys collect marbles, seeking always a finer agate. "My hero was a man named Bob Davis. He had long been a traveler, a fisherman, hunter, and guide. He was also a bachelor, a philosopher, and, to me, a great teacher. Bob, about six feet tall, a little stooped, quiet and gentle, was in his fifties when I knew him, roughly from age eight to sixteen. He never seemed to be annoyed when I went along on expeditions to the Smoky Hill River. . . . We spent weekends together on the river, with my mother's blessing." Bob was illiterate. Bob taught Dwight poker. "So thoroughly did Bob drill me on percentages that I continued to play poker until I was thirty-eight or forty and I was never able to play the game carelessly or wide open. I adhered strictly to percentages."

"STRESS HE COULD ENDURE," wrote William Carlos Williams of George Washington. "but peace and regularity pleased him better. There must have been within him a great country whose wild paths he alone knew and explored in secret and at his leisure." Fisherman and hell-raiser, rider of rafts down flood-swollen Abilene streets, trapper of mink and camp stew specialist, Eisenhower would guard his great country as carefully as Washington. It gave him a way of looking aside, a comic perspective on the life of men in the world. If the greatest thing in the world is to be Huckleberry Finn, then it is no great thing to be King or Emperor or President. High office and heavy responsibility must even seem total poverty to a spirit lusting for the wilderness. Then the men who occupy those offices can be no more than ordinary men. And since he was at least as much as they, he could see past the office to the men, and past the men to the function.

His trick was not to let us know his contempt for the works of men, his topsy-turvy value system.

Sometimes we caught him at it, as sometimes, if you are quick enough, you can see Old Nick's cat pawing its foot there on your best friend even though it switches it from left to right almost faster than an eye can follow. Ike let a dinner guest see that first at the White House once. The guest asked him why the United States had not interceded for the French in Vietnam, and he gave the honest answer: "Because nobody asked us." Perfectly honest answer, because the reason he knew for staying out of a stinking jungle war nobody could ever win. He let it slip by because he suspected no one would believe that the solution to a major international problem could be, in principle, so simple. "Practical problems," he was candid enough to admit in *At Ease*, "have always been my equivalent of crossword puzzles."

NO ONE SEEMS TO HAVE UNDERSTOOD that he was a brilliant man. He was not an intellectual perhaps that fact confused people of intellect but to assume intelligence must always breathe an air of mystery in the salon. But his memory was phenomenal, his ability to reason of the highest caliber. We have a new President's word for that. Nixon wrote of him in *Six Crises*: "He could be very enthusiastic about half-baked ideas in the discussion stage, but when it came to making a final decision, he was the coldest, most unemotional and analytical man in the world."

"In grammar school," Ike tells us, "spelling was probably my favorite subject either because the spelling contest aroused my competitive instincts or because I had learned that a single letter could make a difference in the meaning of a word. . . . Arithmetic came next because of the finality with which a right answer was either right or wrong." But he saw the point to Spencerian penmanship, that ornate Victorian conceit, and, typically, never bothered to learn it. Preciosity annoyed him, activated the tolerance he so scarcely contained. Here he defended his taste and scoffs at Spencerian in the space of a few subtle sentences: "Although I began, in my fifties, to paint in oils, fascinated with color, my handwriting remains angular and slurred at the top. My hand was made less for the use of the pen than of the ax—or possibly the pistol." They were his hands, it is true, hands from which he clipped his nails with shears.

Still in rebellion from duty, not yet willing to don the armor of his family name, the rigid mask of his father, he did no better than he should have at West Point. And yet he had his moments. Faced to demonstrate a problem in integral calculus which he knew the answer but not the solution, he invented a new solution in the last minutes before he was called to recite. The instructor accused him of cheating. Cadet Eisenhower prepared a new solution and battery, but an associate professor of mathematics turned up in time. Ike's new solution was simpler than the old. It was incorporated into Point's procedures.

Later, accepting his duty, he would enroll in the Command and General Staff College at Leavenworth, Kansas, and graduate first in his class.

and-picked officers. He would repeat the feat at the Army War College. That is how generals are made, and by then he was prepared to command.

IS LIFE, BELIEVING IT A WEAKNESS, he would use the great country within him, giving his own friendliness to the public world and his own toughness to the practical problems of command. They were studied roles, both of them, calculated to misdirect. He feared nothing so much as being known. To be known for what you are when no record sign reveals you—that would be terror to him. It happened only once. A young cadet stumbled through from the Point in civilian clothes, like Ike, and went to Chapman, Kansas, to umpire a baseball game. He arrived early enough to eat lunch, and after lunch he wandered into a shooting gallery:

I thought it would be fun to try a few shots at the moving targets. As a complete stranger in Chapman, and dressed in ordinary clothes, I could hardly believe my ears when I picked up my rifle and heard a man standing nearby say to another:

'Okay, now, Mister, you've been bragging about your shooting. I just happened to see this cadet boy come in here and I'll bet you ten dollars that he can beat you on any target and any kind of shooting you want.' Although nothing had been addressed directly to me, when I heard this astonishing statement—something I was wearing identified me as a cadet soldier—unaccountably, and for the first time in my life, a fit of trembling overcame me. My hands shook. Without a word, I laid down my rifle, having already paid for the shells, and left the place without a backward glance. Never before or since have I experienced the same kind of attack. . . .

Attack of anxiety at being so easily discovered. You can believe it was severe. The Eisenhowers aren't the sort of people who paid for shells and failed to use them.

His armor allowed little personal expression. He was not a demonstrative man with any of his family. Mamie wrote recently, "not even with me." His rare personal gestures worried him. When John graduated from West Point in 1944, Ike couldn't resist sending the graduating class a message of congratulation. As Supreme Commander he was well within his rights to do so. But he prefaced the message to the Superintendent of the Point with a preface. "I am most diffident about making such a suggestion and ask you, in consideration, to turn it over well in your mind, and *don't do anything that would appear either ridiculous or egotistical.*" Those are Ike's italics.

He believed he should not directly assert his personality in his work. "His greatest aversion," wrote John Hughes, one of Ike's speech writers, was the calculatedly rhetorical device. . . . All oral flourishes made the man uneasy, as if he had the chance that some hearer might catch him trying to be persuasive." Yet Ike knew how to write elegantly if he chose to. "Let me tell you some-

thing," he said to another of his speech writers, Arthur Larson. "You know that General MacArthur got quite a reputation as a silver-tongued speaker when he was in the Philippines. Who do you think wrote his speeches? I did."

He knew his ability. "My God," he wrote to himself in 1942, "—how I hate to work by any method that forces me to depend on anyone else. . . ." This iconoclasm from the man who became the most skillful delegator of authority the nation has known. He could delegate because he was absolutely certain he was in charge, and qualified to be. "The fact remains," he told Larson about John Foster Dulles one day, "that he just knows more about foreign affairs than anybody I know. In fact, I'll be immodest and say that there's only one man I know who has seen more of the world and talked with more people and *knows* more than he does—and that's me."

CONFIDENT OF HIMSELF—even arrogant of himself—he assumed others would trust him too. If they did not, then he would not do his duty. He would return to the wilderness within him, become a cowboy in Argentina, a crack journalist, a teacher at a cow college. These were all his dreams at one time or other. None of them came about. He didn't want them to. They were huckleberry alternatives to the challenges he wanted but didn't want, wanted but couldn't ask for. They were also bargaining weapons. At West Point, preparing to graduate in 1915, he was called before a Colonel Shaw to discuss his commission. Shaw hesitated to commission him at all because his disciplinary record was less than shining and his knee weak enough from a football injury that he might have to be retired early at government expense.

"When Colonel Shaw had finished, I said that this was all right with me. I remarked that I had always had a curious ambition to go to the Argentine (as a reader of geographies, I was curious about the gauchos and Argentina sounded to me a little like the Old West), and I might go there and see the place, maybe even live there for two or three years."

That gave Ike the offensive, moved the shoe to Shaw's foot. Shaw discovered the need then to find a place for a young man who had cost the United States four years of education. He offered Ike the Coast Artillery. Ike considered the Coast Artillery a graveyard for officers, and refused. Shaw offered him the Infantry. That was more or less what he wanted. He accepted.

He prepared himself to be Supreme Commander—invented the job—but didn't ask for it. He prepared himself to be President but came back to campaign with almost as much reluctance as Churchill ascribed to him during the war when he told Lord Moran, "Ike had not only to be wooed, he had to be raped." Campaigning, Ike told Emmet Hughes, "if they don't want me, that doesn't matter very much to *me*. I've got a hell of a lot of fishing I'll be happy to do." He *wanted* both jobs, or rather,

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the responsible adult in him wanted both jobs. But he expected those who assigned the jobs to want *him*. That was the least the War Department and the people could do if they expected him to be always bolting away his wilderness, like a fly rod he could never find time to use, locked up there in its case, accusing him. "What more do they want from me?" he asked his friends while agonizing over the question of a second term. "I've given all of my adult life to the country. What more must I do?" But he took on the second term anyway because of two scruples: He believed that he was better qualified than any Democrat to pursue peace, and sometime in his young manhood he must have promised himself on his mother's behalf to do as much for peace as he knew he would one day do for war—and he would allow no man to believe he gave up the Presidency because of a mere physical debility, a mere heart attack. And so he ran.

HIS SERVICE IN THE CASUAL ZONE seems to have marked the turning point of his young life. Prior to that assignment he had played as hard as he had worked. Now, with his first-born son lost to scarlet fever, he was ready for a change. For three years, in Panama, one more hero guided him before he became a hero himself and learned to look upon men of great ability with respect tempered with equanimity. General Fox Conner, commander of Camp Gaillard. While Mamie fought bedbugs and listened to the jungle whisper its nightly obscenities ("Mamie," he told her years before, "there's one thing you must understand. My country comes first and always will; you come second"), Ike devoured Conner's books and rode out on reconnaissance to be tutored by firelight. Conner drilled him in tactics, debated him in philosophy, speculated with him on the nature of man. After Conner's tutorials, Ike was always number one in his class.

Our conversations continued throughout the three years I served with him in the isolated post at Camp Gaillard. It is clear now that life with General Conner was a sort of graduate school in military affairs and the humanities, leavened by the comments and discourses of a man who was experienced in his knowledge of men and their conduct. I can never adequately express my gratitude to this one gentleman, for it took years before I fully realized the value of what he had led me through. And then General Conner was gone. But in a lifetime of association with great and good men, he is the one more or less invisible figure to whom I owe an incalculable debt.

If he was the greatest, Fox Conner was far from the only teacher in Ike's life. Beginning with Bob Price, the Smoky River trapper, and passing beyond Conner to George Marshall and John Foster Dulles, Eisenhower picked—or was picked by—men of calm and wisdom, men older than he, benevolent fathers as it were, who could find in him an intelligent and respectful son to raise up. Of his own father Ike would write, at the time of David's death, "I'm proud he was my father! My only regret is that it

was always so difficult to let him know the depth of my affection for him." The quieter he chose for teachers. He could learn war *and* peace from them.

HE FED HIS IMMENSE INTELLIGENCE on an equally immense inner violence, for if Huckleberry Finn was hidden, easily grinning, within the armor also was the anger of his father. Ike's temper, legendary. It seems to have been a calculated instrument, something he used when he needed to be controlled when he did not. Superior force, always his style. The anger supplied the necessary fuel. Did *he* change the code name of the Normandy invasion from the lighthearted ROUNDUP to blackly feudal OVERLORD? But Normandy of only one example. He ended the Korean war, passing the word to Mao through Nehru that until the North Koreans got down to business at Pusan he would use the atomic bomb on China. He cooled Lebanon with one of the largest contingents of troops ever deployed by the United States in a friendly country in peacetime. He assaulted the Soviet Union with sweeping proposals to turn both countries' nuclear materials to the United Nations,* to open the skies, to share space.

Yet the man of violence and superior force, not a war lover. A war lover, like Patton, is a killer, and Ike could not be a killer because he had been raised, as his mother told a biographer, to "choose good." The biographer paraphrases Ida: "They would tell that everyone has it in him to know right from wrong, good from bad; that he is free to choose which he will have, and, if he chooses wrong, not even God can avert the consequence." Ida resolved the paradox simply. "War will not bring peace," she told the biographer, "but so long as there are those who make war, someone has to go to our defense." That is how you kill with being a killer.

Field Marshal Brooke once made the mistake of accusing Ike of giving American forces the lead in a World War II battle for "nationalistic considerations." It would have been obvious to anyone, an Englishman that the artist in iron would never be guilty of basing a decision on anything so irrational as nationalism. Ike reacted. "I am certainly no more anxious to put Americans into the thick of the battle and get them killed than I am to see the British take the losses. . . . I have not devised any plan on the basis of what individual or what nation gets glory, for I must tell you in my opinion there is glory in battle worth the blood it costs." The violence, you see, simply fed his reason.

It's instructive to look at the way he handled George Patton. Here was a war lover, an unstable man who found stability only in driving, driving

*Playing percentages all the way. "Our technical experts assured me that even if Russia agreed to cooperate in a plan solely for propaganda purposes, the United States could afford to reduce its atomic stockpile by two or three times the amount the Russians might contribute, and thus improve our relative position."

forward, counting on the stimulus of anger within him the flutters of fear. Patton got *cut* from battle, and from nowhere else. Ike understood Patton's personality perfectly well. When he refers to Patton in his memoirs, he usually says something humorous and slightly askew about the man. "When I returned to Camp Meade in autumn [of 1920] many changes had taken place. Senior officers of the Tank Corps who had fought in France were back. Among these men I found one who interested me most, and whom I learned to know best, was a fellow named Patton. Colonel George S. Patton was tall, straight, and soldierly. His most noticeable characteristic was a booming, peaking voice, quite out of keeping with his appearance."

Patton, the practitioner of iron control, would tolerate in Patton displays of temper, hysteria, and megalomania for which he would have court-martialed any lesser man. Because he knew Patton's character, and so long as he could apply it to his larger purposes, he would use Patton the way the K-9 uses its dogs. "The finest leader in military history is that the United States Army has known," Eisenhower said of Patton, and no lesser estimation would explain the length to which Ike was willing to bend his principles to keep Patton. Patton's Blood and Guts might frighten his men, but it didn't frighten Eisenhower. He reminded him of the rebellious Dwight whom David Eisenhower more than once disciplined with a belt. Ike substituted, for the belt, the public confession and personal apology, devices at least as painful to Patton. But Ike the realist also defended Patton to his mothers and angry World War I veterans. He wrote the Supreme Commander from the

...are quite right in deploring acts such as the slapping incident, such as they are, but they are not unusual in the American army. But in Sicily General Patton, who led thousands of American boys, by his boldness, his speed, his drive, he won his position. He won his campaign by marching, more than he did by fighting. He drove himself and his men almost to the limit of human endurance, but because of this he achieved a great victory in American history. He is a hero, and he is a great leader. He is a man of great courage and great sacrifice. He is a man who has given the enemy time to create a great victory. He is a man who has paid for that victory in blood and in sweat.

He knew Patton personally. He did not indulge him. The future discipline would not allow it, but at the time, with careful thought, Ike could construct an argument or two. The irony of giving Patton, a man who was not a commander, a fake army complete with headquarters, field equipment, and radio, to decoy German attention from Normandy, could not have been lost on either man. It was a joke: it was also good planning. Ike made Patton wait and sweat. When he finally unleashed Patton, he went like hell. But the Supreme Commander found no room for personal feelings after the war. When Patton flapped once more while com-

LATE NIGHT IN AUTUMN

by W. S. Merwin

In the hills ahead a pain is moving its light
through the dark skies of a self
it is on foot I think
it is old
the year will soon be home and its own hear it
but in some house of my soul
a calling is coming in again off the cold mountain
and here one glove is hanging from each window
oh long way to go

manding the Third Army in Berlin, comparing the Nazi party with the Republicans and Democrats, Ike relieved him of command and set him to assessing the war, far from anxious mothers and keen correspondents.

IF HIS STAFF EXPECTED DRAMA in the victory announcement, it did not yet know Ike. He announced the German surrender with characteristic restraint, saying nothing to draw attention to himself or to gloat over a fallen enemy. He cabled the Combined Chiefs of Staff: "The mission of this Allied force was fulfilled at 0211, local time, May 7, 1945." That day and afterward it was business as usual at headquarters. "We had no local victory celebrations of any kind," Ike writes emphatically in *Crusade in Europe* "then or later."

His celebrated Guildhall Address, delivered in London in 1945 at the time he received London's honorary citizenship, enlarges on his feeling about the war. The man who grew up on heroes and became one himself boldly asserts that heroes, in the usual sense of the word, don't exist.

First he assesses himself as history usually assesses successful commanders:

Humility must always be the portion of any man who receives acclaim earned in blood of his followers and sacrifices of his friends.

Conceivably a commander may have been professionally superior. He may have given everything of his heart and mind to meet the spiritual and physical needs of his comrades. He may have written a chapter that will glow forever in the pages of military history.

The diffident "may have been" and "may have given" and "may have written" hardly disguise the superlatives the Supreme Commander knew history would erect to his work. They hardly disguise the pride part of him feels at having earned such an assessment. But he had read history before, and had lived through those past hard years, and learned a darker truth:

Still, even such a man—if he existed—would sadly face the fact that his honors cannot hide in his memories the crosses marking the resting

IKE: AN ARTIST IN IRON

places of the dead. They cannot soothe the anguish of the widow or the orphan whose husband or father will not return.

Then he draws the guideline he thinks historians ought to follow:

The only attitude in which a commander may with satisfaction receive the tributes of his friends is in the humble acknowledgment that no matter how unworthy he may be, his position is the symbol of great human forces that have labored arduously and successfully for a righteous cause.

Which is to say, heroes are people who do their jobs right at a time when their jobs spearhead a great historical movement.

We know from Vietnam what a cynical command fighting an ill-conceived war for a less than righteous cause can do to an army. We know from My Lai. Will we ever be able to determine the part that Eisenhower's courage and humility contributed to make World War II relatively more humane?

THE EISENHOWER OF THE PRESIDENCY was not a different man from the Eisenhower of Abilene and of the war. The principle of the continuity of a man's personality ought to be axiomatic, but during his Presidency many believed otherwise. Ike was said to be indecisive; he was said to be lazy; he was assumed to be naive. He was none of those. He faced different circumstances, and his discipline and experience could not alter them all. He had always required a clear mandate; he got one from the people, but not from the system. "Nominating Dwight Eisenhower," wrote Richard Rovere after the 1952 Republican National Convention, "was an act of hard sacrifice and self-denial for most of the delegates here. It was clear from the time the first throngs began to gather in the lobby of the Hilton that a lot of them, including many who wore 'I Like Ike' buttons the size of saucers, really didn't like the General at all and were supporting him only because they had been sold on the Taft-can't-win theory. . . . They accepted the hateful argument. Twenty years is a long time to be out of office." Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., once described Eisenhower as the man who would go down in history as the President who saved the country from his advisers. It is also true that he saved the country from the radical conservatism of the Republican party.

The opposition of his adopted party would continue as long as Eisenhower was in office, expressing itself in a defeatism that gave Ike decreasing minorities in both Houses of Congress when it was not expressed in open hostility. He learned to live with it, hamstringing though it sometimes was, but he never liked it. That is why he encouraged young people to join him in Modern Republicanism: he knew he would never convert the Ancient.

From sandlot baseball and West Point football he learned the functions and uses of a team. The word has fallen into disrepute, not least because he overused it, but it deserves more than sneers. A team put men on the moon, as a team discovered

America. A team won World War II. We play 23 because they are so like the real thing (or is it another way around: do we play at the real thing, cause it is so like a game?). More than one Republican Army officer, watching young Eisenhower pin General's star after General's star, would come bitterly to his friends that Ike's staff, not Ike, responsible for the Allied victories. But Ike pin that staff, trained that staff, coached that staff; it was the kind of instrument that could prevail multinational coalition such as had never been successful before. He picked a team for Washington, too, and if his team did not play as well in Byzantine stadium, he is not entirely to blame; it didn't train its members. All-Star games never quite measure up.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF HIS PRESIDENCY were what you would expect of a soldier and a son of small town Kansas folk: the St. Lawrence Seaway, the interstate Highway system, the National Defense Education Act, the nuclear submarine, the Polaris missile. He did not go to Hungary's aid during 1956 revolution for what seemed to him the obvious of reasons: he would have had to surround our forces by air, a disastrous situation. He did not openly attack Joe McCarthy for a reason he believed equally obvious: an Executive attack might have driven the Senate to close ranks around its loudmouthed member and might have made a martyr of McCarthy within the Republican party itself.

He gave us eight years of peace, with more participation to war than was ever visited upon Europe by John Kennedy or Lyndon Johnson.

In the last years of John Foster Dulles' life, Dulles became one of Ike's heroes, though by now the President had learned to temper his hero worship with judgment. He came to like everything a Dulles except his fanatical anti-Communism. Nothing is more revealing of Ike's purpose as President than his decision, hard upon Dulles' death and contrary to all Dulles' cherished legalisms, to undertake an exhausting personal campaign to bring peace to the world before he passed it on to John Kennedy. On the endpapers of *Waging Peace*, the lines of an odyssey seem to tie together all the continents of the Free World. Yet Ike's last campaign had a curious quality of anticlimax, as if the Supreme Commander, preparing for retirement, were making a final review of his troops. His troops—the people of the world—turned out by the millions to attend him.

WHAT PARTISANS RIDICULED as indifference and defeatism he saw as deliberate dissent from the political philosophy of Roosevelt and Truman. A modern liberalism confronting the kind of conservatism Eisenhower represented, sees incompetence or special privilege. But conservatism has its strong philosophic roots going back through the Protestant ethic at least to St. Augustine. Liberalism has its roots as well, going back through humanism at least to the heresy of Pelagius, the monk who believed man could

self without the grace of God. Both systems y theories about the nature of man, not truths, and the Augustinian theories held the United States for most of the years of iding and growth. It remains to be seen if minority theories. In the person of Dwight over they attracted overwhelming majorities.hower was not a naïve man. He argued, at of *Waging Peace*, the second volume of his s. that if the nation moved in the direction onservatism, "then the future would hold ens for my Administration as the first great ith the political philosophy of the decade ng in 1933." But if, he said, the nation in the direction the Democratic party had ading it, "then the growth of paternalism to nt of virtual regimentation would so condi- attitude of future historians that our time e would be represented as only a slight iment to the trend begun in 1933 under the Deal. . . ." Discounting his uncharacteristic, the President's point is clear: he knew what doing, and knew that whether or not you with what he was doing would depend on olitical philosophy.

D AT LAST TO GETTYSBURG, living in his peace- lerness, he published the most extraordinary ver written by an American President. *At Stories I Tell to Friends*. In that collection of ations and anecdotes, the Eisenhower who ed indirection becomes candid, the Eisen- some thought ordinary proves wise. Many of gs he would not talk about while in command v discusses simply and directly, with the of Prospero. And demonstrates thereby the of his self-knowledge. Sometimes he reminds he secret movements of human events:

And every human action, the truth may be len. But the truth may also lie behind some r action or arrangement, far off in time and e. Unless circumstances and responsibility and an instant judgment I learned to reserve e until the last proper moment.

mes he sounds like a wise but melancholy ophet:

My experience with Blackie [a horse he ned that no one else believed trainable]- earlier with allegedly incompetent recruits amp Colt [whom he also trained]—is rooted enduring conviction that far too often we te off a backward child as hopeless, a clumsy nal as worthless, a worn-out field as beyond ration. This we do largely out of our own e of willingness to take the time and spend effort to prove ourselves wrong; to prove t a difficult boy can become a fine man, that minimal can respond to training, that the field regain its fertility.

e Marshall named the battlefronts of World I theaters: the Eisenhower of *At Ease* reveals areness of the large shape of the drama:

The tragedy of it all was immense. From the Sunday morning when unarmed church parties of our men died under hundreds of Japanese bombs and shells to the final days when men, women, and children of Japan perished under two bombs at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, millions died. The loss of lives that might have been creatively lived scars the mind of the modern world.

Emmet Hughes could not have been the first to notice, behind the open grin and the hearty manner, the "wide and unblinking eyes." But in *At Ease*, the man seems finally at peace with himself.

IKE ORGANIZED AN ARMY and ran a war and guided the strongest nation in the world for eight hard years, but what he thought he really wanted to do was to be a cowboy in Argentina. His hand, he said, was made to hold a pistol, not a pen. In the twentieth century the pen controls the pistol. He regretted it, but he always looked truth square in the eye, and he wasn't about to flinch from that one. Even though it meant hiding his deepest feelings from the world. He didn't give a damn about school, but he learned to be first in his class. He didn't give a damn about discipline, but he learned not only to live by its rules himself but also to confer its life-saving strength on whole armies. He didn't give a damn about offices and position and rank, but he took them all on because he believed he could handle them better than anyone else available. He did his duty: it was a duty to which he came with the greatest reluctance, knowing as he did that the world of men can be handled as a machine or dug in like a garden, knowing that the modern world had chosen to become machine-like, knowing that he himself, like his mother before him, preferred gardening. But knowing also that he could handle any machine the world might put in front of him, a rifle, a tank, an army, a nation. Having learned machines from his father, "My David didn't like gardening and such," Ike's mother told her biographer, "Books. Machines. That's what he liked. At home, in what spare time he had, he opened a book and was lost. He didn't worry one speck because I didn't read my eyes blind, like he did. I didn't worry because he didn't dig in the dirt every minute he possibly could, like I did. We just let each other enjoy ourselves." Ike hardly enjoyed working the bloody machines, but he had no choice. When he retired to Gettysburg he worked hard at farming. He wanted, he said, to leave the place better than he found it.

He liked best of all a maxim which Robert Frost inscribed in a book of poems at a time when, Ike said, "many people . . . thought I was moving too slowly about matters close to their hearts." Frost's maxim:

For strong are saying nothing until they see.

We can hardly do less now when we consider measuring the campaigns to which he devoted his life.

"He gave us eight years of peace, with more provocation to war than was ever visited upon either John Kennedy or Lyndon Johnson."

a story by Johanna Kaplan

DRAGON LADY

SAIGON (AP) — Police indicated today a woman arrested in connection with the shooting of a Nationalist Chinese intelligence officer may be the Dragon Lady who has been gunning down people from the back of a motorcycle.

The National police director, Brig. Gen. Nguyen Ngoc Loan, said Miss Phung Ngoc Anh, a 24-year-old Vietnamese of Chinese descent, was arrested carrying a

.45-caliber pistol which ballistics tests show was used to kill five persons, including two Americans. Loan said the woman admitted three of the shootings.

The Dragon Lady has been variously described as having long hair and short hair and wearing a red scarf and a blue scarf. Loan said a search of Miss Anh's apartment turned up a red and a blue scarf and two wigs.

"Draw your own conclusion," Loan said.

The Dragon Lady shot most of her victims from the back seat of a motorcycle driven by a male accomplice. She operated in Cho Saigon's Chinese quarter.

Loan said the woman had admitted she was a Viet Cong and learned to shoot a .45 at a secret base in Cu Chi. "She shoots with both hands," Loan said.

"Miss Phung Ngoc Anh, a 24-Year-Old Vietnamese of Chinese Descent"

THERE ARE PLACES where it does not rain every day at a certain time, but the girl tripping over the mosquito netting in the heat does not know them. Not that she really hears the rain—it rains every day and she's used to it. She pays no attention to the whirring fan from the gambling club across the street, and can even disregard the clatter of dishes and pans from the cookshop through the alley. What she cannot stand is the goat: every time he moves, the bell around his neck rings, and hopping back and forth on his tether in the back, there is enough sound of bells to make it seem like a pagoda. Many people could gain calm from this idea, but she doesn't—all it does is make her trip, and ring up through her mind certain things she has to live with.

*I built my hut among the throng of men
But there is no din of carriages or horses.
You ask me how this can be.
When the heart is remote, earth stands aloof.*

It's her grandfather's favorite poem, this one, by Tao Yuan-Ming, and on long walks he often recites it for her, in a way, as a lesson. But as it is, her heart is not remote enough. Not yet. When will it be? And who is she?

First of all, her name is not Phung Ngoc Anh. Not yet. From such a Chinese family, how could it be? She is named Sut On (Snow Quiet), and from the Ling family, so Ling Sut On, and for most of the years before she was twenty-four, lived in Cholon, in the rooms above her uncle's go-down. He is her First Uncle, her mother's oldest brother, and though all he's supposed to have downstairs in the ware-

house is rice, what else he might have his staff fingers into is a secret between them and his aban which no matter what else is going on in the wo never seems to stop moving. Really there's no much there as Wu and his round-bottomed wife ways like to pretend, but still, even Sut On's grandfather, First Uncle's own father—who cannot c plain of being thrown out or not supported (it's as if Wu were actually unfilial)—even Sut C grandfather says to no one in particular when W around and looks as if, for a minute, he might b stopped moving beads in his head. "If a state is lowing the Way, it is a disgrace to be in poverty low estate within it. If not, it is a disgrace to be and honored." And sometimes, when Wu's gamb cronies come upstairs, Sut On's grandfather sm looks straight ahead of him, and pretending that talking to himself, says, "Ill-gotten wealth honors are to me as wandering clouds." With kind of smile on his face, he looks as if he might a wandering cloud, and half the enjoyment for is throwing them all off and leaving that impressi Wu gets the point, though. He puts down his tea makes a quick bow, and heads down the stairs, friends clacking after him like mah-jongg tiles. attitude is well-known: One—you're not in Can anymore, Old Man. Two—I don't care *who* you w there. Three—what good did all your study and C fucius-quoting do you when famine came? A four—if it weren't for me, every single one of y in this house would be out on the street and starvi Not that Wu would actually ever dare say this to father himself: he leaves it for his perfect, quiet w

it out to Sut On's mother. In Wu's presence, and think that First Aunt, Ping, had no tongue when the fox-fairies maybe. She is silent and et-faced as she bends down in her *cheong* to give him things, and always cooing with her children, but as soon as Wu is out of the room, especially when he takes his old secondhand and goes out buying rice in the Delta, Ping shrieking, and for all her concern with her husband's father. "It's my house," is one of her favorite beginnings. "Everything here is as it was when we move, even if we let you stay here you would be left with nothing." And another time when we move, even if we let you visit us, you don't know what to do."

"The goat?" says Sut On's mother, very much with this conversation. "Will he know what you do when you take him?"

Not much of an argument, though, because the house does belong to Wu, goat in but he is a miser and would never move. Who would watch the go-down? Not his mother Lim, who also lives upstairs with his wife and children and cannot even watch. He says or to whom he says it, so busy is he around in his leather cap and dreaming up for anyplace else—Hanoi, Macao, Bangkok. Could Wu trust Sut On's father—a man who does not even properly take his wife to his own house? This is what makes it so hard on Sut On's father, who is in any case practically a barren man: two sons stillborn, and another one so puny he does not last a month. Of course, there is Sut On, but he is only a girl, and naturally there are people (even them Sut On's father) who blame it on Vietnam. That kind of country has *women* for heroes, and statues of women who drove off invaders on elephants? But Sut On's mother never goes to fortune-tellers constantly, and the morning before she sets out rice cakes and tea. French ladies are having coffee and long hot baths. She lights her joss stick and prays to Kwan. With no sons, Sut On's father could take any wife if he wanted, but this is impossible to do. Once, in the time of the Japanese, he ran a letter-writing stall, but for as long as she can remember, her dim, red-eared father has worked for her uncle and usually smoked opium pipes to not even know who she is. If he spilled tea on him, he wouldn't feel it. So he pays attention to him, least of all her mother, who never suspected how lowly she had married, and there is no respect for him in this house. Every day, though, his face changes, and suddenly as he is one of the Forty-seven Beasts, he is forced to be thin and quiet, and above all the usual, even over explosions or bombs, he begins to stamp his feet, cursing in peasant Cantonese that Sut On cannot even understand. Which one of the Forty-seven Beasts is what she tries to figure out when this happens. For instance: there once was a man who spent all his days and nights in wickedness and disbelief. His family pleaded with him, his

friends argued and cajoled, his neighbors warned him, but it was all useless, for in his arrogance he would not change his ways. Suddenly, in the middle of his life, he was overtaken by a strange and mysterious illness: for ten years, he would neither speak, receive visitors, nor move from his bed. His son, who was dutiful, hovered by his father's doorstep, and finally one day heard the old man call for a bundle of hay. As quickly as the hay was brought, so quickly was the door now shut again, for to the poor obedient son's horror, he saw that his father had been turned into an ox.

Or another one: in a village, a farmer known for his idleness and covetousness, one night stole into the yard of his friend and neighbor, and in the false glow of darkness, came away with his neighbor's most prized duck. Swaggering in the moonlight, he cooked the duck that very night, ate it, and later in the midst of his sleep, felt his skin begin to itch. In the morning, his body was covered with a thick growth of duck's feathers, so painful that he cried out. "Quack," came the farmer's voice in his agony: he had been turned into a duck.

IF SUT ON WERE A FRENCH GIRL, she would not have to listen to such scenes of stamping and cursing; they would not happen, and if through some accident they ever did, she could go off and turn on the water faucets, tremendous silver spigots known to shine through French villas, and in the rush of French water, drown out all the noise.

How does Sut On know so much about what happens in French houses? In a roundabout way, the answer is her grandfather, and in an even more roundabout way, it's certain big-time Cholon merchants, much richer than Wu, so much richer, in fact, that when they appear at the house unexpected, it sends Wu running up and down screaming orders and bumping tea-things. By mistake, he even bowed at a no-good friend of sickly Lim's, whom he had forbidden to ever come back. This is the perfect situation for Ping who is always waiting for the time her smiling smug ways would get a deserving reception. But it's not Wu these whispering, dark-suited merchants have come to see. Instead, it's Sut On's grandfather—whose reputation they have not forgotten, whose words and even name, because he was once their teacher, can still recall them to fear.

"Man's life-span depends on his uprightness," says Sut On's grandfather immediately. Naturally, they are up to something. Why waste time? "He who goes on living without it escapes disaster only by good fortune."

"My grandfather was a *lettré*," Sut On would say later on in her school years, simply to make an impression, because otherwise she was ashamed of her household. But in much later years and in a very different place, this old misused sentence came back to her head with a certain surprise.

The merchants leave without even saying goodbye to Wu. This is the reason for their visit: they have managed to secure an extra place for a Chinese child in the French school, and they wish to honor

their old teacher by offering it to him, for one of his grandchildren. Sut On's grandfather is very pleased—not so much by the offer, but because they remembered to quote for him from Feng Kui-fen: "There are many brilliant people in China. There must be some who can learn from the barbarians and surpass them."

Wu is furious, he stalks around and cannot even go back to his abacus. What does he care about French schools? The richest men in Cholon have been in his house, drunk his tea, have come and gone as if he were nonexistent. If they truly want to honor his father, then help make the old man's life more prosperous and comfortable by entering into business arrangements with the son. But Ping sees it differently: "Think of Chen. When he goes to the French school, he'll be able to help *his* father"; and because Wu is still fuming, children on the floor are crying, and Chen, a loping, sneaky boy is nowhere around. Ping shrieks out in an unwifely voice, "Chen! Find Chen! It's his grandfather who wants him."

"Do they think I have no ability?" says Wu. "Do they think my contacts in the Delta would be of no use to *them*?"

"If you don't find Chen immediately," Ping screams at all the other children. "you are disobeying your grandfather!"

Lim's listless friend, who has taken off his shirt, yawns very loudly, the goat rings his bell in the back, and Sut On's grandfather, who does not at this moment look like a wandering cloud at all, says, "It's time for my walk with Sut On."

THERE IS NOTHING AT ALL UNUSUAL about Sut On's grandfather taking her out for a walk. It has been a habit of his for years, and rarely is the walk itself very different. For years, he has held her hand and walked slowly through the different streets of Cholon, only speeding up a bit or ducking into a narrow alley when he sees the face of someone he does not respect and would rather avoid. Occasionally he goes along the docks and this is the only part Sut On does not like: the coolies, wearing no shirts and sweating, load things on their backs and mutter themselves peasant Cantonese curses, just as her father does in the times when he is angry. Her grandfather does not allow her to look away, because he knows she does not like it, he buys her a slice of pineapple or a fruit drink to suck on. Usually, though, they walk slowly through the streets and the stalls and he tells her about his village in Canton, which even her parents have never seen, tells her stories from ancient China, sometimes when he thinks of it, recites pieces of poems. What she likes best is the story of Chuang Tzu, who was a philosopher, a real person, but she is never sure of it. One night he dreamed he was a butterfly, and when he woke up he couldn't decide whether he was Chuang Tzu who had dreamed he was a butterfly, or whether instead he was real and the butterfly who kept on dreaming he was Chuang Tzu. "Is it I, Chuang Tzu?" her grandfather says, changing his voice when he comes to this part of the story and thinking about it now, Sut On is about to ask her grandfather to tell it to her again, but he is holding her hand more tightly, and walking along so quietly.



are no longer even in Cholon, but in Saigon where Vietnamese live, and there are no more Chinese.

"Look very carefully, Sut On," her grandfather said, "being in a strange place, how can she do it? She hardly knows any Vietnamese, having lived in Cholon all her life, and always gone to French school. Once, in one of his strange, unpredictable fits of anger, her father knocked down a French policeman, leaving him sprawled out in the street. Probably he had said something to offend the Chinese or looked at her father in a way that made him think so, but since it had happened in Cholon, even though there were many people there, naturally it had all come to nothing, except to her mother for whom it was just an extra source of how she lived in shame.

Sut On looks around her and knows what she will see: a lithe Annamese girl, pretty in an *ao dai*. Her shoulders are too broad, her legs are too heavy, and she has never put on an *ao dai* and got accustomed to the material, just above it her face would have had giveaway—she will always look Chinese. That is not what her grandfather has in mind.

"They have nothing," he says, and will not even look at all the Vietnamese who crowd through the streets. "No Empire, no culture, no language, no art. They couldn't even keep their alphabet. In any case, was really ours. What do they have that isn't borrowed?" and walking along in a plain Mandarin coat and his beard, Sut On's grandfather does not dodge around trishaws or pedicabs but passes right by them as if they were not there at all.

Soon they aren't: they have walked so far, and her grandfather, that by this time there are more trishaws or bicycles, only Frenchmen. Their eyes blink too much against the sun, their feet seem stuck as they push them, in big crowds along the street.

"I never told you this story before, Sut On," her grandfather says. But she's in no mood for a story. No other street is so wide and so shiny, no other street has no markets or stalls. Instead, people come in and out of glass-covered stores wearing the kind of clothing that stares out from the glass. Behind their very pink faces, they climb to the top of windowed buildings, and when they get tired of going so high, they come down to the street, tip back in strange chairs, and unfolding their newspapers, they sip cups of coffee and don't suck their thumbs. Not one of them knows enough to hold a cup with two hands, and despite this, they live in big houses hidden by gardens, where maybe occasionally they take off their wide shoes. Even their children have pink faces and red and yellow hair, and when they take rides on airplanes do not come home to goats.

What story can have come to her grandfather's mind? Heng O, the Moon Lady? The Sisters in the Sky? How the Eight Old Ones Crossed the Sea? None of this street could make him think of any of

"A hunter went into the woods and in them found a young deer, a fawn so lovely that he could not kill her. Instead, he brought her back with him to his home, and let her play there within his yard. At first, he worried that his dogs would attack the shy creature, so different from themselves. But it was not so. For months on end the fawn played and frolicked with the dogs in his yard, and grew up with them so well that the hunter saw no reason to return her to the forest. One day, however, when the gate to his yard was open, the deer ventured forth and seeing some dogs in the distance, she scampered up to play with them. But these were strange dogs who had never seen a deer before. They tore her up from limb to limb and that is the end of her story. For so long a time had she lived with dogs, she no longer knew she was not one of them."

"I've never even seen a fawn," Sut On says, though she's never made this objection to stories about fox-fairies. But they're no longer on the Rue Catinat now, so she skips on the streets that are increasingly familiar, and her grandfather buys her a slice of pineapple.

"A deer is a fleet animal," he says very carefully: it is Sut On who will go to the French school.

"Draw Your Own Conclusions"

IN FRENCH BOOKS, the paper is very glossy. Touching it, in her European schoolgirl's smock, Sut On is no longer a girl who comes home each day to a room above a go-down in Cholon, or even a strangely pink-faced girl whose mother in thin, high-heeled shoes plays tennis at the Cercle Sportif and thinks nothing of walking in and out of shops on the Rue Catinat. Instead, she is someone named Françoise or perhaps Solange, whose face she cannot quite imagine, but whose feet take her along broad, tree-lined boulevards, broader than any in Saigon, and down into underground trains where people around her sit down politely with armfuls of long thin breads. Sometimes this Françoise or Solange takes her small dog, Coco, for a walk into gardens called the Tuileries. She is totally unfamiliar with goats, though sometimes in August she and her family—moustached, firm-voiced father, smiling mother, and perhaps a small brother named Jean-Claude—take trips in a car which they own, past farms to the countryside. Here, there are animals, maybe even a goat, but Françoise or Solange occupies herself with the fruit orchards. She sings a song to herself in a perfect French accent about a shepherdess, all the while she is picking cherries and dropping them one, two, three into a basket. She is very careful to avoid picking any mushrooms, and when it is time for a meal, eats veal in a sauce of wine and butter, and potatoes that have been cut up thin and fried. Never in her life has she tasted bean curd, and if she saw a lichee nut, she wouldn't know what to do with it.

"She'll grow up to be a taxi-girl," Ping shrieks whenever she sees Sut On in her smock, carrying home her schoolbooks and writing out her lessons.

It's the one thing Ping ever learned from Chinese literature: educated girls may bring great pleasure to men, even Emperors, but never, never are they marriageable. Sut On's mother pays no attention to this, goes on pouring out her many cups of tea as usual, and worries only that her daughter, almost grown now, has become much too concerned with ordinary noises and everyday smells. Because of this, Ping has begun to call her Madame Oo-la-la, and still rails to Wu about his father. "How can he have shown such preference? He must have been as blind and deaf then as he is now."

He's not truly deaf yet, Sut On's grandfather, but he is blind enough so that it's very difficult for him to read. Instead of taking walks together, Sut On reads out to him from old issues of a Chinese newspaper whose office has been bombed. Luckily he cannot tell that these are articles which he's heard before, and is pleased enough with Sut On's blurry presence and the rising and falling of her voice as she reads. After his death, when his picture—taken so far back in his youth that Sut On does not even recognize him—is hanging on the ancestral altar, her mother says, "He was a very fair man, your grandfather. He had no illusions about his children." What, in Sut On's opinion, was there to have illusions about?

There are things about her, though, which he has never known. First, her greatest mistake at the French school: a picture in drawing class. The drawing was in honor of Christmas, a feast day celebrating peacefulness and serene joy. Sut On drew a great-winged bird flying slowly from high mountains to a quiet pond. All around her, other children drew a fat, bearded man, Père Noël, or a pink, yellow-haired baby surrounded by donkeys. The French girls laughed aloud, the Vietnamese girls looked at each other and giggled, the drawing teacher tore up her paper. Sut On looked up at the drawing teacher: blond and doughy, his face looked like a countryside in a European child's picture book—the sheep on hills in French nursery rhymes. So, once again Sut On drew a picture for the joyful holiday—a pink, yellow-haired baby, and put him right next to a goat.

"Do you *live* in Cholon?" the French girls would ask her sometimes. "My parents like to go there to eat Chinese food. Do you walk all the way?"

Sut On walks all the way, she has never tired of it. No longer a small child on the arm of her grandfather, there are streets in Saigon she has gotten to know as well as Cholon. These days, though, there are almost no French girls left in her classes, and the Vietnamese girls who once giggled at her drawing, hop into their brothers' sportscars, wearing sunglasses and giggling still. This time they're off to Vung Tau, to the seashore. Perhaps soon they'll go to Paris or even America. In the meantime, they buy new scarves, look through *Paris-Match*, and watch the American secretaries whose hairdos, incredibly, rise up like so many new buildings: floors and floors of immovable, perfect curls.

Sut On will not go to Paris, nor to the university at Hue as she had wished. In the room above her

uncle's go-down, cousins' children lie wailing on floor. Lim sucks his gums with his cap on, the rings his bell in the yard. If she takes this te from her mother's hands, it will not rest between fingers, but fling itself in all directions: like a dragon or one of the Forty-seven Beasts, then nothing that it will not smash.

"A Secret Base in Cu Chi"

NARRATOR: "THE VILLAGE OF QUOC TRI, on a place of cheer and hardy, joyous activity for itself suddenly plunged, through no fault of its into one of lassitude and woe. No longer did sultry winds whistle through the green and stalks a happy, continuous melody as busy as chirping of crickets. It was not floods which drowning the crops and sturdy spirits of the lagers, but great sheets of fire and flame, falling from the skies which ruthlessly consumed, sparing nothing: neither fields, nor homes, nor sons. Villagers who remained could not contain their puzzlement. What had they done to so anger their ancestors? The women wept and wailed over the loss of those most dear, and the men, sunk in anger and sorrow, did not know what there was to be done, nor what indeed was the cause of this terrible fortune. As they sat, still tormented by grief and astonishment, soldiers appeared amidst the ruins. From their speech and appearance, the villagers could ascertain that these soldiers were Southern like themselves, and rushed out to greet them with hope innocent in their hearts. Alas! Neither hope nor innocence lasted beyond that instant. The soldiers, as rude and ruthless as the flames themselves, gave no heed to the cries of their countrymen. Cruelty flickered on their features and then swooped through the desolated village, ravishing young daughters, torturing its revered Elders, and a temporary Chief. But still they had not contented themselves, for they began to vie with each other in wringing the necks of the few miserable, squawking chickens scratching mournfully about in scorched yards. These they carried off to be rumbling trucks nearby, trucks whose massive sides were labeled U.S.A. And finally the villagers understood! These soldiers were the puppet troops of the usurper government, and the sheets of flame, cause of their misfortune, did not fall from the sky but were thrown upon them by giant planes flying from the country of Hollywood."

What has happened to Françoise or Solange? And where, for that matter, is Sut On? Called Anh no she is wearing black trousers still strange to her, standing to the side, watching, as a small theatrical troupe performs a pageant for the villagers. It is NLF holiday, so members from her base which close to the village have come with the troupe to celebrate. It's not the first time she's been in a village like this one: years before, when Wu drove out to buy rice, Sut On and Chen occasionally went along. Chen would lope along with his father, but Sut almost never got out of the car. Sitting in it, stu

seat by the heat and the sun, she would look out the windows, closed against mosquitoes, and at the red-tiled roofs behind small palm trees, little orchards of mangoes and jackfruits, and all, at a certain slow quietness so different from Cholon, she would wish that she was one of all girls she could see running barefoot past the keys, sucking on a piece of cane or perhaps a nut. She looks no more like them now than then: it's girls like these she's met at Cu Chi, whose bodies black trousers are not strange. They have run barefoot for miles and miles through wild panther country, and think nothing of the rice and *nuoc-mam* are what they're used to. Jungle sounds at night do not make them think. Their Vietnamese is so quick she can barely understand it. Naturally she is still not trusted. The troupe is finishing up, waiting for the music. They sing with a guitar:

*An American plane is like a tiger
Ferocious from afar
But helpless against determination!*

Sut On is still watching a small-boned girl from the troupe, a dancer, who played out with slow, jerky movements the grief of a widow. The sadness which just minutes before crept and bent her back all of her, is gone now, transformed. She is now up straight, and in a plain cotton blouse her hair might have worn in the Viet Minh, is singing with all of them, "helpless against determina-

tion. When other women bring forth children, you bring forth rifles," said the official who arrested Ho's men in the days of the Viet Minh. Her father was a *lettré*. "My grandfather was a *lettré*," says Sut On tonight, when they are back at Cu Chi, far behind the foliage. In the darkness especially, the feeling of holiday persists: there are coconuts and an orange or two from the village, and some of the younger boys are strumming on guitars. But Sut On is impatient with it. In a headiness, an elation she cannot explain to herself, she pushes a guitar away from someone's hands, and in her high Chinese—she hears her accent but doesn't care—begins to sing:

*Dors mon amour
Fais do-do mon trésor
On crie chez la voisine
Chez nous une câline
Tu se traînes dans la fange
Tu vas dans la soie
Dans la robe d'un ange recalée pour toi.*

The song is from *Mother Courage*, a record Sut On found hidden behind books in the French consulate.

*Dors mon amour
Fais do-do mon trésor
L'un repose en Pologne
Et l'autre je ne sais où.*

"Why are you singing a French song?" says the American. He is a wiry man, quick, nimble, and for that

reason called Squirrel. No one's name is their own.

Why is she singing a French song? For a second, in her headiness, Sut On thinks she will tell Squirrel about *Mother Courage*, about the Thirty Years War, but is afraid that just like with machine-gun fire, when her head drums so quickly that the rounds seem too slow, her thoughts are going so quickly her voice would make no sense.

"It's a lullaby," she says and, looking at him directly, knows perfectly well that was not the way she sang it.

The cadre begins tapping rapidly on a bamboo length he has sharpened. In his staccato Northern voice, he says, "You should not stay in the jungle any longer."

"A Red Scarf and a Blue Scarf and Two Wigs"

THERE IS NO STREET IN CHOLON, no house, no door, no stand, no stall that Sut On could not find in her sleep. It is in fact this feeling of sleep that stays with her now as she walks through the market in a short wig and a Western dress, seeing no one and smiling dimly, politely at hawkers who, noticing a stranger, shout out elevated prices in broken Vietnamese. She could tear off her wig, pull out her voice, and scream and haggle with them in Chinese, but luckily the sleepiness stops her. In some ways, nothing even seems familiar, so she walks on, with her sunglasses, to a certain teashop where she picks up instructions. In front of it, there is a row of old women who are selling radios and cameras in cartons marked PX. One of them suddenly looks up at her and in a hoarse, tired voice calls out in Chinese—it is *not* her mother. Inside, the message is more or less what she has been expecting: "The mountains around you do not have higher peaks than the one on which you already stand! There is no going back."

In the bare Cholon apartment rented to Miss Phung Ngoc Anh, Sut On lights a joss stick, and in its old, missed smell folds and unfolds the scarves, staring at the red and blue squares in the dark room. Over and over again, she turns them inside out and around and smooths down the edges: it's as if they were someone else's, she has never been so neat.

"Should I wear the red or blue?" she says, and feels like giggling, so much does she want to pretend that this is her dilemma.

Asleep on the straw mat which belongs to the apartment, she dreams that her grandfather is walking through the long narrow halls of her uncle's godown. He is coming to greet her, but does not call out her name or even beckon to her. He just keeps on walking slowly with a slice of pineapple held out in his hands.

"There is no going back." To what would Phung Ngoc Anh go back? There is a girl with a flowing red scarf who speeds through the streets on the back of a motorcycle. If her heart is remote, she'd be the last one to know it. Fleet as a fawn, she shoots with both hands.

Friedel Ungeheuer

RETURN TO FRANKFURT



THEY SAY HOME IS A PLACE WHERE ONE IS REMEMBERED. My brother Rolf, however, had again forgotten about our arrival in Frankfurt until I called him from an *Autobahn* rest house a few hours away. He is like that. A respectable hulk of a man, but most of it unadulterated inertia. In Germany his kind of repose strikes one as eccentric. To me it is the quintessence of his charm.

He now inhabits our old apartment all by himself, though it was once big enough to hold seven of us. Not long after my father's death in 1961, our mother moved into a small bungalow in the country, where she could be alone and receive her grandchildren on weekends only. My three sisters had left one by one, after they married and proceeded to spawn their own broods. One of them moved as far away as Geneva, where she wed an Italian engineer. Only Rolf lacked the energy to quit the place. Three years ago, he too had a short bout with marriage. After twelve unhappy months, his bride left and took a shiny tea table and the marital bed with her. It was as if the old flat had refused to serve as the shelter for another generation of Ungeheuers, a name that means "monsters" in German.

He is only five years older than I, but belongs to that other generation which had their lives slashed by the war. Many of his friends died in it. And not the least talented. "The eager ones were always the first to get it," he once told me. To survive you had to be a little lazy. They had drafted Rolf three times. First, at the age of fifteen, when they took all the able-bodied boys in his high-school class and trained them as Flak Helpers. They were

put into gun-gray uniforms with swastika armbands to distinguish them from regular soldiers and taught how to handle the 88-millimeter anti-aircraft pieces set up behind a brick factory a few miles from our house. As Flak Helpers they lived in wooden barracks, where their teachers visited them twice a week. Usually, they were too tired to listen to their lessons, having been up all night behind their guns, while the teachers slept in raid shelters. Two years later he was drafted a second time for his stint of *Arbeitsdienst*. This time they gave him a brown uniform with a swastika armband and a short-handled spade, whose blade had to glisten like a mirror for parades. By 1943 they had little time for parades, however. Most of the time was spent in the fields, digging tank traps and trenches. A lot of the boys came down with pneumonia, but not my brother Rolf. They gave him a four-week rest after the *Arbeitsdienst*, before drafting him again. This time he came home wearing a green uniform with a small eagle on the collar holding a wreathed swastika in its claws and a black patch at the collar marked by the runic letters.

For his basic training he was sent to Munich. Within a few weeks his sulky stubbornness had him in deep trouble. He sent us a picture postcard of the SS *Kaserne*, a group of desultory buildings enclosed by a high wall. On the back he wrote, "The wall stands for Sing-Sing. Rumor has it that the architect committed suicide after finishing the building. They did not get him for that, however. The charges they brought against him were far more serious. He had disobeyed the order of a corporal, whom

Friedel Ungeheuer has reported from Europe, Africa, and the U.S. for Reuters and Time since 1958. While working on a book about English and European towns, he recently visited the old city where he had spent his boyhood under Nazi rule.

ld that the war was as good as lost and
anda Chief Joseph Göbbels was a blowhard.
rporal immediately denounced him to the
y commander. He was spared a court-mar-
ause he had not yet sworn his oath to the
and the flag. Instead, they decided to "break
their way before sending him to the front.
ew days a drill sergeant chased him over the
barracks yard in full field pack, ordering
take cover in shell craters filled with water.
time he reached the edge of a crater—the
s were riddled with them—the sergeant
"Cover," and Rolf dived into it.

old me afterwards that he considered himself
not to have been sent to the Russian front.
ently, the trains had already stopped running
East. Instead, he witnessed the last fighting
Bavaria, where the SS was almost as busy
ng up *Wehrmacht* stragglers as harassing
ancing U.S. Army. Several times he was sep-
from his unit. Finally, he was rounded up
10,000 others in a camp near Regensburg.

learned how to survive in POW camp. He
egan to appreciate his membership in the SS
first time. (He was always a late developer.)
impressed him about his SS buddies was
they managed to stick together when others
art. Those who knew how to use their hands
ed best. Mechanics, carpenters, plumbers, and
rians were the first to have access to work
od. They were the most needed. If he learned
t after his return, he would always be able
vive. Even under a Communist regime, he
nt.

the time I finished high school in Frankfurt,
who returned from POW camp in the summer
46, had acquired the skills of a precision
nic. For the next fifteen years he worked in
sembly line manufacturing typewriters and
nting machines. When he got tired of being
linary factory worker, he enrolled in a course
masters of industry," only to discover that
phemistic diploma was worthless. The avail-
oreman jobs in the plant went to the relatives
er foremen, most of them former Communists.
party was banned again despite the Allied
y over the National Socialists.) They liked to
d their fellow workers over lunch that Uncle
as still alive and well in Moscow. As some-
ho was born into the white-collar *Kleinbürger*.
wer middle class. Rolf felt as isolated in this
any as he would have among a new *jeunesse*
, whose fathers had caught the right end of
rst postwar boom.

MY RETURN TO FRANKFURT, the careful state
of neglect in which he had kept the apartment
it easier to feel at home again. It was a re-
ng contrast to the conscious modernity we had
ntered around every bend on the way in.
old linoleum floor mother used to keep at a
gloss was a relaxed, dull shade now. The little
to the overstuffed garbage bin would no

longer lock. The boiler over the bathtub leaked
out of the wrong faucet. The apartment's water
closet broke down the day of our arrival. Next year
they would install entirely new fixtures in the bath
and kitchen. Rolf assured me.

Rolf had laid on a small supply of Rhine wine.
It was his only improvement over the old *ménage*.
He also had a bottle of Calvados and a freshly cured
ham, which hung from the kitchen window. In the
evening some of his friends dropped by to share
the wine. He was a good host, who knew how to
make people feel comfortable. The others were soon
off on their new German superlatives. Frankfurt's
airport now had the largest passenger traffic on the
Continent, almost as much as London. The Nord-
weststadt was the biggest satellite town in Germany.
Even Americans came to study it. Two-thirds of the
people in Frankfurt worked in service industries—
the only German city to approach the U. S. average.
They were building hi-fi speakers at Braun's no
bigger than a tennis ball, but with an inimitable
purity of tone. The fabulous Wankel rotary engine;
a camera lens small enough to photograph nerve
ends; the best color television in the world. A new,
new world in which everything that was would soon
be replaced, "*Denn alles was entsteht verdient zu
Grund zu gehn*," as Goethe's Mephisto told Faust
("For everything that grows deserves to perish").
But then Goethe had also come from Frankfurt.
With an ironical smile, Rolf promised to modernize
his apartment, too, by separating the rooms with
revolutionary walls of electric light!

It was curious. Why did he always seem to be so
much out of step with his contemporaries? I used
to think it was his depressing awareness of being a
Kleinbürger. "We bake the smaller bread," he had
once defined it and forbade me to speak High
German to him, the accent affected by the educated
class in our part of South Germany. He warned me
that my origins, dialect, and lack of property would
always condemn me to one class. "You just want
to wee-wee with the big dogs," he said, when I went
off to learn how to ski, "but you can't raise your
hind leg that high."

During my senior year at Harvard I invited him
to try his luck in the U. S. His visit turned out to
be something of a misadventure all the way around.
The Raytheon Company offered him a position in its
new transistor department plus an opportunity to
gain an engineering degree on the side. It seemed
like an excellent opportunity to me. But he was
already twenty-nine at the time and skeptical about
his future, perhaps a little afraid of the new chal-
lenge. He pretended the U. S. left him cold. He even
objected to the proliferation of naked telephone
poles on the streets of Cambridge. They hurt his
eyes. "Why can't they put their power lines under
the ground the way other people do?" he said. The
remark proved prophetic. I also introduced him to
my friend, Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, who was
just back from a visit with his father. Rolf was
not impressed. The only thing he liked about John
D. Rockefeller IV, another member of my Harvard
club, was the state of his footwear. He liked to see a

RETURN TO
FRANKFURT

man who could afford to hang an original Utrillo in his rooms wear torn, washed-out sneakers. But he did not neglect to warn me about these associations, of which I may have been unduly proud. They would get me nowhere, "except after you return everything will be much more painful."

He went back to the assembly line at the Remington Torpedo Works in Frankfurt. After two more years he enrolled in a night school to become an electrical engineer. Shortly after earning his degree, six years later, he took a job with the Municipal Power Works, supervising the laying of electrical cables—underground.

The morning after my arrival he left for the Works at six-thirty. In Germany almost everybody starts work at seven. It is one of the secrets of the "economic miracle," I believe, because it forces everyone into bed early, while it leaves a good part of the afternoon for family life. As soon as he was gone I rose, too. There was a place I had been eagerly waiting to see again. It is an old wooden bridge, and in my mind this bridge had come to stand for The Bridge, the one that should never be burned down. It was my link to home just as it had once been our link to the city. Also, I suppose it had something to do with the way our homes help to shape the anatomy of our imagination. My first crayon drawing of a bridge in kindergarten resembled this bridge, and the river that still flows underneath its slanted, weathered beams became the archetype of all rivers to me, the tall ash on its banks a little way downstream the criterion for trees. All the way back to Frankfurt, I had begun to think about this bridge again like a point of repair.

It was winter now. The river looked dark and clean, its frozen banks were covered with snow. In my day ice would have hardened the surface already. We would have marked off a hockey field and been out there swatting away with our homemade sticks at a crunched tin can. I suspect the acidic wastes in the water from a chemical plant upstream was to blame for its refusal to freeze over. Within a few feet of the bridge they were finishing a span of superhighway to link the Nordweststadt to the city of Frankfurt. A lot of concrete had been expended on it. The fields in between, I had been told, would be spared, "to leave a green area between the inner and the outer city."

Arriving in Germany from France this time, I had driven over a similar span of concrete. For hours I had been steering my car through an endless row of trees closing in on us from both sides. It was like running a gauntlet to reach the frontier at Saarbrücken. Then we suddenly passed into the twentieth century. The broad ribbon of the *Autobahn* wound away from the customs shed, curving around the first urban obstacle course. (In a French town, we might have stopped for a bowl of soup or a quick look at an illuminated cathedral.) The modernistic rest houses on the *Autobahn* stayed open all night. On the pay telephone you could dial any part of West Germany. The service at the pumps was rapid and friendly. All along the *Autobahn* trucks were out, their yellow warning lights flash-

ing, spraying the snowy lanes with salt. In the snow other cars continued to pass us at top speed, as if their drivers wanted to live the foreign caricature of the Germans as a people hurtling toward a new doom.

They have always been an adventurous people who liked to experiment with the new. The one had from the old wooden bridge had also been modern not so very long ago. I could never get a certain amount of pride in having been born here. The fact that it was a low-cost housing project bothered me very little until I showed it to my mother. She found it all singularly drab. Nor could she shake my nostalgic notions about its Roman past. The river was still called the Nidda, for instance, the Roman town of Nida built there by Trajan in the first century A.D. and surrounded by a river in the third. When the housing project was begun in 1927, they had uncovered enough Roman ruins to fill a museum and it was decided to call it Römerstadt (Roman Town). Along the new edge of the Römerstadt ran an old road, which had deeply into its own bed, which was still known as Heerstrasse—the Street of Armies. It too was to date back to the Roman conquest in the first century. While hoeing his tomatoes in our garden, my father had once dug up a coin bearing the head of Emperor Vespasian.

As children, we appreciated especially the sparing multitudes of other children in the Römerstadt. Lawns embedded in concrete were still a novelty to us. In the fields on the other side of the wall, farmers still grazed their cattle and horses. During the summer we cut secret paths through the ripening rye and wheat, and in the fall we covered the brown earth for forgotten potatoes, roots, and them in our own fires of dried weeds. Our parents never ceased to remind us how lucky we were to live in the city itself. They had been quick to assume the suburbanite's contempt for towns.

NOR DID WE SUFFER ANY UNNECESSARY PAU-
[N]class-consciousness. Most of our parents were poor, but their poverty was blunted by youth. The city chose to move young white-collar families to the Römerstadt. They were all sales representatives for well-known *Konzerne*, it seemed, with names like Telefunken, Siemens, or Höchst, plus a sprinkling of civil servants, engineers, and young lawyers. Like my own father, many of them had been working for more than a decade, and considered themselves fortunate if they managed to hold on to their jobs during the Thirties. Their organizations were more than mere jobs to them. A *Konzern* was a protective bastion against the vicissitudes of life, of living by your own wits. Just like the American I think they would have liked to wear the uniform marks of their companies like regimental bands.

"This was also the place where the swastika hung thickest from the windows," our teacher announced to the class, shortly after the war. I was only one of three boys in the class who lived in the Römerstadt and I felt ashamed. He was right.

On national holidays, especially on Hitler's birthday, the fronts of our apartment blocks were decorated with flags. Whenever Hitler gave a speech on the radio, you could listen to it, walking through the narrow plots between the houses. Everyone turned up their radios full-blast and opened the windows. I also heard the first *Sondermeldungen* (special announcements) about the *Blitzkrieg* in that way, and a little later about the advance of the *Wehrmacht* into Belgium, Holland, and France. My father had tacked a map of Europe on the living-room wall on which we followed the progress of our troops with small red pins.

As a member of the National Socialist party, though he was slightly less enthusiastic about the glorious victories of the *Wehrmacht* than I was, my father always win the first battles," he said, referring to the four years he spent in the trenches during the initial successes of the first world war. He had been born in 1893, he was the perfect age when the war began. Four years later he returned home, tired and fatigued, looking far older than his twenty-five years. The first year was spent looking for employment as an industrial draftsman, the job which he had been trained before he was drafted. He was hit again during the great inflation of the twenties, the Roaring Twenties as they were called in some parts. His talent at the piano saved him from the worst hardships during the next decade. He became an expert at accompanying the silent movies and something of a celebrity in beer gardens, where he provided the *Stimmungsmusik* on his piano.

Like Hitler, my father's political affiliations were driven between carrying handbills for the Nationalists and a brief acquaintance with members of the Nationalist Steel Helmet Association, most of them veterans of his World War I unit. The movement that managed to combine the frustrations of the post-war, was Adolf Hitler's party. A description of the German journalist Paul Scheffer in the 1932 issue of *Foreign Affairs* gives an instant picture of a typical audience at Hitler's rallies in that period. "The predominant element in the hall is so aptly described in Germany as the 'depressed' middle class: creatures visibly down at the heels, spiritually crushed in the struggle with the harsh reality, distraught in the perpetual worry about the indispensable necessities of life. One can find many young people among them. All in all . . . that famous 'brew' into which Germany, once so proudly articulated in her classes and callings, has been reduced during these past ten years."

My father's luck did not change until 1935, when he managed to land a job by joining the SA. They gave him a position as a designer in the Lurgi engineering branch of the Metallgesellschaft, a large engineering company with interests in nonferrous metal chemistry, and mining, founded and still owned by one of Frankfurt's powerful Jewish families, though they remained in legal control until the Mertons had lost their say over personnel matters in the affiliates. Perhaps Herr Merton, whom I later met at the home of the New York

banker who helped me through Harvard, had decided to humor the party's rabid nationalism in the beginning. To the ridicule of his British relatives, his own father had been baptized a Christian and had fallen in with the Germanic lore of Wilhelminian Germany like so many of Germany's upper-class Jews. Merton had come back from England right after the war to take up the reins of his company again.

I do not think my father quite grasped how the company that had accepted him only after he joined the SA wanted to dismiss him after the war for the same reason. Fortunately, his membership in the SA did not last long. My mother could never stand the sight of riding boots and cavalry breeches on someone who had never sat on a horse. I think she also preferred to have the father of her children home on weekends, rather than stomping through beer halls in dubious, hard-drinking male company. He worked off the pain of having been condemned as a *Mitläufer* (fellow traveler) by a post-war denazification court as a general laborer in the Lurgi foundry. Otherwise, we managed to survive the war with only a few scratches, though all my mother's relatives died in bombardments.

THE END OF THE WAR CAME far less painfully than my parents had first imagined, since the Römerstadt never became a battleground and Frankfurt was only feebly defended. Until the end, my mother refused any defeatist talk. With the instinctive foresight of history's victims, she prophesied a happy future. "You will see," she told us in the bomb cellar one night, "milk and honey will flow in this land, because Germany will be the last frontier against Communism and the Soviet Union. They will have to feed us, because they are just as afraid of Germany going Communist as the Nazis were."

When U. S. artillery began to shell us from the other side of the Main river, my mother first wanted to flee. My baby sister was packed into her carriage with a few loaves of bread and a bit of sandwich spread. We were each given a blanket and our warmest clothes to wear. There was only my mother, my three little sisters, and I. Father was already gone with the *Folkssturm*, where he had finally been reunited with some of his old SA cronies to organize a last-ditch defense. But he had made it back to the apartment before the Americans crossed the Main. Luckily, my mother too was struck by the ridiculousness of her own attempt to flee. There was no place to flee anymore, except eastward toward the Russians. After we had walked only a few hundred yards behind the baby carriage, she wheeled it around and returned to the apartment. We spent the next few days in a concrete air-raid bunker in the neighborhood, waiting for the shelling to subside.

For me and my friends the event was, of course, full of adventurous possibilities, the way much of the war had been. We climbed, I remember, to the tower of our grade-school building, which had recently served as the headquarters of the Flak Brigade. Now it was deserted. On the turret the

"In Germany almost everybody starts work at seven. It is one of the secrets of the 'economic miracle'."

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Flak had left a pair of strong night glasses mounted on a metal bar through which we had a clear view of the town in the distance, the wooden bridge in the foreground, and the fields and patch of woods between us and the city. We were sure to get a sighting on the first American tanks when they emerged from the woods. In one of the rooms of the school we found large, yellow paper balloons which could be inflated by lighting a small package of wax wired into an aperture on the bottom. They were carried aloft as soon as the burning wax filled them with hot air. We let several of them go from the turret and saw them float away toward town with the unfortunate result, half an hour later, of heavier shelling from the other side of the Main.

The first Americans we saw were black. They were seated in the cabs of two-ton trucks that began to roll over the Heerstrasse one morning. The day before I had seen the last SS men pass by on foot. A tall blond corporal, whom I handed a plate of mashed potatoes and two cigarettes, told a group of weeping women, "Don't worry. We'll be back." Most of the women had sons on the Russian front, few of whom ever came back. The next thing we knew American trucks were rolling along the ancient road that had carried so many armies through our province. It was an endless line of trucks, one behind the other, and they never came to a halt. For two days and two nights they filled the air with the deep growl of their engines.

For my parents there were new fears. There was little food left in the stores, and when the bakery opened a few days later, long lines quickly formed outside. Polish laborers, who had broken out of their camp in a nearby factory, lost no time letting the local populace feel a bit of their pent-up anger. They marched up to stores in platoon strength and pummeled the women with clubs. Then they raided the shops. A week later the Americans installed a platoon of infantrymen near us, whose main task, it seemed, was to protect the women in the neighborhood against further attacks. A few apartment blocks were cleared of German families to give the liberated Poles some decent quarters.

The American patrols in the Römerstadt were soon surrounded by groups of boys—the girls were still too shy—who wanted to see their weapons, check their gear, and try out their rudimentary English on them. To my own amazement I discovered that of all the boys on the block I had the most English available. My grades in school had always been below average. I suddenly had enough to suffice for the bare minimum of conversation. And converse I did. Within a short time, I was reading about the Katzenjammer Kids and Orphan Annie in the comic strips of a Miami Sunday paper, which one of the soldiers brought on patrol duty with him.

Soon there were more Americans than we could handle. One Sunday morning in May, which had started out sunny and warm, American personnel carriers with mounted loudspeakers drove through the streets announcing that all families would have to clear out of their homes within three hours. No

one would be allowed to take along anything but their clothes, linen, and kitchenware. So together with three thousand other families we quit our homes, allowing ourselves to be driven out like sheep. Perhaps some of us were aware that German occupations were never exactly delicate affairs, either. Besides, we had been spared the worst. Two million Germans had been chased out of the Eastern provinces a few months earlier. In Frankfurt alone tens of thousands of families had lost their homes during the bombardments. We had survived the war and would survive the loss of our homes and furniture, too. Only one woman succumbed to the humiliation. She sat on a large leather hassock which her husband had brought back from North Africa before the war. She watched the chaotic scurrying around her in a melancholy state. Later that day she tried to commit suicide and had to be taken to an asylum.

Together with two other families we found a first, provisional shelter in an abandoned sheep stall of the old mill, just opposite our block. During the following days I watched the U. S. Army Engineers burn our furniture in the bomb craters and put up a high barbed-wire fence around the whole Römerstadt. A week earlier, they had fenced off a neighborhood around the I. G. Farben Building in Frankfurt, town, which General Eisenhower had chosen as the European Headquarters. The Römerstadt had been selected as the barracks of the 508th regiment of the 82nd "All American" Airborne Division, and we were to serve as his Honor Guard.

IF I WERE EVER ASKED FOR THE DATE ON which I left home—left home for good, that is, irrevocably—home—Sunday in May would probably come close. Even though I still lodged with my family for a few more years. The apartment in the Römerstadt was my home. The other places never were. I stayed in the sheep stall only for the summer. My father found two rooms in the apartment of a couple who had to give us the bath for a kitchen. My family rarely reproached me for lengthy absences. Only much later, when I would disappear for weeks on end to stay at the house of my American friend, my mother exploded once and said, "don't you become a *Hausbursch* (domestic help) for the Americans?" She did not realize that I had become their *Hausbursch* a long time ago and was on my way to something better. The cigarettes and soap I had brought back in the beginning were earned by washing up our former apartment for the paratroopers who had moved into it. I also discovered that paratroopers had a mystique about their Jumpsuits and Boots. They not only set them apart from regular infantrymen, but had to be regularly shined to make their magic powers against ankle breaks on Jump Days. I became expert at giving my men the shine in C Company.

My progress in English, propped by snatches of Army slang, was rapid. I served as an important link between when adults would arrive at the front with things to sell for cigarettes: champagne, &

Lugers, swastika flags, or past virtues. Investigation Mother began to take in washing diers, and I simply added some of my earnings. Occasionally, I kept a bar of chocolate and downed it amid waves of guilt.

I was better off than most Germans of my men in my platoon, who lived in our apartment in the same entry, began to bring back from the mess hall for me. I could stuff my pineapple ice cream. Only a year later, when I started up again, I learned that many others had made it a matter of pride to stay aloof from the U. S. Army. Meanwhile, I had seen many compatriots demean themselves for a few cigarettes and had extended my lack of sympathy to all of them. "What people are ashamed of makes a good story," F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote in *The Last Tycoon*. It was easy to despise officials who came to the fence to sell the contents of their office. Shame began with the middle-class women who prostituted themselves for less. There were things that happened between my apartment at home and to me outside that will never make a good story.

On the other hand, it was normal that once the demilitarization rules were dropped the Army's discipline should be limited to the lower fringes of society.

It always is. The whores, the fixers or parasites," as the GIs cynically called them, the racketeers, and at most the poor, who perverted their daughters to be sexually exploited, were the Germans most American soldiers ever hated. No wonder that anyone seen in the company of a uniformed American or who had received aid from an American soldier in his home could easily be ostracized as a *Beuteamerikaner* (booty American). I suppose I was lucky to run into Bob when I did. The shame I might have felt over my previous dealings with soldiers of the Römerstadt garrison was dissipated by his singular friendship. His name was Robert L. Cribbs, and he came from a small mining town of Florence, Colorado. He was the same age as my older brother, roughly nineteen when we first met on the lawn between the mill and the mill in the early summer of 1946. He was too young to have taken part in the shooting of the war, and too eager to learn about Germany and its strange, grating language to be classed among the soldiers I had met before him. He was kind.

Our friendship was the result of a missing "t." For a German boy, who was with him when I had written out the German word for "pencil," he took my note pad and spelled it *Bleistif*. With the assistance of an orthographic genius I pointed out that I had lacked a "t" at the end. Then I explained that in German we preferred to construct words out of elements, rather than borrow from Latin. *Blei* for "lead" and *Stift* for "shaft." In German *Stift* was a leadshaft. We proceeded to more complicated constructions such as *Knalltopfverwertungsmaschine*, which freely translated into "explosive incineration machine." Bob humored me in the way he later humored any other foible he

encountered among strangers. He was intolerant only to friends.

He also quickly realized that although we were almost children still, our minds and attitudes had gone through an unusual, at times cruel, mold. The mind-bending had started in the *Jungvolk*, which we joined at the age American boys went into the Cub Scouts. But that was where the parallel ended. The *Jungvolk's* motto was: "Swift as the windhounds, tough as pine-tanned leather, and hard as Krupp's steel." While Cub Scouts went on hikes, we went on marches. Where they camped, we held war games. While they were supervised by adults, Hitler's idea was to "have youth educate youth." Even political instruction was left in the hands of fourteen- and fifteen-year-old boys. They began by telling us that Jesus Christ was a Jew and Charles the Great, the first German Emperor, was far more concerned with uniting the German Reich than Christianizing the barbaric Saxons. Their last heathen King, Widukind, was held up as the epitome of Germanic virtues, a kind of Teutonic "noble savage." Toward the end of the war I was sent to an evacuation camp in Southern Poland, organized by the Hitler Youth. There we were even further removed from the influence of parents and the schools, where vestiges of the old teaching had still survived. On the night of the summer solstice our Hitler Youth leaders took us up to a summit of the Beskidy Mountains, near Krynica. We built huge fires, "like our Germanic forefathers." As soon as the flames were low enough the braver boys jumped through the fire. Sitting around the glowing embers we sang and listened to our leaders' heroic tales. They talked of the revolution that had brought the National Socialists to power in Germany, the street fights their fathers had waged against armed Communist bands, and how they rounded up the "Jewish swine" on November 8, a new German day of Trinity, which now commemorated the 1918 armistice, the ill-fated march on the *Feldherrnhalle* in Munich, and Crystal Night.

When the camp was moved to Moravia because of the advancing Russian Army, our special train was temporarily shunted onto a railroad siding near Oppeln in Silesia. On the track next to ours I saw a row of boxcars with SD sentries on either side. Through small, square openings screened by barbed wire I recognized the gaunt, unshaven faces of men. Our leaders told us they were Hungarian Jews on their way to work camps. By that time we had been sufficiently convinced of the subhuman nature of Jews to ask no further. I do not believe I was any exception. Except that I will *always* remember that trainload of men.

I do not know how much I told Bob about all this. We concentrated on the more innocent delights of the workshops he set up wherever he went, the certainties of science and the intricacies of our languages. Later, after he had been transferred to a Constabulary Brigade in Darmstadt, about 35 miles south of Frankfurt, he often came to visit us in our small apartment. I learned to listen to the sound of engines in the street and could tell his jeep

"Hitler's idea was to have 'youth educate youth.' Even political instruction was left in the hands of fourteen- and fifteen-year-old boys."

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from all the others. When Bob could not come to Frankfurt, I hitchhiked to Darmstadt. His mother had sent out his old corduroys, a windbreaker jacket, sports shirts, loafers, and argyle socks for me. I became the best-dressed boy in my neighborhood. In those togs hitching a ride on the *Autobahn* became a cinch.

On a train trip from Frankfurt to Augsburg, I remember a conductor approached Bob for a cigarette and then asked for another. I was enraged when Bob also gave him the second one. "How else would he get a cigarette," he explained, "except by asking for it? If he asked for two, it means he wanted them badly enough." He was a born master of the unstructured situation. Like the time we were on a train to Nuremberg. We sat in a compartment reserved for U. S. military personnel. At the station in Hanau I heard screams from the car behind ours and saw a woman run onto the station platform with blood spilling from her face and neck. Bob jumped out of our compartment and climbed into the other one. He fell out seconds later holding a man by the scruff of his shirt. They hit the rails below with a thud, leaving Bob's ankle badly damaged. But he had the right man, a young Pole, who had decided to make room for himself in the crowded compartment by the unconventional method of stabbing at anyone near him. I may be wrong, but I have always believed that Bob's spontaneity was peculiarly American. Violence and compassion had always remained more visible in America, instead of being camouflaged and institutionalized, and public morality was still the product of self-help.

THE BLISS OF MY NEXT AMERICAN ACQUAINTANCE was rather more mixed. This time it had to do with a girl. Her name was Yvonne, and she was the only daughter of an important member of the military government in Frankfurt. I am sure that if I had not at least partially succeeded in turning myself into a carbon copy of an American teen-ager, our acquaintance would have been brief indeed. The whole thing again started at the wooden bridge near home, where one day in the early spring of 1948 I ran into an American boy my age, who was unable to fix the flat on the front wheel of his bike. Like any German cyclist after the war, I always carried a supply of rubber patches, sandpaper, and glue in my saddle bags. He proved so grateful, after I had patched up his punctured inner tube on the spot, that he invited me to come along to his girlfriend's house. I told neither of them that I was German until we had become friends.

Yvonne was almost fourteen but already wore a bright lipstick, and she knew something about appealing to the man in a boy. Her father was a stern Texan of predominantly Irish descent. Her mother came from Central America, where her father had represented an American oil company before the war.

I began to see her almost every day. In the summer we went horseback riding at an estate in the Taunus Mountains, driven there in her father's

staff car and paying for the horses with money supplied by her mother. In the winter we skated the ice-covered tennis courts of the Palm Garden a few blocks from their villa. She had learned pirouettes on the ice rink at Rockefeller Center. Needless to say, my life with Yvonne's family was even less in common with the continued poverty and limitations of my own family than it had with mine. With them I became conscious of a "social class" distinction. It was not always easy to find the thread from my surroundings into a house where the guests were served by a domestic and the possessions of the suit and tie would have been of an obvious antiquity. But so long as our playtime was still limited to afternoons and weekends, it was rather simple. I lived only a short bike ride from home. We did our homework just as likely do our homework together as apart. That is, first I did my own homework and then hers.

Her father was transferred to Wiesbaden a few months later. There she enrolled in a regular U. S. Army Dependents' High School. Fortunately, Wiesbaden was also only 25 miles from my side of Frankfurt, though getting there again meant hitchhiking and the false pretenses. And worse. Yvonne discovered a whole slew of new teen-age friends who were genuine Americans. She turned out to be no more patriotic to tell them the nationality of her weekend visits from Frankfurt than I had been when we first met. We decided to give me another name, and I dropped the Cribbs and altered my first name to Fred. I claimed to be the son of an American public-opinion specialist assigned to the High Commission in Frankfurt. I could talk learnedly on that subject since a year earlier, I had taken part in a poll of the "practical" assignment for the Economic Warfare School I attended in Frankfurt.

For a while no one noticed our ruse, though I lived in a constant panic of imminent discovery. During the week I was just another German school boy in Frankfurt, while on weekends I would be a pair of slightly threadbare Levi's and my windbreaker and head for the *Autobahn*. Usually, I arrived just in time to take Yvonne to a movie with a group of other Dependents, most of them the sons of Air Force generals and colonels. On weekdays we always went bowling. Sometimes we organized a hayride when the weather was right. My profound consternation these inevitably came up in marshmallow fights. Once, I rose to my full five feet, seven inches and shouted, "How dare you throw food at each other, while people all around you eat their bread in tears." The last line was Goethe, who had believed that "eating your bread in tears" was the essential ingredient of a sentimental education. But that was not my problem.

As much as my double existence grated on me, I could not let it go. Yvonne's world was far more delicious and carefree than the one from which I came, where the constant worries over daily life overshadowed everything else. By running away from it I felt like a traitor to my family, my school, and my German friends. I might have continued

We want to be useful
...and even interesting

Kodak



monumental sorrows beset humanity on every hand you
all too well. Perhaps you did not know that there is still a
beauty to be seen and that if you see some of it on a summer
it can be kept for long years to come.

There is a choice in photography other than sunlight or flash. There are times
flash is obtrusive. Consider churches and stage plays. There are times
flash is ineffective. Consider circuses and night football. There are times
flash is ruinous. Consider the above.
At all those times you can purchase "Adventures in Existing-Light Photog-
raphy" at most camera counters. It is one of a library of Kodak publications
for people who enjoy photography.

artificial light whatever. The picture above was made with just the
full moon at $f/2$ on KODAK TRI-X Film for two seconds. (Even
light away from full moon makes a lot of difference. Light from the
rim of those lunar craters has strong influence, we now discover!)
Light from man-made lights at night you see little color. Black-and-
white photography, that slightly old-fashioned hobby, has much to com-
municate. You'll need a modern exposure meter or au-
tomatic camera, but you may have to overrule it at
times. When it suggests more exposure than $1/30$ sec
or so, the well-meaning thing is calling for a tripod
to please you by letting you photograph (as
much) more than the eye would see at the moment
entering into dim light. If you take its advice all
the time, you may get a picture like this:



Note on the nutrition of girls like this:

This pretty child may try, as is the
fashion, to look like her great-great-
grandmother, but her diet these sum-
mer nights and days is different. Of
living on snack foods a dim view has
traditionally been taken. If traditional
advice on a balanced diet is ignored
by giddy youth, must they suffer nutri-
tional deficiencies? Could the snack-
food people enrich the fats in their
products with vitamins? As manufac-
turers of the fat-soluble vitamins A and
E (along with cameras and film and
thousands of other things) and as col-
laborators with food processors, we
have our views on these questions.

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like that if a boy named Joe Lewis, whose father wore two stars, had not come up to me one day and said, "I am told you are not really an American. And I want you to know that I do not want a German enjoying the same things I enjoy." I was thunderstruck. I simply mumbled something about not having my AGO card on me and walked off. When I told Yvonne about it, she looked crestfallen. Her "reputation" was at stake, she said.

The only thing I could think of doing was to go and look for my pal Frank Bernheisel. His name was almost as German as mine. He was the son of an Air Force meteorologist at whose home I had always been well received. He reacted just as I had expected he would. When I confessed my secret to him, he just said, "It would be against my principles to change my mind about you because you are a German," and swore "to get that little bastard's goat" by "clueing in the other boys first."

Within a couple of days everyone, except Joe, knew who I really was. A few offered to talk to their fathers to fix it up, but finally a suggestion from Frank carried the day. It was as simple as it was criminal. I was to get a false AGO card. He had lost his own once and found that the Provost Marshal's Office in Wiesbaden never checked his identity when he filled out the renewal forms. I followed his detailed instructions down to making only a slight change in his serial number, when I applied for my card, to make certain it jibed with the original place of issue, which I had also copied from him. I topped the deception by having my photo taken in the Provost Marshal's office over a name shield that said Fred Cribbs. They even finger-printed me. A week later I was able to flash my card under Joe's nose, while all the boys who had turned out to be my friends stood smirking on the sidelines. I could not help wondering how German boys would have acted in their place.

A few days later I was forced to burn the card. I had committed the folly of telling Yvonne's father about it. "You will get us both into jail," he exploded, and carried the card to the furnace himself. Then, after a few weeks had gone by, he called me into his office in town and said, "Things are getting too hot for you here. I have put your name down for a student-exchange program in the U. S., where you will be able to cool your heels a bit." He knew that he could not have given me a finer present. And so I went off to Pulaski High School in Milwaukee, did well enough—better, in fact, than I should have—then came home to graduate a second time from a Frankfurt high school.

ON THIS VISIT TO FRANKFURT, I could not miss seeing old Buss—Dr. Heinrich Buss—my former English teacher again. It was almost twenty years since he had seen me off at the airport when I left for Harvard. At sixty-nine, he seemed as bright as he had been at fifty, his talk still a curious blend of conservative precepts and swaggering irreverence. I had since encountered the mixture several times among middle-aged English diplomats, who

had matured without undue recriminations against themselves.

He readily admitted that his first postwar class were closer to him today than any of the subsequent ones. Of course, we were not to be confused with the generation who had experienced the war as soldiers. Many of them had the last traces of shock knocked out of them. If they returned, they had to by spending their weekends in the cozy warmth of their beds and later contented themselves with the little pleasures of life: clean underwear, a decent meal on the table, a binge with friends now and then. There were many who never snapped out of it.

Not my brother, for one. But just as many believed in the big success stories of the first postwar generation, men like Berthold Beitz at Krupp's, Neumann, who built up West Germany's largest mail-order house, Grundig in electronics. The organizational techniques that had produced a victory in the war also worked wonders in getting an economy off the ground again. "With you we were different," Buss said. "We were tough and could afford to be. We tightened the reins, because the competition would not be easy later—what with an influx of eleven million refugees from the East." But there had always been excitement in the classroom. It was bristling with edginess and dissonance. There were only one or two more classes like it. Then it was rather flat again."

There were ways in which we were not typical even of our generation. We were actually the rejects of the older, traditional process of selection. Most of us had come to Frankfurt's Economic School because it represented the first alternative to get into a university. "Today, there are four other ways of getting there. The old may have been voided without putting any new standards in their place." At the humanistic *Gymnasium* had either been poor scholars in Greek, Latin, algebra or in all three. For most the alternative worked. They went on to get university diplomas. A third had gone on to obtain a Ph.D. in economics. Now approaching their forties, they were all well established in business. The usual minor had become genuine financial successes, and a few were absorbed by the overseas investment boom of the larger U. S. corporations.

Those who worked for American corporations liked the personal freedom and far-ranging opportunities an international company offered its employees. None seemed to be bothered by the communist reticence I had frequently encountered in France, where the auxiliaries of the "imperial expansion" of U. S. industry were less appreciated. I asked Rudi Borgstedt, now a European market executive for Univac, whether he would not rather be working for a German company. After giving me a quick rundown on how and why the Germans had missed the boat in computers, "although the first one was built by a German engineer during the war," he added, "I would have nothing in principle against working for a German company, but I doubt they would ever be able to give me the freedom of action I now have."

generation had been happy to find its place in a modern organization and was glad to find a parochial, less nationalist than in our time. It had given them a degree of freedom and cosmopolitanism quite new to them, which, in the past, had struggled with a respect except accumulated wealth. New military adventures, nationalist witch-hunts, or territorial expropriations were unthinkable, far removed from the preoccupations that occupied the minds of my old friends. One of my old acquaintances, a handsome executive whose snappy manner and wit would have fit him for a Prussian guard regiment, said that "we no longer have anything like a tradition to look back on with pride." He had lived through the last Bastille Day in a provincial French town and "saw the local garrison promenade about in dress uniforms. Houses and squares were a riot of *Tricolores*. It all seemed so natural. For a moment I had an inkling what it meant to cultivate traditions without inhibitions."

It was not necessary to search very far for these traditions. While I was in Germany, a group of officers, all of them graduates of the Prussian military academy in the early war years, had just made a dogstock out of themselves. They suggested to improve the "fighting spirit" of the new recruits by introducing uniforms "a soldier would be proud to wear off-duty," basic training that paid no attention to "unnecessary medical safeguards," reprisals against conscientious objectors, and this involved constitutional amendments. The *Wehrmacht*, they concluded, could only be transformed into an effective instrument through a complete overhaul of German society, "from head to tail." There was little doubt about what they meant by "head," Rudolf Augstein, the editor and one of the wittiest commentators of the controversial magazine *Der Spiegel*, wrote. Willy Brandt, embarrassed as the rest of his cabinet over the generals he had inherited from the previous government, admitted at a cabinet session that "much of what they proposed sounded like pure bunk."

People above fifty, who had lived through the helmet and torch-marching varieties of German nationalism, seemed as worried about a resurgence as some of the old, distinguished observers. "It won't be the NDP in its present form," Buss told me. "It will be cleansed of the stigma of the Nazi stigma but intransigently nationalist, nevertheless." I brought the talk back to its subject one evening, when a few of my former teachers had gathered in Buss's study. His objection was met by howls of laughter. Peter Küchering, a regimental-looking rep tie over the shoulder and a collar they favored at Yale when William was still an undergraduate there, had the loudest. Only moments before he had indulged in his nostalgia about our loss of uncritical cultivation of national traditions. "Even Josef Strauss has had it," Wolfgang Hils, Secretary-General of the South German Publishers' Association, said. "He has shot his bolt, and I do not think I will hear much from him, anymore."

LATER, WHEN I WAS ALONE WITH BUSS, I asked him a question which had been on my mind all evening. He was the only postwar teacher, I felt, who had put the accents right about what happened in and to Germany under Hitler. And I liked his frank irreverence. "We are a people of rootless *Hausbur-schen*," he laughed, after I told him that one of his sons, who had visited me in Paris, vowed they would tackle the "new society" next in Germany. "It will be something worth watching, when we set out to reform a society again." National Socialism, he still thought, had fit the German character like a glove. It gave free reign to our penchant for obedience, "*die Wollust des Gehorchens*," he called it. But I wanted him to tell me a little more about his own fate under Hitler. All I knew was that he had once been a member of the Catholic *Zentrum* party in the Weimar Republic and after the war played a role in lay circles as head of a local Catholic welfare association. Perhaps he could give me a better answer than my parents had, who so easily succumbed to the National Socialists.

After brief military service late in the war, he told me, he had served as a liaison man with the U. S. Army. "Not long after my return in 1946 I was denazified and began to teach school again," he said. "But how could that be?" I said. He was never a member of the party. "Yes, I was," he said, and taking quick note of the startled expression on my face, added, "I had to take cover. My political affiliations before the take-over were too well known. It was easier for those who had never taken a political stand, though it was not easy for any teacher to remain aloof from the party." "When did you join?" "In 1937," he said.

There were analysts who said it was worse to join in 1937 than 1933, or before, when the real intentions of the party were not yet fully revealed. Paul Scheffer had written in 1932: "...the Hitler movement has not yet assumed its rational physiognomy. The currents of feeling which it expresses lie deep down in German life. They have still to come to practical expression." But by 1937 the "practical expression" the party had imposed on a previously inarticulate majority should have left little doubt as to where it was headed.

"A prominent National Socialist here," Buss told me, "who knew the inner workings of the party far better than I did, told me at the time that it was not yet certain whether the rational or irrational, the bourgeois or populist tendencies, would win out. There was still a chance to strengthen the bourgeois elements." I chose not to drive any further into his ambiguities. His defenselessness had the feel of a limp handshake. I merely added, "But how could a man like you, with your background, your sense of right and wrong, live through those years when Germans were busy setting new criteria for cruelty?"

"I was a coward," he replied, "and I knew that one day I would be condemned by my own children for this cowardice without being able to explain." In 1938, from the windows of his school, he had watched the first Jews arrive at a collection center

"Only people above fifty, who had lived through the varieties of German nationalism, seemed as worried about a possible resurgence as some of the old, distinguished foreign observers."

RETURN TO
FRANKFURT

in the Mauerweg. "All we could do was gnash our teeth and make the proverbial fists in our pockets. I know it sounds cheap. You do not realize how impotent we were. There was no one to talk with. Our ranks were riddled by quislings. I wanted to emigrate to England. But it is not easy to become a martyr. Believe me. Most of them became so inadvertently. A careless phrase, a single remark could be enough."

He appeared to be asking no pardon from me, only comprehension. Aware of the lapses in his own conduct, I was suddenly reminded of his emphasis on "good conduct" in his lectures to us after the war. Was that why English classes with him had usually turned into a lesson in manners with examples of "decency" and things that "were not done," while even today he had still talked of the importance of "unrewarded service to others." It all began to appear in a new light. Suddenly his convictions bore the stamp of personal failure.

I asked him about what had happened to Frankfurt's Jewish community. His account was extremely well documented. There were published volumes of personal accounts from Jewish burghers, including a few who had returned from concentration camps to tell their story. But the 50,000 people, a tenth of the former population of Frankfurt, who gave it the reputation of "the Jew town" under Hitler, had never come back. The present Jewish community, mostly people who had not lived in Frankfurt before, was around 3,200. The community had half a dozen small synagogues and a grammar school of its own, the only one of its kind in Germany, in which all but one teacher was not Jewish. Buss pulled out a statistical yearbook of Frankfurt and discovered to his surprise that the Frankfurters had become shy of mentioning Jews under "religious affiliation." They were now classified among "others."

The next day, I called on Benno Reifenberg, one of the former executive editors of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, who was responsible for its political section until Hitler personally ordered the paper shut down in September of 1943. It had once been one of the best in Europe, vying with such liberal publications as the *Neue Züricher Zeitung* in Switzerland, the Parisian *Le Temps*, and the *Times*. Founded by Leopold Sonnemann, it had always counted a certain number of Jewish editors and correspondents among its staff. Most of these had been forced out by 1934, only a year after the take-over, through a law on editorial reorganization that anticipated the racial laws of 1935 and 1938.

IF I WERE LOOKING FOR TRACES of the Jewish Frankfurt, however, the one that helped create the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Reifenberg could tell me only that "Frankfurt is gone, irretrievably lost." He was one of the few, perhaps the only man, who genuinely seemed to miss the Jewish leaven that had once given rise to Germany's intellectual life and a cosmopolitan finesse to Frankfurt's society. Talking about himself, he momentarily lapsed into the old

racial category of "half-Jew," as he wondered how he and one other editor, as well as two with Jewish wives, had survived with only molestations. Reifenberg was arrested "only."

The *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* he helped found after the war has tried to revive the old paper. But it still remains in the shadow of its famous predecessor. In a postwar review of the *FZ*'s previous failures at convincing German governments of a reasonable course, including failure to prevent the rise of National Socialism, Reifenberg struck a note which I discovered rarely elsewhere. He wrote: "It was obvious through the rise of National Socialism the German nation was not confronted with a question of tactics but a moral decision." The criminal character of the Hitler movement had long been evident. In contrast to this statement, I found that many people in Germany still viewed what happened as a political disaster on a par with a natural calamity, and just as arbitrary.

After I had raised the subject, Reifenberg begged me not to write about the fate of the Jews in Frankfurt. "We cannot build on that," he said. No, I would do, "only acts, perhaps." But how could I avoid the subject, I asked. "No, you cannot," he answered finally. "The Jews were too much a part of it." The old man began to tremble slightly. I no longer felt like an intruder. What right had I to disturb this old man's memories? I said something about the shadows of the past of which everyone seemed to be oblivious, and he turned to me. "Young man, when you mention shadows they begin to loom and tower one upon the other. *Wir sind ein so verschimpftes Volk* (a people abandoned to luck)." He sat there in his small study, before Russian ikons and a reproduction of the Van Gogh landscape he had once defended against charges of "entartete Kunst" in an old house he had neglected to buy when the buying was easy, with not more to pass on to his son than a freedom from worst shame. (His son, Jan, now *FAZ* correspondent in Paris, formerly in Washington, continues to live in the spirit of his father.) The pain of his memories was incommunicable.

"Why should we go on beating our breasts?" my friend had said to me. Was I going to use "shadows" to vindicate my refusal to return to Germany for good? No, more drawn than pushed, I had followed the invaders and gained an inner freedom. I had learned to move freely in a new society. I had learned to love it, even if the war was all too quick to condemn it as a false America had not failed yet. It had never failed.

The fact that I was born in Frankfurt had become as incidental as my middle name. It was a good place to be from, as they say. They could go ahead and tear down that old wooden bridge. It had given me some good memories before the war. It had been the link to something far bigger than the city on the other side of the "green space." Why should I want to burn it behind me? Besides, there was my brother Rolf who would always be worth something from time to time.

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BOOKS

The Odyssey was ended

Odyssey of a Friend, edited by William F. Buckley, Putnam, \$6.95.

It seems a pity that William Buckley did not see fit to include some of his own letters to Whittaker Chambers in the compilation of letters from Chambers to him, which he edited and which has now been published under the title, *Odyssey of a Friend*. The title is anyway misleading: the epic voyage of Chambers was over by the time the friendship began—behind him were the sea and its storms, the Sirens and the Cyclops, the trials and the temptations, and what remained was an agony of remembrance and a lingering death. Nor could the course of friendship—if that is what Buckley meant—be termed an *Odyssey*: it ran placidly, if one is to judge by the letters, though gratitude (for Buckley was Chambers' friend when few people were) may account for the gentle remonstrance, the apologetic tone with which Chambers expressed his political disagreements. One cannot escape the feeling that their differences went deeper than the correspondence indicates: a give and take might have strengthened this assumption. Buckley and Chambers were drawn together by a mutual hatred of the Left—Buckley by virtue of his training, Chambers as a result of his experiences. Temperamentally they were poles apart—the Casuist versus the Dialectician; the Catholic versus the Agnostic (one finds it hard to accept Chambers' religiosity: he was a God-seeker rather than a God-worshiper, and never found a faith to bring him peace of mind).

Strictures aside, *Odyssey of a Friend* is a good and useful book, serving far better than his autobiographical *Witness* to rehabilitate Chambers' reputation, and to indicate the high place he might have had in American letters had his life taken a different turn. Few will be able to read it without being both

moved and impressed—stirred to compassion by his agony and impressed by the flashes of political insight that light up the dark pages. The person who emerges does not fit the frame into which he sought to place himself. Chambers was never an ultra-Rightist, though he found himself dangerously in association. "Hatred of Socialism and Communism is no program," he reminds Buckley; and he refused to join in the formation of a Conservative Party that would embrace Knowland and the late Senator Joseph McCarthy. What he feared, prophetically enough, was that the high-flying, hell-bent-for-election Senator from Wisconsin would divide the Right and unify the Left.

His own attitudes and distortions will cause him and us much trouble. In fact, it is an exaggeration to say that we cannot tell from these letters that Senator McCarthy is a man who will play into the hands of our common enemy and discredit the whole anti-Communist effort for a long time to come.

Witness was not really a good book. It was marred by excesses of self-pity, unbecoming missionary zeal, gloomy German philosophy and Russian fatalism. Not that these are altogether absent from the letters. Chambers reminds us again that to bear witness, in the original Greek meaning, was to endure martyrdom: he sees himself as a small-scale Prometheus, chained to the rock for the gift he bestowed on mankind, while an eagle (his angina) tears at his heart. The old arrogance, *hubris*, that marked his younger years is still there but in faint echo—youth reluctant to leave an aging body, the past unwilling to break with its excesses. The roman-

tic spirit—and Chambers can only be understood as a romantic—dies hard. He writes, wistfully:

I came to Communism under the influence of the anarchists, Kropotkin, Tolstoi . . . Edelstadt. But above all I came under the influence of the Narodniki—those who went with bomb and revolver against this or that individual monster. Unlike most Western Communists who became Communists under the influence of Social Democracy, I remained under the spiritual influence of the Narodniki long after I became a Marxist. In fact, I never threw it off. I never had. It has simply blended with that strain in the Christian tradition to which I am akin.

In a similar romantic mood, Chambers sees himself as the man of letters turned activist, driven—like Koesen or like Malraux—to live out his theory, to make history as well as write about it. This folly plunged him into the sordid, terranean core of the Communist movement, where the action was, where ideas were enforced rather than argued; it converted the skillful propagandist and writer of the Left into an inadequate agent of the secret apparatus (what his faults, he was not really made for deception). The same misreading of duty impelled him to expose the truth, he called one of his closest friends, to his own ruin. And what high purpose was served by the exposure of Hiss, who was already out of the government? The main damage had been done: the facts of Communist infiltration into high government circles were already known, or suspected; nor were Chambers' revelations effective in checking the continued transmission of secrets, military and political, to the Soviet Union. Toward the end, Chambers seems to have realized this, at least, as much as his illness, the apathy of his later years.

Mr. Berg is a publicist and a former magazine editor and newspaperman. At present he is working on a book on the frontier Jew.

y event, Chambers unquestion-
 es better as a writer than as an
 -when he is setting down his
 ons on paper instead of trying
 em out. His down-to-earth polit-
 vs may surprise many who hold
 eory that to break with the Com-
 Party is to become, *ipso facto*,
 sat—as if it were not the Party
 ayed its gullible followers. De-
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 ver took the predicted 90 per
 n to the Far Right. He may have
 afety there, feeling, understand-
 at no other group would receive
 t his views will give small com-
 Right extremists, or, for that
 to advocates of laissez-faire
 m. He seems, in the end, to have
 is hopes, if not his faith, in an
 ned capitalism:

istory tells me that the rock core
 Conservative position, or any
 ent of it, can be held realisti-
 cally if Conservatism will accom-
 e itself to the needs and hopes
 e masses—needs and hopes
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pitalism, whenever it seeks to
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m strongly unwilling to let the
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 when it is precisely the Liberals
 ..in the name of freedom are
 ing the Total State....I think
 ight is playing into their hands,
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 special scrupulousness the civil
 es field.

hy, for example, should we
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 e frightening developments in
 vil liberties field?

startling of all—in view of their
 ssociation, each owing to the
 his place in history—is Cham-
 stimate of Richard Nixon as
 ntial candidate. It falls only a
 ort of downright denigration:

t long ago I had lunch with him
 on]. . . . I came away with a most
 ppy feeling, neither the reason
 or the exact nature of which,

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I have been able to explain to myself. I suppose the sum of it was, we have really nothing to say to each other. While we talked, I felt crushed by the sense of the awful burden he was inviting in the office he wants. I felt dismay and a gnawing pity, which is pointless and presumptuous, since he seeks the office. He is asking to assume the first post of danger at the moment of the most fearful and (at least) semi-final stages of transition from the older age to the new. If he were a great, vital man bursting with energy, ideas (however malapropos), sweeping grasp of the crisis, and (even) intolerant convictions, I think I should have felt: Yes, he must have it, he must enact his fate and ours. I did not have that feeling. . . . So I came away with an unhappiness for him, for all.

All this seems to make of him something of a Liberal himself, much as he hated the term, having in mind the purblind species, which sees only out of the left eye. It is easy to quote Chambers against Chambers: understandable perhaps in letters intended originally for private eyes; allowing no editing for inconsistencies. Even a man less emotional than Chambers might think one way on Wednesday and another on

Thursday. What derailed him from a completely Liberal line was his antipathy (and here he was one with Buckley) to Socialism, which he feared would lead to Communism (a view which Communists, by the way, do not share). "Communism with its fangs drawn," he called it; nor did it occur to him that a fangless Communism might be forced to accommodate itself to the conflicting forces in a democracy, taking a turn that neither Marx nor Lenin would have approved. Nor has it been demonstrated that the free Socialist, or quasi-Socialist governments of Europe and Asia have been less effective in stemming the tide of Communism than the dictatorships of the Right, surviving for the most part on the strength of American arms and support.

Again quoting Chambers of the Left against Chambers of the Right, how will capitalism accommodate itself "to the hopes and needs of the masses," without resorting to measures smacking of a Welfare State, if not indeed of Socialism? Viable, as the expression goes, might be the formula: as much free enterprise as is feasible; as much Socialism as is necessary. This formula, to be sure, would hardly end the argument—how much free enterprise is tenable in

modern society; how much Socialism desirable?—but it should be maintained at least without the confusion of ep

Chambers, doubtless still under the influence of the Communist and "The International," saw the ultimate dialectic of history in terms of a "conflict" between Left and Right; the end may come not at Armageddon but in a cloud of poisonous fumes descending with utter impartiality on the warring factions, putting the question on the Left, on the Right, and not sparing the Middle. Or so we have been warned by science.

The Hiss case refuses to die. Monstrous that Chambers should have been the recipient of the scorn and vilification—this talented and how dedicated man—while Hiss goes unconsidered and sympathy not offered to the Left, but also of the reasonable conservative, and the politically unaligned, Chambers offers this explanation:

...the parts were miscast. [Hiss] looks like the American Boy, at least if you don't look too closely. Clean-cut, nice. I look like some kind of intellectual God knows what kind! The American Boy should have been the one to try to rescue America and the West.

A touch of the old Chambers to this strange mixture of humility and pretentiousness. More than his looks, actions were against Chambers. He had been a Russian agent, self-exposed, to be sure, but nonetheless trained in trickery and deceit. Ergo, Hiss deserved the benefit of the doubt. Conveniently dismissed and clumsily explained away, was the lack of material evidence against Hiss, an embarrassing "pumpkin papers" demonstrable fact that Hiss had lied about his relations with Chambers while it has yet to be proved that Chambers lied about Hiss, even in the smallest detail.

My own feelings toward Chambers may have been conditioned by personal experience. I knew Chambers, not intimately, but over a long period of time. I was, in the late Twenties, on the editorial staff of a magazine for which he did some translations from the German and saw him then with fair frequency. He disappeared mysteriously from sight, and when I met him again in Manhattan at a gathering in a friend's house, Chambers' appearance created a stir: was an offense: most of us had our own bitter

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with the Communist movement. He knew, or were dimly aware. He was in the Communist apparatus. It was necessary for the late Herbert to go from guest to guest, except that Chambers had broken with the Party, that he was *kosher* again. The reasons that were not clear to me were lukewarm acquaintances. Chambers attached himself to me toward the end of the evening, and we stayed in the house together. Someone had told Chambers that I was at the house (my wife was in the country). Unexpectedly he invited me to stay the night with him and his family. I then—but this I did not know—was coming from possible GPU vengeance. He does not without consequence break with the apparatus. In any case, I was unprepared for the melodramatic journey to his home, which was out to be situated lonesomely in the middle of the Jersey meadows. It was as if from a footling spy novel. We took a ferry to the New Jersey shore, as people normally do. Chambers had asked us to wait until the very last minute, when the gates were about to close on the ferry to pull out from the dock. Then we made a mad dash for the house, as I saw it then, was a comedy. When we took a train on the New Jersey side—again we lurked in the shadows, on a far end of the platform. We stumbled aboard the train on split-second maneuver. The house at the end of the journey was a setting for a Gothic tale, a turreted and gloomy structure designed. Chambers told me, by the way, that the German architect (and I could not help thinking, by the way, of the Doors and windows were added, and if my memory serves me, there were shotguns handy to repel the invaders.

Chambers proved to be an admirable host. I was hardly comfortable. My conversation with him was mixed: partly more than friendship had led to my acceptance of his invitation. Years earlier, when he was editor of *New Masses*, I had submitted to him a piece of straight reporting on the Sacco and Vanzetti trial which he had combed and tailored to the Party line. Now, the anchor which persisted somewhat on that occasion, were added reservations to his sanity—I thought he was

overdoing the cloak-and-dagger bit. In the light of later events, I am less sure. At the time, however, Chambers made a poor impression on me. His wife, on the other hand, I found an admirable person. Goodness shone from her. Aside from Chambers' own touching tributes to her in his writings, others have attested to her purity of character. This is hardly evidence, but I have the strongest feeling that if Chambers had lied about his friend Hiss, had accused him without reason, Esther Chambers, who surely knew the full circumstances, would have forced the truth out of him.

When I met Chambers again, the melodrama was over, and he was the perfectly rational and sober *Time* editor. I had been recommended to him for the job of movie critic, which was shortly to open. Nothing came of it. Chambers doubted that I could master the curious *Time* style of the period, and I seethed inwardly, feeling that I could match the incumbent movie critic, or himself, for that matter, in atrocious puns and word-coining. Our talk was friendly enough, however, and on Chambers' side even warmly so. I had never known him to be so loquacious with me before—the loosening theme being apparently our country homes.

We agreed that the best advice was Voltaire's—to tend one's own garden. The Germans had begun their invasion of Russia and Chambers heaped scorn on the ability of the Soviet armies to take a stand at the Ural Mountains—Russia's Maginot Line. "Have you seen the Ural Mountains?" he demanded, with an approach to heat. "Mere foothills." This was the only reference—an oblique one—to his experiences in and with the Soviet Union.

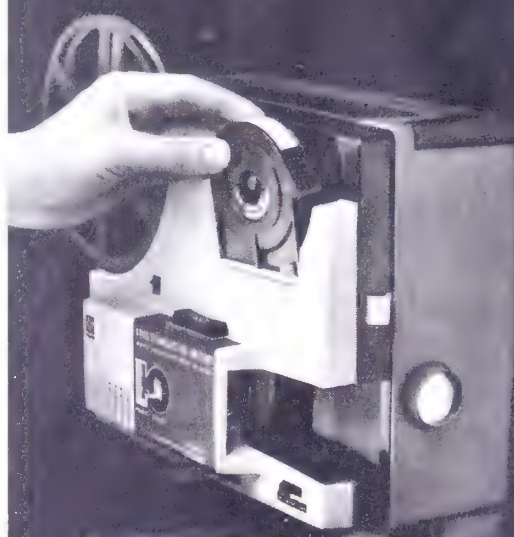
Physically he had changed considerably. I had known him as a rather haggard young man, with the worst set of teeth this side of Nova Scotia. Now he had gotten almost grossly plump; his teeth had been capped, and the gaping front had been remedied with dentures.

Nevertheless, and this is my slight footnote on the credibility of Hiss's failure to recognize him on their confrontation, I could have picked him out in a crowd.

I never saw Chambers again. I told Herbert Solow of my firm belief in his testimony, which at the time had been seemingly discredited. "You ought to write to tell him so," Solow said. I never did. I regret it to this day. □

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was, I believe, Chambers' first attempt to emerge from the darkness of the underground into the daylight of normal interwar life. Herbert Solow, an editor of *Fortune*, may have been responsible for Chambers' enrollment in the staff of *Time*.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Fiction

Bech: A Book. by John Updike. Knopf, \$5.95.

I must say my relationship with John Updike (which exists only in my own mind, of course) has been a strained one. I have always admired his energy and facility, while deploring his rather obvious limits—the excess of sensibility (and words) applied to what seemed to me trivial subjects (often no more than transitory states of mind and feeling). It seemed to me that his emotional commitment was to the act of writing itself, only rarely to the ideas, people, events that were his ostensible subjects. For a long time I thought the best thing he had ever written was a piece of journalism, “Hub Fans Bid Kid Adieu,” which was about Ted Williams’ last ball game and to which he brought a depth of feeling more intense—and personal—than I had ever sensed in his fictions.

Then a few years ago he published a story about a man unwillingly dragged along on a civil-rights march by his wife and it had a passion comparable to the Williams piece, a passion that transcended, consumed his literary stylishness. *Couples*, though overlong and overwrought, was further evidence that he was increasingly in touch with himself, that he was writing out of his weaknesses as well as his strengths. *Bech: A Book* is new evidence of his capacity to grow and change and it is, I think, the most delightful book in his canon. It is nothing more than seven stories (plus an introduction by “Bech” himself plus a wonderfully funny appendix and bibliography) about a middle-aged Jewish writer, the author of one greatly successful novel and several other works that, as they say, failed to fulfill its promise. Now he is blocked and trapped in “the silken mechanism whereby America reduces her writers to imbecility and cozenage”—State Department cultural-exchange tours, campus lecturing, publicity junkets, the genteel irrelevance of induction into the National Academy of Arts and Letters. He also

has some difficulty with his sex life, but his main problem, as he says, is that “as you grow older, life becomes complicated,” thus increasingly resistant to art. American society suffers from the same kind of aging process, and the possibility that art, especially literary art, may be about to become, may already be, impossible grows on all of us—not just on John Updike, not just on his alter ego, Henry Bech.

No matter, *Bech* is a fine, rich character and a difficult one for WASPy John Updike to undertake. That he brings him off, without strain, with a truly entertaining grace, seems to me just wonderful. He may be a projection of Updike’s worst fantasies, but he is also proof that between desperate silence and equally desperate celebrity, there is a middle way consisting of hard work, faithfulness to a sense of vocation, a patiently nurtured vision. —R.S.

The Old Man and His Sons. by Heðin Brú. Translated from the Faroese by John F. West. Paul S. Eriksson Inc., \$5.95.

The Faroe Islands are to be found in the Atlantic Ocean, north of the Shetland Islands and south of Iceland. They were settled by Norsemen and belonged for a time to Norway until they were ultimately claimed by Denmark. The Faroese language, according to the translator, is a blend of Icelandic and northern Norwegian dialects. People of the Faroe Islands are combination fishermen-farmers, who have survived by making the rhythms of the land and the sea their own. The author of this novel, Heðin Brú, was born in 1901 in a grass-roofed farmhouse; he went to sea on an old wooden cutter, and finally returned to his island as an agricultural consultant. *The Old Man and His Sons*, his third novel, was published in 1940 but, because even now in the Faroes change may still require one, two, or maybe three generations to make its presence known, this drama of a peasant family seems much older. Ketil and his wife are in their seventies. They have raised eleven children, of whom all but one,

Kalv, have married and set up their own households. For this old life is simply a matter of keeping order over one’s head and enough food in the storehouse. They will have nothing to do with luxury: if man has more than food, clothing, and shelter, he is but pushing one’s luck with vanity.

Ketil’s children do not think their sense of sin is not so strong as they see and want more material things. Life, after all, doesn’t have to be so hard. But for Ketil and his wife, the ability to satisfy personal needs through ingenuity and independence is a sense of self-respect. Ketil and his wife grow less and less efficient as they grow older, but they share a quiet excitement each time they must perform a task that has been doing daily, weekly, or monthly for the last three decades. To the younger generation, their stubbornness seems just stubborn and cranky. They should take things more easy now that they have lived into privileged old age. Ketil’s eldest son tells his father, “I don’t know whether you’re foolish or wise, but you are old. So much has happened since you were young, that you hardly know where you stand—and then you stand around prophesying hunger and famine. Stop it; nothing’s out of the ordinary. It’s just a swing of the tide. You’ve had your ebb: now ours is flowing. You must impute a high theme to this simple tale. Ketil’s son says it as it can be said. I would recommend this book however merely for the sake of being able to partake with Ketil and his wife the pleasure and pain of life in such close contact with the land, the sea, and the cycle of natural life.

Nonfiction

A Certain World: A Commonplace Book. compiled by W. H. Auden and William Cole. Viking, \$10.

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seventeenth centuries. "commonplaces" rather specifically meant standard or received ideas for meditation or discussion, and commonplace books soon came to include everything from transcribed recipes to lute music that might have taken the fancy of the compiler—manuscript poems, sentiments from ancient authors, and so forth. Montaigne's essays started out, in a sense, from a commonplace book, his own commentary eventually coming to deluge the quotations; and for Robert Burton, sitting in his library and writing and rewriting the book of his life, the Latin authors he transcribed and absorbed into *The Anatomy of Melancholy* were as much part of his book, he insisted, as his own English.

Such an album, compiled by a contemporary man of letters with the knowledge, intelligence, and concerns of W. H. Auden, would be bound to be unusual, if only by connecting the two poles of his range of broad, remembered reading (idiosyncratic, on the one hand, common on the other) by more than merely the spectrum of what lies between them. Mr. Auden has always maintained an autobiographical reticence save for some emblematic asides which keep appearing in his poems and essays: perhaps, indeed, in order to protect his candor. As a consequence, this attractive meditational text, consisting of a dazzling array of extracts from his reading with his own commentary, arranged under 173 alphabetized headings, is hardly the poet's heart laid bare.

But it does move toward self-portraiture in other ways. As might be expected, aphorisms abound. Those readers who know the poet's work will not be surprised to find lots of Goethe, Karl von Kraus, Georg Christoph Lichtenberg, Simone Weil, Paul Valéry, and an enigmatic figure named Malcolm de Chazal. Reappearing in more extended passages are Ruskin and C. S. Lewis.

Many categories reflect the poet's devotion to the life of its own which language seems to lead: "Anagrams" (including one on his own name, WHY SHUN A NIDEL TAG?); "Double Entendre, Unconscious," "Phrase Books, Foreign," "Prose, Purple," "Prose, Woozy," and more.

The best thing about this collection is its identity as a book—the interplay between category and quotation, the sense of what has been excluded and what brought in, where. It is an increasingly rare kind of reading experience to feel familiar passages come alive in

a strange context of quotation. The book has both style and structure of its own and manages to comment perfectly on itself, and on the imaginative life it embraces, by starting out with "Acquaintance," the medieval term for spiritual friendship, and ending with "Writing."

Duty, Honor, Empire: The Life and Times of Colonel Robert Meinertzhagen, by John Lort. London: Duckworth, \$10.

Late in life Colonel Meinertzhagen, who was variously a soldier, a nature expert, and an ornithologist, suffered a selective loss of hearing. One night he was seated at a table with a friend who did not approve his habit of mounting bird specimens by the expedient of shooting them, but quipped anyway about the success of the day's hunt. When he apparently heard her question, she endeavored to explain. "You know, bang." Whereupon the Colonel corrected her. "No, Ma'am. Bang!"

He was, as the quotation indicates, a great gun, though he was rarely as consciously funny as it hints. A dapper blimp sailing serenely on past his contemporaries, he was a living summary of the Victorian values Mr. Lord refers to in the title, as well as some others that become clear as one succumbs to the charm of a book whose tone modulates from the heroic to the comic, from the unsistently speculative to the unsistently speculative. Colonel Meinertzhagen was as a young man rejected by his mother, devastated by the loss of a beloved brother, psychologically hardened by brutal treatment in a boarding school. Incapable of love in the fullest sense of the word, he was compensated by an ability to stand loneliness as well as the physical terrors on the various deserts, jungles of Her Majesty's (His Majesty's) dominions and possessions. In the course of his life he literally all over the map—a man in which, year by year, the redemptive empire receded. He didn't like the desk, he certainly didn't like the desk which he was relegated after World War I (Meinertzhagen, a passionate Zionist). Still, he was stoically enough—and kept up great harumphing gusto, the dialect which this book is based, as intended, in his blindnesses as he is in his old notions.

He is not, of course, a major figure, but in a way that is a good thing. With too much at stake in the lives of

d shakers and somehow it is
et under the skin of a society.
g the lives of those men who
nough the top to see how they
yet stayed enough in touch
lower strata to see how the
isions actually worked out.
nan was Meinertzhagen and
's book is one of the delights
rent revival of interest in the
nineteenth century. —R.S.

Books of a Dilettante, by Leo-
nand. Macmillan, \$5.95.

, the key passage in Mr. Tyr-
book is this one about American
als: "What is troublesome, for
st and misconceived, is their
to accuse America, or, more
to American democracy for all
d wrongs that, by nature, are
to the very essence of life . . .
... immune to any rational
demonstrating irrelevancies
man's misfortune in his strug-
st social abuses, and the Amer-
titution."

n ironic commentary on the
state of social thought in this
hat it requires a Middle Euro-
né, pained by both of the major
of our country, to point out
... alas, for all the progress we
le, we are still prey to the im-
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o our overheated intellectual
He is affectionate, patient, rea-
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and passions in a way that we
apparently, afford to be. And I
y would pass out copies of his
every freshman entering col-
t year. It is brief enough, and
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hat someone said to him short-
his arrival here: "Welcome
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MUSIC

The Broadway musical: getting away with murder

WITHIN THE SPACE of two weeks this spring, I finally caught up with a group of musicals on and off Broadway. It was a liberal education in bad music, bad singing, and disgraceful sound. I had been told that nobody casts singers any more for Broadway musicals. First you get the pretty girl, or the handsome boy, or the superstar, and then worry about the way they are going to handle the music. But even at that, I was unprepared for the sheer desperation in which Katharine Hepburn in *Coco*, say, tried to squeeze out a note or two, or the ear-splitting screeches of Estelle Parsons in *Mahagonny* (the Brecht-Weill off-Broadway show that closed after a few performances). I was unprepared for the commercial blandness of the music: and the loud, distorted, fake sound in every theater, sent me shuddering into the street.

Nobody is taking chances any more, not for an investment of \$750,000 and up. The songs in the various musicals are all but interchangeable. As a great American thinker almost said, if you've heard one Broadway musical, you've heard them all. The Broadway composers seem to work in standardized dilutions of Richard Rodgers and Fritz Loewe, avoiding any unusual harmonies, sticking to a kind of melodic formula that makes everything sound alike. The off-Broadway composers work in standardized rock, and I can't get over the fact that the critics took seriously so puerile a score as that for *The Last Sweet Days of Isaac*.

Only the cynicism that was responsible for the last days of Rome could have been responsible for two of the current Broadway hits. I am thinking of *Coco* and *Applause*. *Coco* is about the worst specimen of its kind anybody is ever going to come across, and it has a legitimate claim to be described as the greatest American disaster since Pearl Harbor. The only thing holding it together is Hepburn, and she holds it together not because of what she is, but because of what she represents. The magic image of Hepburn, she of the great films, she of the great personality, blinds everybody to the fact that she

can't sing and doesn't act very well. Part of the trouble is the appalling book by Alan Jay Lerner, which is almost as bad as the André Previn score. Nobody could do much with it. Perhaps in an effort to improve the material, Hepburn ends up a caricature of herself, with angular, stagy gestures, tears, perpetually quivering chin (there hasn't been as much chin-quivering since the Gish girl played *Little Orphan Annie*). It's embarrassing. There's nothing worse than an old woman trying to play an old woman.

But *Coco* and *Applause* will probably run forever because of Hepburn and Lauren Bacall. Their glamour washes out into the audience, and hero-worshippers flock to see their idols. They will never be invited to have lunch with Hepburn or Bacall, they will never meet those two stars face to face, but at the theater at least the two women can be seen alive. You can almost reach out and touch them! *Applause* is a slick musical with a tired plot about the manipulations of a bitchy young actress in her effort to unseat an aging star. Bacall handles her end better than Hepburn does in *Coco*. She is very much the queen, and she knows it, and she moves around the stage in a hot blaze of egoism. Most of the time she talks her songs, and thus does not make a fool of herself. She has good rhythm and timing; if she has no voice, at least she can put over a song.

ANOTHER SUPERSTAR is busy in *Hello, Dolly*. Ethel Merman has taken over the leading role. Before going to the show, I called the publicity people and asked if she was going to be amplified. Ethel Merman amplified? There was a roar of laughter. *Ethel Merman* amplified? Of course not. But the hell she isn't. She may not be wear-

Mr. Schonberg, senior music critic of the New York Times, is author of The Great Composers and other books. He went to Brooklyn College, took an M.A. at New York University, and served four years with glider and parachute troops during World War II.

ing a body mike, but those mikes all over the stage are jher voice along with everyb. The result is just as artificiall. loudly artificial. At least Me great troupier who used to har and she handles her dimin sources with a great deal of when she comes to the apron the orchestra, faces the audi tries to belt out a song do tl and short vocal range become

Purlie, with a score by Gary been getting some attention Negro musical, and is as truly *Fiddler on the Roof* is truly Je plot concerns Purlie's effort to from a local redneck. In this okay to steal, because the redi about Nigras and is a louse, know how we Northerners feel. kind. So everybody sits back cently, watching a play about that is as believable as Catl Another rather irritating tr 1776, all about that cute Thom son, and the lovable Ben Franl in this play is the Hans Sachs t Walther von Stolzing), and c John Hancock, and peppe Adams, and other cute l Fathers. It seems that the De of Independence can't be writ Tom Jefferson gets together wife for . . . you know . . . (gig interesting and conventional n decent singers in the cast (goo though), but 1776 will doub until the next revolution. Wh not be too far off, at that. *P Promises* is another slick, wor professional job, this one abou a corporation. If somebody couple of songs from *Promises* them into 1776 or *Coco*, nobo tell the difference. As a musica ises, *Promises* is a nothing. As a it is bright and amusing, than cially to the smooth Jerry Ohl Chuck Baxter. Ohrbach is so g he ends up unbelievable. He is man with more charm tha Mountbatten, and vet we are to believe that he is a tongue-tie ful schnook.

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OFF BROADWAY I MANAGED to catch only *Salvation*—now closed), *The Last Sweet Days of Isaac*, and the short-lived *Mahagonny*. There is a bit of a story about *Mahagonny*. Apparently the producers did not have much faith in it

the work is an opera, not a musical, and is composed in the dissonant style of the 1920s, with a good deal of Hindemith in it—and they fooled around with the score, making it almost a rock musical. As such it had weeks of previews. Then Lotte Lenya threatened to go to court to stop this desecration of the music by her late husband (Kurt Weill). It was finally decided to go back to the original. More musicians were brought in, and at the opening a near-approximation of *Mahagonny* was produced. It promptly folded. But if any of the backers approached Lenya with a “See what you did!” I can vouch for the fact that the previews were infinitely worse. Audiences were small, bored, and at the performance I attended there were boos and cries of “Catastrophe!” The fact is that *Mahagonny* is a badly dated work, with a ridiculously dated libretto, and has nowhere the life or the bracing music of Weill’s masterpiece, *The Threepenny Opera*.

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac contains two plays about alienation, about the problems of modern life and the difficulty of getting to know one another. Straw men in the form of technology, or the police, are set up to be easily pushed over. Two uninteresting kids contemplate their navels and find themselves the most interesting things since Adam and Eve. The dialogue has all the brilliant repartee of *Godey’s Lady’s Book*. Society is supposed to be put through a wringer and perceptions are supposed to be heightened. But this is a five-and-dime wringer, a cheap little toy. Both of the principals, Austin Pendleton and Fredericka Weber, are non-singers who have trouble carrying a tune. Not that they have many tunes to carry. The music, played by a group known as “The Zeitgeist,” blasts away relentlessly, with as much variation as the path of a windshield wiper on a car.

Less pretentious, but much sweeter and more natural, was *Salvation*, a rock musical with a revival-meeting plan of attack. There was no plot as such. A group of agreeable kids had a good time extolling the present-day virtues of youth—sex, drugs, free-thinking, freedom in everything. All this the kids did with a rather engaging air of slightly frightened bravado, like children saying dirty words to their elders. There was

something sweet about it, and I thought that the music and lyrics by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney were the best I had encountered on my rounds. Too bad it closed.

But *Salvation*, like everything else on the New York musical stage, suffered from bad sound, and I would like to object. Admitting the necessity of amplification, since actors rather than singers are prevailingly cast in singing roles, there still is no reason why the techniques cannot be accomplished with more respect for the music and the audience. The microphones in the Broadway theaters—those musty, uncomfortable houses with narrow seats and no foyer space—are placed along the front of the stage every four feet or so. In addition, most of the principals wear body mikes. An audio technician in the rear of the house rides gain. Loudspeakers send the music around. Often the speakers have peaks and high-frequency distortion. The sound is highly directional, and those in the audience at the left or right of the stage do not hear what is coming off the stage. Instead they hear what is coming out of the speaker closest to them. One might as well stay home and listen to records. There is little feeling of location on the Broadway musical stage: a singer at stage right is heard from a speaker at stage left.

SOMETIMES, ESPECIALLY in the off-Broadway musicals, the sound technician rides gain so lustily that one’s ears hurt. Over a hundred decibels in a three-hundred-seat house is not a happy experience. Even in the bigger Broadway theaters the volume of sound often is painful, and it is all the more painful in that it is not a natural sound. There is a prevailing metallic quality from all voices.

At *Promises, Promises*, where a special amplification system has been set up (of which the producers are very proud), the impossible has finally been achieved. The orchestra is abolished. It is there, and a conductor wags a stick, but *all* of the sound from the pit comes through the speakers. In this show, there is more of a feeling of direction from the stage than in the other Broadway musicals, but each singer sounds as though he has a three-inch speaker in his throat. It’s the damndest thing, and I can’t exactly describe it, but one hears the human voice and at the same time not the human voice. *Promises* has sixteen loudspeakers scattered through the Shubert Theater, in a conspicuous ex-

ample of overkill. Yet everything, including the critics, seems not to tolerate but actually to enjoy the travesty of singing. Have we reached the point where nobody can do the ersatz from the real? I think so. Drama critics—haven’t they—are letting the Broadway musical get away with murder.

P.S.: The George Furth-Stephens musical comedy, *Company*, after this article was written, created the kind of stir that the appearance of a new *A Vanity Fair*. The weekly news in particular seem to believe that *Company* is a breakthrough preform new art form on Broadway. As far as I can make out, it says marriage is good, even with wives, but there is something to be said also for being a bachelor, but a guy ought to get married. Or a guy shouldn’t. Or something like that. It’s a shallow, brittle play with shallow, brittle people and shallow, brittle plot. There is no plot as such, and *Company* is nothing more than a series of observations about marriage, backed by music that has a slight—oh, so very slight—flavor of dissonance. That makes it sophisticated: and, indeed, *Company* is more sophisticated than most anything that can be heard on Broadway. The trouble is that the Sondheim score does not have any integrity. It flirts with various styles, and is as eclectic as the glassteel skyscraper sections used as a backdrop. C number, “Poor Baby,” rises to a touch of melodic individuality, but also contains a five-voice cacophony that comes off very nicely.

The heavily amplified sound of *Company* was as bad as it is everywhere. In addition, the singers and orchestra all night long were working against a noisy air-conditioning system. In addition, a pronounced background music that actually interfered with the performance I attended, the air-conditioning was shut off a minute before the end of the show. The silence was startling—the difference between playing a scratchy 78 record and following it with a vinyl disc. But if Broadway music is background music, a Muzak-like accompaniment to a play or a dance, as it comes to be, it apparently makes no difference what kind of auditory experience are committed. Nobody seems to

PETER SCHRAG/DAN JACOBSON/JACK RICHARDSON

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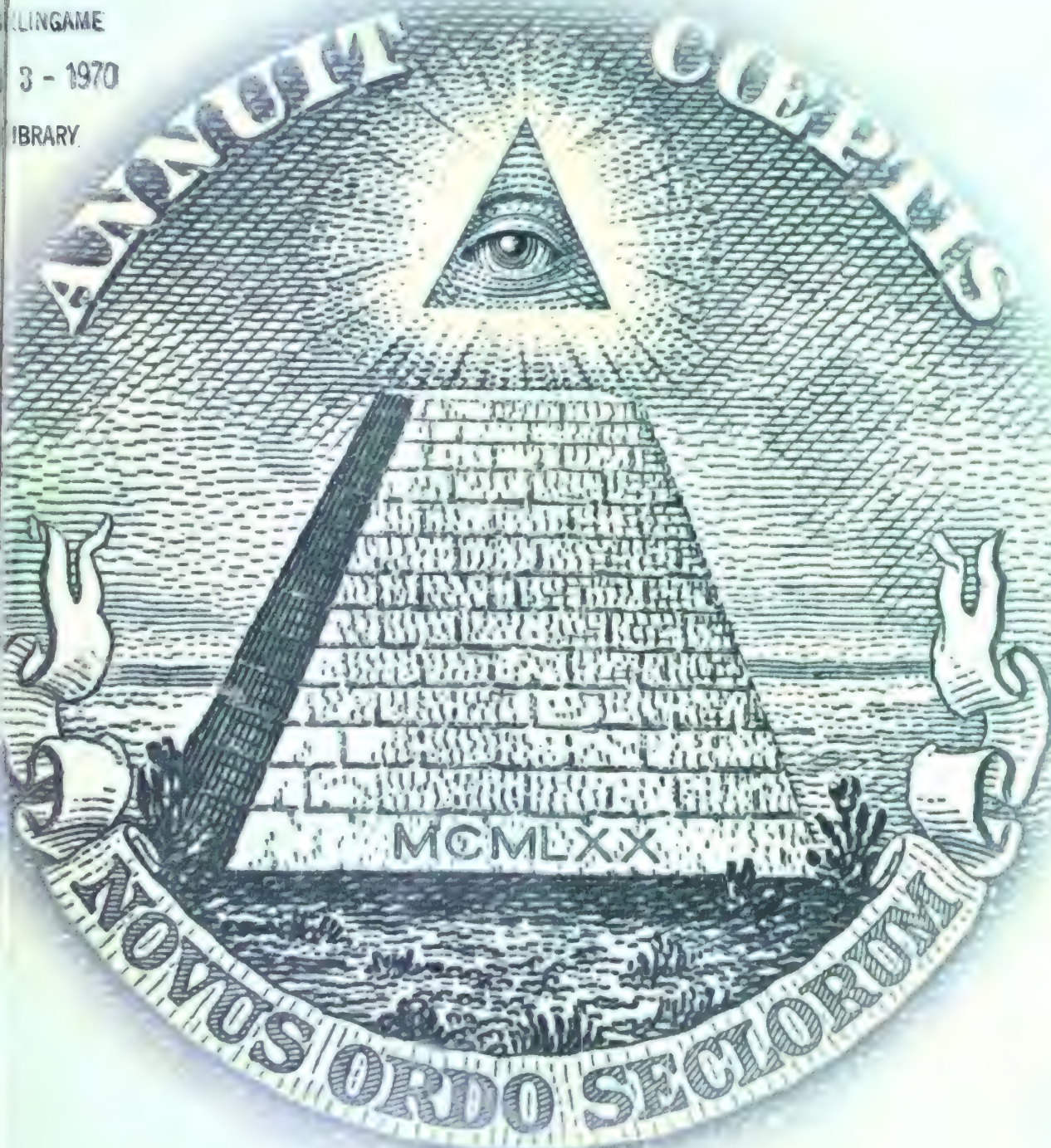
BERT LEKACHMAN

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FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 241 NO.1443

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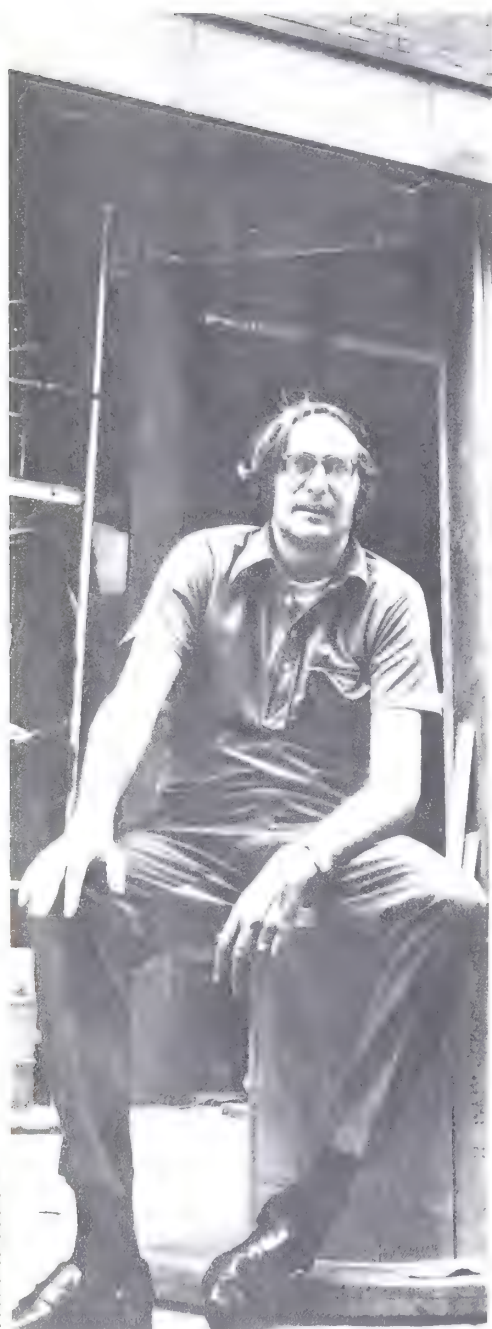
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Published monthly by Harper's Magazine, Inc., 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Cass Canfield, Vice Chairman; William S. Blair, President. Subscriptions: \$8.50 one year; \$21.00 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: \$1.50 per year additional.

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE



To gather material for his report on the Radical Right today (see page 35) Peter Schrag traveled almost the entire breadth of the country geographically, and half again as far in political terms. It was not a lonesome trip, nor was it marked by standard, expected experiences. For Schrag, in fact, there were more than a few surprises, both in what he found and in his responses to it.

"The nice thing about writing about the Radical Right these days," he says, "is that you have the territory almost entirely to yourself. A number of organizations monitor the activities of the John Birch Society, Liberty Lobby, and other groups, and many of them—particularly the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith—are always helpful with leads. But the fashionable radicalism is all on the other side. If you say the word 'extremists' you get an earful about the Panthers, the Weathermen, and their allies, and considerable *ennui* about political reactionaries like Carl McIntire and Billy James Hargis. The Right is willing to be interviewed, and even followed, despite its general suspicion of the 'liberal' press. They feel a little neglected.

"They were all supposed to be more secretive than they turned out to be: eight years ago they were called the most politically dangerous people in America. Every time someone attacked the United Nations, it was supposed to be a Birch plot. But secrecy, at least in 1970, isn't the problem: the problem is information overload: too much rhetoric, too many pamphlets, books, fliers, records, too many speakers and meetings. Hargis, whom I really enjoyed, wanted me to spend more time with him, to take in more meetings and conferences: Welch gave me the grand tour

of the Belmont Birch headquarters; all of them were quite willing to go about other organizations. I began to feel that in some way they were on the inside, not on specific issues or on the various versions of conspiracy, but their general—if sometimes inconsistent—suspicion of Big Government a decade ago Big Government appeared far more benign than it does now. Maybe, I kept thinking, there are right-wing plots being hatched, but if there are, these are not the people who are hatching them. The conspirators, if there are, are much more likely already to be on the public payroll. That was my particular strain of paranoia. But it was the right-wingers' fear, too.

"All of it made for a greater fantasy. After Hargis' meeting in Ames, Nebraska, I drove him back to the ranch in Grand Island where we were staying. What if I cracked up, I wondered. What were Schrag, the Liberal from New York, and Hargis, the fundamentalist right-winger from Texas, doing together in the Nebraska backwoods at midnight? Now *there* was material for a tale of real conspiracy.



The cover for this August issue (MCMLXX) is derived from your hundred dollar bill, where the design carries the date MDCCLXXXVI. The Latin motto, translated roughly, means: "Favorable to our undertaking... we establish a new order."

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the taste
of gas
you'll hate
the taste
of Lark.

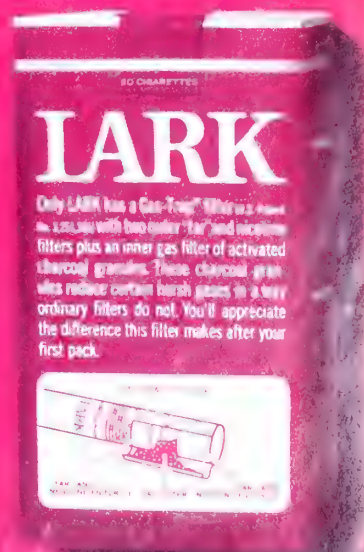
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LETTERS

Mississippi alluvium

In Willie Morris' remarkable report on his return to Yazoo [June], there is a reference to a column by myself, in which I wrote that "it has become impossible to hide from view any longer the fact that school integration, although it has certainly been 'an experiment noble in purpose,' has tragically failed almost everywhere." It does not seem to me—although that is the thrust of Mr. Morris' reference to my column—that anything he reports from Yazoo proves anything I wrote in the column wrong.

I also wrote, "Don't sell out integration where it's been successful," noting that "the bridges between the races are too few and fragile anyway, and they must be preserved at all costs." It may be—though Willie Morris' piece makes no flat claim to that effect—that integration will be successful in Yazoo City. It may be that blacks and whites will go to school together there without the "racial polarization, disruptions, and growing racial tensions" which the *New York Times* found in "Virtually every part of this country where schools have substantial Negro enrollments." I have long suspected that if integration is to succeed anywhere it is most likely to succeed first in the rural South.

Does that mean that integration will be successful in Washington, D.C., where the white enrollment in the public schools is rapidly dwindling toward zero? Or in those integrated New York schools where, according to the *Times*, "conditions of paralyzing anarchy prevail"? The answer to that question is suggested in the remark of Hodding Carter quoted by Mr. Morris: "One thing's sure. There won't be any flight to the white suburbs down here. Where do you go? Hollandale? It's eighty per cent black. Itta Bena? It's more. I've got cousins up in Scarsdale who are very happy."

I don't think it's wholly unnatural for parents in Scarsdale or elsewhere to wish to send their children to schools where "paralyzing anarchy" does not prevail. (I wonder where Mr. Morris sends his boy. I rather imagine to the same sort of school as the schools I've sent my children to—with a token minority of carefully culled blacks.) In any

case, right or wrong, whites who can manage to do so will continue to try to avoid the schools where anarchy does prevail, or where they imagine that it prevails. As long as that is so, the only areas where integration seems likely to succeed—if that is the right verb—are rural, small-town areas, predominantly in the South, like Yazoo; big-city areas where whites and blacks overlap, as in parts of Newark, and where the whites are too poor to escape to the suburbs; and suburban areas, where integration is a genuine success, because both white and black children come from the same sort of middle-class families with the same sort of middle-class values. But areas in the last category are very rare. In the first two categories, a system of blatant class distinction has been imposed, in which whites too poor to join the "flight to the white suburbs," or unable to do so for demographic or geographic reasons, are penalized.

"You Southern boys have a lot to be guilty about," Willie Morris' wife told him, and in a sense she was right. The South is now enjoying its revenge on the North for having won the Civil War. The revenge takes the form of the flooding of the Northern cities with something like ten million functionally illiterate and socially alienated blacks, educated according to the hideously discriminatory and unbearably unjust standards which Willie Morris so movingly describes. As a consequence, the whole fabric of American society is being torn apart. So, yes, "you Southern boys" do have a lot to be guilty about. So, no doubt, in a larger sense, do all the rest of us. But I don't think it's sensible to let guilt blind us to the obvious danger of substituting one sort of discrimination, against the blacks, for another sort, against poor whites. With

CORRECTION

The Mark Rothko murals originally commissioned for the Seagram building are now on permanent display in the Tate Gallery, London—not the de Menil chapel in Houston, as stated in the July Easy Chair. The paintings for the de Menil chapel are a separate, though thematically related, series.

—John Fischer

some happy exceptions, that has been the net effect of the effort to integrate the schools.

STEWART

Newsweek, Washington

"Yazoo... Notes on Survival" evoked within me feelings of anxiety. After responding bitterly to the Governor, and other representatives of the State of Mississippi, with regard to the atrocity at Jackson State College, I began to read your article and capitulate the years and conditions through which I grew up in Hollandale (21 miles from Yazoo). As a Mississippiian, my experiences were different yet they too were the ones, negative and positive, that molded me and caused me to feel proud of accomplishments of others from the state, more especially of people from the area in which I lived.

Despite the years of adversity and hopelessness among my people in Mississippi, I still have hope for its future. I long for the day when it will not be LAST in every measure of progress, and will flaunt its natural physical beauty and the hospitable, gentle nature of all our people toward goals of humanity. . . . Let us hope that its chance for survival will not be further marred by its traditional atrocities.

W. ALEXANDER BENTLEY
Field Director, Urban
New York

Wheeler Ranch

Having read Sara Davidson's article "Open Land" [June], we the people of Wheeler Ranch cannot help feeling that the article both misrepresented what is happening here and maligned the Open Land movement in general. Our anxiety stems from the fact that her article is liberally sprinkled with untruths and that her writing is slanted toward sensationalism in the form of an overemphasis on dope and sex. The general tone of the article sets us up as a bunch of Aldous Huxley freaks. In our anxiousness to find themes for our grossly overgeneralized aspects of individual people here on the ranch and their life-styles.

Wheeler Ranch is a microcosm of society as a whole. Just about every

Packard was a big name in business the year we were founded.

From drug control to MESBIC

We are putting other of our profit dollars directly against other pressing problems.

For example—we're funding a series of drug seminars, conducted in selected communities by the Institute for the Advancement of Criminal Justice, that are designed to tell how to cope with the drug threat. And we're sponsoring a Minority Enterprise Small Business Investment Corporation (MESBIC), in cooperation with the Commerce Department's Office of Minority Business Enterprise, to provide qualified minority businessmen with venture capital and modern management acumen.

ITT and you

As we continue to grow, our skills and resources create stepped-up competition in the fields we enter. More competition means more efficient use of money, manpower and material. And that means better products and services for you.

We're sorry that some of the great names in business from our original era are not around today or not doing so well as they were. But we'll always be grateful for what they taught us—that staying on top takes a lot of doing—and that survival, especially today, demands application of advanced technology and modern management techniques.

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When we started out in 1920 there were a lot of companies around that are only memories now. And some that were around then still are today, but they're far down the list of leading U.S. companies.

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Fiftieth
Anniversary
1970

ITT

SERVING PEOPLE AND NATIONS EVERYWHERE

that happens in Society happens here. After all, take away the long hair and we look like everyone else, with the same needs and basic desires. But the important thing to remember is that, like the Great Society, we are diverse. Each person on the ranch is an individual with his own ideas on the way he wishes to live. Where one person will take as many drugs as possible, another will abstain. Sara D. pictures us as full-time Dope Fiends, which is just plain not true.

Childbirth on the land is not always a ritual in which everyone sits around "getting collectively stoned." Many women wish to be alone with their husbands during parturition. If they are stoned it is naturally without drugs. Many mothers here on the land totally abstain from drugs during pregnancy. If you wish to generalize, there are less drugs taken at Wheeler's than in society as a whole. We have no corner drugstore here full of the aspirin, Nembutol, Benzadrine, and Miltowns on which so many Americans depend daily.

Everyone on the ranch is not a vegetarian. Because of economics and lack of refrigeration many are vegetarians through default and will eat meat when available. Once again the individual aspect should be stressed. Some people eat no animal products whatsoever while others will eat eggs and milk while abstaining from meat.

The health record of the ranch is extraordinary: eight births and no deaths, no major illnesses or injuries, and no epidemics. Considering the thousands of people who have passed through or lived here, our record could hardly be better.

The knife incident which Miss Davidson relates we simply do not believe. If she had taken the trouble to spend more time here she would have seen how much safer it is to be here than on city streets. So far as we can remember there has been no significant violence on the ranch since it was opened in 1968. This is supported by the fact that the Sheriff has never had to be called in.

Clearly the *Harper's* article is both prejudicial and slanted. The most important thing about Open Land is not drugs and sex, but what we are deeply dedicated to, what we call the Morning Star Faith—Open Land—Open Hearts—peace and happiness for all of mankind NOW, and a deep trust in the inherent goodness of every individual no matter how disturbed and distraught he has been made by the dehumanizing pressures of the Effluent Society.

In the face of the article's distortions we are troubled and saddened, as it will

only serve to underscore the racist prejudices that already have painfully polarized our nation.

WHEELER RANCH
Bodega Bay, Calif.

SARA DAVIDSON REPLIES:

Every incident described in my article was either personally observed, or was related to me and corroborated by many people at the ranch. Obviously, the community encompasses a wide range of different people, and any generalizations made were suggested by members of the ranch themselves. Bill Wheeler and Peter Pitcher stressed the "there has never been meat at our feasts," and that a vegetarian diet is central to the revolution. During the short time I was there, there was a great deal of talk about the use of drugs by those I met. The "knife incident" was described to me by Bill Corky, and several others, as a "Frankie and Johnny scene" in which a young man waved a knife in a moment of anger. I did not say that he or anyone else had caused physical harm at any time. I attempted to bring out the tremendously positive values of Open Land, and am sad that some feel this was a disservice to the movement.

Curmudgeon

Only a few months ago [September 1969] Mr. Fischer, from his Easy Chair, gave us a prospectus for Survival U, a university whose purpose was implicit in its motto: "What must we do to be saved?" Now Mr. Fischer, from the same Easy Chair [June], invites us to inspect the catalogue of Curmudgeon College, the motto of which might be: "How to make it." Survival U was the dream of a wise and compassionate man;... [but] all the good that might have been accomplished by the graduates of Survival U will be obliterated by the graduates of Curmudgeon College. Survival U had a moral purpose; Curmudgeon College is concerned only with preparing its students to get to the top in whatever vocation they choose; Survival U demanded selflessness of its graduates; Curmudgeon encourages self-interest;... Survival U had for its aim the achievement of a sane and decent world organization; Curmudgeon assumes the continuation of a state of semi-anarchy.

Curmudgeon graduates will be superbly equipped to do what earlier graduates of conventional universities have already done to excess: exploit resources without regard to nature or

man, pollute the environment, create a greater gulf between rich and poor, and internationally, intensify the terrible balance of terror.

Survival U had a faculty of outstanding scientists and scholars. Curmudgeon is to have a faculty of "Old Pros" in politics and business. Who are the Old Pros to be? Senators Strom Thurmond, James Eastland, Roman Hruska, Mayor Daley? General Motors executives who have shown their sensitivity to the idea of producing nonpolluting engines? Advertising men who specialize in TV commercials?

Survival U, said Mr. Fischer in September, would offer no course in "Theater of the Absurd, and the literature of Leslie Fiedler." Presumably some literary studies might be helped to answer the big question in Curmudgeon College all courses in literature are abolished. "We do, of course, encourage our students to read literature, but not in class: it is purely a leisure-time activity, like listening to music, making amateur films, and dating girls." Is the literature read under these conditions "by the likes of Mr. Roth, and Susann"? Probably not. Would a Curmudgeon student be encouraged to read *Pilgrim's Progress*? Would he read it as a leisure-time activity? It is hardly likely. But even a survey course in English literature would read at least the first chapter. Would there find the question that Survival U wants to answer. But Mr. Christian asks: "What shall I do to be saved?"... Survival U asks: "What must we do..." But the question given depth and resonance by its association with Christian's quest for certainty in a world of evil. Curmudgeon leisure-time reading would not lead the Curmudgeon student to this conclusion by Goldsmith, written at the very beginning of the Industrial Revolution:

*It takes the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.*

Nor would the Curmudgeon student, between making amateur films and chasing girls, learn about Ruskin's assaults on an increasingly technological and dehumanizing society, Dickens' magnificent scorn for utilitarian industrialists and financiers, and all the other wisdom of the near and remote past which is so dear to us today.... And where but in literature course would a Curmudgeon student learn to know that great American novelist and socialist William Dean Howells, who once sat in the Easy Chair?

from all this, Curmudgeon Col-
not for our time. Any college
es pride in the number of its
es who become millionaires is
chronism. Survival U looked
. Curmudgeon College crawls,
e.backwards. E.A.SCHROEDER
Corvallis, Oregon

ime when centrifugal forces are
as never before toward the
division and dissolution of the
Mr. Fischer's Easy Chair satire
rmudgeon College" comes as a
the back to those who would
understanding and tolerance
the estranged and confused
factions. Mr. Fischer's satire
little understanding of his sub-
ile it makes an unabashed ap-
the prejudices and superstitions
onacademic portion of the popu-
His attack on scholarly journals.
e would apply a dollar yardstick
asure of professional excellence.
particularly inane. The lowly
ician who grinds out his article
a year is a caricature of himself
n no need of Mr. Fischer's satiri-
ses. Of course such figures would
at home at "Curmudgeon Col-
anyway, where the emphasis
o be on "training" as opposed
cation." JOHN F. GADWAY
structor, Southern Illinois Univ.
Carbondale, Illinois

ISCHER REPLIES:
Schroeder is right. Survival U
rmudgeon College are paradigms
quite different kinds of institu-
erving different clienteles. As Mr.
y says, Curmudgeon's emphasis
raining students for their future
. This above all is what millions
ng people—especially the under-
ged—need and want. They know
ch training offers their only hope
pe from poverty. When proffered
a literary and philosophical
ion, they are likely to be enraged
irrelevance to their felt needs.
old pros Curmudgeon hopes to
to its faculty are not the likes of
ond, Daley, and TV commercial
s, as Mr. Schroeder gratuitously
s. They are the likes of former
or Sanford of North Carolina.
Mayor Lee of New Haven, and
chairman Townsend of Avis (see
p the Organization!" in *Harper's*
rch 1970).
ie college could find teachers with
chroeder's view of literature, it
well offer courses in that subject,

since his letter suggests a rare ability to
relate the classics to contemporary life.
But, alas, all too many professors in this
field merely succeed in turning their
students off permanently to any book
labeled "literature."
The glory, such as it is, of American
education is its infinite variety. Why
shouldn't it find room for both Survival
U and Curmudgeon College—and scores
of institutions designed on other lines?

My Lai 4

Seymour Hersh, who according to
your May cover "broke the story" of the
disaster at My Lai without ever visiting
Vietnam, must really begin to check his
facts at the source, which he himself
rightly calls "the most logical point."
The lines of his article devoted to my
reporting convey a wrong impression
and are mistaken in several facts.
He says that I was unable to find out
in Quang Ngai City which hamlet was
"Pinkville" and suggests that the Army
in its goodness flew me to the right spot.
In fact, I arrived in Quang Ngai on
Thursday, November 13, and learned
that day not only which hamlet was
"Pinkville" but also that in a resettle-

ment camp less than a mile away I
might find survivors. The following
morning I was driven to Chu Lai and
asked the Americal Division for trans-
port to the specific sites. They stalled.
I did not meet Mr. Feher, the CID
investigator, until Saturday, and not in
Chu Lai but in Quang Ngai. My account
of the meeting—less accidental than Mr.
Hersh suggests—attributed by Mr. Hersh
to me within quotation marks, is accu-
rate but I don't recall saying it to any-
one in the words he puts into my mouth.
The Army flew me to the scene Sun-
day, not Saturday, and over my objec-
tions took along representatives of a
television network and a newsmagazine,
who perhaps did not know the exact rea-
son why they were being taken to that
place and not to another.
Mr. Hersh's statement that I "banged
out a dispatch . . . in time for it to make
page one of Monday's paper" gives the
unfortunate flavor of hurried and sensa-
tionalistic reporting. That is untrue.
After my return to Quang Ngai City,
I took the time to interview the man who
had been district chief at the time of the
massacre (whom I had located and in-
terviewed before my visit to the scene)
and the province chief.
Only then did I write, and in some

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Treats the Dutch mastered

Bols, available in the
fifth, or in beautiful,
handcrafted im-
ported Dutch
Delftware. Bols
Liqueurs, in 29
flavors. Bols,
after 400
years, still the
Dutch Treat.



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BOLS
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What is U.S. Steel doing



to help grow more food?

In ten years there will be 25 million more Americans to feed. We'll either have to spread our food thinner and thinner, or produce much more.

U.S. Steel is helping to grow more food, through our Agri-Chemicals Division.

At the Atlanta research center, we do basic research using soil samples from across the country.

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We'll take soil samples.

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We'll even apply them. In the case of sophisticated chemical nutrients like anhydrous ammonia, the farmer may not have the specialized equipment it takes. So we use our own.

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In many cases, the output of farm land can be easily doubled compared with untreated land. And our research continues. We're finding ways to help grow more food.

Which means that in the years to come you can still worry about *what* your next meal will be, instead of *when*.



We're involved.



She Needs Your Love

Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only \$12 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk



supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

Little Mie-Wen and children like her need your love—won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 511, Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most.

I will pay \$12 a month

I enclose my first payment of \$

Send me child's name, story, address and picture

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$

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HP4080

LETTERS

years as a foreign correspondent, not recall a story that I wrote with greater deliberateness and pa with more false starts torn out a borrowed typewriter. Every f gleaned through my own obs was attributed to a source. I lightly report that an identifiable of men massacred perhaps as r 567 men, women, and children.

Mr. Hersh would have found operative had he bothered to ch before writing. I do hope that he v ligent only on such peripheral and that the heart of his article happened at My Lai on March 1 is as accurate as he could mak

The truth about the reporters t Lai matters little; the truth ab murderers and their victims is es

HENRY

New York Times, Vietnam m
Saigon, South V

SEMOUR HERSH REPLIES:

I'm grieved by Mr. Kamm's let since I've nothing but the high t miration for his and the *Times* on the story. The sense of urgen plicit in my description of his "ba out his first story to make page a a reflection of my own sense of ur I was so delighted to see confir of some of the essential truths of At no time did I mean to imply th Kamm did not do all of the ch and careful work that needed to b

As for Mr. Kamm's other po relied heavily on an interview Kamm gave late last year to la Clark, *Time* magazine's bureau c Saigon. Mr. Clark's extensive e Kamm's role was made availa vately to me, although it never ap in the magazine. For reasons o and style, all attributions, includ one, were listed in the "Chapter at the end of my book. The not not, of course, included by H Magazine. I also did try to rea Kamm personally, but missed h his recent visit to Washington, a later told he was traveling in So Asia. I'm sorry for any minor m in fact, but I don't believe that K essential role in helping to bring Lai story to the American peop seriously distorted in my accoun

On Beeth

Igor Stravinsky's Performing column "On Beethoven's Piano Scat [May] was stimulating and e

INTERNATIONAL PAPER ANNOUNCES A \$101 MILLION, FOUR-YEAR PLAN TO COMBAT POLLUTION.

International Paper Company believes that the aspirations of our society for a better life can be met, that the pollution of our environment can be controlled, and that the vital quality of the basic resources we all share can be maintained within the framework of our economy. International Paper is dedicated to do its part as an industrial citizen to achieve these goals.

I can now report to you that the Company has adopted a four-year plan, to be completed by 1974. This plan places International Paper in the forefront of those taking active, constructive measures to solve the problem of environmental quality.

We estimate the total cost of this program will be \$101 million.

When this program is completed every one of our U.S. pulp and paper mills will be equipped with primary and secondary waste water treatment systems.

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EDWARD B. HINMAN

President, International Paper Company

PRONOUNCE IT "TANKER-RAY"



*If this were an ordinary
gin, we would have put
it in an ordinary gin bottle.*
Charles Tanqueray

DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN LONDON, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 94.6 PROOF. IMPORTED BY JAMES M. McCUNN & CO., INC., N.Y.

LETTERS

dinarily refreshing. The power of vinsky's column is drawn from absence of an aura of pedantry which commonly surrounds musical analysis today, but I think that the credit goes principally to the subject matter. Late Period Beethoven is an ultra-complex network of thought patterns pressed in the abstraction of many analyses of which can provide, as "off," a peripheral idea of how he thinks. In the limited space available to him, Stravinsky has provided some clues as to where such peregrination of the analytical mind can take us. I would like briefly to illustrate further.

The piano sonatas were the experimental laboratories, as Stravinsky indicated: in a complementary fashion, the quartets were the finished products. Contraction of movements in the sonatas (convulsively in op. 110, and with facility in op. 111) resulted in the same movements of the op. 131 quartet all connected *subito*. The numerical aspect of man's psyche is prominent in Beethoven's preoccupation with "sevens" in op. 131, and prior to the "fives" in the A minor quartet—not in number of movements but in their intricate structures. Stravinsky relates *emmett klagend* of op. 110 to *beklemmt* of the op. 130 Cavatina: another example is *innigster empfindung* found in opp. 101, 109, and 132. The Diabelli Variations, while recapitulating the keyboard music of the past (Beethoven's and that of others), has direct reference to opp. 106 and 110, viz. Var. X, *con grand' espressione* and the op. 110 Adagio. The *vivace alla marciale* of op. 101 (apparently not a favorite of Stravinsky) presages the *alla marciale* of op. 132. Other parallels abound, but the key to Late Period Beethoven is the variation form. The Diabelli set and the slow movement of op. 109 and 111 are obvious examples. But isn't the Adagio of the Hammerklavier a gigantic set of free variations? And finally, every subject of the op. 131 quartet is a variation of the opening fugal subject or its inversion, while the whole quartet pivots about an expansive set of variations.

The envelope of man's behavior is his response to his surroundings through the arts. Analyses of the pinnacle of this response (as one example, Late Period Beethoven) can provide understanding of the substance needed to fill many of the frustrating lacunae confronting man socially.

BURTON ROTHLEY
Monroeville,

early lost forever—this rare sculpture by *Degas*

beautifully recast in Foundry-Stone,
as a gift with membership
The Sculpture Collectors Limited
...and no obligation
buy anything now or ever.

USE Degas worked in wax or clay and
ever bothered to cast his sculpture in
much of it crumbled during his lifetime
lost forever. Luckily, *Danse d'Espagne*
and a small number of bronzes were
few years after the artist's death in 1917.
from one of the original bronzes, part
collection of The Sculpture Collectors
a Foundry-Stone casting has been
of this masterpiece of form and captured
This work is not available except with
membership in Sculpture Collectors. It is not
and no more will be cast after these
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Danse d'Espagne can now be yours as a
with an entirely new kind of membership
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fine works by outstanding living artists,
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EDGAR DEGAS,
Danse d'Espagne,
recast in Foundry-
Stone from the
original bronze.
Stands 17 inches
high on a
handsome matte
black base.

the artists themselves, commissioning original
works exclusively for members. In much the
same way the Medicis collected their Michel-
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All commissions are awarded by the Curator
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you and you would like to see it in your home—
discover it from different angles and in various
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THE EASY CHAIR

Black Panthers and their white hero-worshippers

*Will fascism come to America? Sure.
But here it will be called anti-fascism.
Huey P. Long*

FOR PERSONAL REASONS I have been reading with close attention the first—and possibly the last—book by Bobby Seale, Chairman of the Black Panther Party. (*Seize the Time: The Story of the Black Panther Party and Huey P. Newton*, Random House, \$6.95.) At Yale, where I do much of my work these days, he is the current folk-hero of many undergraduates and some of the faculty. His trial in New Haven for complicity in the murder of a fellow Panther kept the campus in a state of near-hysteria throughout the last term. The students' campaign to "Free Bobby" was accompanied by a strike, demonstrations, arson, a bombing, and two minor skirmishes with the National Guard, although it resulted in far less violence than most of the Yale community had expected. I had hoped that this book would help me understand what the students sought to accomplish by such goings-on, and why so many had chosen Seale as the object of their adulation.

It didn't—but if it had been available last spring I suspect that the "Free Bobby" movement might have lost a lot of its steam. At that time few undergraduates knew much about Seale, or the character of his party. Although "revolution" is a popular word on campuses, I doubt Seale's kind of revolution—as set forth in his own words—is exactly what the students have in mind.

SEALE'S BOOK SHOWS an obvious literary kinship to an earlier work: Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. Both books are a mixture of autobiography, revolutionary manifesto, and the story of the "heroic" struggle of an armed minority to dominate the streets. Philosophically both are based on a kind of perverted Marxism: today we sometimes forget that Hitler's was a National Socialist Party, promising all the glories of Communism without subservience to Moscow, and drawing much of its membership from the older parties of the radical Left. Seale's ideology is less coherent—

a kind of ragbag of slogans picked up from Lenin, Mao, Che Guevara, and Frantz Fanon. In both the chief motivation is outrage, springing at least in part from real grievances: the proposed remedies in both cases foreshadow even greater evils. Both are permeated with racial hatred. (Seale denies this. He claims he is leading a class rather than a racial struggle. Yet he is frank in consigning his white supporters to second-class citizenship, and insists that they obey without question the decisions which are made by the Black Panther leadership alone. He is particularly contemptuous of the liberal intellectuals who provide much of his financing. All whites are of course barred from membership in his party, just as non-Aryans were barred from Hitler's.)

Both are anti-rational. Hitler's injunction to "think with your blood" is echoed by Bobby's appeal to the impulses of Black Soul. Both proclaim a new morality, rising above the restraints of Christianity: Seale's chapter on "Pigs, Puritanism, and Racism," with its discursions on sex and ancient African religions, summarizes his theology. Both try to dehumanize their enemies by classifying them as "pigs"—the Nazi term was "*Saujuden*" (Jewish swine)—because it is easier to kill if you believe your victim is really a beast. Both exalt violence, and violent rhetoric, not only as a tactic but as a virtue in itself—a tonic for the soul of the downtrodden. To Seale, even more than to Hitler, the gun is a mystic symbol of defiance and virility. Some of his passages sound as if they had been written by a lobbyist for the National Rifle Association.

But the differences between the two books are of course far greater than their similarities. *Mein Kampf* was at least formidable, the work of a mind which was probably paranoid, but nonetheless powerful enough to organize holocaust on a global scale. Seale's writing is saddening rather than formidable. Again, Hitler never for a moment doubted that he was the supreme leader. Seale describes himself as subordinate to Huey P. Newton, the now-imprisoned cofounder of the Panthers: and seems to recognize that as a thinker and writer

he is not in the same class with Eldridge Cleaver, the party's Minister of Education who jumped bail and fled to Algiers. And how right he is. The titer of language which distinguishes Cleaver's *Soul on Ice* is entirely alien from Seale's writing. His only rhetorical resource is a few weary obscenities often repeated a dozen times to a page. Indeed, the term "writing" may be an exaggeration here: the book sounds more like a collection of hastily dictated notes, shuffled into some kind of order by a publishing-house editor.

AS HE TELLS IT, Seale became Chairman almost by chance. In the fall of 1966, when he and Newton were both working at administrative jobs in the Oakland poverty program, they decided to organize their party. One evening in the poverty program office they drew up a ten-point platform. "Huey himself articulated it word for word," Seale writes. "All I made were suggestions. They then 'took all the paper we need' out of the poverty program supply." Newton pointed out that "we've got to have some kind of structure," and asked Bobby, "What do you want to be, Chairman or Minister of Defense?"

"Doesn't make any difference to me," Seale said. "What do you want to be?"

"I'll be Minister of Defense," Newton said, "and you'll be the Chairman."

This self-awarded mandate was enough, they felt, to make them the true spokesmen for American black people. Seale can't find a good word to say about any Negro outside the party—including James Forman, who served briefly as the Panthers' Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Stokely Carmichael, who was for a short time designated their Prime Minister. ("My analysis of it is that Stokely is an opportunist.") His bitterest criticism is reserved for the members of the Black Liberation Movement, including Karenga's US organization in Los Angeles ("pigs, black racists . . . cultural nationalists . . . enemies of the people"). They are responsible, he claims, for the death of Bunchy Carter, a Panther lieutenant who was shot in a squabble over which organization would get control of a black-oriented program at UCLA and its \$20,000 directorship.

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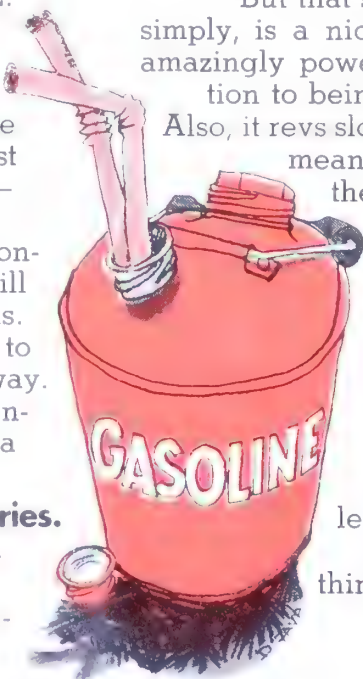
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17 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

24 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

24 Carmania/QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 20 days. Port Everglades • London and Paris • New York.

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May **May 1** Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

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14 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 12 days. New York • London • Paris • New York.

15 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

22 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

29 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days. New York • London • Paris • New York.

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June **June 5** Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

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July 24 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

July 31 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

August **August 5** QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days. New York • London • Paris • New York.

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Such internecine strife is of course characteristic of extremist movements of both Left and Right. History is full of examples: both Marxists and Nationalists in pre-Hitler Germany, the factions of the Old Left of the Thirties in this country, the current splintering of SDS and the chronic rivalry of America's innumerable Way Out Rightist outfits. But among black militants the infighting is especially savage, because they see a vision of patronage, power, and fat wads of cash for whoever grabs control of a local poverty program or a black-studies setup in any university.

SITZ THE TIME has a few comic passages, such as the story of The Red Books. When Newton read in the papers that The Red Book - *Quotations from the Chairman*, Mao Tse-tung - was a big deal in the Chinese Cultural revolution, he said, "You know what? I know how we can make some money to buy some guns. . . . We can sell those Red Books. I know that many brothers on the block would not even buy a Red Book, but I do know that many of those leftist radicals at Berkeley will buy The Red Book."

So Newton and Seale hustled down

to the China Book Store in San Francisco, bought out its entire stock of Red Books at thirty cents per copy, and sold them at the University of California campus for a dollar. Within a few hours this neat capitalist speculation brought in a \$170 profit, which they used to buy their first shotguns.

Apparently this was the first of many incidents which confirmed Bobby's conviction that white liberals are a bunch of patsies.

In the beginning the chief purpose of the Panthers was to combat the police, whom they regarded as an "army of occupation" which was "terrorizing" the ghetto. From their point of view, they had considerable justification. The police force in Oakland, where the party originated, was a notoriously tough one with little training in race relations. No doubt it did give a hard time to black suspects in the high crime-rate areas, without too much regard to legal niceties. And most of the Panthers' early members, including Newton and Seale, had police records: some, such as Cleaver, had served considerable time.

Even today the party probably has less than two thousand members throughout the country, because the overwhelming majority of adult, law-

abiding blacks want no part of it. The black businessman, who asked Newton to use his name, insists that "there aren't a party at all. They are just a gang of hoods, a sort of black who have pretty well succeeded in terrorizing a good part of the black community, but haven't made enough converts to amount to anything. There may have been a mite prejudice against them, as Seale explains, the Panthers are just as determined to destroy capitalists as white.

In their early days the main aim of the Oakland Panthers was "patrolling the pigs." A car full of Panthers, carrying shotguns and rifles, would follow a police car around the street. When the officers stopped to see what was going on, the Panthers would produce a lawbook they always carried with them and inform the police that they had a constitutional right to bear arms, and refuse under the Fifth Amendment to answer questions. Confrontations, of course, sometimes resulted. Seale tells of one time when a man who reached into the car to grab Huey Newton's shotgun, Newton "kicked him in the belly, shoved him all the way out of the car. . . . Then he looked up and looked around, and P. Newton was standing there. 'Now, who in the hell do you think you are, you big rednecked bastard? You rotten fascist swine, you bigoted motherfucker. You come into my car, trying to intimidate me and take my property away from me. Go for your gun and you are a pig.' The pig folded his hands. 'At this time I'd gotten out of the car on the other side, put the .45 in my hand, pulled the hammer back. As soon as Huey finished saying what he had to say, little Bobby jumped out of the back of our car and jacked a round off his M-1. . . . This pig was scared.'

Eventually one such encounter resulted in the death of a policeman. Newton's conviction for manslaughter of Little Bobby Hutton was killed on appeal. In several cities policemen were killed or wounded in ambushes which they attributed to the Panthers, and in Chicago two Panthers died in a police raid which never has been satisfactorily explained. Most of the party's original leadership is now dead, in jail or in exile. When Newton called for a revolutionary struggle with guns and bombs, he ignored one of Lenin's basic teachings: don't start the revolution unless you have a chance of success.

Some of the goals of the revolution as proclaimed by Newton and Seale are simple and explicit. They want the

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THE EASY CHAIR

lease of all blacks now in jail, regardless of what crimes they may have committed, on grounds that they are “political prisoners.” They demand immediate end to police brutality, no trial of blacks only before all-black juries. They want exemption from military service for all black men, and education for our people that exposes the true nature of this decadent American society.” But what they expect to happen after they have destroyed that society is not at all clear. As their “major political objective” they seek “a United Nations supervised plebiscite to be held throughout the black colony in which only black colonial subjects will be allowed to participate, for the purpose of determining the will of black people as well as their national destiny.” Does that mean they want a separate black nation somewhere out of the United States? Seale doesn’t say. Neither does he clarify anything about the future destiny of the country’s whites, or their role in any—in bringing about the revolution.

ALTHOUGH SEALE WRITES at length about the Chicago conspiracy, he is strangely reticent about the New Haven murder case. The prosecution charges that a band of Panthers tortured and killed Alex Rackley on orders from Seale, because they suspected him of being a police informer. In his book Seale dismisses these charges in a few sentences: “It appears that they [the police] in fact murdered brother Alex Rackley in New Haven, Connecticut, using a lackey informer to do so. I give no reason why this ‘appears’ to be the case, and ignores the fact that one of his codefendants has pleaded guilty to second-degree murder, and turned state’s evidence.

If a white man were confronted with such evidence and duly indicted by a grand jury, I cannot imagine that a considerable number of students would demand that he be turned loose without a trial. Yet about 75 per cent of Yale undergraduates went on strike at the apparent purpose of halting the Seale case even before a jury was selected. I say “apparent” because the aims of the strike were never entirely clear, and the students I talked to showed a bewildering variety of motives for their behavior. As best I can make out, the spectrum runs something like this:

A few hard-core radicals—probably less than a dozen—thought they stood a chance to disrupt the university. Presumably they were responsible for



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arson in the law library, the bombing of the ice rink, and the efforts to provoke violence during the May Week demonstrations. They evoked little sympathy among other students, or anyone else. Even the Black Coalition of New Haven, a group of some forty community organizations, denounced "white radicals" who were "interested in confrontation for its own sake...frantically and selfishly seeking personal psychological release."

A larger number of romantic revolutionists saw Bobby as a hero-figure, a putative successor to the sainted Che. They knew little about him or his program but romantic heroes are scarce these days, and if you need one you have to manufacture him out of the material at hand and defend him at all costs. At one of the frequent mass meetings a law student made the charming proposal that everybody present should be allotted a number, and that each following day the person whose number was drawn would give his life in support of the Panthers. He did not explain how this martyrdom was to be accomplished, but left no doubt about his yearning to "die like a Panther, die like a man." Calmer heads at that rally merely insisted that "Yale will be electrocuted if Bobby Seale is brought to trial" and demanded that the university donate \$500,000 to the Panther Defense Fund.

A STILL LARGER PERCENTAGE seemed to take their cue from the university Chaplain, the Reverend William Sloane Coffin, Jr., who revealed in one of his typically with-it but ambiguous sermons that "it might be legally right but morally wrong for this trial to go forward." He argued that "in the eyes of God all of us conspired to bring on this tragedy—law-enforcement agencies by their illegal acts against the Panthers, and the rest of us by our immoral silence in the face of these acts." These sentiments were widely approved by those masochistic liberals—awash with guilt because they are white, middle-class, and privileged—who make up a sizable fraction of the Yale University community.

Another group honestly believed that a fair trial was impossible. They took literally the headline on posters plastered all over New Haven by one of the Seale defense committees: "The Fascists already have decided in advance to murder Chairman Bobby Seale in the electric chair." Or they pointed to the antics

of Judge Julius Hoffman in the Chicago conspiracy case. Or they misinterpreted the carefully calculated statement of Yale's President Kingman Brewster that he was "skeptical of the ability of black revolutionaries to achieve a fair trial anywhere in the United States." (Read in context, this did not mean that he thought the trial should be called off: he was simply pleading for the Yale community to cool it, to avoid "political passion" which might prejudice the proceedings.) Partisans of this school overlooked the fact that New Haven is not Chicago, and that in the early stages of the Seale case Judge Harold M. Mulvey appeared to be leaning over backward to be even-handed. At one point Seale himself told the judge, "I respect your honor very much for allowing me to have a fair trial...."

According to my horseback estimate, the majority of the strikers probably did not actually expect, or even want, to stop the trial. They did hope, by a massive expression of concern, to forestall a repetition of the shameful conduct of the Chicago conspiracy case. And they were trying to show dramatically their hatred of racial injustice. Many of this essentially moderate group also believed that the trial was "political"—part of a nationwide conspiracy of law-enforcement agencies to suppress the Panthers—and that it should therefore be opposed by political demonstrations.

Finally, there was a mindless fringe which plunged into the commotion simply because they enjoyed the excitement. It was a groovy thing to do.

A SILENT MINORITY—perhaps 25 per cent of the student body—either continued to attend classes or left the campus for the period of the strike. Only a few lonely voices were raised in open dissent. Douglas Hallett, editorial page editor of the *Yale Daily News*, wrote a series of editorials opposing the strike and arguing that the Panthers should have a chance to "refute the prosecution's evidence and make their own case against the alleged repression by the government." He was subjected to heavy pressure, including threats, and in the end was overruled by his editorial colleagues who insisted that the *News* formally endorse the strike. Another brave soul, Glenn Kane, wrote a letter to the *News* pointing out that if the trial were stopped "we will be establishing the principle...that the Panthers may not be punished should they, in the course of their

politically motivated activities, commit murder or lesser crimes."

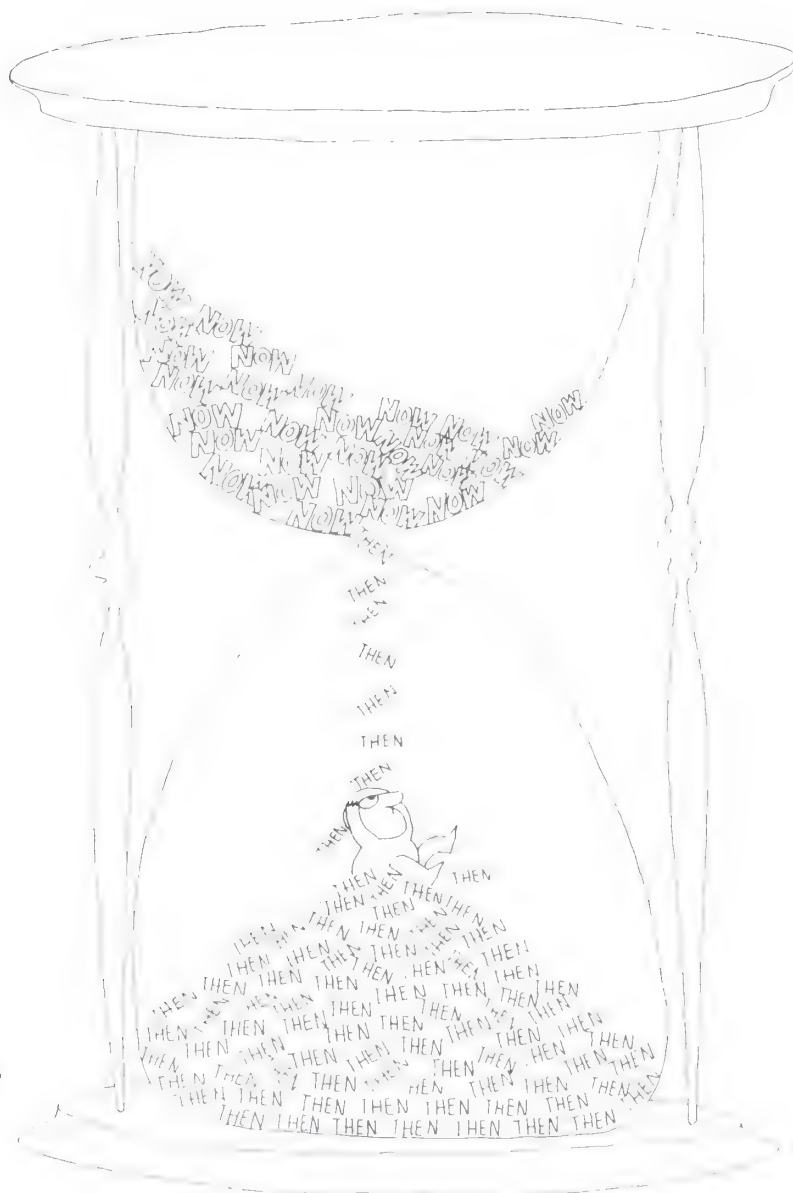
But nobody, so far as I know, suggested that calling off the trial be the worst thing that could happen to the Panthers. For if they were exempted from prosecution for a crime committed in the name of politics, any other extremist group could demand the same kind of exemption. That would be equivalent to issuing a license to murder to every band of fanatics including the Ku Klux Klan and the Minutemen and since the rightists probably are better armed, they would well set out on a private Panther hunt.

Evidently Seale realizes this, though his white supporters do not. Throughout his book he puts heavy emphasis on his constitutional rights and every protection he is entitled to under the law. Even when he was working time to overthrow the Constitution, he understood that it was the best he had; and so long as it lasted he was to take advantage of it.

Somewhere at Yale last spring, perhaps in the fake-Gothic halls of the law school—somebody may have been making the classic argument for trial by jury: however imperfect, it was the soundest protection yet devised for dissenters and unpopular minorities. I never heard of him. Nor was the argument ever mentioned, to my knowledge, in any university publication or at the meeting. I had half-expected the student end Mr. Coffin to raise it in one of his sermons, since he had been rebuffed by the courts in the Boston draft-dodger conspiracy case; but he did not.

The eagerness of so many students and some of their teachers to use political pressure to halt the work of the court struck me as the most surprising and ominous fact to emerge from the Yale demonstrations. Apparently it never occurred to them that if they succeeded, similar political pressures might someday be turned against them. Nor did they stop to think that they were, in effect, trying to throw away a right that radicals had fought for from Frederick Douglass to Peter Zenger. Probably none of them ever heard of Zenger, since student activists these days regard history as irrelevant. For this reason, too, they seem unaware of the revolutionaries who succeeded, a generation ago, in overthrowing their countries' established governments, and promptly closed down the courts they called themselves "fascists."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/AUGUST 1970



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art Lekachman

MONEY IN AMERICA

end of the economists' dream

ANY RATIONAL POLITICAL or intellectual standard, Republican economic policy has dismally failed. When the Dow-Jones index of industrial stocks broke the 700 barrier in the middle of May the investment community gave public utterance to flagging private confidence in the Nixon Administration. This was no crisis of nerves. All the news of economic events had been bad. Unemployment had indeed risen and this by the preponderant logic of economists was good news since the profession grimly believes in an inevitable trade-off between unemployment and the pace of price inflation. The only trouble was that prices continued their merry ascent quite as though a million men and women were not out of work who a year ago were not. Unemployment was rising and jobs were not plentiful—among them a drop in corporate profits to the lowest level since late 1967, a continuation in the slippage of industrial production, a slump in the auto sales, continued calamity in the construction industry, and murderously high interest rates. Economic management falls far short of an exact science. Nevertheless, the Republican failures are substantially those of ineptitude, political cowardice, and ideological prejudice rather than those of economic theory or inadequate tools of analysis. Justification of this harsh judgment demands a preliminary exegesis of contemporary doctrine. For days economists are locked in one of their oldest controversies over the relative importance of monetary and fiscal policy. At Chicago Milton Friedman and the monetary school which he leads are persuaded that what affects most this year's Gross National Product is the rate at which the Federal Reserve Board allowed the nation's money supply to grow last year. It is the lag between money supply and other economic changes which led the

monetarists to predict a sharp recession in 1970 on the basis of the monetary policies of 1969.

As the monetarists see the world, the way to control an inflation is to clamp down upon the money supply by the Federal Reserve's traditional techniques, higher rediscount rates, severer reserve requirements, or sale of Treasury securities on the open market. Each technique has the effect of tightening credit and raising interest rates. To have its promised impact upon prices, monetary policy must be determined and it must be applied long enough to hurt. The pain manifests itself in drooping sales, falling output, and spreading layoffs. Even the more bellicose unions will bargain with caution in such a climate and even monopolistic sellers will pause before trying to raise prices.

So testify the monetarists. The opposing camp of fiscal economists, led by Walter Heller and Paul Samuelson, will freely concede that money and credit are important, but they are convinced that still more important is the stream of personal incomes out of which businessmen make their investment decisions and consumers their buying choices. This flow of personal incomes can be widened or narrowed by the budgetary decisions taken by the federal government. Such fiscal interventions assume the shape either of tax variations or expenditure changes. Tax cuts and rising expenditures increase consumer spending, improve investment prospects, and enlarge the Gross National Product by some multiple of the original tax or public-expenditure change. But rising taxes and falling budget outlays have the reverse impact. As a matter of the sheer fiscal hydraulics, it doesn't really make a great deal of difference whether Congress and the President tinker with taxes or expenditures. From the standpoint of social justice or the equities of urban and

Harvey Leiberman, who is professor of economics at State University of New York at Stony Brook, is working on a book on the monetary policy and the absurdity of Gross National Product, and demonstrating that we are all poorer than we think we are. He is the author of The Age of Keynes.

MONEY
IN AMERICA

black necessities, the choice may be crucial. Either policy adequately implemented will repress inflation.

There's the rub. Since January 1969, the Nixon Administration has demonstrated its unwillingness or inability to pursue sufficiently severe and sufficiently consistent policies of either variety. The reasons for the failure are various. During the 1968 campaign, Nixon pledged the phasing out of the hated 10 per cent Johnson surtax, apparently regardless of the inflationary condition of the country, and evidently on the standard conservative premise that all taxes are bad and Democratic taxes worst of all. Although once in office Mr. Nixon hedged by seeking extension of the tax at a halved rate until July 1, 1970, he evaded the necessities of the situation which called for an indefinite extension at least of the original 10 per cent surcharge and probably for an increase in the rate at which it was levied.

Nor did the President do much better in controlling federal spending, his fiscal alternative. A sharp reduction in military, space, and agricultural appropriations would have dampened the economy as surely as a tax increase. The President has instead pressed for the second stage of the ABM, recommended more funds for the supersonic transport, and reaffirmed his commitments to the space boondoggle. At this writing the budgetary consequences of the Cambodian misadventure are conjectural, but it is difficult to see them as doing other than casting further out of balance a federal budget somewhat fancifully in balance to start with. Pleased enough to economize on health, education, housing, and research, the President has been unwilling to place his favorite clients on short rations and still less eager to inform his constituency of silent, middle Americans that if they truly favor peace with "honor" in Southeast Asia and if they really are as appalled as their President at the prospect of losing a war to a minor Communist power, they must pay higher taxes to control the inflation which past pursuit of "honorable" peace has generated.

Since his fiscal policy is something of a shambles, Mr. Nixon has been compelled to rely upon Federal Reserve control of credit availability and interest rates. At the outset there are two things to be said about monetary policy. The Federal Reserve is in law and quite frequently in fact an independent agency, subject to Presidential influence but not to Presidential direction. More important, monetary policy is a tough, unpopular way to control inflation, unlikely to enhance the electoral prospects of the party which embraces it. When credit gets scarce, General Motors and General Electric do not go short, but school districts, city governments, small businessmen, and prospective buyers of inexpensive houses (where they exist) feel the pinch almost instantly. All the same, an Administration sufficiently cold-blooded about repressing inflation through credit stringency will have its way, at the expense as usual of the weak and the unprotected. From the middle of 1969 to the early months of the current year, the Federal Reserve kept the money supply practically constant.

WHY, IN THE LIGHT OF WHAT I have said for monetary policy, did the inflation persist? One reason was general skepticism about the durability of the Federal Reserve's intention, the dependability of Presidential support, or employment began to rise, industrial output and profits shrink. A second explanation is monial to the ingenuity of the major New York banks in defeating Federal Reserve efforts in borrowing Eurodollars from Western European banks, selling commercial paper in this country. These holes are now plugged. But the doubts of Presidential firmness have been validated by heavy suggestions by Mr. Nixon and some of his advisers that perhaps the time has come to relax the squeeze and allow a resumption of moderate, steady growth. The current Chairman of the Federal Reserve, Dr. Arthur F. Burns, testified to the Economic Committee in these terms: "The President cannot overlook the possibility that the present downturn in economic activity, which is a healthy development, may yet be followed by a recession. There is also the possibility, however, that the inflationary processes with which we are dealing will prove more stubborn than we realize. . . . For the time this year, our monetary and credit policies are therefore likely to tread a narrow path between much restraint and too much ease." All of this, if it means anything, implies that the Federal Reserve's course is now as unpredictable as the President's foreign policy.

As Raymond J. Saulnier, former Chairman of the Eisenhower Council of Economic Advisers, comparing Nixon's policies with the success of Eisenhower in controlling inflation over which he himself presided between 1953 and 1960, "For twice as bad a disease, it's half as much medicine." A consistent consequence of Saulnier was willing in both the 1950s and the 1960s to pay the unemployment price required to "kill" the demon of inflation.

But as a man who blames his 1960 defeat on the election-year recession, President Nixon has not been quite deliberately to control inflation without increasing the price of unemployment. Although the alternatives are more likely electoral than compassionate, a reluctance to increase unemployment can be applauded, even by the President's critics. The trouble appears to be that halfhearted budgetary and monetary policy on the evidence does increase unemployment, but it does not check inflation. The key Administration failure is to grapple with the implications of its unwillingness to accept a recession in order to cure an inflation. There is one way to reconcile the President's apparently inconsistent policy preferences: this is to impose a form of effective control over the key price and wage decisions which giant corporations and unions make. One of the reasons why effective monetary policy almost demands recession is to be found in the power of a few important people at the key controls in a small number of major industries to force wages up even in the construction trades, employment falls as a consequence, and to advance prices even if it

in steel, sales are lost to imports or sub-
called cost-push inflation by economists,
omenon is almost entirely the effect of the
concentration of economic power.

t all to their credit, many economists tend
nize the extent of monopoly power and ex-
the competitiveness of the economy, pos-
cause economists explain competition a
al more elegantly than they do the monop-
opoly, and hybrid mixtures of competition
trol which actually pervade American busi-
r a conservative Administration, served by
ative advisers, it is of course exceedingly
ent to deny that out there in the Republican
d thrive men of power whose fiat is able to
re best-laid plans of the Federal Reserve.

it was that at his first press conference as
it, Mr. Nixon delivered himself of these
its: "I do not go along with the suggestion
ation can be effectively controlled by ex-
labor and management and industry to fol-
ain guidelines." The words foreshadowed
e abandonment of the timid wage-price
sts with which the Kennedy and the Johnson
strations had experimented. Weak as these
ey had at least the merit of defining criteria
inflationary wage and price changes in the
economy. They allowed an activist Presi-
ffronted by some especially outrageous
price gouge, to intervene within the con-
coherent intellectual rationale and a stated
l policy. Lacking statutory authorization,
e-price guideposts depended for their in-
upon a President's capacity to mobilize
entiment against corporate or union offend-
n the last resort upon the implicit threat of
defense contracts, tax inquiries, and grand-
obes into possible violations of the antitrust
o this day the experts argue over impact of
deposits. Almost certainly, they were better
thing.

inking them, the Nixon Administration ex-
declared its intention of refraining from in-
on in major union negotiations and major
ate pricing decisions. Wages and prices, it
to say, were the consequences of the opera-
f impersonal, competitive markets, not the
e of the concentration of economic power
e political decisions which corporate and
eaders make.

70 what is required is a good deal more than
osts. If present monetary and fiscal policies
work without severe recession, what is urgent-
led is a set of effective controls over wages,
prices, and credit. This is neither politically
ministratively a simple proposition. Yet what
there to do? As usual John Kenneth Gal-
a World War II price controller, put it best
ng "a tailored system of wage and price con-
s the only feasible alternative to inflation."
ng of himself and other price controllers, he
ted, "Better than any others we know the
ties. We have also faced the sad fact that
s no alternative." Galbraith is right but the

Nixon Administration is unmoved. It has presented
us with a depressing combination of recession and
inflation and no sign that it knows what to do next.

II

W / E ARE ALL LIVING IN THE RUINS of Republican
policies. I do not believe it unduly charitable
to this Administration if I leave the scene of the
disaster, temporarily at least, and turn to more in-
teresting matters than the unimaginative misman-
agement of a complex economy by an ungifted
politician. The key question is this one: how did
we ever get ourselves into a situation where so little
that is essential to the health of the polity is poli-
tically feasible? The answer is to be found in the
apparent successes as well as the manifest failures
of two Democratic Presidents.

I shall begin with a bit of New Frontier hagiog-
raphy. As the story is told to this day by Kennedy
admirers, it goes like this. In economic as in politi-
cal and social affairs, the key New Frontier com-
mitment was a promise to get the country moving
again after eight years of Republican stagnation,
punctuated by three recessions. This was achieved,
largely because of successful management of taxes
and public spending by an intelligent President who
absorbed the teachings of the New Economics. In
the first Kennedy year the investment tax credit (in
effect a 7 per cent cut in the price of new machines)
stimulated business investment, and, just as the
President's Keynesian advisers predicted, had an
even greater multiplier impact upon employment
and income. No doubt the rewards flowed initially
to executives and stockholders, but humbler folk
soon reaped enjoyable benefits in the shape of more
employment and higher wages. It was not that
Mr. Kennedy wished to be soft on the rich. As a
former student and present patron of the author of
The Affluent Society, he was better aware than most
politicians of the needs of the public sector. The
President, however, was an even more devoted stu-
dent of the art of the possible in politics than he
was of the works of John Kenneth Galbraith. And

"The Federal
Reserve's course
is now as unpre-
dictable as the
President's
foreign policy."



his study told him that Congress was in no mood to enact such staples of the liberal agenda as Medicare, general aid to education, or other programs of rescue for urban America.

As the President analyzed his situation, the route to social expenditure was indirect. In fact, a preliminary necessity was general tax reduction. In late 1962 when the President decided to follow Walter Heller's advice and seek tax legislation from Congress, he did so not because he disputed Galbraith's famous diagnosis of public squalor and private affluence, but because he judged that Congress might be persuaded to cut taxes \$10 billion or so but could not be coaxed or coerced into spending an additional \$10 billion for social purposes. Yet if tax cuts worked their anticipated magic, the economy would expand so vigorously that total tax collections would actually rise each year. Out of this annual growth bonanza, Congress, its heart softened by prosperity, might just possibly do something for the poor, the urban, and the black.

The tax cut worked better than most economic nostrums. Aided by a generous helping of good luck, the \$10 billion tax cut (finally enacted in February 1964) did lead to the \$30 billion enlargement of Gross National Product that the Council of Economic Advisers prayerfully forecast. Best of all, unemployment finally began to shrink toward the Administration's stated "interim" target of 4 per cent. Although Mr. Kennedy did not live to see Congress endorse his policy, his successor enjoyed the harvest of social legislation which New Frontier political strategy had at length made Congressionally feasible.

Circa 1964-65, those *anni mirabiles* of the Great Society, everything came up roses. An obedient Congress delivered to Lyndon Johnson Medicare, a variety of educational programs, regional health centers, Model Cities, rent supplements, and even, in the shape of the Office of Economic Opportunity, ratification of the President's "unconditional" war upon poverty. All this, and in 1965, a second tax cut into the bargain. During all this legislative turmoil, the economy seemed as responsive to the will of

the Texas autocrat as Congressmen and Senators were. Prices were quiescent. Few wage settlers disobeyed the guideposts. The New Economic New Frontier, and the Great Society had produced full employment without inflation, social progress and lower taxes, a painless march to justice and prosperity for all.

It's a pity, but the fault neither of the New Economists nor their assassinated patron, that grand story had such an unhappy ending. The familiar villain of course was Lyndon Johnson, who forgot that he had won his 1964 landslide as a peace candidate. The wickedness of Vietnam escalated and destroyed the sweet harmonies of economic progress. Roses were superseded by thorns. The President soon stooped to deceit and evasion. If he wanted both his Vietnam hobby and continued price stability, he should have heeded his advisers and raised taxes early in 1966. Instead, into early victory, sedulous to conceal the scale of the Asian nightmare, he preferred to underestimatesome \$10 billion the next year's Vietnam costs. When the economy took off, inflation began to accelerate, and we still suffer the consequences.

The architect of disaster was Lyndon Johnson. Disaster's eager heir appears to be Richard Nixon.

FIND A RATHER DIFFERENT VERSION of these events considerably more plausible. It begins with the underestimated Presidency of Dwight D. Eisenhower. Mr. Eisenhower presided over a Administration notably skeptical of Pentagon claims. It may be that only a former general possesses the knowledge and the self-assurance to say to his former colleagues when they come crying for more of their deadly playthings. In retrospect, it is plain that President Eisenhower deserves gratitude not only for his famous warning against the influence of the military-industrial complex, but even more for his refusal to excuse the military from the normal controls of the Bureau of the Budget and the reasonable constraints of overall economic policy. In those days there were frugal generals in the land, among them such notable Maxwell Taylor and James Gavin, who were sincerely convinced that Eisenhower parsimonized in a fair way to endangering the security of the nation.

Reflecting and speaking the language of American imperialism and American interventionism, the Kennedy circle quite early embraced a globalism which it contrasted with the inertia of Eisenhower foreign policy, constrained as it had been by the starvation of conventional ground forces. The campaign rhetoric of missile gaps and alleged weakness on Castro was implemented by the new Administration initially at the Bay of Pigs. This disaster was followed in June by an unpleasant Vienna confrontation between the President and Khrushchev which convinced Mr. Kennedy that the only way to make American determination credible to the Russians was by a posture of strength. From this posture flowed partial reserve mobilizations



PETER GREEN

increase in requests for military appropriations notably in support of counterinsurgency. A still more fateful result was the sending of advisers to Vietnam, as a sign to the Russians rather than as a response to any special emergency in Southeast Asia. It is far from reassuring, might add parenthetically, that one of the justifications advanced for 1970's Cambodian invasion is this same alleged need to impress the Russians at this time, no doubt, the Chinese as well. In November 1963 the 900 Americans in Vietnam at the end of the Eisenhower years had been replaced by more than 25,000 reinforcements. No wonder Lyndon Johnson could still have liquidated the war, but at a political cost much higher than John F. Kennedy would have had to pay early in 1961. The roots of present calamities are to be found in Kennedy policy is of course ancient history. The policy to be made here is related but slightly different. As Mr. Kennedy defined American foreign policy, large increases in military spending were inevitable. This central evaluation had important policy consequences. To the general reluctance of Americans to pay higher taxes for social purposes was added the beginnings of that military diversion of available funds from present taxes that has reached fruition in Richard Nixon's Vietnam.

There is a further point. Any President has a limited stock of political capital and a limited access to the ear of his constituents. If he asks for something he cannot feasibly ask for others. In his first years, what John Kennedy asked for had little to do with social improvement. The first part of a year was devoted to passage of the Economic Expansion Act, a much oversold piece of legislation fueled as much by the calculations of NATO strategists as by economic evaluations of American commercial interest. And then there was the moon landing, the mobilization of American technology and industry in the interests of winning the big game against the Russians. In short, President Kennedy, elected by the successful politician's blend of electoral preference and electoral calculation, took the easier of the available courses. He appealed to national pride, competitiveness, distrust of Communism, and affection for technology.

In 1970 a great deal of what President Nixon does grotesquely parodies the man who a year earlier elbowed him aside. It is the burden of these remarks that President Kennedy's choices were often wrong. Nevertheless, they were made with a certain grace, consideration for friends, and compassion for opponents. And there was always hope that so quick a man would benefit from experience. At his death there were signs that he was justified. If today's President seems to be repeating the errors, there are few signs that he is learning from them.

Nevertheless, what John Kennedy did prepared the way for the deterioration that followed him. It is almost but unavoidable to say that like such less than brilliant political leaders as Leonid Brezhnev, Mao Zedong, and Gamal Abdel Nasser, President Ken-

edy directed his people's attention away from the complex and intricate issues which divided them toward the enemies who appeared to threaten their interests. For us, Cubans and North Vietnamese served much the same domestic functions as Israelis for Arabs and Chinese for Russians. The foreign policies of 1961-63 foreshadowed later Vietnam policy and limited the resources available for domestic improvement.

It is important to emphasize the nature of this limitation. What the military took was naturally not open to alternative civilian purposes. On the New Frontier the military fared financially considerably better than did civilian social-service programs, which had to await the Johnson years for very much in the way of funding. But it is a second sort of limitation which is still more important. What the times cried for was a national debate over American priorities. There was even a manifesto available, for in the late 1950s *The Affluent Society* was a best-seller, one of the most influential volumes of its day. If the President had so chosen, Galbraith, that premature enemy of mindless growth, trivial private consumption, urban neglect, and environmental decay, could have served a role more central than his position as Ambassador to India permitted.

The opportunity was lost. In 1962 when President Kennedy accepted his Council of Economic Advisers' recommendation to seek tax cuts in preference to expenditure expansion, he no longer had a real political alternative. Thus the New Frontier's major domestic failure was the direct consequence of its emphasis upon foreign intervention, races in space, and armaments buildups. The three years that an exceptionally appealing and extraordinarily gifted President might have devoted to educating his people to the point of action in meeting their real needs, he expended and largely wasted on purposes which if not actually mistaken were of lower orders of priority.

AS A RESULT THE GREAT SOCIETY was an exceedingly fragile construction, tolerated by Congress just so long as most of its benefits flowed to the affluent and the middle class, its costs were kept low, and further tax reductions accompanied new social programs. Because the Great Society rested upon such limited national understanding of social priorities, it has been possible for a conservative Administration to chip away at its moderate achievements with amazingly little difficulty.

And thus it is also that the myths which Americans find it pleasant to believe, and their political leaders accordingly profitable to indulge, linger on. It seems a part of the national credo that Americans are heavily taxed. In truth most citizens in the advanced industrial nations pay more. Congress and President collaborate in such cynical exercises as the 1969 Tax Reform Act which, starting as a fairly serious attempt to rectify some of the more glaring of tax inequities, ended as a tax-reduction measure which probably opened as many new loopholes as it closed old ones. Yet the demands alike of

"The architect of disaster was Lyndon Johnson. Disaster's eager heir appears to be Richard Nixon."

anti-inflationary policy and the revenue-starved cities dictate tax increases not tax slashes. Members of both parties scramble for precedence in the sponsorship of revenue-sharing with the states. The policy guarantees continued discrimination against the cities and confers responsibilities upon the states which they have shown few signs of wishing to discharge.

So badly has the public education of Americans proceeded that most voters define taxes as diversions from superior private expenditures, and public spending as invariably less important than private consumption. The legacy of the New Economics to the 1970s is an enlargement of the American appetite for tax reduction, a taste already much too ravenous for the national good. The great failure of the New Economics was its sunny confidence in growth as the universal solvent of social ills. It is, of course, true that political choices are easier when they concentrate upon redistribution of increments to national income rather than upon a static national income itself. It is easier to divide something new than to take something away from one group and give it to another. And it is only fair to add that the New Economics accomplished something of value in shoving the economy to higher levels of employment than had been customary during the 1950s. Unhappily, although wise decision was made somewhat easier, the terms of the discussion during the early 1960s did not convert opportunity very frequently into adequate policy. When economic growth occurs in the context of military and space programs and tax reductions, all that the exercise of creating the growth may do is enlarge the taste for more tax cuts and increase general indulgence for military and space spending.

Unless one believes in devil theories of politics, the dismantling of the modest gains of the 1960s, now well under way, is not the handiwork of any single man, nor even of Nixon, Agnew, and Mitchell all put together. Reaction is possible because so little understanding of past progress and present needs was advanced by the two Administrations which preceded Mr. Nixon.

III

THE ECONOMY IS IN ITS PRESENT SLOUGH of despond because the 1960s produced a situation and a President inhospitable to consistent conservative or liberal strategies. It is worth recalling the contents of these strategies. Of monetary policy it can again be said that a sufficiently brutal credit squeeze, long enough protracted to convince businessmen that the central bankers are out for their blood, will kill any inflation. Of course it will also idle a good many workers and bankrupt a good many merchants. The policy is politically too dangerous for any President to follow. If no other event served, the impending midterm election would be enough to deter Mr. Nixon from encouraging the Federal Reserve to persevere in its financial brutalities. It is one thing to make blacks and Democratic unionists pay the anti-inflation freight. It is

quite another to injure those middle Americans vital for 1970 and 1972.

Beginning with the Kennedy Administration, both parties have pandered to the tax-cut. His own campaign promises, and probably his participation in the tax-cut neurosis, limit the president's opportunities to raise taxes. Unless he abandons some of his favorite programs, military, space, supersonic, he cannot very sharply reduce outlays. Indeed the postal workers and other government workers have done their bit to raise taxes. Unless the Vietnam war is rapidly phased out, the military are not allowed to grab the real savings for themselves, it is hard to see how spending can be significantly reduced.

Prudently administered, addressed with consultation to the power centers of the economy, complemented with sensible fiscal and monetary restraints, wage-price controls can do a great deal to curb inflationary fevers without pushing the economy into a recession. For reasons already sufficiently discussed, this Administration has turned its back against all such proposals.

Faithful to the temperament of its masters, the Nixon Administration in all likelihood will fluctuate in the coming year between attacking unemployment as it mounts and damages Republican electoral prospects, and reverting to anti-inflationary monetary policies when prices continue to rise. The erratic design of the policy mixture and the ineffectiveness of the tools employed render it probable that the present recession will be quite severe, nearer the 1957-58 episode than its milder 1960-61 brethren.

THERE ARE OF COURSE RADICAL WAYS to treat inflation just as there are radical methods for treating social maladies. The focus must be on the related phenomena of power and wealth concentration raises in a peculiarly painful form the importance of the wage and price decisions made by corporate and union oligarchs. But their activities demand public supervision at all times. The New Economists' growth preoccupations leave little room for analysis of the inequities of the distribution of income and wealth. At an inflationary time like this one, it would make excellent sense to raise higher-bracket tax rates, impose punitive surtaxes, and really plug the tax loopholes. A small, awful lot of money would be collected, enough to repress inflation and to do something for the cities, the poor, and the unemployed. Even in the face of inflation, one could imagine guaranteed employment, a decently liberal guaranteed minimum income, a major program of low-income housing.

The very implausibility of such a scenario, the paucity of politically feasible policy alternatives, and the general retrogression the nation is undergoing are the sour fruit of the large hopes and exuberant language of John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson. In these bad times justice should be done even to dislikable men. On his present record, Richard Nixon is a failure as an economic manager. But he had much help from better

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There's a new confidence in the voices of the Far Right, speaking to people who feel regarded by everyone else. And they don't sound quite so crazy anymore.

Communist. It is a Communist revolution. People who are burning down the campuses, they're not right-wingers, they're not Birchers, they're not Ku Kluxers, they're not conservatives. They are Communists. . . . You better wake up, folks. The Communists feel they've got the college youth in their pocket. Now they're concentrating on the high schools. . . . They may feel that it's the time to go for broke. And what are you going to do about it? Are you going to keep doing what you're doing?

AS GETTING HOT. Two hundred people in the Church of Christ in Angus, Nebraska. Old farmers with their rimless glasses, clerks from the hardware store, feed-and-seed, young couples with babies, commuters from Northern Kansas passing around the word against trade with the Russians. Hot. The weather wasn't meant for this. Last Sunday they'd gathered thirty-four for the worship service, but on this rainy night some of them had driven 100 miles for this man, Billy James Hargis, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, to deliver The Message and collect the contributions. *Anyone who doesn't have an envelope—others have more.* The Christian Crusade: For America—Against Communism. There's a blank check for you. Fill in the name of your bank and the amount.

Hargis takes off his jacket and wipes his brow. His gray hair is still in place but the blue shirt is damp. It is hard work, especially for a man who weighs 200 pounds who is trying to lose weight and find it impossible that day to fit his belly into a restaurant booth. A few years before, he traveled in a \$50,000 air-conditioned Greyhound bus that had been fitted with sleeping accommodations, an audio recording equipment, and other facilities. The bus has been given up because, Hargis said, it had been an accident—fumes had backed into the ventilation system—and he no longer felt it was safe. So now he travels by chartered plane and car. The road is harder. Two hours per evening in the night stands, exhorting, collecting, preaching. Tonight in Norton, Kansas; tomorrow in Scotia, Nebraska; Thursday in North Platte; Friday in Lincoln, then back to Tulsa for the Conference of Fundamental (Fundamentalist) Ministers. Two hundred appearances a year: churches, auditoriums,

meeting halls. Two thousand in Indianapolis. Three thousand at the annual Christian Crusade dinner at Knott's Berry Farm in Orange County, California. Five weekly radio broadcasts on 115 stations; a weekly newspaper; a summer conference center in Colorado called The Summit which "trains Teen Agers and College Youth in Christian, Anti-Communist Leadership"; books, pamphlets, records, bumper stickers, and, beginning this fall, American Christian College in Tulsa, of which he will be president. Privately he is diffident, almost touching, about his country background in Texas and his lack of formal education. "I'm going to be president of that college," he says. "Now can you imagine anything more ridiculous than that?" But publicly he is in charge; he understands about the Communists and the liberals and the demons outside. In Angus or Lima or Shreveport, and maybe even in the Baptist Temple of Indianapolis, Hargis knows.

The right hand waves the glasses, and sometimes the left holds a newspaper or a pamphlet with the story of new atrocities. Devils dance, old ones resurrected, new ones conjured up from the headlines: the liberal ministers and the National Council of Churches, Martin Luther King and the Black Panthers, sex and pornography and dirty movies and sensitivity training, the Eastern press and the college radicals, the Ford Foundation and the Council on Foreign Relations, J. William Fulbright and Richard Nixon and sometimes even Agnew.

"The National Council of Churches can't back our men in Vietnam, but I see that they can take holy tithe money and support those draft dodgers in Canada. We could win this war in a month if we supported an all-out solution. We shouldn't let 'em lose; we should let 'em win. That's the American tradition and the only American tradition."

"Amen."

If you sit long enough in those little churches and meeting halls, or in the monthly chapter meeting of the John Birch Society, the words take on a sort of hermetic reality, an independent life sustained by the filtered light of the evening news and by the frustrations of experience never charted by the civics textbook. A lot is playback, echoes from the early Sixties—and from the earlier days of Joe McCarthy—when the voices of respectability banished the Radical Right underground and words

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like "Bircher" became dirty names. But now there is a new vitality, created not so much out of the language and tactics of the Right as from the declining confidence of the Middle. The Establishment that was supposed to moderate, to confirm the celebrated rituals of due process, to maintain faith in the system, that Establishment is shivering on its pedestal, apparently helpless in the face of a futile war and unable to resolve the anger and violence that that war and domestic tensions help produce. Hargis and the other voices of the Right know that they speak to people who feel disregarded by everyone else and that the established institutions of American politics and communications neither understand nor care. Nixon talks about averting defeat in Vietnam and about college bums, and Agnew cheers grim men with attacks on the liberals and the intellectuals, but nothing happens. The war goes on: the campuses explode; Huntley-Brinkley are still on the air. In the age of Nixon, paranoia is good politics.

I SPENT ALL THAT DAY WITH HARGIS, sitting in his motel room in Grand Island, and, after his speech, late into the night, driving across the dark, flat Nebraska countryside, consuming steaks at roadside restaurants, talking about America and the churches and the people who come to listen, trying to decide how much of this man was hustle, how much conviction, and trying to separate the general madness of the country from what could be called serious politics. It was the day after Kent State, but somehow those events still seemed rather distant, casual sideshows to the momentarily greater realities of what I came to feel was the reviving confidence and seriousness of the Radical Right. I had spent the previous day with Robert Welch and the Birchers in Belmont, and I would be going on to consider other organizations of people who had been dispatched to apparent oblivion a few years ago. The trip had started almost as a joke—reaction revisited, with pad and pen through the land of retired generals and old ladies in tennis shoes—but it didn't seem funny very long.

They were all claiming new members; they always did, of course, but this time the claims may have some validity. Liberty Lobby, a pungently racist outfit in Washington, which had barely 14,000 members early in 1968, now claims 20,000, plus another 230,000 readers of its publication, *Liberty Letter*; the Reverend Carl McIntire, who organized the Washington March for Victory this past April 4 (40,000 people; he claims 100,000), says that he has new support for his *Christian Beacon* (circulation 113,000) and that he is adding new stations to broadcast his Twentieth Century Reformation Hour to the 600 he already has. The John Birch Society, which just managed to hold its 60,000 members over the last three years—recruits just about canceled the attrition—may be exaggerating its claims that it will have 100,000 by the end of the year, and that for the first time since 1967 membership is picking up, but it none-

theless manages to keep its various speakers booked into 150 meeting halls every month and to sustain a growing number of its local "ad hoc committees"—the fronts that Welch called for a decade. The Birchers have been making it big with MOTOREDE (Movement to Restore Decency) and the fight against sex education, and with *Support Your Local Police* (SYLP), a phrase that Welch claims to have created. "It's an excellent time for recruiting," said Jim Fitzgerald, a Birch Society coordinator in New Jersey. "March was our best month in three years, and May was better still that way all over the country." Three years ago Benjamin Epstein and Arnold Foster of the Defamation League of B'nai B'rith estimated that the Radical Right spends \$20 million annually, the total must now be considerably higher. McIntire, Hargis, and Welch alone have budgets that total nearly \$10 million.

But that really isn't the point. They are not out to take over the country or to launch a fascist revolution. It is rather that in the context of the greater American madness, the divisiveness, the demoralization, the anger, none of them seems quite as crazy or out of place. Five years ago the John Birch Society and Liberty Lobby urged the United States to withdraw from Vietnam unilaterally: the Communists, Welch said, were winning both sides of the war, and the United States was paying for all of it. The war, in Welch's eyes, was a tactic to establish police-state control at home:

In the long run, you are going to see the fact that we are at war used increasingly, and even more brazenly, to enable the Communists to gain power in government, in the press, in the pulpit, and in every other division of our national life, to launch all criticism of their captive Administration as treasonous. You will see that Administration begin to establish controls over the lives and liberties of the American people which will make all the regimentation we have had so far look like a study in free enterprise; and begin suppressing all opposition by the usual Communist police-state methods.

The line has changed in the meantime; the call for victory first, then withdrawal, but the method is the same—the war is an inside plot for power—and the villains, who are also, in many cases, the villains of the New Left, have changed. Indefinite, limited wars have, historically, been un-American. You went in, beat the enemy into surrender or oblivion, and came home. In Welch's view, the Communists did not create the "Conspiracy"; the Conspiracy created the Communists. "Most important 'Communists' at least in the Western World are not Communists at all; they have never been," he said last fall. The real conspirators are the *Insiders* (always italicized in Welch world), meaning the Establishment, who are now using student revolt and black revolt to justify repression and augment their own power. The Establishment is the enemy, and if right-wi-

Intire can ask his followers to honor "the industrial complex and the place of the on in our national life," most of them none-enjoy militant anti-Establishmentarianism as anyone else. As you talk to them now, you o feel that not only does their liturgy—moly portentous during the candidacy of Wallace—have a bizarre new touch of apro- it belongs, but that it also requires a new ew lenses, and a new language to distinguish olutions from Nixon's Silent Majority, from y Left, from the phony technocratic liberals, om everything else in this unhappy country. is loves the role. Anti-Establishment. When im I thought he was a Populist he brightened ately, as if I had recognized his true spirit. William Jennings Bryan all over. Man of the country boy, evangelist, hustler.

e drive north from Angus, up Route 14, then n Interstate 80, he fiddles with the radio, try- get the returns of the Alabama primary be- Wallace and Brewer, saying, almost offhand, hat Wallace, he's a real Populist," then talk- out Bryan and Lester Maddox, and of how x went on television when his son was an- for holding up a filling station, not to disown it to declare his father's love; then talking about Wallace, and how he brought Wallace ational Christian Crusade convention a year ause Wallace was a drawing card and would id the hall; and about General Edwin "Pro Walker who had used Birch literature to in- ate his troops in Europe, and who, after his ent, spent time on the circuit with Hargis. had been a poor platform performer, some- ncoherent, and Hargis always took the col- before Walker spoke. "Walker is a good Hargis said in explanation, "but he never ood the way the country treated him." He l for a moment—he didn't like running people and then he returned to his favorite topic, the churches, how they had been losing members, oke of the huge congregations of the funda- ist churches in the large cities. Detroit. In- olis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, churches e they have ten thousand in Sunday school." en about his own career as a preacher in Ar- and Oklahoma, of how he had grown up "in ward age" after the great evangelists had re- and of an old evangelical preacher named A. Reynolds who had helped and encouraged e. "He turned my life around. He gave me a *The Road Ahead* by John T. Flynn, and it ed how even then the churches were going , how they were going from the salvation to the social gospel. It explained all my frus- to me. In the churches I knew it was all but in the ministerial schools you'd hear all er. Mac explained it to me: little by little he this material. One day he said, 'God is going e up some young minister who's going to keep urch's feet to the fire, who's going to start a movement,' and I asked, 'Could I be that man?' and he said, 'What do you think I've

been doing all this for?' . . . Brother Mac was a real renegade, he's part of my anti-Establishment life. He took orders from nobody but God."

I T WAS HARD NOT TO LIKE HIM. "I'm an evangelist at heart," he had said earlier that day. "I always talk on the Bible." *The Bible is inspired. I'd be a wildcat if I didn't believe in hell. I'd live it up if I didn't have to confront an angry God at judgment.* But in his public appearances the Bible always seemed to lead to other things, to Martin Luther King, "who didn't believe in the Virgin Birth, who said the Virgin Birth was a white man's trick to exploit the ignorant Negro," to *Playboy* and Hugh Hefner ("If Satan gives a medal, Hugh will get it"), to sex and pornography, to *Midnight Cowboy*, "with homosexuality and three acts of intercourse on the screen" (it occurred to me, as he mentioned that in Angus, that I never counted them), to a school in Chicago "where six- and seven-year-old kids are modeling sex organs *right in class*," to Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin and William Kunstler, "the Communist-front lawyer," to the war and the liberal press, and, then, inevitably, to the pitch, to the collection, to the table of records and books: a transcription of a Black Panther meeting—"filthy, dirty, vulgar"—in two versions, bowdlerized and unabridged, a booklet entitled *The Black Panthers Are Not Black—They Are Red* and another *Those Red Bears in Their Clergy Collars*, an exposé of the Ford Foundation (it bankrolls the Left), taped sermons by Dr. William Ward Ayer, \$5 each, Christian sex-education records, one for boys, one for girls (in Angus he had run out of the boys' record), American flag lapel pins, copies of *The Christian Crusade Weekly*, and a biography of Hargis himself. *The ushers will move among you. Can you give even a dollar a month to save your country? I want you to give your time, your money, your prayers to help get the message out. If I fail to touch your pocket-book I've failed completely.*

He had been crusading for twenty-four years. He started preaching in little churches when he was sixteen, began his first radio broadcast a few years later, and now conducted an annual business of some \$3 million employing 104 people, most of it, he said, supported with small contributions and subscriptions. "Whoever thinks we're in this for the money is just kidding himself. There's no money in being a right-winger." Each night he takes the checks, the one-dollar bills, and the ten-dollar bills and stuffs them in his attaché case: \$600 in Norton, \$400 in Angus, \$2,000 in Indianapolis. A few years ago, the Internal Revenue Service revoked the Crusade's income-tax exemption—the work, he said, of J. William Fulbright and Lyndon Johnson—but he has taken the matter to court and hopes to have it . . . I. He speaks as if the Republicans will be more understanding. Christian Crusade is not a political organization but a religious and educational movement, it supported no one for President. (It is impossible, I remember Welch saying, for any truly anti-Communist organization to get a tax ex-

"In Welch's view, the Communists did not create 'the Conspiracy'; the Conspiracy created the Communists."

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emption.) "I've gotten some support from Walter Knott [the California entrepreneur who turned a roadside fruit stand into a huge business] and a few others, but only a little. Money's always been hard. I have to work for every dollar." As we ride through the Nebraska dark he wonders out loud if he should work harder with organizations of businessmen, corporation officers, luncheon groups, but somehow he knows that most of them live in another world, and that even he doesn't quite understand it. He speaks about the Crusade's investments, land in Texas and Oklahoma, a hotel in Tulsa ("I prayed and prayed to find out what the Lord wanted me to do about that hotel: we bought it for the college as endowment"), but he seemed more to be playing at it than doing it. Obviously he lived well: he occupied a \$11,000 "parsonage" that the Christian Crusade had bought for him, he rode in cars that the organization provided, he owned a little farm in Missouri, and several times a year he and his wife led "tours" overseas—to Rhodesia, to the Oberammergau Passion Play, to Israel ("the most anti-Communist country in the world"). And yet, it still wasn't his world or his time. When I asked him why he hadn't served in World War II (he turned eighteen in 1913, he explained that he was then already a minister, that he automatically received a clerical exemption, and that only men with college degrees could become chaplains, but he seemed to know that the explanation wasn't impressive, and he obviously didn't like the subject. (Since then he has received a bachelor's degree from the Burton College and Seminary in Manitou Springs, Colorado, and a couple of honorary doctor of laws degrees—one of them from Bob Jones University, the other from Belin Memorial University in Chillicothe, Missouri. Belin's founder, Dr. Clyde Belin, has since served a year in prison for mail fraud.)

II

THIRTY-NINETY-FIVE CONCORD AVENUE in Belmont, Massachusetts, the home office of the John Birch Society, looks like the central headquarters of a suburban school board: tile floors, cinderblock walls, fluorescent lights. The American flag hangs over the front door twenty-four hours a day; it is illuminated at night, which, I assumed—given the place—was proper flag etiquette. There are a few flag decals on the cars in the parking lot—Chevys, Buicks, an Imperial—and one sign that says, "I'm a Secret Member of the John Birch Society." Next door, the employees of the Belmont Post Office make certain that the spillover of Birch cars doesn't come to rest in the socialist parking spaces of the government. Just inside at number 395 is an American Opinion Bookstore, one of the 350 or so that distribute the literature of the Society and its affiliate, Robert Welch, Inc.—some five million pieces a year—and beyond that there are the offices, billing machines, duplicators, and mailing rooms of the Society itself. During the day I saw no end of wall maps with pins marking the location of the bookstores and the 4,000 JBS chapters (Southern Cali-

fornia was clogged, ditto for the northern suburbs of Chicago, Dallas-Fort Worth, Houston, New Jersey, and Long Island) and a scatter of pictures of John Birch heroes and authors, and of them the waxy paintings resembling holy and that *American Opinion* magazine uses on its cover. Eddie Rickenbacker, the film writer Jack Moffitt who testified against the Hollywood Ten in McCarthy days, General Patton, General MacArthur, Taylor Caldwell, Professor E. Merrill Root (author of *Collectivism on the Campus and Brainwashing in the High Schools*), J. Edgar Hoover, Greek Premier Papadopoulos, and George S. Schuyler, a writer for Mencken's *American Mercury* and a contributor to Birch journals. Schuyler is—how would he like to be described?—a colored man.

It all looked normal—the plain cinderblock walls, the desks, the editors, the managers, the bookkeepers and secretaries (very few single women), the crowded halls and offices, which had already seen expansion into other buildings. A few bulldog past second-string football tackles twenty years after some YMCA faces, and more Southerners than you'd expect in a Boston suburb, all straight, talking, answering telephones, dictating, doing what most people do in offices. You had to keep trying to read the words with the faces and the behavior; after a few hours even the language seemed quite ordinary and proper. Hermetic reality.

It should be noted and remembered [H. H. wrote in the May Bulletin] that, even in 1917, both Lenin and Trotsky were nothing more than agents, employed and supported by the top Conspirators above them. And that neither of them could even have got to Russia in that year, nor have had any chance to leading and sustaining the Bolshhevik Revolution, but for the huge sums of money turned over to them, and the vast influence exerted on their behalf by far more powerful Conspirators in England, Germany, and other countries, and especially in the United States. The fact that these countries were at war with each other had no bearing on the common unity of interests among the top....

After 1917, however, two very important factors gradually changed the nature of the Conspiratorial advance. One was the establishment (in 1922) of a physical base and headquarters for the Communist arm of the Conspiracy, in the form of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.... The second was simply the evil genius and ruthless ambition of Stalin, which contributed so mightily to this physical progress....

Communism is never anything but a drive for power or position or glory or wealth on the part of the Insiders at the top, or of those climbing to the top. These Insiders impose the components of Communist tyranny on a people and on the world, subtly, skillfully, deceptively, and with patient gradualism.... This is why nothing that you do to oppose collectivism or immorality or revolutionary vandalism really matters, until you expose the Conspiratorial drive behind them.

From Robert Welch all things flow. It is his organization, his employees, his work, his words, his

tive of the Welch Candy Company, Welch JBS in 1958 at that now-famous two-day in Indianapolis, where he spoke to some corporate friends for endless hours, telling he menace, and asking for their help. (The which was to become the *Blue Book of the Welch Society*, did not mention *Insiders* or the conspiracy, or his allegation, spelled out in *The Politician*, that Dwight Eisenhower communist agent.) Of all the Radical Right tions, JBS became the only one that succeeded in building a broad base of membership, and using that membership to work faithfully on projects Welch outlines in his *Bulletin* each circulating petitions against trade and aid Communists (more than 1,500,000 signate), writing letters to politicians and others, persuading merchants to carry Californes (Cesar Chavez is a Red agent) and not to polish hams, demanding an end to sex education and pornography, recruiting new members, using local police, and harassing the Supreme Court. The Welch magazine *Review of the News* is calling for the impeachment of Justice Burger, but JBS has not elevated that cause into a cause for members because Burger and Blackmun are much better.)

The organization that Welch created consists of separate entities, JBS itself, and an affiliated publishing arm, Robert Welch, Inc., which includes *the News*, *American Opinion*, and a book-selling house, Western Islands. Together they employ more than two hundred people and operate on a budget of nearly \$5 million a year. ("We spend as much as we can raise," Welch said.) The field work of the organization is managed by 74 paid "coordinators" or "major coordinators" who direct the activities of chapter leaders and members (ten to twenty in each chapter), recruit new volunteers, run "study clubs," advise the front groups, the RENE, SYLP, TRAIN (To Restore American Influence Now), and TACT (Truth About Civil Liberties), and try to keep the bookstores staffed with chapter volunteers. And yet it is still Welch, Robert Welch, who sets the policy, writes the *Bulletin* 10 words a month, in longhand—hires the staff and selects the members of the National Council, a group of businessmen, doctors, and lawyers to advise him and help give the organization a corporate respectability. In Belmont, he is called *Mr. Welch*, and if anyone believes that his vision of the Conspiracy is wild, he doesn't say it aloud. "Mr. Welch," someone explained, "is a man."

Welch's tone, inevitably, is considered, with a kind of reasonable reasonableness that seems stranger on him than in the environs of a chapter meeting or a press conference in Belmont. You learn all sorts of things: that it was no coincidence that Earth Day, April 22, was also the one hundredth anniversary of Lenin's that the Chinese satellite was not Chinese but American; that the "incredible distributive drug network" sponsored by the Communists is delivering heroin produced in China; that "the international

financiers" sponsored anti-Semitic attacks on themselves to preclude serious scholarship on their machinations; that youth revolt in this country is sponsored by the Communists, but that student demonstrations in Prague and Belgrade are locally sponsored phonies designed to throw us off the track; that most young radicals were, at one time, on the payroll of the Office of Economic Opportunity, or workers in OEO-supported programs; that the Soviet Union never took its missiles out of Cuba, and that "they've paraded them through the streets of Havana" to maintain pressure on the United States and thereby justify the ever-increasing scope of government in this country; that international disarmament is a fraud which would really involve the transfer of weapons from national (*i.e.* American) control to the control of a world government.

Words. From *American Opinion* (which has more editorial latitude than the *Bulletin* and does not necessarily reflect the Birch line):

When they come to get your gun, are you going to let them have it? . . . One of the good things about Marlboro country and such, where men are men and pack something besides Marlboros to prove it, is that everybody is more polite. . . .

In December, Berkeley radicals actually held ceremonial burial services for Christmas trees. It is interesting to recall that one of the first moves after the Communists' November Revolution in Russia was the banning of Christmas trees. . . .

When disciples of the Marquis de Sade demonstrate against the atomic bomb they are just insanely jealous.

Inevitably—and beneath most of it—there is the vision of a smaller, simpler world, of less government, of a lost innocence, and—at the same time—of a nation so powerful that only treason and conspiracy could have created its contemporary problems. (It is not suggested that the military is also part of government, and hence should be reduced. It is assumed that if the generals were allowed to win—in Vietnam or wherever—the armed forces would atrophy of their own volition.) "What about the FBI?" I asked Scott Stanley, Jr., the editor of *American Opinion*. "The potential danger is there," he said. "Suppose Hoover were replaced by a man of the Left, by someone like Nick Katzenbach [Attorney General under Johnson]. It's scary." And yet, there is also the sense—certainly on their part, and perhaps on mine—that the world's version of chaos has moved closer to theirs. "The young people," Stanley said, "are conditioned to be anti-Establishment. They're concerned about oppression of the individual. They feel lost in their environment

and have a feeling that they can control it. We agree on the problem—the growth of bigness, the destruction of individuals. They don't see how a rational man can turn to government." The whole object of the revolution in the streets, he explained, is the extension of collectivism and repression. The revo-

"You learn all sorts of things: that it was no coincidence that Earth Day, April 22, was also the one hundredth anniversary of Lenin's birth."

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lution is being manipulated to justify a repressive Congressional reaction—an expansion of the power of the state and the *Insiders*, the Conspiracy “which we call for convenience the International Communist Movement.”

THE LITERATURE FLOWS and the speakers mount their platforms: retired colonels and little priests in white socks, ex-Green Berets and crewmen from the *Pueblo*: brainwashing, drugs, “Our Families—Under Attack.” “The John Birch Society—The Myth and the Reality.” “The Glorification of M. L. King—a Victory for World Communism.” “Communist Target—Youth: Cannon Fodder for Revolution.” “The American Military: Target of a Smear.” One week’s schedule: Bellaire, Texas: Marion, Michigan: Moline, Illinois: Petoskey, Mich.: Kalkaska, Mich.: Tulsa: Elkhart, Indiana: Schenectady: Holland, Mich.: Tyler, Texas: South Bend, Ind.: Rockville, Minnesota: Plattsburg, New York: Sturgis, Mich.: Columbus, Ohio: Minneapolis: Syracuse, N.Y.: Battle Creek, Mich.: Cleveland: North Branch, Minn.: Buffalo, N.Y.: Hastings, Mich.: American Legion halls, school auditoriums, hotels, community centers, the Knights of Columbus, the Grange hall, the “Memorial Opera House.”

In the basement recreation room of a development house on Staten Island, the most conservative borough of New York City, the monthly meeting of a local chapter. We sit around a large table covered with white cloth. Eleven people. All but one of the five women sit around one corner—the men sit opposite. We stand to say the Pledge of Allegiance, then a moment of silent prayer. The leader is a lady in her thirties (Italian Catholic, bleached hair, well-preserved; most of the others are older, but they are all first generation out of the city: Little Italy, Chelsea, Yorkville Irish or German). We do the *Bulletin*. Like school. *Explication du texte* and projects. Things to do this month. Write letters to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee opposing adoption of the Genocide Treaty. Side reference to the Supreme Court: “Democracy is the worst of all government,” says the leader with a little difficulty, echoing Welch’s First Principle. (“This is a Republic: Keep it That Way.”) Petitions against trade and aid are collected: twenty-seven sheets with seventeen names each. Mr. Welch says he has something big planned when they get two million. . . . We recently recruited some students. One of them said the Radical Left didn’t offer him anything so he joined the John Birch Society. There’ll be some people with petitions going to the hard-hat parade: the construction workers—their hearts are in the right place—but they don’t understand either. Not Peace with Honor: Victory. And the way to win, says Mr. Welch, is to stop supporting the Communists. Stop trade. Did you know that Nixon has just taken 1,300 items off the strategic materials list, so now they can be sold to the Russians?

After all that, you expect Welch to be an anticlimax—perhaps not to exist at all. The ultimate Conspiracy, I thought: to *invent* Robert Welch out





of nothing. "The gentleman who had the courage, dedication, persistence, and energy to found the John Birch Society," says the JBS booklet, "was born December 1, 1929, on a farm in North Carolina. His mother was full of farmers and Baptist preachers. He is an avid student of history and has been since his childhood. In fact, by the time he was seven years old, he had read nine volumes of Ridpath's *The History of the World*. The more he read, the deeper his understanding became of the civilizations of the past, and the more soundly his appreciation grew for the great country in which he had been born—the United States of America."

He was sitting in his office under one of those holy card paintings of Captain John Birch, an Army officer who was killed by the Chinese Communists and for whom the Society is named. The North Carolina accent had blurred almost beyond recognition, but the white hair and the softness of the cheeks and jaw, for no reason, I could express, were all South. *The ghost of General Lee planning the battle against time. Magnolias, honeysuckle. From beyond, the sound of a trumpet.* There has been no change in our position, he was saying. We have had only confirmation, and then he went on to speak about the worldwide Communist plot against local police forces. "The federal government is trying to take over the local police. We've opposed grants to local police. They'll be like school lunches: they'll be used to control local agencies."

After a three-year hiatus, he said, the Society was beginning to grow again: the majority of Americans were disturbed by events and more willing to listen to the John Birch Society. There were new chapters, among them a growing number of "youth chapters" in the Pacific Northwest. But beyond even that, there were at least three times as many people working on Birch projects as there were three years ago. The ad hoc committees—about one thousand of them around the country—were highly successful.

"I can't retire," he said in answer to a question. He had been writing the *Bulletin* now for 132 consecutive months. But there was too much to do. "I'm on a treadmill." *He's a driven man.* Speeches to give, money to raise. Occasionally there was a big gift: recently he got one for \$250,000 that was used to provide *Bulletin* subscriptions for 50,000 doctors, but "the biggest one we ever got we'll never get." It was a bequest of a million dollars from Dallas Bedford Lewis, a California pet-food manufacturer, whose will also included legacies for Pepperdine College in Los Angeles (on condition that Pepperdine give Dan Smoot, the right-wing propagandist, an honorary degree, which Pepperdine refused) and for Smoot himself. Lewis' widow challenged the will, charging that Smoot and the John Birch Society had unduly influenced her late husband, and that he never really intended to make them his beneficiaries. (JBS and *American Opinion* are nonetheless the recipients of business support, most of it from smaller family corporations and entrepreneurs: Agnew Plywood of Grants Pass, Oregon, Kwik Lok Corp. of Yakima, Washington, Constantine Engineering Laboratories of Mahwah, New Jer-

sey. The Rickenbacker Report, and the A. B. Card Company of Centralia, Missouri.) You wonder what the impact is—all that work, all that money. The Society, Welch always says, is not a political organization but an educational one: *creating a cadre*. In California a couple of Birchers, John Roeder and John Schmitz, stand a good chance of being elected to Congress; in New York, the Civil Liberties Review Board was defeated, partly with the help of Birch propaganda, and in a good many communities the general right-wing attack on sex education has made things difficult for people who regard themselves as enlightened. And yet, you'd find Welch paranoid to believe that any of these things are totally the result of some Birch plot: the issues are there, and Birchers seize them; they hitchhike on other people's causes.

WELCH'S OWN CLAIMS FOR THE SOCIETY are modest. He suggests that it was the Society's work that made the Ford Motor Company reluctant to build an automobile plant in the Soviet Union; that its attacks on Earl Warren and the Supreme Court helped drive Fortas off the bench and produced a more general suspicion of the Court; and that its campaign to Support Your Local Police alerted people to the attacks on local law-enforcement agencies. The Panthers and the SDS were "goodible tools," he explained. What they were doing was to create, on behalf of the *Insiders*, a public demand for "more stringent laws against freedom of speech and for suppression by the federal government of freedom of assembly," and the way to stop that was to "take the handcuffs off the police and put them on the criminals."

It was all part of the same plot, going back to 1776 and a crowd of Conspirators called the *Illuminati* and their hand-picked successors. For a long time we spoke about the *Insiders*, about George Mason and Christian Herter, who, he said, were planning World War II at the time of Versailles, about the central bankers, and of how the income tax, the Federal Reserve System, and the foundations were planned together. The *Insiders* were there to fight because "they've had all the experience" but it was not clear from the conversation with the members of the Conspiracy in the United States whether they were working for the Communists or vice versa. Perhaps it didn't matter. What was clear was that it was hard for *us* to use *them*—that *they* inevitably succeeded in manipulating *us* because they were adept at the use of human psychology. (Marx, Lenin, and Trotsky, I was told again, were just agents.) It was all in the book, in the pamphlet, documented in the latest issue of the *Bulletin*. *Go do your own work.*

He's an intellectual. Hargis had said. Billy Hargis was simple: in Belmont it was full of knots; Welch was simple through his "reading of history," through the "sellout of China," that great watershed of McCarthyism and the Radical Right (the ultimate end of the American frontier?), through his research on the Conspiracy, and his climactic discovery that

"The issues are there, and Birchers seize them; they hitchhike on other people's causes."

imagined was only a drift into socialism accelerated by "the forces underneath," not mention the growth of technology and institutions and conglomerates, or racism and although he conceded that he had to fire P. Oliver, an Illinois college professor, from the National Council after Oliver's blatant anti-Semitism had become an embarrassment to JBS. In the whole discussion better, perhaps to a lecture—I couldn't forget the terribly self-dramatizing qualities of his obsession, ("Paranoid and a little bit of otic drivel," William F. Buckley, Jr. had said.) Was the John Birch Society a service to the cause of the Radical Right—did it give voice and a focus to the frustrations of the displaced on Staten Island and in Southern California; did it create, sustain and legitimize the mood of vengeance that had infected the cops and the hard-hats regardless of differences in doctrine—or was it the nation's most effective way of keeping angry people doing useful things, collecting petitions, writing letters, studying *ad infinitum* the lessons that Belmont had drilled for them? And yet—what was normal politics? There have always been plots, conspiracies, cycles change, and now technology may make it easier to execute—and possibly also easier to detect. But for those of us who identify with the cause, even if we quarrel about techniques, belief in conspiracy has become too dangerously attractive. None of the right-wing versions has as much believability as, for example, the assertion that the Federal Department and the police have colluded with the Panthers and other organizations of the Left. But I find even that dangerous. Is the version of conspiracies propounded by the Left more legitimate than that of the Right? If the Weathermen, Minutemen or Nazis, who would be demanding reparations? If student radicals had beaten up the hard-hats, would we be going to Federal Court and police protection for innocent people? I don't, I insist on the privilege of castigating the Left for its travesties, but I would be out of my mind to try to destroy it, because it still seems to be the only protection for anyone against the chaos of the times.

I kept trying to define Radical Right: it was easy a decade ago, but that map no longer served. Too much had happened, too much has come unstuck: it has now become fashionable to confuse error with truth, ignorance with racism, and revolutionary politics with Conspiracy. "Democracy," says a character in John LeCarre's novel *A Small Town in Germany*, "was only possible under a class system. It was an indulgence granted by the privileged. It hasn't time for it anymore: a flash of light between feudalism and automation, and now it's gone. What's left? The voters are cut off from parliament, parliament is cut off from the government, the government is cut off from everyone. Government by silence, that's the slogan. Government by inaction. . . ." As I left Welch's office, loaded with questions, I asked him who the real *Insiders* were in the CIA. "I wish I knew," he replied. "I wish I

A WORLD APART, WITH ITS OWN MYTHS, ITS OWN cosmology, its own tensions. There are a half-dozen major organizations and dozens—perhaps hundreds—of others: the John Birch Society, Liberty Lobby, Carl McIntire's Twentieth Century Reformation Hour, the Manion Forum, the Life Line Foundation, the Dan Smoot Report, the Christian Crusade, and the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade of Dr. Fred Schwarz. At one end they shade into the fringes of mainstream Conservatism—*Human Events*, *National Review*, the Young Americans for Freedom, and the conservative political parties—at the other into the organizations of racists, Minutemen, Ku Kluxers, and Nazis. Fashions in fear are as variable as fashions in dress or cosmetics. ("Don't lump us with them," said a Birch lady when I told her I was also interested in Liberty Lobby. "They're anti-Semitic.") And yet, despite the bickering between organizations, despite their struggles for support and their quarrels over tactics, they have common targets and rhetoric: the Communist Conspiracy, the welfare state, the poverty program, civil rights, foreign aid, and, more recently, the peace movement, sex education, student activism, and black militancy. Occasionally there are attempts to pull all of them together into a huge movement: Hargis tried a few years ago and failed ("We're all after the same money," he explained), and each summer many of them send representatives to the Birch-affiliated New England Rally for God and Country. But even going their separate ways they share resources, personnel, and common heroes.

Maddox and Wallace, Thurmond and (with some strong reservations) Spiro Agnew—and sometimes a common infatuation for dictators of the Right, Chiang, Park, Thieu, and Papadopoulos, or for an enlightened country like Rhodesia. Clarence Manion, once dean of the Notre Dame University law school, who now directs the Manion Forum (radio broadcasts and a newsletter) is on the National Council of the John Birch Society; Hargis was one of the Official Endorsers of JBS; and Representative John Rarick of Louisiana regularly feeds material from many of them into *The Congressional Record*. (On April 4 Rarick participated with Maddox in McIntire's Washington March for Victory, then flew to California for a Liberty Lobby dinner.) Often they exchange platforms, although the Protestant fundamentalists still have a tendency to stay clear of Catholics.

Support, like objectives, like speakers, overlaps. Hard-line conservative organizations—and sometimes the Radical Right—can occasionally count on major donations or advertising from people like Walter Knott, H. L. Hunt, and Patrick Frawley (Schick Eversharp and Technicolor, Inc.), from certain corporations, and from family foundations. The Chance Foundation (created by F. Gano Chance, a member of the National Council of JBS) has supported Hargis, Schwarz, McIntire, and others; the Pew Memorial Trust supports Schwarz; H.H. Food Products has sponsored Texas oilman

Peter Schrag
AMERICA'S
OTHER
RADICALS

H. I. Hunt's Late Line broadcasts; Knott has helped Hargis and McIntire, was a major advertiser in *Human Events* and a backer of the Liberty Amendment Committee (repeal the income tax) whose cause has now been taken on by the John Birch Society; and Frawley, a director of the American Security Council (a corporation-supported organization of executives and retired generals who campaign for hawkish causes: "Peace and Freedom through Cold War Victory") has provided support for Schwarz and others. "I once tried to get money from Frawley," Hargis told me. "But all he gave me was an 89 cent Schick razor."

Frawley, who keeps Senator George Murphy on the Technicolor payroll, is a major backer, individually, and through Schick, of an organization called Twin Circle, a broadcasting and publishing venture directed by a Jesuit priest named Daniel Lyons. Lyons, who is officially assigned by his order to a Chinese cardinal in Formosa (Paul Cardinal Yu Pin), circulates 120,000 copies of his weekly paper (most of them in bulk to Catholic churches) and airs his daily broadcast in five hundred cities. "The basic issue," said Father Lyons, "is still a Cold War issue. He supports victory in Vietnam—close Haphone, hatched now!"—and strong military, and opposes Cesar Chavez (it's a Communist grape strike), Ralph Nader, sex education, and abortion reform. Through its literature, Twin Circle can go beyond the fringe—recently it distributed an American Security Council comic book implying that lack of a strong air-and-missile defense will lead to the rape of American women by Soviet troops—but usually it doesn't scream or deal in conspiracies. Like many other organizations, it shares views with the groups of the Radical Right, but isn't part of them. (Their radicalism, I began to feel, lies not so much in their extreme positions or in the gaps between themselves and what once would have been regarded as the spectrum of conventional politics, but in their special sense of isolation and defeat. They do not articulate complete programs—although they often oppose them—and they don't have a complete view of the world. They behave as if they don't expect to win. They do not constitute an underground. But they feel like one.)

The special curse is racism—always denied, yet always in the shadows, producing a weird game of now-you-see-it, now-you-don't. In the cosmology of extremism, it seems to be a necessary component. The long-lost world of innocence kept niggers in their place (without federal interference), knowing that it had achieved higher standards of culture and civilization than any other country. "God's people must resist the forces of evil," McIntire had told me, citing Biblical references faster than I could write them down. (He was at that moment stumping Arkansas, organizing a Victory Rally, and talking up the impeachment of Senator Fulbright.) "The liberal element is trying to change our concept of morality," but the Christian people were waking up, there was a change of spirit, and "Agnew knows it." It had been their world—God's people, white, Christian—and it was now being polluted by civil

rights, uppity blacks (like Martin Luther King and, in the view of some, by Jews, Orientals, and others of lesser breed. If you ask Welch or Hargis or the professionals in other organizations, they tend to dismiss the issue, like the caretaker of a haunted house in a gothic novel: there is no ghost. Welch has Jews (and, yes, even Negroes) in the John Birch Society; Hargis, who once wrote articles for blatantly anti-Semitic publications and who, like Gerald B. Winrod, a notorious Jew hater, counsel, takes Jews on trips to Israel; Fred Schwarz of the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, who, in the Watts ghetto, he once said, is a "security problem" because he has a Jewish father who later converted. They can hate anybody: they just know that things like civil rights are Communist tricks. There is no ghost.

And yet, you always know it's there. It was there in the Thirties with Father Coughlin and Gerald K. Smith, and it is still there, living a persistent life of its own. Ten years ago, federal agents in San Francisco arrested a man named Francis Parnell Yockey for passport fraud. Yockey, a graduate of Notre Dame in 1911, had been an assistant prosecuting attorney in Detroit, served in the U. S. Army and then held a minor post on a German war-crimes tribunal. In 1948 he quit, went to Ireland, and wrote a book called *Imperium*, which he dedicated "to the hero of the second world war." While he was in Ireland he was visited by a man named Willis A. Carto, who had been associated with various anti-Semitic and far-right operations and who subsequently became the founder of Liberty Lobby, a Washington-based organization which lobbies for right-wing causes in Congress, and which Carto still serves as treasurer. A few days after Carto's visit, Yockey still in prison, committed suicide, and it has never been determined what he had been doing in Europe or America after the book was finished. Carto wrote an extended introduction for *Imperium*, published it through Noontide Press of Sausalito, California, which he controlled, and watched it develop a strange but persistent underground reputation among people on the Radical Right—or anywhere else, they say they have read it, but many had heard about it, or about Carto and Yockey, and disowned it all. (Hargis condemned the book as anti-Semitic and anti-Christian.) Still, despite the derision, *Imperium* is more consistent and certainly more explicit than anything on the Right. There are no code words, no allusions. It is the ultimate farce of white supremacy and nationalism in America.

It is no problem to maintain a myth in ignorance [said Carto in the introduction]. Negro equality or even supremacy, for example, is easier to believe in if there are no Negroes around In a word, internationalism in practice quickly metamorphoses into racism.

How many Americans or Britons are acquainted with the stupendously elemental fact that they are—in the historical sense—German, that they are, like it or not, part of that great Teutonic-Celtic family which—millenniums before the dawn of Rome or even Greece—was one tribe, with one language?

key's thesis is that the West is being de-
stroyed through absorption of the "Culture Dis-
tortion" which seems to mean any non-Aryan
nation, but especially Jews; that the Jews,
through Roosevelt, managed to get America to fight
a long enemy in World War II (Japan was the
real "geopolitical" enemy, Germany was not):
that "the rise to absolute dictatorship of the Cul-
ture-distorting group in America enabled American
policy to frustrate the pacification of Europe as the
prelude to European reconquest of its lost world-
dom of 1900—the status of power monopolist
in the world."

*In fighting against nationalistic feelings in
America, the Jewish Idea is fighting for its con-
tinued existence against the hostile Western
civilization. It is a tribute to the political skill
of the leaders of Jewry that they were able in
the 20th century to identify their Jewish Idea
with America, and to label the nationalism of
America with the term "un-American."*

Yockey's handling of non-white populations is
hard racism ("The soul of the Negro remains
primitive and childlike in comparison with the ner-
vous and complicated soul of Western man. . . .
Primitive violence is natural to the Negro, and the
lack of social disgrace is lacking in him in connec-
tion with crimes"), but his description of what he
calls the American National Revolution seems more
prophetic now than in 1948 when it was
written:

*It is probably no longer possible for the
American Revolution to take a constitutional
form. The perfected parliamentary-electoral
techniques of late democratic conditions seem to
exclude the possibility. There is left only civil
war. In such a war, the race-war between the
Negro and the white, the class-war of the money-
holders against the coming authoritarian na-
tionalism, and the war for survival of the Cul-
ture-distorter against the American people, will
step forth for resolution.
When the American National Revolution
takes political form, its inspiration will come
from the same ultimate source as the European
revolution of 1933.*

Liberty Lobby is schizophrenic about the whole
thing. Carto pushes the book, but most of the
100 people who get *Liberty Letter*, the organi-
zation's monthly sheet, have probably never heard
of Yockey or *Imperium*. The nominal head of the or-
ganization, Colonel Curtis B. Dall, who was once
married to Franklin Roosevelt's daughter Anna,
who is the author of a book called *F.D.R. My
Adopted Father-in-Law* (published by Hargis),
reads the public speeches. He is there, according
to the member of the staff, "for the public image."
The work of lobbying is carried on by paid pro-
pagandists in Washington whose objectives—at least
in theory—are determined by a 20,000-member
Board of Policy," which anyone can join by paying
an annual dues and by signing a loyalty oath.

(To the United States, not to the organization.) "In the cosmology of extremism, racism seems to be a necessary component." Warren Richardson, an attorney and chief lobbyist, says he and the organization believe "in the rational approach," not in racism, polemics, or shouting, but he concedes that wasn't always the practice. (Slogan: Reason, Not Treason.) Because of its base — "All our support," Richardson said, "comes from little old ladies in tennis shoes"—Liberty Lobby has a Populist streak. It supported tax reform, even to the point of publishing a Herblock cartoon, and takes no position on social security because "conservatives are divided on the issue." But it hasn't abandoned racism: through a program called Save Our Schools (SOS), Liberty Lobby battles against school integration, sex education, and sensitivity training, and battles for the restoration of school prayers.

But the major problem is still the achievement of respectability—for the Radical Right generally and Liberty Lobby in particular. The idea that the Right is shot through with kookiness, said Richardson, is "the bane of our existence." Thus there are endorsements from Congressmen (most of them Southern Democrats and Midwest Republicans), subtle jabs at the Birchers (for having conspiratorial minds), and off-the-record suggestions from some staff members that Carto's activities are an embarrassment. Even among other members of the Radical Right, the reputation won't go away. Welch has attacked Liberty Lobby, and Hargis said that Carto had hoodwinked "a nice old man" (Dall) into association with an anti-Semitic, un-Christian outfit.

YOCKEY'S NIGHTMARE FANTASY cannot even really threaten. The American Radical Right (and everything else) is too full of Italians, Poles, Greeks, Russians, is too American to represent that sort of fascism. It is, moreover, too thoroughly streaked with Populism, and too full of one-cause patriots (sex education, school busing, or Vietnam) to maintain reactionary discipline. Yockey's logical brutality, finally, leaves everyone but a few Nazis with their disclaimers up. And yet, the book haunts you. How many Americans live with a fantasy that makes their hair blonder, their eyes bluer, and their lives more militantly unequivocal? What is the real offense of a long-haired peacenik who holds his fingers in a V as the hard-hats come marching by? Is that a frontier vigilante stomping that kid, or an incipient brownshirt, or does it make any difference? A great deal has been said and written about decent people who feel neglected by the Establishment, about forgotten Americans, about the people who flirted with the idea of George Wallace in 1968 (or actually voted for him). But what, I now wonder, would these same people do, not in moments of frustration or in periods of democratic stability, but *at their very worst*? If the mood of the nation was anxious and divided two years ago, how do we describe it now? What is the most vicious in us, and how close are we to it? You keep wondering about the relation of democracy to racism, wondering what kind of choices we will finally make between them.

I want to believe—do believe—that we are still too cantankerous, too individualistic for Yockey's hallucinations. Our own brand of repression is more likely to have a laissez-faire, decentralized, free-enterprise, made-in-America quality. Support Your Local Police.

And yet respectable arguments against the Right are getting weaker every day: extremism on the Left produces extremism on the Right; circumvent established institutions and practices and the resulting chaos will produce repression. I had spoken with Henry Salvatori, a California oilman and one of the philanthropists of conservatism. (Salvatori once supported Schwarz's Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, and now contributes to the American Security Council, helps bankroll conservative politicians, and is a backer of several university-based anti-Communist strategy institutes.) Salvatori talked about "our fragmented common beliefs and common values." No society, he said, has ever existed without common values. "In the American Revolution they weren't trying to change values, they weren't trying to tear things down. They were committed to civility, decency, and character. But these people who carry the Hanoi flag—we've become too tolerant of change, too permissive—and I hear the consequences. The Silent Majority won't take it lying down." If we have repression, he said, some established liberties will go. "We have strong traditions—but people may get to the point where they will accept a man on a white horse." The argument assumed certain premises: it assumed confidence in institutions, the Presidency, the courts, the social system; it assumed a measure of hope, and it assumed a society not twisted by the effects of racism and discrimination. But what if once-reasonable men no longer had such confidence, what if the argument of normalcy were crippled by its association with a morally villainous war and a history of white supremacy? One can argue with conservatives like Salvatori about the importance of the Communist danger to the United States, and about the significance of the Indochina war. It is somewhat less easy at the moment, however, to argue with a man (Right or Left) who has no confidence in the courts and the politicians, and not much interest in the Bill of Rights.

Ten years ago the liberal Establishment crashed down on the Radical Right with accusations of anti-Semitism, racism, and general kookiness. Birchers were nuts. They were people who had pursued the American dream into little suburbs, or into the California sunshine, or to an Arizona retirement only to discover that technology and complexity—and death and taxes—had followed them. They knew they hadn't made it on their own, or, if they had, that forces beyond their understanding might some day conspire to take it all back. More often than not, they were the beneficiaries of welfare-state programs, of subsidies and social security, but none of that made them suspect government any less. Kooks. But we have now come to the point where moral absolutism is back in fashion and compromise is indicted as corruption, where all institutions are

suspect, where Medford Evans, one of the rewriters for *American Opinion*, can praise S. Hook's "liberal" attack on student activists as a reluctant willingness of university administrators to tolerate them, where Dan Smoot, the former agent who once broadcast Facts Forum for oilman H. L. Hunt, can use precisely the arguments of conformity and repression against the public schools as Paul Goodman, once a member of the New Left, and where the President of a college can express his doubts publicly about whether the Panthers can get a fair trial in the courts of the United States. The point is not that radicals on the Right and Left can hold similar views on some issues, or that they share a suspicion of established institutions. (That, after all, is what makes them radicals.) It is, rather, that the middle is losing confidence in those institutions, that *liberal* is becoming a bad word, and that some of the great edifices of liberalism have lost their appeal.

Does one defend the American Civil Liberties Union, one of the favorite targets of the Right—given some of its most "liberal" members threaten to bolt if the organization continues to defend students against the arbitrary acts of teachers and administrators? How does one defend "liberal" foundations which have shown an imperious disregard for the sensibilities of the ordinary people that they hope to reform and to whom they expect to set good manners? And how, finally, can one so easily charge of deceit and conspiracy in high places when such conspiracy and deceit have become plain knowledge during the past decade, and when one of the most honored "liberal" men in America has rushed to defend them in the name of "the national interest"?

The risk of radical reform is that any number of things may go wrong. Weathermen, Minutemen, Ku Kluxers, and others, fundamentalists, cops, hard-hats, and their rules tend to change as the game goes on. But institutional stability and normalcy under conditions of racism and indefinite war—and bombings and spoiled and careless disregard for democratic processes on the other side—are not what the American dream was made of. The Radical Right view of a good life—schizophrenic though it is—is of a essentially white, simple country. The more there is against existing institutions, the more tempting that view will be for many people too shy or embarrassed to join Birch or even MOTOREDE who nonetheless share their ideas. Reagan, Wallace, Mitchell, and Agnew are real. J. Edgar Hoover and the Birchers speak about attacks on local police in the same terms. The offer of an association of transit patrolmen in New York offers a \$10,000 reward for information about conspirators behind the growing criticism of police behavior. Increasingly the stakes of reform and action grow and the risks mount. Nonetheless, there are risks that a growing number of Americans are going to take. What once looked crazy is taking the sweet smell of the plausible. The New York construction workers gave Richard Nixon a hard time. If it fits, he may yet wear it.

THE BEST BARTENDER IN NEW YORK

ings in a very respectable place, with an old-fashioned professional man.



THE MAN WHO IS VERY POSSIBLY the best bartender in New York, and for all anyone knows the best in all the rest of the country, too, wears on the little finger of his left hand a big gold Crucifix ring. It is the second one he has owned, and the first, which was sterling silver, was given to him eighteen years ago by a priest who was struck by the way the bartender, whose name is Anthony J. Tisi, took care of the old bums who made up a large part of his clientele when he was working out of a place on the Bowery. Tisi, who is always called Tony, passed the first ring on to his youngest son, who works in the fish market, and is called Angelo only by his wife and mother, everyone else calling him Tiny because he is something over six feet tall and does not come in at anything under 300 pounds. Tony cherishes the new Crucifix ring as much as he cherished the old one, and one night he tapped the figure of Jesus on it, and said very seriously, "He turned a vat of water into wine, and that's something no bartender could ever do." Tony works in a bar on the Upper West Side of New York that is called Wilby's, and early on in the evening when Tony starts to work it is something that Ben Shahn might paint, and then by about midnight, when it is darker and more desperate, it is a little like something Breughel might be interested in, and at 4:00 A.M., when the lights go all the way out, and there are only a few drinkers left, Bellows could do it. There are not many neighborhood bars on the Upper West Side of New York, a true neighborhood bar being a very respectable place, with usually the same quiet customers wandering in and out, and most bars on the Upper West Side, particularly in the small hours of the morning, are full of people who are not very respectable. Tony keeps Wilby's respectable even into the smallest hours because he insists on it, and because he is himself respectable, and sometimes he says that respect is the quality he admires above all others, and that without it there is no such hope for any of us.

This is an old-fashioned view, and it is one commonly held by the men Tony's age who grew up around Mulberry Street in lower Manhattan. Tony has worked in every kind of bar, but it was

John Corry, a contributing editor of Harper's since 1968, lives on the West Side of New York and drinks late lunches like Wilby's bar.

John Corry
THE BEST
BARTENDER
IN NEW YORK

on Mulberry Street, as a boy of thirteen, that he poured his first drink in a professional way. This was during Prohibition, and Tony served Marsala wine in bottles that were marked "for hospital use only." It was in his father's café, which was open twenty-four hours a day, and in the café there were also three demitasse urns. One was filled with rye, one with Scotch, and one with anisette, which Italians like to drink in black coffee. Tony's father liked his little joke, and when the police would swoop down to find out where the rest of the booze was hidden, he would stand behind the bar and say to the sergeant, "You're getting warm, you're getting hot. Oops, now you're getting cold." Actually, the stuff was hidden in a garbage pail that had a false top on it, which was where it stayed all during Prohibition.

Tony says that all the people on Mulberry Street had a good deal of respect for one another, and that this is why it was such a well-ordered neighborhood. When Tony worked on the Bowery, particularly on those nights when the fights were on television, and the customers were lined up elbow to elbow to watch them, pickpockets would pass to and fro and try to steal. Tony got four rapiers, stuck two at each end of the bar, and when a pickpocket appeared he would grab one, and hold it at the pickpocket's throat. The pickpockets, he says, learned to respect him this way, and to leave his customers alone.

Wilby's, however, is not troubled by pickpockets, and so Tony exercises his authority and gets the customers to respect him by a kind of moral suasion. He is a stocky man, too fat for his years and size, he says, and he looks out at the customers through thick eyeglasses, which make him look a little like an aging owl. He is not frivolous, and he hardly ever jokes with the people who come in, and when he is displeased with someone he simply plants his feet, spreads his hands about three feet apart on the bar, and stares. It is nearly always enough to intimidate anyone, but if someone should ever really present a problem, Tony would retreat to one end of the bar, take up a paring knife, pick his nails with it, and glare. "Respect," he says, "is what it's all about, and you must make the customer respect you."

Tony works in a business in which there are many suspect ways to make a dollar, and not long ago he was offered a job in what he called a "hooker joint." This was a place on the East Side that more or less specialized in fancy ladies, and the salary was \$400 for three nights' work a week. "I couldn't take it," Tony said, pointing to his heart, and indicating honest emotion. "Every guy who walks in is your enemy, and you show him no mercy, no mercy at all." In hooker joints, the fancy ladies frequently ask the men on expense accounts and other swingers to buy them champagne, only it is not champagne that is served but sauterne mixed with ginger ale and club soda. There are, in fact, a great many bars in New York in which the customer seldom gets what he orders, and bar owners are forever refilling bottles with something else.

Dewar's Scotch costs about \$79 a case, but there are other brands that are exactly the same and cost about \$30 less, and as often as not a man is drinking one when he orders Dewar's. Ju. Fleischmann's gin is always getting poured in the smaller bottles, and any number of unknown brands are passed off for Seagram's 7. Tony once worked in a place where nearly everyone drank Seagram's, but the owner would lay in cases and cases of cheap bar whiskey, and only occasionally a case or two of Seagram's. The customers never complained, in the fashion of drinkers everywhere, would not greatly resented the idea that anyone could be put such a thing over on them.

ONE OF THIS SURPRISES TONY because he learned long ago that drinking men are always happy when things are put over on them. When he was a young man on Mulberry Street he would sometimes pour a little cream soda into a glass, add a dash of water, and drink it while the customers were watching. "What are you drinking?" they would say. "Just a little something," he would say, offering them a sip. Smooth, they would say. Later on, when Tony worked in bars where there were heavy drinkers who would run off to the bathroom every hour or so to throw up, or regurgitate, as he calls it, Tony would bet the heavy drinkers that he could fix something for them that they would not throw up, and that furthermore it would be nutritional, too. Then he would make something with heavy cream and sugar, or maybe tonic juice, and only pretend to put some booze in it. Liquor bottles have little silvery snouts, and Tony held the bottle over the glass to pour, and would hold his thumb over the snout. There would be no booze in the drink, and the heavy drinkers would not throw up, and everyone would be pleased all round.

"A good bartender is like a good shepherd, taking care of his flock," Tony says. When he is behind the bar at Wilby's, Tony moves constantly, never restlessly, but always with calm purpose. His ripple-soled shoes, his eyes dark bullets glancing from this customer to that, watching their hands, their elbows, how they hang their heads, and how well they can make it from the bar to the bathroom. He listens, too, but having heard the same conversations for years, he does not listen so much to what the customers say, but to how they say it. When arms dangle, elbows slip, a head lolls, or a voice goes shrill, or perhaps disappears into a customer probably has had too much, and he is, as the bartenders say, eighty-sixed. This means he gets nothing else to drink, and when he is eighty-seven he is told to leave. Tony is slower to eighty-six some customers than he is others, some customers being less inclined to get sick or to quarrel than others, and some customers being nicer people than others. Nonetheless, Tony is superb at eighty-sixing nearly anyone, and he does it with the style, charm, and abrasiveness that come not only from years of experience, but

n absolute sense of who he is himself. "Don't ink you've had enough?" he says, which is much a question as a statement, or, "Why you just pick up your money and leave," of course, is not so much a request as an intum.

Y does not hustle his customers in any of ways beyond number that a bartender can do, and he is not smarmy and obsequious in any of a British barman, and he is not insinuating in the way of the French. He is authentic. He can out of Mulberry Street, America being a country, but Mulberry Street having given him a trimony. Mulberry Street is neither Italian nor American, whatever "American" might mean. It means nothing to say it is a little bit of Italy. Tony is not sure when his grandparents left the village in the Province of Naples, but he knows that it was long before 1900, and that they lived on Mulberry Street, and that his own father grew up there, and that he himself raised his children here. Tony's father helped to organize the feast of San Gennaro, which is a kind of big block festival on Mulberry Street, and in 1937 Tony helped to carry the terra-cotta statue of the saint in the feast's processional. That was the year the FBI agents were looking for *fascisti* on Mulberry Street, mostly because some of the men who regularly ran the feasts had celebrated the Italian invasion of Ethiopia a few years before by singing about the neighborhood in fascist uniforms and hanging Haile Selassie in effigy. Tony's father, who had been unhappy with all that, said in 1942 that younger men on the street ought to have the feast, and that furthermore the money that had collected ought to be used to buy war bonds for the neighborhood boys who were in the service, and Neapolitans on the block did not like this. They said they would have nothing to do with it. Then the men from Bari, who lived around the corner on Hester Street, said that they would take the place of the Neapolitans, and that they would even carry the saint in the processional. Not doing, the Neapolitans said, San Gennaro is the saint, and no one from Bari can carry him. "I will while," Tony says, extending his index finger holding his thumb straight up, "everyone ought to make the bing-bing." Then, however, when he had lately risen high into the councils of the Mafia, offered his good offices to adjudicate, and he decided that the young men would inaugurate the feast, and that the money would so go to buy bonds. When Tony helped carry the money the people threw money as they always did, and Tony and his friends filled four pillowcases full of bills. The police said they wanted to guard the money, although there was no safer place than Mulberry Street, and Tony, deciding that they just ought to have a piece of the action, told them to get lost. Then, one of the policemen pulled the plug on the street lighting, and when the lights came on a few minutes later, all of the Italian bands played the first national anthem just for the hell of it. "When I go back there now I get depressed."

Tony says. "So many people I knew have passed on, and sometimes the depression I have will stay with me for days. We had such good times in the old neighborhood, and there are so many memories." Tony and his wife, Fay, their children grown and married, left Mulberry Street four years ago and moved to Staten Island. They had lived in a very old building on Mulberry Street, where everyone knew everyone else, and could speak Italian, and where they had no need to lock their doors at night because who would bother them? Staten Island was new and raw, and the neighbors were not as nice, and now Tony and Fay Tisi have moved to an Italian neighborhood in Brooklyn. It is still not the same as Mulberry Street, however, and it never will be. Once Tony and Fay could get together on Sunday nights with their friends Antoinette and Vinny D'Acunta, and put a board across the windowsill in the hallway at the top of the stairs, and sit there until late at night, eating pastry, drinking wine, laughing, and looking out at life in the street below. Vinny was a cab driver, and after he died Antoinette helped to raise the Tisis' children as if they were her own. The door to her apartment was left open, with children and adults always in and out, and Tony's sisters and mother-in-law stopping by, and always the sharing of food and confidences.

Y OU CANNOT REALLY KNOW ANYONE UNLESS YOU know their pleasures, and a chief pleasure on Mulberry Street is food, which also stands for warmth, and affection, and for a man with a really big appetite *machismo*. There are supposed to be something like 135 sauces that you can put on spaghetti, and Tony is pretty sure that he knows all of them. Tony, in fact, taught his wife to cook, and she says this was her undoing because when she learned to prepare really fine pastas she could not stay away from them. Not long ago the Tisis and another couple were dining in a restaurant on Mulberry Street called Paolucci's, and Tony, deigning to use a menu, decided that everyone should start with hot antipasto. This was a big platter full of things like stuffed peppers, sausages, mushrooms, and eggplant, and there are fancy places uptown in which four people would eat approximately the same thing for a whole dinner. Then Tony called for bowls of mussels and bowls of clams, and when that was finished, he ordered three platters of macaroni for himself and the other man at the table, Fay and the other lady being on diets, and when that was gone he asked for four orders of veal scallopini, which came with potatoes cooked in some glorious Italian way. Then the Tisis and the other couple went across the street to Antoinette's apartment to eat rich pastries, and to drink dessert wine and black coffee with Antoinette. When the man with Tony said it might have been the largest meal he had ever eaten, Fay said with some surprise that it hadn't been much at all, and Tony said that if you *really* were interested in eating big you ought to go to something like a Neapolitan wedding.

Fay Tisi has never been in a bar where Tony has

A good bartender is like a good shepherd taking care of his flock."

John Conry
THE BEST
BARTENDER
IN NEW YORK

worked, and she says that if she did stop in she would only feel uncomfortable. "What would I do there?" she says. "I don't drink, and I wouldn't know how to act. Anyway, I don't want to go. I worry all the time about my husband, that something will happen to him. Even after all these years I worry, but what can I do? It's his job, and he's got to go out every night." Tony is impassive when his wife says things like that, and he is impassive when he talks about things like that himself. Once, a heavyweight cab driver and a middleweight itinerant got into an argument while Tony was behind the bar, and the itinerant pulled a gun. The cab driver wrenched it away, and with great diligence and precision began to use it to crack open the other man's head. Tony came from behind the bar, and said very sternly, "Why don't you act your age?" and took the gun away. "I faced up to it," he said later. "That's the only way you can do these things. You face up to it. Now, if I'd been two minutes faster I could have averted it. I could have told the kid the guy was a cop. I could have said something and stopped it, but I didn't make my move quick enough."

Tony broods sometimes about his small failures, although with the cab driver and the itinerant he allowed that he probably had prevented a homicide. He said it was his knowledge and experience that told him to act the way he did that night, and that he had always been more fortunate than most bartenders because his first real knowledge about the bar business was laid down by an authentic expert. Tony, you must remember, is a strong family man who is dedicated to his church, and who does not take money that does not belong to him. "You do good, and you forget about it," he says, "but you do an injustice to someone, and then you always worry about it." The other thing he believes in is discretion, which was always a well-regarded virtue on Mulberry Street, and has allowed him over the years to make acquaintances more interesting than most. While Tony was a young man casting about for an occupation he was taken in hand by a Mob guy, and put to work in a Mob bar. The arrangement was that he would learn the business, and that then the Mob guy would tell him to leave, which was precisely Tony's idea, anyway. Many people, having never quite got over Damon Runyon, become foolishly romantic about Mob guys, and see enchantment in things like usury and broken heads. Nonetheless, there are good Mob guys and bad Mob guys, and when a good Mob guy meets someone whose heart is pure he will be a perfect little gentleman. A good Italian Mob guy, in particular, traditionally pursues all the old virtues, and although he may have a little tootsie stashed away in a duplex in the East Fifties, he will still spend much of his time in the bosom of his family in the old dump he has been living in for thirty-five years. Tony's time in a good Mob bar was a digression, lasting only seven months, and ending by mutual consent, but it was a formidable education, making him into the complete bartender he is today.

"For instance," Tony says, "you get a loudmouth,

a wise guy, in the bar, and you want to get rid of him, but you just can't tell him to leave because he's not misbehaving enough, and he's not drunk. So what can you do? Now, not many bartenders know this, but it's simple." (Herein, Tony takes a glass and points beneath Wilby's bar.) "A bartender always has two sinks, one with clear water and one with detergent. Now when he cleans a wise guy's glass he puts it into the clear water and then he puts it into the detergent, and he leaves just a little bit of the detergent in the glass. The bartender makes the wise guy's drink, and when he's done maybe three drinks like that you know what happens? The wise guy suddenly leaps up from his stool, and he runs into the bathroom like he's been shot from a gun. He's got the worst case of diarrhea he's ever had in his life. There are so many things to know about this business. You know what some unscrupulous bartenders do? Some guy comes in with a girl, and he gives the bartender the signal. He wants to get the girl drunk. So what does the bartender do? Mickey Finn? Knockout drugs? Forget it. Let's say the guy orders something like rye and ginger for the girl. The bartender mixes a little sherry or muscatel into the drink, and the poor girl has three like that, and she's completely bombed. Then there are all the little things you get to know. Like, look at that glass of beer. The glass of beer, which is in front of a customer who has been staring into it for twenty minutes, is very flat. Tony gets a paper napkin, whips it into the glass, and up comes a full head of foam. "Things like that," he says.

"Or you see a bartender, and he's sitting on his stool, and he's sitting that way for a long time, and his legs start to cramp up. A customer walks in, and the bartender wants to throw a beer bottle at him because now he has to get up. A bartender doesn't know he should never sit down, but if he does he should keep his legs stretched out in front of him like a prizefighter between rounds. You never let me sit down. I keep moving, and my legs and arms never bother me even though I put in forty-eight hours a week, and I have phlebitis. You take an average bartender, and there are so many things he doesn't know it's criminal. Your average bartender ends up like a busted valise. He gets no protection, or his place closes down and he loses all his business. A bartender gets a little gray in his hair, and he can't get a job anymore. Nobody wants him. Nobody helps him. He ends up with nothing. We all will get to some bartenders, and alcohol will get to a lot of them. You ever see a drinking bartender? He's pathetic. He always drinks off the top shelf where the good stuff is. The cheap ryes, the cheap whiskeys, are on the bottom shelf, but the bartender goes right to the top shelf, where they have the good Scotch, or the brandy. He thinks he's being so clever about it, but the stuff catches up to him, and the owner knows about it, and the bartender is out of a job, and he has no place to go to, and he doesn't know what hit him. Or you see a guy who's so dumb he's stealing all the change off the bar. He has no finesse. You know

does? He keeps a cigarette lighter in his pocket so he has an excuse to keep reaching in with his hand. Change he's picking up, and pretty soon he's standing around with his pockets loaded, and if you turn him upside down it would sound like there are coins in the U. S. Mint. The owner gets wise and takes it right away, and the next thing he's out in the street, and he doesn't know what hit him, either." There are other ways in which a bartender can be so inclined, and some of them are remarkably simple. Many bars in New York have plashtubs that are hollow underneath, and any bartender with a quick pair of hands can move the tub over a customer's money, and then leave it in place to see if he misses it, and if the customer does not, simply move the ashtray off the back of the bar, making a sweeping motion when he empties it, and let the tub drop into his hand. There are midtown bars where added visiting firemen regularly show up to cash their travelers' checks, and if they are added to the bartender's list, the bartender will find a mistake in the way the check was made out, wad it up, and throw it in the trash. There is no mistake, of course, and the fireman will retrieve the check, and then cash it. Tony says that the easiest people of all to be the Mob guys themselves, although it can be particularly bad news for a bartender if he is a Mob guy. Tony says, come in five or six at a time, slap their money in front of them, and then they're buying drinks for one another, and for everyone else, too. Pretty soon, he says, they have no idea who is paying for what, when in fact they're paying, sometimes several times over. Tony says there are many bartenders who love to see the Mob guys come in because they can be so easily fooled, but that it is not a practice he himself would ever publicly recommend.

STYLISHLY, HOWEVER, TONY IS FASCINATED BY ALCOHOL and by its properties, and by what it can do to people. He says that serious drinkers usually prefer Scotch because it does less damage to their stomachs, and that bourbon drinkers are the most careless drinkers because they sip their drinks, and don't gulp them, and seldom mix the bourbon with anything else. Winos on the Bowery, he says, prefer port or sherry to muscatel because the muscatel knocks them out too quickly. He also says that the winos can pass out on the sidewalk in the cold of winter and wake up with nothing more than the excruciating headache they always get out if they get enough money to drink whiskey, and then pass out in the cold they can die. When he worked on the Bowery the men he calls "the unfortunates" would start to line up outside an hour before it opened, quivering and suffering with the pain you can get only from a hangover on cheap wine, and when he let them in he would insist that they take their first drinks with a dollop of heavy cream, sugar, and egg white. One day, he says, he could be sure they were getting at least something to eat. Tony's mother ran a restaurant that was connected to the bar, and

she would sell meal tickets for \$5 that would buy \$5.50 worth of food. She and Tony insisted, however, that the meal tickets could not be used at the bar, and so some of the poor unfortunates, putting first things first as they saw it, would be more inclined to spend for the alcohol than for the food. Tony says that on the Bowery he saw more misery, grief, and venality than he ever hopes to see again, and that he left it as soon as his mother was able to get back the money that she had put into the restaurant. Nonetheless, it was on the Bowery that Tony learned what he calls his "secret," and—he thinks it is the most interesting discovery of his life.

Tony, you must know, is himself a drinking man, capable of knocking back large amounts of the stuff, and never showing anything at all in the way of damage. In fact, he has not been drunk in fourteen years, and on that last occasion it was only because it was his daughter's wedding reception, and he was going from table to table, drinking Scotch, and then taking what he calls Dago red for chasers. He has not been drunk since, he says, because a doctor who ended his days on the Bowery, and was too far gone in alcohol to have it do him any good, told him the secret of drinking. Tony says he has not told the secret to another soul, but that someday he will, and that he thinks it ought to be worth something to an insurance company, perhaps, or maybe to a distillery. Friends who have scoffed at him for saying he had the secret have had to admit that he has indeed been able to put away inordinate quantities of booze without showing as much as a bloodshot eyeball, and some of them have begun to think that there might be something to it after all. Tony will say nothing about it at all, except that it involves no drugs, or pills, or tricky breathing exercises, and that it is nothing so foolish as coating your stomach with something like olive oil, or ice cream. Beyond that he will say nothing, and if you ask him more he will only smile enigmatically, and look like an Italian Buddha.

By most measurements, Tony is a happy man, and even a successful one. "My theory is you play no angles," he says, and that is possibly another reason he gets along not only at Wilby's, but in his family, too. "I got angry with my husband, and started to yell at him," Fay says, "and my daughter said, 'Don't you dare talk to my father that way.'" Fay, who will cook anything that Tony wants, and who never lets him wear the same shirt twice, did not seem displeased by this, and when Tony had an argument with his older son, Alexander, his younger son, Tiny, wanted to slug Alexander. When Alexander, in turn, heard that some officials in the bartenders' union were talking as if they wanted to roust his father about, he wanted to go down and put the slug on them. Alexander wears dark glasses and expensive shoes, and it looks as if he has his hair razor-cut, but when he comes into Wilby's to see Tony he walks up to the bar, extends his hand, and says, "Hello, Daddy." When he leaves he takes his hand again, and says, "Goodnight, Daddy." "Respect," Tony says, "is what it's all about, and without it you've got nothing." □

"A bartender doesn't know he should never sit down, but if he does he should keep his legs stretched out in front of him like a prize-fighter between rounds."

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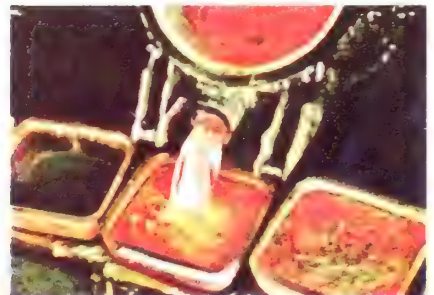
REYNOLDS
when you do it, do it in
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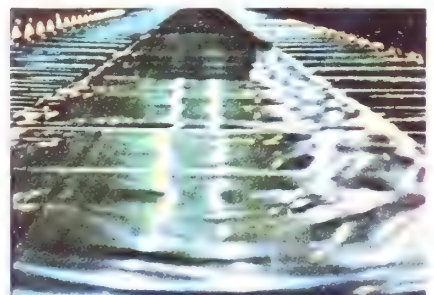
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II SAMUEL: CHAPTER 13

At that time, there was in David's house a fair sister, whose name was Tamar; and Amnon the son of David loved her.

2 And Amnon was so vexed, that he became sick; and he said unto his servants, For she was a virgin; and Amnon thought it hard for him to do any thing to her.

3 But Amnon had a friend, who was one of the eunuchs that were in the house of King David's brother; and Jonadab was a very wise man.

4 And he said unto him, Why art thou, being the king's son, lean from day to day? and thou hast fulfilled? And Amnon said unto him, I love Tamar, my brother's daughter.

5 And Jonadab said unto him, Lay thee down upon the bed, and put on oil, and when thou hast done so, I will bring thee thy sister Tamar, and thou shalt be satisfied.

6 ¶ So Amnon lay down, and made himself sick; and when the king was come to see him, Amnon said unto the king, I pray thee, let Tamar my sister come, and make me a couple of cakes in my sight, that I may eat at her hand.

7 Then David sent home to Tamar, saying, Go now to thy brother Amnon's house, and dress him meat.

8 So Tamar went to her brother Amnon's house; and he was laid down. And she took flour, and kneaded it, and made cakes of his right, and let bake the cakes.

9 And she took a pan, and poured them out before him; but he refused to eat. And Amnon said, Have out all this food from me. And then went out some man from him.

10 ¶ And Amnon said unto Tamar, Bring the meat into the chamber, that I may eat of thine hand. And Tamar took the cakes which she had made,

and brought them into the chamber to Amnon her brother.

11 And when she had brought them unto him to eat, he took hold of her, and said unto her, Come lie with me, my sister.

12 And she answered him, Nay, my brother, do not force me; for no such thing ought to be done in Israel; do not thou this folly.

13 And I, whither shall I cause my shame to go and as for thee, thou shalt be as one of the fools in Israel. Now therefore, I pray thee, speak unto the king; for he will not withhold me from thee.

14 Howbeit he would not hearken unto her voice; but, being stronger than she, forced her, and lay with her.

15 ¶ Then Amnon hated her exceedingly, so that the hatred wherewith he hated her was greater than the love wherewith he had loved her. And Amnon said unto her, Arise, be gone.

16 And she said unto him, There is

no cause, this evil in sending me, is greater than the other that didst unto me. But he would hearken unto her.

17 Then he called his servant ministered unto him, and said, now this woman out from me, and the door after her.

18 And she had a garment of divers colours upon her; for with such were the king's daughters that virgins appalled. Then his servant brought her out, and bolted the door after her.

19 ¶ And Tamar put ashes on her head, and rent her garment of divers colours that was on her, and laid her hand on her head, and went on crying.

20 And Absalom, her brother, when he heard of this thing, he was wroth against Amnon, and he slew him. And Tamar remained desolate in her brother's house.

Dan Jacobson

THE RAPE OF TAMAR

excerpts from a novel

IT REALLY IS VERY IRONIC. Ambitious people are those who are determined to secure for themselves exemption from the humiliations and misfortunes that others simply have to endure as best they can. Yet once the ambitious have achieved power and position, they and their families become more, not less, exposed to temptation, to error, to disastrous reversals of fortune. Hence, in the end, all they succeed in turning themselves into are great exemplars of the ordinary, overwhelming instances of the commonplace. Look at my cousin, Amnon! Ordinary men who begin to burn and shiver with desire for their closest female relations are usually compelled to find the best release their own busy fingers under the bedclothes can bring them. But the very powerful are in a position to take greater risks.

"What's the point of being a prince if you can't do it?" I said to Amnon at one stage, after he had confessed his secret to me. Whereupon he replied, as if all those wretches with their hands under the bedclothes had their eyes fixed only on him. "What's the point of being a prince if I do?"

Exactly. It was a good reply. I had to admit. Better than I would have thought Amnon capable of making. Even though I did find something comical, at the same time, in the idea of Amnon solemnly trying to put himself forward as a model of self-restraint and high-mindedness, as a being uncontaminated by the filthy desires of the mass of mankind. Amnon? The same man who in other moods made such a point of impressing on me how irresistible was the passion that drove him: of begging me to realize that he could no more be blamed

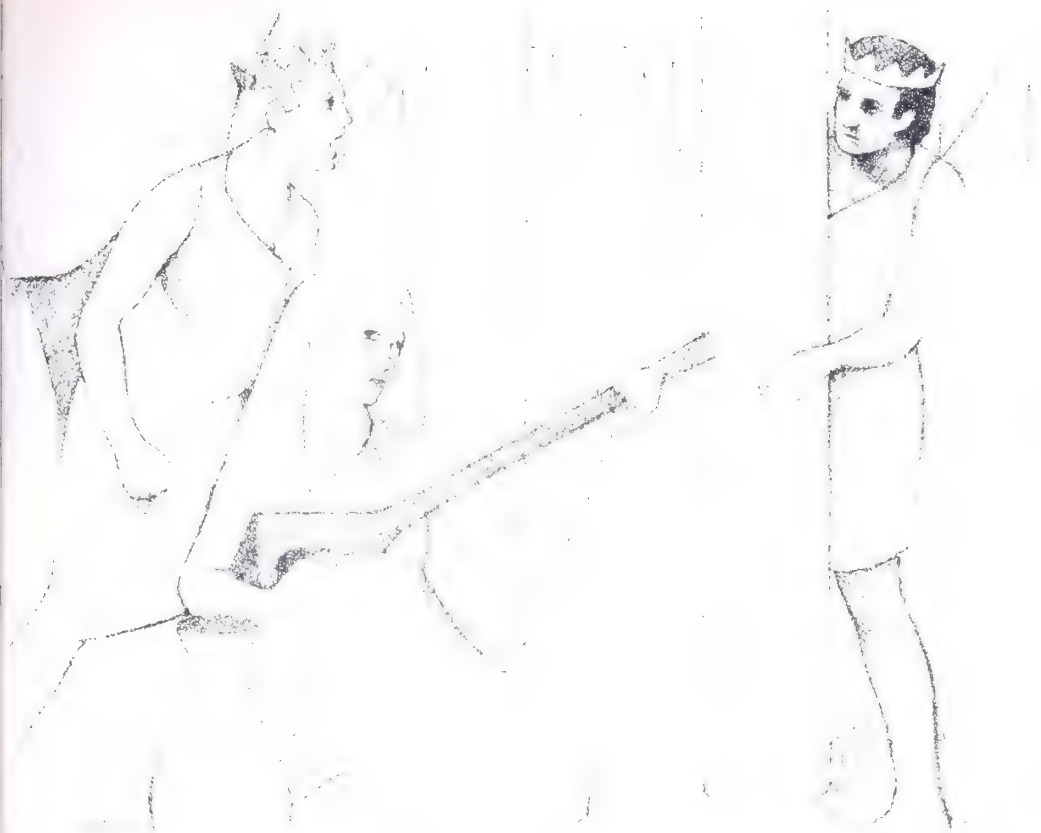
for what he felt than an epileptic could be blamed for rolling on the ground in the midst of his seizure. He was gripped by illness, madness, fate.

It was all very impressive. I was most impressed. I still am, whenever I have to recall his cries and ejaculations on the subject. Also, I must acknowledge that Tamar did indeed turn out to be his. He wasn't exaggerating at all in calling her his. Just as he, in a different way, turned out to be hers. However, my skepticism compels me to add that once Amnon had allowed himself to set his eyes on the girl, the only possibilities open to him were either to exercise complete self-restraint or to talk about madness and fate and all the rest of it. What other justification could he offer her, himself, or anyone else? No, it had to be love, love, overmastering love, all-devouring love, or works. Or nothing.

What a choice. What a pair of alternatives. Especially to someone like Amnon, who had been given more and more reason to suppose that nothing was just what he was cut out to be. Nothing in the eyes of his father; nothing in the eyes of his brothers; nothing in the eyes of the rest of the court; not even in the eyes of that God or those gods in whose powers he intermittently believed. Despite his similarities, Amnon was not so different, I assure you from you and me; and just like the rest of us, carried around with him certain uneasy, recurring apprehensions of his own worthlessness, his absolute inconsequence. But being the son of the king, the possible heir to a kingdom, and a young man of many baffled passions and ambitions, he also had unusually bold ideas of the power and

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ESHER WELLES

...e that could be his if only he dared to be
...an nothing.

...t wasn't just as an exemplar of self-restraint
...swinish masses that Amnon could picture
...There were other obvious possibilities open
...other examples he could follow, or set. Near
...to us, both historically and geographically,
...ose Egyptian kings, divine themselves, whose
...were transformed into their divine sisters
...scending to the royal bed. Nearer to us still
...nat, of our own land of Canaan, and her
...-husband, Baal: Baal the fructifier and life-
...and Anat the ambitious, hard-working,
...ng, and miraculously virginal goddess to
...in all honest confusion, so many of our
...prayed, and whose pot-bellied figurine, sex-
...ans prominently displayed, was to be found
...many of our hearths. Tamar-Anat, Amnon-
...Why not? If the son and daughter of a
...roke the laws, or went beyond them, then
...anything could be possible: new laws or no
...nother life, a share in eternity, the banish-
...of death. Who could tell? Not Amnon. And
...ould Amnon, of all people, forget that Baal
...nat, according to some legends, were in a state
...ecisive, continuous rebellion against the
...higher, dimmer paternal god, El? The same
...gain! Always the same damn story: the same
...ents, opportunities, and compulsions.

...TER ALL OF WHICH I FEAR you will be disap-
...ointed when I introduce you to Tamar. A
...is? An instrument of fate and doom? She

hardly looks it. She is much too young, too slight,
too simple in appearance. If you wanted to be kind
and patronizing you might think of her as "a pretty
little thing." If you wanted to be dismissive (and
somewhat out-of-date in your idiom) you could call
her "a slip of a girl." If you wanted to be nasty
you could say that she is "a spoiled little brat."

Oval eyes, a sallow complexion, lips that are full
and have a faintly bluish or purple tint. A lithe, im-
mature body, concealed and revealed by the robes
she wears. Thin wrists. A small foot. Gold orna-
ments in her hair and around her childish neck. A
curiously stealthy, undulating walk. An air of
gravity that isn't really accounted for by anything
she ever says, or by any emotion she ever shows.
What else? A habit of holding her head quite still
when she speaks, the effect being a little theatrical,
as if she is delivering something learned off by
heart. There she is then, as best as I can briefly
describe her: Tamar, daughter of David and his
late consort Ma'acah, who had herself been daugh-
ter of the so-called "King of Geshur"; sister to
Absalom; half-sister to Amnon and all the other
princes.

David adores her. Though he has other daughters,
to whom he pays no attention, by his concubines,
Tamar is his only daughter by one of his official
...es. So he thinks of her as his only daughter, he
...alls her his only daughter: and he loves her with
all the weakness and storm of his many-sided heart.
Solomon aside, there is no child of his who is as
much petted and to whom so much is permitted.
When she was a child he was always dandling and
nuzzling her: now that she is a young woman he

merely watches her with a regard that is wondering, attentive, kindly, a little pathetic in its combination of sincerity and incomprehension, experience and helplessness. In a curious way his regard is detached, almost impersonal: one feels that every time he looks at her he has to acknowledge that his own ~~own~~ personality has its limits, and that these are not the limits of the world either. It is striking, too, that though the king has become so much more garrulous as he has grown older, he is generally rather silent in Tamar's company. He listens carefully when she speaks to him, and accedes readily enough to any request she makes of him: but his reticence reveals a certain inner stillness around the two of them which the rest of us are careful not to intrude upon. We hold our breath, so to speak, whenever they are together: it sometimes shocks us that Tamar does not do so as well.

Instead, and inevitably perhaps, she takes her position in the regard of the king quite for granted. She has ~~an~~ *an* unquestioning belief in her own importance that would make her insufferable if she ~~weren't~~ *weren't* so utterly adorable, and for the whole usually eager to be approved of, and much impressed by the prowess of her father and all her brothers. But ~~her~~ *her* humor, and she doesn't need it. If she loses her temper sometimes it is never ~~with~~ *with* her father or her brothers, but only with the servants and other women of the royal household, and she makes her complaints about them to the king in the most charming manner: widening her eyes and dropping her chin, her voice, as it she tries to quite avoidable not, anyone should be intentionally disobliging to her. That drop of her voice, it is plain, delights the king, it is enough to make him infirm with tenderness and amusement. I mean, of course, infirm. She imagines that she knows everything she will ever really need to know.

As you see, my tone about her is cool. I prefer that it should be so: for if it weren't, it would be improper. Christ! if I may call on the name of the most famous of my family connections, that these creatures, these young girls, should have the power over us that they do! First because they have smaller bones than our own, softer skins, clearer eyes: because they have slender hips that are wider, all the same, than their sloping shoulders: because they move their arms this way, turn their heads that way, draw breath in such a rhythm, lean forward or back with so many other crossings of curves, hollows, and inclinations. What trifling causes to produce such terrible consequences: filling us with vertigo and exaltation, driving us to fight, hold, clutch, fuck, making us imagine that here-there-now-again we will find succor from all the hungers and uncertainties that plague us. From girls like Tamar who, in short, are quite unremarkable in every respect.

IRRASSED, LET'S SAY, BY THESE SEDITIOUS or at any rate resentful thoughts, I break my bread and reach into the bowl of mutton stew that stands

in the middle of the table, while the king, always sparse eater and drinker, reclines on a couch, looks with satisfaction on the heartiness of his appetites. Tamar and Bathsheba, his favorite, sit at the table too: something that the king permits only within the privacy of the family circle. Tamar eats languidly, with long pauses between mouthfuls: her stool is at the foot of David's couch and thus near the head of the table: she is turned toward her father, and I am able to see from the side only.

Fruit. Wine. Small cakes dipped in honey. Bowl of water in which to wash our hands. We are ample. The kingdom is at peace, and for the most so are we. It is evident to all of us that we desire our good fortune: our position in the court, decorated room, our handsome tableware, the we have just eaten. The king beckons to the musician who has been standing to one side, ready to play he should be asked to do so, and the man having over and drops on his knees before his master. David takes the lyre from him and tunes it. His expression is sly, dreamy, somehow a little ashamed of his own skill with the instrument yet complacently certain that we will be gratified by his concession in playing for us, for he is known to be only when he is in an excellent humor. He plays a tune from the seven strings, his head lowered, thin, young-looking fingers working strongly and tremulously among them.

He looks up as the last note hums its way into silence. None of us would dare to applaud, but all try to look as though no applause could ever do justice to the ineffable aesthetic experience we have just enjoyed.

"Come, Tamar," the king says. "I'll play, you'll sing."

Tamar considers for a moment, then shakes her head. Her refusal isn't pert: merely disinclined, idle.

"That's not very kind of you. We would all enjoy it."

"I wouldn't."

"Ah, that's just what you say now—"

The king is begging her. To no avail. Tamar looks around the table, without confusion or embarrassment: if anyone is embarrassed it is the king. Bathsheba says reprovingly, "Tamar!" and for her part earns a glare from the king. He calls the musician over once again, and hands the lyre back to him.

"No, I do understand," he says eventually, with some effort, as if answering a comment none of us has made. "I know how Tamar feels. If you talented people imagine that it's easy for you to refuse of it whenever you're asked to do so. But it's easy at all." With every phrase he visibly feels a little better, the words come more freely: he is turned the incident more and more to Tamar's advantage and hence to his own as well. Instead of having witnessed a bit of impertinence on her part, you understand, we have been privileged to gain an insight into the temperament of the artist: a temperament which only David can truly understand and sympathize with, being blessed or cursed with it

on he will be quite warm on the subject. Tamar interrupts him by rising and taking a step back from the table so that she stands against the wall. She bows her head deeply in a gesture of submission, clasping her hands together at her waist. She waits until every-
finished turning on his stool to see her and then silent. The king gives her a measured approval before looking satisfiedly around the room; from his expression you would think he has now not only vindicated completely what he was saying but has also demonstrated the depth of his obedience to him. Then she opens her lips and begins to sing, unaccompanied.

Her voice is small, but pleasing; the song is simple and makes no demands of her which she cannot meet; the words are familiar to us all. A girl, a stern father, a poor young wooer who has neither metal nor flocks but only his strength and beauty to offer, an ambush, a death, a suicide. She draws a deep breath into her chest between lines, and a lesser breath at the end of each line. A flicker or contraction of her brow warns us that she has lost a phrase; a glance of reassurance from her father before her lips and tongue utter it again.

Amnon has not taken his eyes off her since the song began. Absalom, too, has been watching her closely. He is obviously touched by the delicacy and sweetness of her appearance, by the fragility of her voice, perhaps by the trite words of the song she is singing; he is anxious, as any loving brother might be, that she should acquit herself well. Yet the apparent tilt of his head suggests that in her performance and in what went before it, he has been confirming in his belief that the children of Ma'acah will be the recipients of special favors, that they will always be set apart for good reasons from the other members of the royal family.

*Hî'la, hî'na, hî'lalala
Yî'la, yî'na, yî'lalala*

THE LAST TIME TAMAR repeats the meaningless, melancholy refrain of the song. Then she turns to her stool, while we applaud. A pleasant scene. However, as you have doubtless noticed, I haven't described it at such length for a sweet sake, but because it was at that moment, according to Amnon, or at one so much like it, that his madness began; that he saw Tamar and that she would henceforth be to him.

Whether Amnon was telling the truth in saying that something I can't vouch for, I simply don't know whether or not you should believe his talk. The softness and warmth he felt beneath her when she brushed past him on her way back to her stool; about the scent from her hair that suddenly filled his nostrils; about the glimpse he had of her small, curved hand and its polished finger-
resting against his tunic. He may have been mistaken. For all I know, he may, without ever having

told me of it, have cherished lustful thoughts about her ever since his childhood: when they were children he may already have fingered her beneath beds and behind curtains, gathering dust and guilt together. I don't know. And except for what it reveals about his own festering state of mind, I certainly wouldn't attach any importance to his claim that it was partly because of the way David and Absalom had looked at the girl that he found himself possessed by desire for her. That, seeing how they looked at her, he realized, however inarticulately, the power he might be able to exercise over them through Tamar: yes, it seems plausible enough. But that they were lusting after her, that they were looking at her with "goats' eyes" (to use his words): no, that's pure Amnon, pure guilt, pure confusion. You would have to be Amnon himself to believe it: and even then you'd probably have difficulty at times.

Anyway, he always stuck to his story. Always the passion came to him from nowhere, from everywhere: from a glint in his father's moist eye, from the sound of a drawn breath, from the upraised beak of a bird on the mural, from a flicker of light off a goblet of wine, from a soft pressure against his shoulder. For some minutes he is stifled, uncomprehending, there is a pressure in his ears, he stares at an apple core on his plate, a gnawn, scraggy thing in which brown seeds nestle, each in its own split, smooth-textured pod. He does not think of Tamar, he does not think at all; his mind is empty. Then understanding returns to him, but as if it were a physical sensation: he feels it pass through his head, from an unknown center within him, moving outward in a single pang, gathering strength, growing ever more sharp and bladelike, until he is being split from within, his breast and forehead are cleaved with an exquisite pain, still moving out of himself. He will fall, he will faint, he will lie shattered and split.

Instead he finds himself on his feet. He has uttered two words, only two, but for the moment they have saved him from that knife blade within. "Tamar!" he has said; and, "No!"

"Didn't you see me stand up?" he asked me, later. "Didn't you see how I looked around?"

I had to admit that I hadn't noticed him doing so. It was possible he had; but the meal, always informal, was at its end; others may have stood up at the same time, or just after. How could I tell?

"Ach!" Amnon replied, with disgust at my imperceptiveness. He had stood there like a drunk, for minutes on end, looking vaguely around him, looking everywhere but at Tamar. And I hadn't seen him? But perhaps it had only seemed to him that minutes were passing; perhaps that was why I hadn't noticed him. He may have stood at his place for a few seconds only, the slowest he had ever endured. While they lasted he knew with perfect clarity and simplicity all that was later to become confused within him, labyrinthine, hopeless. He knew that he desired Tamar as he had never desired anyone in his life before; and he knew that she was forbidden to him. Forbidden by the law, by his

"Christ! — that these creatures, these young girls, should have the power over us that they do!"

Dan Jacobson
THE RAPE OF
TAMAR

father, by his brothers, by his duty to cherish and protect her. These contradictory facts maintained a perfect equipoise in his mind, as if he had indeed been split in two: there was no communication, no connection, between them. It was only later that they came together in knowledge of one another and interpenetrated with one another—so that he could accuse himself of loving her because she was forbidden to him; or could accuse God, society, and his father of forbidding her to him because he had been bound to love her. (Yes, I assure the psychoanalytically minded among you that these rudimentary insights were vouchsafed very early and quite spontaneously to our interesting case, A.) By then he was deep in his labyrinth, isolated in the rooms of the house his father had given him. During that time he didn't see anyone apart from his servants, until the night he sent for me. As for Tamar, he claimed he had left the room that evening without looking at her again. He did not need to; he could not bear to.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I have a confession to make. I am in some doubt about how to proceed with the next part of my story. You know, as I do, that Amnon is not going to be able to resist his desire for his sister Tamar, he is not going to rise above it, he is not going to be restrained either by pity for her or by dread of the consequences of pursuing her. But with that knowledge common to us both, how can I make real to you, or interesting to you, what amounts to the same thing—the torments of indecision Amnon went through before he finally succumbed to what thus became his fate. His prayers, his insomnia, his bouts of drunkenness, his vows of chastity, his threats to commit suicide, his hastily conceived and hastily abandoned plans to leave the country—what nonsense all these will seem to you, what a waste of time, when you see them (as you must) as a tedious preface to a foregone conclusion. How can you possibly sympathize with the agony of his vacillation when you have the certainty of knowing what he actually did—and must do again each time the story is told, for as long as it continues to be told?

Very well then, you may say, let's just accept that he went through such a period, and get on with what followed it. But the problem is not quite so simple. As far as Amnon is concerned, the torment he suffered before he acted is important not merely because it happened, so to speak, and thus is entitled to its place in the story, but because of the consequences it had. If you do not understand how much Amnon had to overcome within himself, how keen was his own sense of the enormity of the crime he wanted to commit, then I am afraid you will also be unable to understand his subsequent actions, which, wild and brutal though they may have been, yet followed their own logic of hope and despair.

That's one point. The second weighs with me even a little more, perhaps. It isn't just for Amnon's sake that I dwell on the difficulty he had in making up his mind to act as he did. No, it's for the sake

of the figure that I, Yonadab, am to cut in this story. Allow me my measure of vanity, too, my desire to appear to have influenced the course of events. Crucially.

I urged Amnon to commit the crime, I encouraged him to go after Tamar, I teased him for his cowardly and split-minded, I told him of the special affection for him that I pretended I had seen in Tamar's eyes. I reminded him of the freedom he had by virtue of his position as the king's cousin. Yet what status will I have in your eyes as a meddling, middleman, pander, if you simply take for granted that Amnon was bound to have done what he did anyway: if you do not realize, then, to say, just how evenly balanced were the impulses inside him? (Though that delicate image of a balance hardly indicates the crazed lurchings of his temperament and will.) If you are to have any respect for me, any feeling that I am more than a mere narrator but an active participant in the story, then it is essential that you should see Amnon poised between two equally possible courses of action, and me at his elbow guiding and advising him to take the one he eventually took. Had he behaved differently, I do believe he might indeed have left the country, or Jerusalem at least, or confined himself with other women, or transformed his desire for Tamar into a passion of another kind—religious, perhaps, or warlike. I worked hard on him, I can tell you; and I know, however it might seem to you who have the benefit of hindsight that I wasn't wasting my breath.

All right, you want to know why I did what I did? Why else, except for the reason I have just given! To feel that I counted for something in the court; that my words had consequences; that my presence had made a difference to events. That's why. A modest ambition, in the circumstances.

Also, I will tell you that I had a certain grudge against Tamar, as you may already have suspected from my description of her. Say it was a grudge I had against all David's children, for having so many advantages over me. But there was more to it than that in Tamar's case. There was a quality of attention about her—at least as far as I was concerned—that I found very difficult indeed to forgive. Especially as my intolerable father, in one of his more ambitious moods, had suggested to his equally intolerable brother that I might be a suitable suitor for the girl. The king had rejected me out of hand, and I admit I have no real reason to suppose Tamar had ever got to hear about it. But I felt her lack of curiosity about me insulting to a degree. Did she imagine that I was too lowly, insignificant, to be worthy of focusing those eyes of hers upon? In that case, she was wrong. But only on condition, you understand, that I had saved her, and instead helped to damage and ruin her, break her life apart.

SEE THAT I CAN, in fact, do no more than state my problem: I cannot resolve it. Amnon's dilemma of indecision is something that he simply

ure, without witnesses. He endures it. I whisper his ear what I must, and what only Amnon can hear. He comes to his decision. Choice made, the illusion of choice ceases to exist: it though it has never been. The period he has gone through appears absurd and craven to us. And tedious too. Just as it would be to you if you were to go through it stage by stage, word by word, scene by scene. Now the rest can follow. Time begins again what we began then.

IT WAS, OR IS, THAT AMNON approaches and tells me quietly, his face taut yet puckered, two disgusted lines running down either side of his face, as with the jaw of a puppet. "I've made up my mind."

The quietness of his voice and the stillness of his face are also new. I have seen him look like this only once before: when we were boys, when we were sent to get the smell of battle in one of our father's wars, and Amnon had made up his mind to go into the front line, no matter what the consequences. Who had been put in charge of us should do as he saw fit. His face—boyish and unmarked then—and now, as if it had been turned, as they are now, toward a chosen, never-to-be-averted fate. That time all went out well. I doubt if it will do so again. I can't pretend that I need to ask him which way his decision has gone. "Of course, I always knew you would."

"You lie." I don't respond, so he says it again. "You lie, you bastard." He still hasn't raised his voice, yet he manages to compress into it the hatred he has suddenly feels toward me. For being his ally; for encouraging him to follow the course he has chosen, even for having known at once what he was going about. Days have passed since we last saw each other, and then we hadn't spoken about it; our present meeting has taken place by chance, in the street, in broad daylight. Preoccupied with my own affairs, my eyes cast downward, I did not notice the glare of the sun. I hadn't noticed it until he had called my name out; and then I spoke without any preamble or preliminary. Now he stands in front of me, stalwart, young, haggard, braced by his own will, and calls me a liar, a bastard, a cheat, and many other unkind things. His thick lips move busily, and I listen to them without really listening to the words he is producing. I think of those lips pressed flat against Tamar's pale face. Yes! Yes, it is right that a man should be ugly, that when you look at him you should think of bulls, idols, archaic statuary, the open trees, apes from Africa. He is fitted for it, fated for it, as I am. I suppose (but can't really believe), for mine. Which includes his face, the hot sunlight pouring down upon us both, the people passing by, that barefoot, doubled-up man staggering along under a great, lolling load of oil in a bag, which is tied to him by a single strap of leather around his forehead. And those people following him, in a frenziedly spinning, sing-

Then, with barely a pause between abuse and request for assistance, and with hardly a change of tone, Amnon says, "I need your help."

"Why?"

He swears at me again, but less energetically than before, and for a shorter time. Then there comes the same request. "You must help me." It is plainly inconceivable to him that I shouldn't do so. "We must talk about it. Not now, but soon. As soon as possible."

In my opinion, he is wrong. For my part, there's no need for haste. Between this moment and the moment of consummation there are thousands that he still has to endure; but I have no doubt that he will go through them to the end. Henceforth any delays or diversions will only harden his resolve, inflame him all the more, make more vivid his fantasies. Accordingly, I can let him stew in his own juice: the juice will be so much the ranker as a result.

So I pretend to be quite as eager as he is to meet as soon as possible, to discuss the matter further, to formulate the plans he is obviously expecting me to think up. (Amnon is enough of a realist. I see, to know that I am cleverer than he is.) It is imperative that we should meet, yes, I agree. I do understand that. But alas, I tell him, it isn't possible. As it happens, I declare untruthfully, but with great regret, I am on the very point of leaving Jerusalem for several days. On official business. Something my father has asked me to do. No, it can't be put off. I can't let my father down. It's out of the question. Not even to help Amnon at such a moment of crisis. But, I point out to him—untruthfully again, and knowing that he will disagree with me violently—now that he has come to his decision, the worst is over; now he can afford to relax, to take things easy. Now he is in a position to enjoy the delights of anticipation. I am even bold enough to hint that these delights may be more intense than those of achievement. This is the first truth I have uttered for a few minutes, but it is one which no keen anticipator could ever accept: if he did, he would cease to be one and would become instead someone like myself.

Predictably, I succeed only in angering Amnon. But he doesn't swear at me now. He asks me if we can't meet that night: if I can't come to his house right away: if we can't just stay where we are and talk the matter over in the street. No, none of these is possible either. I simply haven't the time. Moreover, I tell him, we must be circumspect from now on: we mustn't draw attention to ourselves, as we are doing by standing in the middle of the street and talking together like a couple of merchants. People are looking at us: they are not used to seeing men dressed in court robes in such a position. They will think that something is amiss unless we leave each other now in a calm, superior manner.

"Let them look!" Amnon shouts. His voice is suddenly triumphant, that of a man who has found himself at last. "I'll give them something to stare at, you wait and see!"

Poor devil. He will, indeed. Already he sees in



their whispers and sidelong glances, what? His name on their children's lips, his picture in museums, books written about him, flowers of the field named after him. A place for him in the hearts of them all; and a place in his heart for all of them, his life being a summation and justification of their unknown, nameless existences. Poor devil? More keenly than ever before, hearing that cry from his throat, seeing his rapt face, his lips curved in an inanely exalted smile, I envy him. To have a destiny is nothing; each of us has a destiny, no matter how niggardly or miserable it may be. But to believe in it, even fleetingly, to accept it as the only one possible for you: that is something else again. Amnon is in that state, not I: I never will be.

All the more reason to let him stew in his own juice, then.

"I must be going. I'll come to see you immediately I get back into town."

"Not a moment later."

He turns to go. But some instinct of prudence or pride forces him to say, with a feeble attempt at nonchalance, "You might be too late. By then I might have nothing to say to you."

That is a risk I must run. I don't believe it to be a great one. Not if I know Amnon. I smile and answer, "For your sake I hope it may be so."

We part, Amnon going up toward the palace. I away from it. But I have taken only a few paces when I hear Amnon's footsteps behind me. He halts me again, putting his hand on my shoulder.

"You see," he says, in a tone that is now one of labored, fanatical reasonableness, as of a man clinging to his faith in rational procedures and explanations, in the teeth of all temptations to abandon them, "you see, I have to break the law in order to show that I'm really free to obey it. You understand what I mean? If I obey it just because I'm too scared to do anything else, then what is my obedience worth? But afterwards . . . if I obey it . . . then it will be because the law really has meaning for me, because I understand it, because I'm a man who's set himself free to do the other thing and yet chooses not to. Do you see what I mean?"

His essay in logic is concluded. I want to cry "Bravo!" To think that Amnon could work through such a piece of Jesuitical casuistry all on his own! Amnon, whom no one in the world has ever accused of being particularly strong in the top story. Filth and impiety for the sake of a freer, more god-like piety (in a little while, later, in the end, after he's had his sport)—what could be better? Talk about eating your cake and having it! It just goes to show what really passionate desire can do to exercise the mind.

"Yes," I say. "I do see what you mean, Amnon. I won't forget what you've just said."

This time he leaves me without looking or coming back. I go on my way. I have to leave Jerusalem for a few days, which I hadn't planned to do, and is a little inconvenient at such short notice. Never mind. I have something to look forward to when I get back. . . .

SINCE NO ONE ELSE IS LIKELY to say it, I'll do so myself: there was a touch of genius in the plan I worked out for Amnon during the few days I spent unexpectedly in the country. My plan of bringing him together with Tamar could be regarded as a series of interlocking ironies: but for all its inward complexity, it had the merit as well of being simple and to the point. In retrospect, in anticipation, I don't know which aspect of the plan gives me more satisfaction, its simplicity or its complexity. Both, at any rate, contributed to its success.

I am boasting, yes. But consider the difficulties I had to overcome in bringing the two of them together: in bringing them together alone; in inducing them together for a time long enough for Amnon to declare his love to her and then to consummate it in whatever way he chose. (Not that, by any doubt, after listening to him, which was my first choice.) The difficulties in the way of a meeting don't seem so great to you? Oh, certainly, seems that we are faced here with what the anthropologists call a culture gap, which can be closed only by a certain stretching of the imagination on your side, a certain amount of deliberate exploitation on mine.

I will put the matter as baldly as I can, together with Tamar lived in a harem. That is where women's quarters of David's palace must be. Now do you begin to get an idea of my difficulties? But I beg you not to be carried away by memories of Hollywood movies, say, or of boxes of pornographic pictures acquired on the Cat Cross Road. Put out of your mind those portraits of languid houris lying about in attitudes suggestive of inner heats; forget those eunuchs in baggy pants brandishing scimitars outside mysteriously arched doorways. It wasn't like that: women's quarters of David's palace were domestic, respectable. Indeed, almost suburban. After all, your suburbs, too, are pretty much inhabited by women and children only during daylight hours. Confined to their areas by day and night, David's women chattered, promenaded, looked after their children, quarreled, wove, sewed, and generally passed their time as best they could. On high festivals they emerged to watch sacrifices and parades from specially erected balconies: when a visitor of great importance arrived they crowded their roof terraces to see what could be of his reception. Of course, many distinctions were observed among them. Even among the official wives there were some who had larger apartments, more clothes, more jewels, and more servants than others: his concubines were invariably generously treated, and any one among them who fell out of favor was likely to find herself reduced to being the servant of another.

That was the world in which Tamar had grown up: a cross, you might say, between a brothel and a single patron, an unusually secluded girls' school or hospital for women, and a family home. Of course, doubtless. But not so much more, perhaps, than your suburbs: merely different. Incidental

of the harem was maintained less by and patrolling guards than by the sheer of women who lived in it. They were a far effective watch upon one another than whole of scimitar-brandishing, baggy-pantalooned ever could be. If your suburban adulterers and themselves plagued by their neighbors, need to elaborate on how difficult it was for clandestine to take place in that part of ce, with all its half-curtained doorways, its urtyards and rooftops, its busy corridors, the smallest hours of the night the place was to be astir with women who couldn't sleep. had got up to go to the lavatory, or who lking their crying children about.

even given all these circumstances, my es might have been less than they were if had lived in the harem as one of David's mistresses, rather than as his virgin daughter, married woman, even one married to a king. has reasons for leaving her husband for a s. Her mother is sick, her sister is having her brother is trying to swindle her out of eite and her presence is needed at home. re just a few suggestions or excuses; the women among you have, I'm sure, used and I daresay so had David's wives, who ne to time did leave the palace on their own lumbering off in closely escorted caravans e stony roads that wound down, east and both and south, from our mountain city. But e was different with the girls in the harem. daughters. They were captives entirely. No n from outside the palace were ever made on here was nothing that could be offered to om any quarter of the kingdom that David did not provide.

so much was true of any virgin daughter of e, remember what Tamar, and Tamar alone, of David. The walls that surrounded her can eht of as nothing more or less than a physi- esentation of his love and care; and you certain that he kept them in the best pos- der. She had her own set of rooms, her own s and servants, who were all frequently ed about her welfare; David himself made of seeing her whenever he could, even if it t for a few minutes in the day. Of all that ed, she was the most greatly valued; of all ed, as king and father, she was the most ed.

h is why, thinking about what had to be lished, I eventually decided, much to my rprise, that it was David himself who had e the opening for Amnon in the walls that ed her; no one else could do it. She had to Amnon not behind the king's back, not eite of the king, still less in rebellion against t with his approval; indeed, at his command. as no other way it could be done. David illingly turn the key that only David held. s ideas of grabbing at her in corridors, of o sneak unobserved into her apartments, of messages to her through servants, of some-

how abducting her from the palace and riding hell-for-leather with her, in high romantic fashion, into the deserts of Moab or Edom—all these schemes, which sure enough Amnon was to gabble out to me when I returned to the city, were a waste of time, so many dead ends. They wouldn't work. Whereas once David's cooperation had been secured, Amnon would surely have the time and the opportunity he sought.

Obvious enough, it now seems. But to arrive at it required that everything both Amnon and I had at first imagined about his next move should be turned on its head. Only then did it seem obvious, as our best, most unexpected ideas often do.

But why, you will ask, as I asked myself, should the king agree to releasing Tamar, however temporarily, from her confinement? What could persuade him to do so? And here the answer I eventually arrived at was again the obvious, utterly unexpected one. The truth, that's all! Not the whole truth, indeed; but the truth nevertheless. Amnon didn't have to dissimulate; I wasn't going to ask him to tell any elaborate lies. All he had to do was to let his father know that he had fallen ill—which was assuredly the truth; he was sick, diseased, a case; anyone could see it—and then, once he had succeeded in arousing his father's compassion and anxiety, he had to ask for Tamar to be sent to him, because he felt sure that only she could cure his illness. And what, I ask you, could be truer than that?

But the final and, in my view, the most delicious irony was that the king would think his request a reasonable one, and would be likely to release Tamar and send her to her undoing, precisely for the reasons that made him at all other times guard her so closely. Nothing would seem more natural to him than that the presence of his adored Tamar should be asked for by Amnon. He liked to believe that her purity and beauty, the moral effect of her whole being, had the power to make the wrong right, the bad good, the ill well; he himself sought out her company in his spells of despondency and unease. Then how could he be surprised that her brother should do the same when he was suffering, perhaps was in real danger, from a malady neither he nor his doctors could explain?

I INSIGHT TEMPTS ONE to pretend to foresight. Everything that follows is indeed the result of my plan; but I would be lying if I stage-managed events in such a way as to make you think that I anticipated what actually happened. The truth is I made no further plans. I did not really define my expectations. But I suppose I could sum them up easily enough. Mischief. Excitement. Trouble. The pleasure of instigating and observing it all and the pleasure, if possible, of getting away with it too.

For my own safety I relied initially on Amnon's pride, I might add, not his loyalty or charity. What could he say? How much blame would he ever be able to put effectively on me? To what end? "Please sir, Yonadab suggested I should fall in love with my sister, so I did it." That wouldn't sound very



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princely or heroic. It wouldn't be true either: but that's by the way. "Please sir, I fell in love with my sister, so I asked Yonadab, you see, what I should do next, and he said I should pretend to be sick and ask Tamar to be sent to me—which is what I did, so everything that's happened is really his fault." Well, that story would be a little truer than the first, but I can't help thinking how diminishing I am, some twenty, as the mention of my name, how helpless a fool it makes him appear to be. How different the effect of such a confession would be from.

"Yes, I love my sister Tamar, and would break any law, defy any power, overcome any difficulty, to be near her." Or, "You can try to kill me, you can destroy my body, but it's too late for what I've taken from Tamar has made me immortal, beyond your touch." Or even, "I can only pray that you, my father, and you, my dear sister Tamar, and you, my brothers, will wipe the evil I've done from your memories as completely as I have wiped out my life with this single blow."

Fine, dramatic speeches, all of them, worthy to be remembered by young lovers and rebels for ages dead. Or so I was sure I could persuade Amnon to feel, even if I'd had to choose one of them for him and rehearse it with him beforehand. Of course such speeches presuppose the very worst that could happen to Amnon. But there were other possibilities, plenty of them. A clandestine affair that no one but the two of them (and myself) would ever know about. No consequences at all, one huddled, desperate encounter, and a lifetime of black secrecy (to which I would be privy) thereafter. A runaway match. A confession to David, a great row, and a swift alteration of the law by David, in order to make an honest woman out of Tamar, followed no doubt by handfuls of would-be Nathans and has-been Samuels coming to the court to prophesy woe and doom. . . .

I must be boring you with these speculations about events that never took place. They have a certain intricate attraction for me, somehow, existing as they do only in a time that is never of time. Not even of the simulacrum of time in which you and I have managed to meet.

THE POWER OF THE TRUTH! Imagine the king and Amnon together in Amnon's bedroom, their arms around one another's necks, tears in their eyes, and pleas for forgiveness falling from their lips. They are closer to one another than they have ever been before. Why? Because Amnon, having gasped out that the illness he is suffering from is going to kill him (and which of us can now say that he is wrong?) has gone on to tell the king that he is a bad son, that the king doesn't know how evil he is, how rotten, how unfit to touch the king's hand. (And which of us would like to argue the issue with him?)

Amnon's spirit, in short, is shattered by the remorse he feels over the action he has yet to commit: and the effect of his self-abasement on the king is overwhelming. He confesses that he hasn't shown

enough love for Amnon and enough appreciation of his wonderful qualities: he hasn't listened fully enough to him: he hasn't been as good a father as he should have been. But if only Amnon will rally and recover, then there will be a new way and respect between them and they will never look back on the failures of the past.

An affecting scene. The hairs of Amnon's head start out of his skin with a stiff, swooping curl, as if about to take off from his face altogether. His eyes move about in starts, jumps, hops, like a toad. He strokes his father's hand and kisses it, while the king turns his head away and hides it in the crook of his free arm. It would be enough to make me gush forth with tears, though only the truths that are at last being blubbed out, staggered into the air of the bedroom were making even murkier the treachery at their hearts. For you need have no fear, lying there, Amnon, not undergoing a spiritual reformation that will bring him back like the hero of a serial frolic, the edge of the dreadful abyss into which he is about to plunge, et cetera. Far from it. In Amnon's burning, inflamed eyes I can see a frank astonishment, a pleasure alongside the remorse he is feeling. He is amazed at his unprecedented closeness to his father: at the tenderness that has so suddenly taken the place of the surliness and irony that have spoiled their relationship before. If he and his father have reached this state merely in anticipation of the ruin of the creature his father, the best in the world, imagine what might yet come between them after it has happened!

No, lying on his bed with his arms around his father's shoulders, Amnon is far from giving up his scheme. Instead, between groans and sobs of the most racked, wholehearted kind, he is probably wondering why he didn't think of it before.

WHAT IF DAVID IS NOT A VAIN, cunning, artful, deceiving old man, as I see him: but, though figure or pattern of royalty, worthy to be chosen and anointed one, his surrogate on earth, and mankind's great spokesman in the courts of heaven? That is how David often thinks of himself. I know: what if David is right? What if Amnon is not an impulsive, violent, thick-headed fool, but the very type of the flawed hero of a classical tragedy: the man with a single weakness of aberration of desire that inevitably brings about moral degeneration and death? And what if Amnon and Absalom, too, whom you hardly know, are not only wrong-headed and ill-fated, but brilliant as well? Yes, what if all the possibilities we have spoken of are to be remembered for their passionate fullness of life: and not as I do, only for their confusion and absurdity?

I suspect that you have long been asking such questions of yourselves. Fair enough. My answer to them is that I was a Kantian (of a kind) before I had ever heard of Kant. That is, I've felt that one can come no closer to "the truth" of the world than one's given faculties of mind

perception permit. If I see meagerness where others see riches; vanity where others see meaninglessness where others see divine heatricity and role-playing where others find passion; farce where others see tragedy—that is just my bad luck, if you like, and I need for you to glower reproachfully at me though I have willfully chosen to let the king. Yonadab can live only in Yonadab's

ASKS THE KING if he may have a word with him alone. The king agrees without delay. He goes out of the room, the king's two officers follow. For the first time it strikes me how much authority of the king springs from his readiness to permit others to witness what ordinary men would keep most jealously private. The presence of others at such times, if he chooses to have them, is necessary to him precisely so that they are ignored.

I do not have long to wait. When the king enters his manner is a shade less assured. But I read from it his mood or state of mind. Is it puzzlement? Irritation? It could be either. I catch a single, sharp glance in my direction, as if he wonders just what my relationship to Amnon is. It is disconcerting to be the object of such a flicker of attention, when it comes from a man who has the power of life and death. For some reason—for an obvious reason I find myself, as I follow the king out of the room, that he has never indulged himself in the pastime of torturing those who have fallen out of his favor, or tipping a wink so discreetly to the murderous sons of Zeruiah. Joab and I, for whom it is intended, ever see it—that is all. But (allowing for one regrettable lapse in the capture of Rabbath-Ammon) he has never indulged in lingering cruelties: it is just one among the many distinctions which, to his credit, he has derived from our predecessors in Canaan. I learn from our predecessors in Canaan that I find these reflections comforting. I talk dutifully behind him: I have no wish to be under the rake.

The king is assisted into his covered litter. The king begins to clear a way through the throng. The king's cheek gleams red in a sudden gust of air through the half-open curtain of the litter: the king is of silver, his eyelids wearily lowered. The king is like a statue, an artifact, a painted monument. The king has not paid any attention to me since first I came out of Amnon's room.

I tell him if he wishes me to return to the palace.

The king says "no need." I am dismissed. The porters stoop, the curtains are closed. The king has concluded his visit with his illing son. The company makes its way up the outer lane to the palace, whose outer walls are more than several hundred yards away. I go to Amnon's house.

THE NIGHT PASSED. I spent it with Amnon. By the time I left him in the morning, he had already bathed, changed his bedclothes, and combed his beard and hair, in anticipation of the visit which the king had promised his sister would be making to him that evening. He was excited beyond measure: almost stupefied with impatience. But I was overcome with an emotion that surprised me disagreeably. It was remorse.

It seemed that I resembled Amnon more than I had supposed: in itself a disagreeable discovery. He also had been afflicted with an anticipatory remorse: I had found it rather comic at the time. Now it was my turn. The whole day—a late summer's day like any other, dry, dusty, the sky alternating in glares of white and yellow until it all became darker and more lurid toward sunset—I felt a wretched glumness that shifted about within me, as it were, but never lessened or left me. My mood was like one of those that afflict you (that afflicted me at any rate) in adolescence, in which everything you see appears to be both the occasion for the spirit's sadness and an expression of it. Even the stones in the ground, if you know what I mean.

I ramble. But so did my thoughts. Only, at their core, never forgotten, was a point of grief, a precise sorrow. What had I done! Why had I done it? What malevolence within me had made it possible?

Yet nothing had happened. There was still time for me to rush over to the king and confess all. Of course, I did not do so. That was how much my remorse was worth: which merely made it all the more intolerable. I mooned over the work I was supposed to be doing: I went from time to time to the window of my office and looked out in the direction of Amnon's house: I looked in the direction of the women's quarters of the palace, where Tamar, too, was perhaps excitedly and innocently preparing herself for her evening's expedition. She must have been very flattered when she had heard from the king how much Amnon needed her. How she would relish the role she was being asked to play: how well it would fit in with her notion of her own importance! Another irony, that: but it gave me no pleasure to think of it. I went back to my desk and stared at the rolls and tallies accumulated on it, shuffled them about in what I assure you was already the traditional fashion, swore absently at my scribe, and returned to the window. . . .

I left the office early and returned to Amnon's house. I don't know what he'd been doing during my absence—bathing and pomading himself a few more times, doubtless. Anyway, he was shiningly clean, offensively scented, combed like a horse before a big parade. The whole place was swept and aired, and there were new cloths on the tables and new hangings on the walls. Amnon was still excited and talkative, but offhand now as well. Striding and wheeling to and fro, exactly like an overfed stallion, he talked a great deal about his "illness" as if it had been a real illness of which I knew very little, if you please. He spoke with a kind of hypochondriacal pluck about how much he was looking forward to being "well" again, how much he envied people

Amnon's spirit is shattered by the remorse he feels over the action he has yet to commit."

who never had to worry about their health, how difficult it was to convey to someone like myself the anxieties and sick fancies a man could become subject to when he was "cooped up" for weeks on end. I could hardly believe my ears. Of Tamar he said not a word. When I mentioned her name, he stopped in mid-prance, stared at me with an air of surprise and affrontment, and then went on with what he'd been talking about before.

It was more than I could stand. Especially after the day of useless apprehension and regret I had been through. So it had become a piece of tactlessness on my part to mention Tamar's name? Was that the stage we'd reached? Not bloody likely. And I told him so, too.

The result was that we had a fierce row. At first he still tried to take a high line with me, looking haughty and indifferent, not deigning to answer my jeers and reminders of all I knew and all I had done for him. But it didn't take long to break him down. He was soon yelling at me, his face contorted, his fists clenched; he advanced on me, thrust his face a few inches from mine, and told me that he was going to kill me, that he'd had enough of my interference in his affairs, that he knew I'd always been plotting to ruin him. But he'd ruin me, he'd smash me. And so on.

Until our anger left us both, almost as suddenly as it had come. It was followed by silence, embarrassment, unease about the threats we had just uttered, reluctance on the part of either of us to apologize to the other. I wished I were somewhere else, but found that I could not believe in the possibility of leaving. Not by any means. Not even if Amnon ordered me to, or called on his servants to throw me out. Only then, indeed, did I realize that my desire to be in his house, to stay until Tamar arrived and as long as I could thereafter, was not so much a desire as a compulsion, an imperative that I could not disobey. My own growing sense of choicelessness in the matter had been a part. I now understood, of the depression I had been feeling all day. To be present, to peep, to gloat, perhaps to let Tamar know just how much I knew—all these, which I had previously thought of as my rewards for the work I had done, now appeared to me in the dreary aspect of so many duties which I had to carry out, irrespective of my inclinations. The fact that those duties had not long before actually been my inclinations could only make them so much the more distasteful to me now.

I suppose some of you will conclude that I tell you this in order to make you think better of me. You are wrong. I think rather the worse of myself, if anything, because of my inability to take pleasure in my achievement. What a typical trick it was for my psyche to play upon itself! Anyhow, I'm sure you will all understand that I wasn't keen on trying to explain to Amnon the inner complexities of my attitude. Even if he'd been able to understand me, which I doubted, he would probably not have believed me. So what to do?

Nothing.

The silence prolonged itself. Finally Amnon

stepped back a few paces, looking warily; then, as if it were safe to do so only when some distance from me, he turned and went to the arched doorway that led into an inner room and from there through a little antechamber to his bedroom. I heard him throw himself down on his bed. Presumably he had suffered a sudden collapse in the course of that famous illness on which I stood where I was for some time, before going to sit on a stool. Through a high, unshuttered window I watched the slow darkening of a bruise-colored square of light, which was all I could see of the room. Then I had an idea. I walked through to the entrance of Amnon's bedroom. He was lying on his back with a hand over his eyes.

"You know that you really want me to leave when she comes. So why pretend otherwise?"

Amnon answered me without lifting his head from his face. "I don't care what you do."

It was a good enough answer for me; it was as much as I could have expected. I went back to the stool in the living room. Later Amnon joined me. We even managed to make a little conversation with one another, while we waited.

ABSALOM, THE GLAMOUR BOY OF THE COURT. With his long hair and long legs; his large eyes and broad chest; his deep voice and charming smile; his way of standing with his head bent a little to one side, as if he were silently aware with becoming modesty, receiving the applause of an admiring crowd. He'd had enough practice to be sure.

Forgive the malice and facetiousness of my remark. It's a sign of embarrassment. I never found it easy to strike the right note with Absalom, or about him. I always felt uncomfortable in my dealings with him. I suppose, really, I was always a little frightened of him. That feeling hasn't entirely lessened, even though he is now utterly powerless to do me any harm, while there is plenty he can do to him. With my tongue, at least.

Frightened? I don't think I exaggerate. But it is difficult to describe the quality of the fear he inspired in me, or to give an adequate explanation of it.

Let me put it this way. On the whole I don't have much trouble in identifying myself temporarily with one fashion or another, with most of the people in this story; or at any rate, in pretending to identify myself with them. That had I been given a character different from the one I actually have, or had my circumstances been different from what they actually were, I doubtless would have felt and behaved as they did. Indeed, there are times when I suspect myself never to have been anything more than a mind inhabited by other people's minds, a kind of counterfeit personality, whose ability to manipulate others was achieved only at the cost of, or was the direct result of, a permanent impoverishment, a never-ending hemorrhage of inner identity.

None of this, however, applies to Absalom. He was alien to me, incomprehensible, always to be removed. The paradox is that he appeared to

at not because he was so complicated, but he was so simple. I could never figure out managed it. It had (and has) me beat. He was ambitious, self-confident, vain, and egotistic; he was always ambitious, self-confident, and idealistic: he appeared to take his characteristics to bed with him every night and get them up every morning unrumpled by irony, boredom, or self-doubt. I would have never perspired self-confidence, pissed vanity, ambition, shot idealism into his women. What, you, can a man like myself do with such an ambition? Except to admit that he doesn't understand and is a little afraid of him.

He is tall and beautiful, to be envied, to be admired to know that great things are expected of him, to be convinced that you intend to use him only for the good of others—what an unequal combination! No wonder Absalom's head turned. No wonder that the crowd, the masses, in the street, loved him above all the other men; and that he in turn was always ready to give to a passionate admiration for the man in the street. Not as the man in the street actually was, but as he could be, one day, if he were given his chance. By Absalom, among others.

Absalom was—excuse me—a progressive. He was a hater of injustice. An enemy of established authority of every kind, not least that of his father and his priests. A friend of the poor. A bold planner of new schemes for the redistribution of land, new codes of law, new methods of government. A maximizer of human happiness. A firm believer in the future which would surely see all these things come to pass. In that sense, what made him above all else a true progressive was his conviction that the future was so dedicated to would somehow retrospectively cancel out all the evils and pains of the past; it would give meaning to them, prove that they have been ultimately worthwhile. It goes without saying that that would apply in particular to any evils Absalom himself might have to face in order to bring the future about.

That was a point of view I could never begin to understand, and, quite candidly, I still cannot. It seems more than ever clear to me now that I stand here, divided from Absalom, united to you by all the time that has passed since Absalom's death and my own. Do not flatter me, yes, my dears, that anything you do will help by one iota the pains we felt when we were able to. Do not imagine that generations succeeding yours will be able to redeem you from your sins and misfortunes. Take it from me: each man bears his own burden forever. For as much of it as he is allowed to know. . . .

TAMAR MAY BEGIN. Everything is ready for her; just as it was—just as it has to be—the day after the rape. Here is Absalom, standing in the street outside the gate to his house. Here is the mob that has been following her about. And Absalom, keeping within earshot but hanging well back with my cloak about my face.

Tamar sees we are all in position and waiting for her.

Amnon, she then declaims, has raped her. He had pretended to be ill and had asked the king to send her to him, to prepare food for him; once she was in his house he had dismissed his servants and bolted the door; he had then assaulted her; he had held her prisoner throughout the night; he had assaulted her repeatedly. She had begged and pleaded to be released; she had warned him to let her go; she had reminded him who she was and who he was; she had called on God, on the law, on her father, on her brothers, to save her. Nothing had helped. In the morning he had thrown her out of the house, he had called his servants and told them to turn her into the street—as she was, as Absalom now saw her, as the whole city had seen her. Yes, the whole city, through which she had just made her way: exposed, undone, a spectacle to them all. She had no secrets from the mob now.

Then let there be no secrets between themselves and the mob if Absalom should choose to turn her away. She could not enter his house until she had told him all that happened to her; before she passed through his door she had to give him the choice of accepting or rejecting her. Let Absalom look at her before he spoke; let him ask himself if he was still ready to acknowledge his kinship to her and to give shelter to a creature who would never be anything but a reminder of the vileness of which she had been victim. She would not protest or reproach him if he declined to open his house to her. There were stones enough in Jerusalem to dash out her brains; high places enough for her to leap from; deserts close enough in which she could perish from hunger and thirst; wild dogs and leopards enough to tear her limbs apart; tribesmen enough to carry her across the river as their slave.

Thus—more or less—Tamar to Absalom. Having been unable to tell her story to her father, she has chosen to make what you might vulgarly call a big production of her confrontation with Absalom. By insisting (solely in order to give him a free choice in the matter, of course) that he come out to her in the street, she has secured the services of an audience of several hundred extras; and her rhetoric is directed toward them quite as much as toward Absalom. Yet you would be mistaken if you should therefore conclude that her hyperbolic words and histrionic gestures are necessarily insincere; and that, if she were put to it, she would really flinch from those high cliffs, wild beasts, deserts, and so forth. Such high-flown display is now the only mode of self-expression open to her; she can adopt no other.

Equally, you would not be mistaken in suspecting her of having made it very difficult for Absalom to do anything but lead her into his house and give her the shelter and comfort she earnestly proclaims she is ready to do without. Cunning Tamar, daughter of David! How intricate sincerity can be among those who have a genuine gift for it! Your ordinary hypocrite, like my father, doesn't stand a chance among such people. Absalom himself would be al-



together outclassed, were it not that he has a gift of his own which serves him quite as well as his sister's sincerity serves her: he has his vanity.

So when he finally stirs from the shocked impassivity with which he has listened to her, vaguely and doubtfully frowning, like a blind man with his face turned toward the sun—when he stirs, he goes directly to what he, if not she, has seized upon as a central issue.

"Does the king know all this?"

"No. I've come straight to you."

Absalom breathes in deeply. "Why?"

It is as if he is prompting her. She is quick to take up the cue. "Because you're my brother, my only real brother. Because if you don't give me shelter, no one will. Because the whole world knows you to be a man who protects the poor and friendless. Because you can plead for me before the king. Because you are Absalom. Because I love you."

Absalom considers her reply for a long time, in silence, and finds it satisfactory. He does not speak. He simply extends his hand to her. He has not disowned her. She is still his sister. Tamar bows to him. The mob murmurs its approbation and excitement.

Throughout, Absalom has looked only at her: from the way he has carried himself he might be alone with her in the street. Nothing, it seems, is easier for him than to see himself, without misgivings or reservation, as he is determined the watching crowd shall see him: as a man of ruth and power.

And of passion and pride, too. His bare arms are about her shoulders, the frown on his brow has contracted and deepened, he stands motionless, waiting for the full meaning of all she has told him to penetrate him, to strike root in him; and then to begin drawing him into itself. Drawing his anger and strength: his love for her and his ambitions for himself: all he has taken for granted in the past and will never be able to take for granted again. Even his beauty and the grace of his movements, without which he would not be Absalom, are drawn too, visibly altered by the ugliness that has been planted within him: not lessened, but made purer, more tense, sadder. His shoulders swell, he lifts his face from her hair, his lips move. We cannot hear what he is saying, he does not know why Tamar looks up suddenly in surprise, and then lowers her gaze and comes closer yet to him. Perhaps he is uttering words of encouragement to her, or endearments, or promises of revenge: perhaps he is praying for her; perhaps he is simply raving, repeating Amnon's name like a curse. Involuntarily we draw closer. Our eager, nervous shuffle forward does not escape Absalom. He at once raises his voice, though he still looks straight at Tamar and appears to direct his words only to her.

What he says is disconnected and riddling, made up of so many bursts of phrases delivered in a menacingly level tone: its logic is wholly that of his self-regard, which he believes to be identical with the regard we have for him. He cannot permit the injury Amnon has done to his sister, and hence to himself, to be thought of as anything less than an

outrage, an act of sacrilege; he cannot admit to us that a miserable creature like Amnon has the power to injure him. A conflict impossible to solve? But Absalom resolves it, after a fashion.

"No one can harm you, Tamar. You're the excess, my sister, we're one family, parts of one other, we can't hurt each other without hurting ourselves. . . . Amnon will learn just how bad he hurt himself, you needn't worry about that. I'll do whatever's necessary to be done. If you were a beggar woman I'd take care of you. sister! And Amnon dared to do it to you! . . . You are right to have gone through the streets, showing yourself to anyone who wanted to look at you. Amnon you were showing them, not yourself. cannot be shamed by him. But we can shame him. We can do more than that, too, and we will. . . . put it out of your mind, don't think about it any more. I'll remember it for you. I'm the only one who'll remember it: me and our brother, Amnon."

For the first time Absalom addresses us directly. "Do you hear?" he shouts angrily at us. "I'm the only one who'll remember any of this. Clear it out of your mind. All of you! At once! There's nothing more for you to stare at!"

He turns toward the gate of his house, Tamar following him. But we don't obey his command to disperse until his men close the gate behind them, and advance on us. Then, promptly, they scatter.

A QUOTE DIFFERENT GROUP ASSEMBLIES in the throne room for the regular session of the council, some hours later. The only member common to the two groups, I am sure, is myself. But it seems that practically everyone in the court, with the exception of David himself, has heard of the catastrophe that has befallen his daughter. No one as yet has dared to speak to him of it. . . .

. . . The king hasn't yet arrived. Judging from the look on his face and his manner of fingering the hilt of his sword, I would say that even the youngest officer on duty has heard of the scandal and is about to break, and is having vivid fantasies of being called upon to do more than ceremonial duties today: he sees himself making arrests, carrying out summary executions, pursuing fugitives. The rest of us are a little more restrained. None of us says a word of what is uppermost in our minds: but many specious nods and wrinklins of our heads, much play with the corners of our mouths, meaningful movements of our eyes, twitches of our shoulders and flarings of our fingers, while we change our greetings and commonplaces about the weather, we signal to one another that we are in the know (heaven forbid, for the sake of our reputations as men of affairs that we shouldn't be) and that we are deeply apprehensive of what is to pass before us. Deeply commiserative too: also goes without saying.

At last the king arrives. He looks as he did last time we saw him here: small, bright, in

alertness tinctured to just the right degree of indifference, his aloofness with fatigue. On the throne he pauses to greet some of the who are stepping back and bowing to him. Inquiries after their welfare appear all the odd-natured and considerate precisely because they are so perfunctory, those of a man with more important things on his mind. He sits on the throne and smooths down his robe; the page on duty can do it for him. The who are in the room draw closer to him, enormous with their unspoken news, their trembling with the effort to contain it. Ira steps forward with a scroll in his hand, on which is inscribed today's order of business. We sigh, but not in freedom. The king's entry has never seemed so swift before: somehow so irrevocable. We wait it now, and so is he. Suddenly we find ourselves as if we were somewhere else.

He begins to read from the scroll. His voice is low. Is it his duty as chief minister, seeing that the princes have spoken, to tell the king what has happened to his daughter? There is nothing of the slightest importance on the scroll; but Nathan draws out the reading of it interminably because he wants to delay coming to a decision partly because he can't help stumbling, lost for place, staring down in blank silence at the scroll in his hand. David is puzzled, but patient. As he picks up the scroll drops from his hand, his fingers, it seems to strive toward an expression it cannot attain. "My lord," he says, "I am speechless."

A knock is heard at the door. Absalom enters. The king knows it at once, even though he hardly goes beyond the threshold. He looks across the room over our heads, straight at David. It is obvious to him that the king knows nothing: if he could not be where he is, and nor would we, Absalom waits before speaking. His voice is calm and quiet. He addresses the king directly. "I have bad news for you."

LOVE AND HATRED have grown together, they wear the same expression, they make demands that can only be fulfilled in order to justify their anxieties. David has loved his children exorbitantly, effusively, with passions that have overwhelmed him and have yet been his instruments, abilities that have swollen his pride, generosities that have crushed their recipients. What is he to do when he has heard that the son to whom he gave himself at their last meeting has violated the trust of himself at their last meeting has violated the trust of his daughter he has always adored? Whom is he to turn to now, now he has learned that in lavishing tenderness and prayer over Amnon he was blindly leading his daughter to her destruction?

He names himself, of course, Amnon, as well, and names Tamar most of all. "Amnon is unjust, you want to cry out. (That's what we in the throne room want to cry out, too.) He is right and so are we. But we know that we can never become king and ruler over us

through a strict, undeviating regard for justice; his attachment to it has never been stronger than his attachment to himself, his career, his power, his political skills, his prestige. He has always been prepared to cut his losses; he has never allied himself to defeat. Least of all has he allied himself to his own defeats. Tamar has been ruined; he was tricked and fooled into contributing to her ruin: she is therefore doubly a source of discredit to him: he will have no more to do with her. The logic of his response is merciless and irresistible: and once he has adopted it, his love for her and his guilt for what he is doing now, guilt for what he did the night before—can only make his repudiation of her fiercer. He must see a premonition of disaster as the very deepest of the feelings he had always had about her. She had been beyond his keeping, his regard for her had always included an element of despair. So it is even possible for him to greet the news with cries of pain that sound strangely akin to those of relief: at least he knows now what it was he had so much dreaded in the past.

Yet you must not misunderstand me. David does not blame Tamar for having been ravished. He may be intolerably cunning and devious, he may grope unerringly through the darkness of his own soul toward the personal supremacy he cannot live without, but he isn't mad, he isn't a fool, he doesn't pretend that she could have led on Amnon, as some imbeciles around the palace have already shown themselves ready to believe. David doesn't need to follow their example. The disgrace she is in means less to him than the fact that—disgraced—she is not present, he hasn't seen her, she has become an abstraction to him: and by her own choice. She has turned away from him. It is for that that he blames her, and will never be able to forgive her. She has gone to Absalom.

To Absalom, who has given his own meaning, the king is sure, to her choice. To Absalom, who brings him bad news like a challenge: and then stands before him, declaring in every word and gesture, as David interprets them, that he is incapable of meeting the challenge.

David: "And you come and yell out these things in my council chamber, in front of the whole court! Couldn't you think what they would mean to me? Couldn't you speak to me alone before telling the whole world?"

Absalom: "There isn't a soul here who didn't know all about it before I spoke. Except for you."

We quail, expecting David to look from the one to the other of us, accusing us in his glance of being cowards, liars, keepers of secrets from him. But he does not do it. Instead, he reads into what Absalom has said an implication we would never have dared to find.

"So I'm finished, am I? An old man whom no one bothers to keep informed? They must go to you, they must wait for you. Everyone must run to you, as Tamar has done."

"You have said it, not me."

Provoking the reactions which transform each previous misunderstanding into a truth, the two are



able to use each other, turn and turn about, as stepping-stones toward the adoption of finally intransigent and irreconcilable positions. We all know how such a process works: we have all been actively involved in it at one time or another. What would any of our institutions, from marriage to diplomacy, be without it? We stand in the council chamber, we are wearing formal dress, we have gathered together to carry on important business of the state; nevertheless we are like children watching their parents quarrel over the dinner table: like children we are frightened and fascinated by what we witness, foreseeing in it the destruction of our house and the overthrow of the security we have known. David and Absalom, father and son, princely politicians and leaders of men, bring to the task all the energy and misguided acumen at their command. Each cannot tell his own or the other's claims from denials, disavowals from accusations, affirmations from attacks. Even titles or appellations become a ground of conflict between them. If Absalom calls Tamar "my sister" he is disputing David's right to call her his daughter: if David calls her "your sister" he is pretending that Absalom has wrested from him what he is anxious to surrender, or has already irresponsibly turned adrift, left with no protector (but Absalom). When Absalom demands justice he is impudently trying to arrogate to himself the king's prerogative; and when David reserves to himself that privilege then Absalom knows that justice will not be done, for justice belongs to no man, not even to the king, but to the community beyond him and greater than him which the king must serve.

Inevitably, the angrier the king is with Absalom, the less inclined he is to turn his wrath against Amnon: not only because Absalom wants him to. And though Absalom speaks of the duties of the king—the authority of the state, the will of the people, the protection of the helpless, the judgment of posterity—such phrases come readily to Absalom's lips, even when he is as moved as he is now—it is to the single issue of the punishment of Amnon that David reduces all Absalom's invocations. In David's eyes Amnon is guilty, there is no question about it. But he will not say, he will not even hint, what penalty he will exact for the crime: or whether Amnon will have to suffer any penalty other than his father's displeasure.

Until Absalom, infuriated by the king's evasiveness, is driven for the first time to make explicit his ultimate demand, "Amnon must be punished according to the law, like anyone else. 'A man who uncovers his sister's nakedness shall be cut off in the sight of the people': that's what the law lays down. I insist that the law be carried out. For my sister's sake I demand my brother's death."

David leans back in his chair and answers quietly, "So that you will have one less rival for my throne."

At last that, too, has been said: it has been made plain what is at stake between them. Now we understand David's movement in the chair, before he spoke. He is challenging Absalom to oust him from it, if he can.

Absalom cries out, "Think what you are saying. David does not answer, and Absalom plunges forward to meet the charge. "Amnon will never sit on your throne. I will see to it."

"Exactly."

"And how much longer will you occupy the throne if you refuse to carry out the law? What are you doing? If the king isn't bound by the law, then who is? Why should anyone in the kingdom obey the law, if he sees that it means nothing to the king? Why should you have the power to hang a thief or hang a traitor? Who is the traitor who betrays the laws—the king, or the man who overthrows him? Don't you understand, there will be no end to what you're beginning. You leave me no alternative."

"To what?"

Absalom isn't afraid to say the words: "Rebellion and upheaval."

Nor is the king upset by them. "And all this for your love of law and order?"

"No, out of my love for my justice, which is more important to me than either."

Absalom's arguments are the stronger: we cannot doubt it. Yet his position appears to become weaker and weaker, the longer the dispute between them continues. Not only because he is applying for harshness while David, whatever his motives may be, is on the side of clemency: nor because David has made suspect Absalom's motives, in demanding Amnon's death: nor even because Absalom has the power, with a beck of the head, to have Absalom arrested for seditious talk, so that in clemency he is objecting to when applied to a man who is helping him too. All these demonstrate and do not define David's readiness to follow his own judgment, no matter how perverse or cruel it may be, as to what will best serve him: his confidence in his right to be moved or not, as he pleases, the logical strength of an argument, or by the threatening tone in which it is couched, or by the expectations which others have of him, or by the cogency of his own past.

But what has such a display of self-will to do with justice? With the rights and wrongs of the debate between them? To Absalom, nothing. To David, everything. Which is in itself another way of describing David's power. He knows that reason and fatality have always been among the forces through which he has worked and which have worked upon him, and he accepts that it shows so: Absalom does not. Therefore, it is Absalom who appears vain, shallow, self-obsessed, bloodthirsty, bemused by abstractions: while David, in his moving ivory throne, rides upon the very cusp of that tidal equipoise between the violence of law and the violence of lawlessness, which we call peace and sovereignty. It is faith, not expediency, which is David's last resource: faith in the power which has given him his power. He prays to it, he governs his polity by it, he knows the order and the meaning of the universe to depend upon it.

But I've already used too many words to describe something that is plain to the simplest person.

1. Absalom is not the simplest person in the
let me, looking around at the assembled
s, charitably grant him that much); never-
he chooses to take that exacting role upon
He appeals to his brothers to help him make
do his duty; he warns them that if Amnon's
oes unpunished then they too will be in
for Amnon will feel himself free to commit
ne imaginable against any of the king's
; he reminds them of the disrespect the
will fall into if it becomes known abroad
that such a crime has been committed, but
as had no consequences, been treated as a

think our neighbors are in any position
prove? With their habits?" David puts in
ally at that point. He has sunk farther into
; and protruded his head a little, lizard-like
his posture and in the unblinking silence of
he has fixed on Absalom.

om's arguments are valid and unavailing.
thers, who had waited for him to break
s to the king, as if he were indeed their
nd had dared to cry out only after he had
those brothers of his now simply don't
listen to him. Some of them gesture to him
iously, others actually interrupt him. They
m to shut up, to leave it alone. This isn't
or the place for what he is saying; he isn't
anyone; let them consider it all later or in
let the whole unhappy meeting come to its

uld never, never have believed it," Absalom
xclaims. "That I'd have to plead that a man
such a thing to our sister should get the
ent he deserves—!"

oks about him, and what he sees in our
scourages and baffles him further. Only the
of Tamar herself gives him the strength to
e more to the king and say his last words
"Tamar will learn of what's happened here
ning. She is my sister, and a princess, and
know how to behave toward a father who
er as you have."

is silent; for a moment unable to move.
rouses himself. To Ira's surprise, to the
of us all, he calls the chancellor.

hadn't finished. There are matters that
attended to. We have work to do."

can tell how much it may have cost him to
order; and then to sit on the throne, listen-
ing his head occasionally, speaking when
o, while the tedious affairs of the day are
ed. Still, he does it; and what's more, he
n a manner which suggests that he is mak-
effort as much for Absalom's sake as for
. He is trying to save him from further
ion and self-exposure; he is giving him time
er.

om is not grateful for the respite. But it's
-of for anyone to leave the throne room
he king, and for all his talk of rebellion just
inutes previously, he cannot bring himself
the tradition. Instead, he stands with his

arms folded and a look of contempt and outrage
on his face, waiting for the moment of release.

David will not give it to him. On his way out of
the room he stops in front of Absalom. For the
onlooker, certainly for David himself, there is
pathos in the disparity in height between them; in
the difficulty he has in putting his hand on his son's
shoulder.

"Absalom," he says, issuing the order in a sud-
denly tremulous, beseeching voice, "you will dine
with me. We will talk of other things. There are
other subjects we can talk about."

"I insist that the
law be carried
out. For my
sister's sake I
demand my
brother's death."

—Absalom

THE DAY CONTINUES. The same day still, is it? It
must be. I can hardly remember when it began:
I have had no sleep: it seems years have passed
since I was last alone with Amnon in his house.

We had drunk wine, I recall, the memory com-
ing to me as if from another world; we had quar-
reled: later on we had talked: then Tamar had
arrived. Nothing had yet happened that would need
to be remembered by any of us: nothing that would
cause us to be remembered by others. Then, when
all had been anticipation, not deed, there had still
been a chance of the day being assumed into that
eternity of the nondescript which is perhaps the
truest eternity we shall ever attain: the moments
when history is made or fame secured being no more
than intrusions and interruptions into eternity,
fractures of it, and never, as we like to suppose,
its fulfillment among us. Not for the first time it
occurs to me that we are most closely bound to
eternity when we carry out those actions to which
we attach least importance: when we yawn, or
scratch ourselves, or blink in a sudden blaze of
sunlight, or take out our cocks and have the sat-
isfaction of peeing against a wall, or listen absently
to the conversation of bores. For then we are truly
indistinguishable from one another: your nervous
system is as mine: there is neither succession nor
precession: only our shared, timeless commonalty.

Today, as on any other, I yawn, scratch myself,
piss, I blink in the sunlight when I come out of the
palace. But I also make my way to Amnon's house,
to see what he is doing and to hear what he has
to say. I have to. The day, that has already gone
on for so long, is not like any other. It is set apart;
and so are those of us who have allowed ourselves
to be caught within it. For the first time I have a
vivid intimation of what that might mean. For the
first time, with a mixture of sick apprehension and
excitement, I see myself here, always here, always
before you, condemned to remember, explain, pre-
sent and comment upon actions I cannot change;
banished from the ordinary oblivion to which I had
once, not long before, been entitled.

IF AMNON TO BE DEPRESSED. He is also ex-
hausted, naturally enough, after such a night.
(Even I, who—shall I say?—exerted myself so much
less than he, am feeling oddly detached and weight-
less for lack of sleep: only my itchy eyes seem

Dan Jacobson
THE RAPE OF
TAMAR

definitely to belong to me.) Before coming to the house I had expected to hear abuse and reproaches, ravings against myself and Tamar. I was wrong.

He is so depressed he can hardly open his mouth. He is fully clothed, but he shows no sign of being about to go out; indeed, he doesn't stir from the chair in which he sits, his legs splayed out in front of him, his hands hanging down between them, his chin either sunk against his chest or pointing toward the ceiling, apparently unable to hold any position between. His greeting had been a single sideways slide of his eyes; a shake of his head his answer to my hearty inquiry how he was feeling; total immobility his response to my innocent wonder if his night with Tamar had "come up to expectations." (I'd chosen the phrase with some care, on my way to his house from the palace.)

We sit together without speaking for some time. Amnon appears to fall asleep, twitches suddenly with his feet and shoulders, and is awake again. At least I see his black eyelashes flickering.

"So what happened?" I demand finally, like the bluff, forthright friend whose tones I have decided it would be best for me to adopt.

Amnon doesn't answer at once. But it is not because he is weighing his words so scrupulously. His chin tilted ceilingward, he says, "Nothing."

"Nothing? What do you mean?"

But he merely repeats the word, "Nothing."

"You mean you just let her go?"

"No."

"Then what did you do?"

"Nothing."

"That's not what Tamar's telling everyone."

Even this irritated warning of mine, which I hadn't intended uttering quite so soon, has little effect on Amnon. "Then you know what happened," he merely says. "Why do you bother me about it?"

"It's true, then, is it?"

"You should know."

I try again. "Tamar went to Absalom. She didn't go back to the palace. Absalom told the king about it. Everyone knows by now: the whole city."

"I thought I heard more people than usual in the street outside," Amnon remarks indifferently. "They must be waiting for something to happen."

"They are. I had to push my way through them to get here."

His head sinks down, his lips pout further forward, he rubs his hands vaguely together, and then desists, as if even that effort is too much for him.

"What are you going to do?" I ask.

"About the people outside?"

"No, of course not. About Tamar. About David. About Absalom. About the whole business. You've got to do something."

"Why?"

"Well, you were certainly energetic enough in getting yourself into trouble, weren't you?"

"I know. That was the mistake I made. Look," he adds, surprising me with the sudden vigor of his tone, "I'm sorry for Tamar. I'm sorry I ever hurt her. I was mad. I see it now. But she's mad, too, to think it matters. It doesn't. We make up

rules, and then we make up emotions to fit them. It's nonsense. If we had other rules we have the same emotions about different things. That's all there is to it."

Amnon, the philosopher. Amnon, the stoic acceptor of the miseries inflicted on others. It's enough to turn one's stomach. However, I take him up on it mildly enough.

"If we're going to have the emotions, then perhaps that's precisely why they do. Why they must matter."

His vigor has left him as abruptly as it came. "You think so?" he asks, without curiosity.

"What else is there?"

"Nothing. Death."

One of the things that most irritates me about our exchange is that I don't have to come to him in order to ask such questions and to hear his replies: I could always stay at home and commune with myself for five minutes. Yet his last remark has made me suddenly vigilant. Coiled less restlessly within my impatience, like the vivacious, maculate twist of color inside a glass marble, the answer to a problem which has been weighing on me for longer than I have suspected. After all, I have just come from a room where I have seen death, his death, being treated as a possible matter of choice; and now he too has spoken. To me: who else? Looking at Amnon, with his sandaled feet and hanging hands, I feel I have been closer to him or more detached from him than I have. He has ceased to be human and has already become more than a rock face confronting me, a body of water, an object, any natural phenomenon which I can examine but which cannot examine me. I am unable to withdraw. I have interfered so much that I have used the only kind of power I have to such an extent that I must now continue to the end. There can be no other than the one he has just named.

Call me an artist, if you like. I won't take a compliment. Any more than I will take an insult if you call me a pathologically malicious and meddlesome busybody who is compelled to interfere up for his own emotional vacuity by manipulating the passions and lives of others. Either way, I must see my *oeuvre* completed, given its inevitable final shape; the shape for which Amnon, Tamar, and Absalom are themselves seeking, though each eludes each of them on his own.

How penurious our imaginations are! How limited our ingenuities! There is no need to talk of Osiris and Isis, of Baal and Anat, of El and Inanna-Ishtar: brothers and sisters in their season, explorers of the underworld of chaos and disintegration. I'd do just as well to tell you of a wolf that lay in bed and pretended to be sick, like Amnon, until there came to him a pretty virgin with a gift of food, like Tamar. The wolf sprang on Little Red Riding Hood and devoured her.

Now the wolf must die. The wolf himself must die. The wolf says there is nothing else. The wolf is looking for his death. Absalom, woodman's son, rebellious son, you can sharpen your



Neither terror nor propaganda can bring them to respect Russian rule, let alone care about Communist ideology.

CZECHOSLOVAKS: BETWEEN HOPE AND FEAR

WE WERE GLAD THAT ONE OF THE FIRST SIGHTS we came across was of people dancing and a teen-ager in a white dress. We had reached Plzen in the late afternoon after a short drive over potholed roads from the German border. The town presented the expected aspect of neglect. It looked black and dead. There was only a little movement around the prior department store, where shoppers were rummaging among piles of shoddy goods. Even the modern blocks of houses on the outskirts looked ugly and lifeless. Wide gaps showed between the seams of their prefabricated concrete slabs. A few children played on the sparse grass around the ruins. Bits of paper and refuse blew along in swirls. Mounds of cinders, left over from the long war—one of the longest in memory—were still waiting to be cleared. Plzen is mainly an industrial town, although it is better known for its beer, the famous Pils or Prazdroj.

At the Kavarna of the Slovan Hotel we heard the strains of dance music and entered. The Kavarna, a small hall with high ceilings paneled in light wood, was lit right from the light of chandeliers. A five-piece band was on a stand between two large windows. It had a piano player, an accordionist, a drummer, and two cellists. One of the cellists was also a saxophone or clarinet player, when the bandleader called for it. They played a lot of American tunes, which sounded just as dated, as the Viennese operetta music. The place seemed to be popular. It was crammed with dancers. A round table, set in front of a mirror on which we had placed a small card marked "Zadano" (reserved), seven middle-aged men, perhaps officials of the local Party organization and the Trade Union, were seated behind tall glasses of Prazdroj. They seemed to have little to say to each other. One

of them kept turning his head whenever he saw a girl pass in the mirror.

Despite a premature plumpness around the middle, most of the girls were amazingly pretty. They kept to the back of the hall, where they consumed orange sodas or ice cream in thick tulip-shaped glasses. A tourist couple, near the dance floor, had a waiter in a starched white collar and tuxedo jacket uncork a slender bottle of white Moravian wine. A lot of people were eating. There were platefuls of sliced salami or Tatar steaks made of ground beef, minced onions, egg yolk, and paprika. An elevated platform, separated from the rest of the hall by an iron railing, looked like the favorite gathering point of the town's young rakes. It was a place from which the whole hall could be easily surveyed. Four young soldiers in Czechoslovak uniforms occupied a table near the railing. Their uniforms were neat but their fingernails were dirty. That seemed to be the style of the younger men in civilian clothes, too. Two girls, one of them with smartly made-up eyes and full lips, dared to settle at a neighboring table, where they ordered glasses of soda water. But they were studiously ignored by the soldiers and the other young men. Most of the latter wore leather jackets and looked as though they might have motorbikes outside. A bouncy peroxide blonde in an elaborate hairdo won most of their attention. She moved from table to table as though all of the young men were her private property. All except one of them. He was seated alone with a girl at a table for two. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes never left hers, even when he began to wolf down a salami sandwich. They were oblivious to the other people around them. Suddenly, having finished his sandwich, the boy leaned across the table and kissed the girl on the cheek.

by
Friedel Ungeheuer

Friedel Ungeheuer, who saw the invasion of Czechoslovakia as a correspondent for Time, returned this year on his own. German-born and Harvard-educated, he has been reporting from Europe to England and the U.S. since 1958.

Friedel Ungeheuer

BETWEEN HOPE AND FEAR

It was difficult to imagine what mark the Soviet presence has left on their lives. The only soldiers about were Czechoslovak. At the hotel we were told the Soviet troops had been withdrawn to points further East. "They are afraid to keep their soldiers too near to the Western border," an older man told us knowingly. He was a pensioner and eager to talk. The last time he had been able to practice his English was at the end of World War II, "when General Patton liberated Plzen." We met him at an "Erotic Show" put on in the hotel's dining room the evening of our arrival. Supposedly this was meant for Western tourists, but we were the only foreigners in the crowded room. Some of the men stood on chairs to get a better view when the girl in the center of the floor threw off her cape and revealed a full bosom. She was surrounded by three smaller, plumper dancers of whom the best one could say was that they were clean and had shaved the hair under their arms. After it was all over, the band struck up "I'm in the Mood for Love," and the men filed out. Only a few couples remained. No one had applauded.

At the Prazdroj brewery the next day the guide told us that "according to the best information available to me, we are not supplying the Soviet garrisons with our beer. At least not directly." He thought this might interest us. I do not know how he had come to act as our guide. His knowledge of the brewery's plant was sketchy. But he spoke English. In little asides he displayed a thorough contempt for the Communist regime, past and present. When I asked about a row of photographic portraits on the wall, he said, "No, these are not company directors. They are only workers who were given some medals instead of better pay." The world's demand for the original Plzen beer was far from satisfied, he explained, though 40 per cent of the annual production of 250 million gallons was exported. "Under our economic system it is difficult to expand production. What we lack most is the labor. You have to understand that where under normal conditions one needs one worker, we need three." Young girls were driving the lift trucks that transported the cases of beer from the bottling plant to the depot. "Unfortunately, there are not enough secretarial jobs to go around," he said. Since he spoke so freely I dared to ask him what he thought of Dubcek's fate. "He is now in Ankara," he answered, as though he wanted to say that under the circumstances he had got off rather well. He would say no more.

We met only one man who seemed really afraid. That was in Prague. We had met his son in a café on Wenceslas Square the previous day. The father telephoned early in the morning to beg us not to see his son again. "I hope you will understand," he pleaded. We understood. The boy had already spent three months in jail after the first anniversary demonstrations in August 1969. "They arrested three thousand young people," he told us. He had been walking with a friend near the Square, when the police pounced on them. "They took us up to a place near the National Museum, and then they began to beat us with their truncheons. They also

cut off our hair." His own hair was again in heavy locks over his ears. For three days youths were kept without food and water in the Pankrac prison. "There were exactly seven of us in one cell and only one toilet corner. Some of the boys were so thirsty at night that they began to drink from it." Later received minor suspended sentences. He did seem entirely without hope. "We all think we will be able to get rid of the Russians more quickly than we got rid of the Germans. It took us a hundred years with the Hapsburgs but only six with the Germans." I found it hard to tell him or anyone else how difficult it was to share a small town with such gigantic consequences. "You should be better than any of us," a lawyer acquaintance said. "You have far more information at your disposal now. We only see what is happening around us." Some of his friends, he added, harbored the illusion that Czechoslovakia might yet become a neutral, non-nuclear buffer zone in Central Europe, if the SALT talks went well in Vienna. Others placed their hopes in a Sino-Soviet war. The smarter ones knew that one of the main reasons the Soviets invaded Czechoslovakia in 1968 was to consolidate their Western positions. "He who has Bohemia dominates Europe," Bismarck once said.

Our lawyer friend was no Communist—only one of the 180 lawyers in Prague are—and had spent several months in prison during the early 1950s before he was allowed to practice again. He had been abroad in 1968 when the Russians invaded and returned after the first shock. It was not easy to comprehend why he had decided to come back. His own formula sounded almost too simple. "This is where I belong," he said. "It is up to the Russians to leave, not me." Unfortunately, he had no idea how long he would be able to continue to practice law. "I am already looking for an alternate place to have in reserve when the day comes." He thought he might be able to drive an ambulance. "I could work as an orderly in the hospital."

His small office looked out on the medieval fronts of Prague's Old Town Square. The ponderous statue of the reformer Jan Hus stood directly before its windows. Inscribed at its base were the words: "One day the care of your affairs will be put into your hands." That "care" was now in the hands of about twenty thousand people who were willing to carry out Soviet orders, he said. How long would they be able to hold out against the other four million? He did not envy them their task. "We must sleep badly at night." Even if there was overt resistance to their rule at present, "Communism as such is dead in Czechoslovakia. Even Dubcek and Svoboda, whom the people trusted for a time, have left their hearts in Moscow. They can never be forgiven."

HIS REMARK REMINDED ME OF THE LAST conversations I had with one of my Czechoslovak league members before I left the country in November 1968. I will call him K. I remember him sitting alone

st bare office one evening when the room
fill with dusk, thinking about one of his last
"I will write as long as I can say things
not go against my conscience. It is the only
," he said. He was no intellectual. Not one
self-appointed aristocracy of well-fed and
in debaters who seemed to dominate the
literary scene. He was merely a reporter
ounted events he had witnessed or re-
l and let the story take him where it had to.
at the row of Soviet tanks parked on the
low the windows of his office and asked,
a Communist, how can you pay attention
own conscience? Is that not a cardinal sin,
rous remnant of subjectivism?" He smiled,
rise it is." I never got him to tell me why
emained a Communist for so long. Nor did
have to inquire. To play any role in this
one had to be Communist, a card carrying
A little earlier he had told me that at one
first Moscow meetings after the invasion,
v had remarked to Dubcek, "I do not need
oslovak Party with 1.4 million members."
v knew what he was up against
v last days in Prague then, K. became very
nd very disillusioned. For those who saw in
s continuing popularity a kind of victory
ndst of defeat, he could only smile. "His
ity is the Russians' best weapon," he said.
s the job done more quickly." He knew,
than most—though many other people
what he knew—that Dubcek would be cast
less than a year. How true their instincts
hile their so-called leaders still rattled off
anies of small, piecemeal lies until the full
me out. But the game was up. The Soviet
ad started grinding. And still K. smiled. I
er his parting words. "It was worth it. We
h fun."

had had their fling. They had shown the
at they existed and they had revealed the
s, the petty crooks, the dank horror of the
behind the euphemisms of socialist achieve-
The Czechoslovaks' faltering faith in Com-
as a system of government had been shat-
brever. That is how a French Communist
whom I met in Prague after the invasion
"This is not what Communism was meant
," he complained. "People standing in line
t, waiting for the unexpected shipment, with
pe in a better world slowly eroding!"

MY RETURN TO PRAGUE this spring, I was
ble to step out of my hotel and watch the
n Wenceslas Square, moving silently up and
ne wide sidewalks in their thin, bluish rain-
arrying large handbags or briefcases under
ms. There were young girls in tight jeans,
ose hair, who could tell a foreigner at a
The boys rarely had that hungry look. Their
were docile and obedient. Had they merely
or better cuts of meat, or a bit of foreign
oomier apartments, modern kitchens, pret-

tier shops? All that had been part of their hopes
but only a part. They used to tear newspapers out
of the vendors' hands. Now the dealers stood with
thick wads of unsold papers hanging over their
arms. Not even the nude magazines in the kiosks
attracted much attention. At times the hopes of the
young men had taken surprising turns. A young
aeronautical engineer had told me that all he
wanted was "for my superiors to be interested in
my work." His boss was an appointee of the Party,
who was neither prepared nor willing to understand
what the engineers under him did all day. His main
concern was that they clocked in on time.

I began to look for my old friend K., who had
once been a well-known man in town. His voice had
been regularly heard on the radio and readers of
the more daring periodicals knew his byline. His
was one of a dozen names which had helped to
usher in the "Prague Spring" in 1968 and made
full use of the brief spell of free expression. No one
seemed to be able to tell me where he was. He had
disappeared from sight. Some said he was seriously
ill. There were rumors about an arrest. There was
another rumor that he had gone to the West or
lived somewhere in the Czech countryside. I de-
cided to drive out to his former apartment in one
of the new housing projects on the outskirts of the
city. As a precaution, I had a Czech friend telephone
first. I was afraid that K.'s phone might be tapped.
He was to mention my first name rapidly. The
message came back that K. had answered the call
himself. What luck! K. had instructed him to have
me call in person and indicated the times when he
expected to be at home. I tried for three successive
days without getting a reply. Once a woman's voice
answered, but she spoke no foreign language. I
began to hesitate. Perhaps I should not insist.
Maybe he was staying away from the telephone on
purpose. His wife might have warned him about
the danger he was running in allowing himself to
be contacted by a Western journalist, someone who
was known to the authorities. My name had been
mentioned in the Soviet "White Paper" on the
counterrevolution in Czechoslovakia. Was it worth
asking him to take the risk of seeing me? I decided
to give it one more try.

His voice came over the line in a halting Bo-
hemian-accented German. Each phrase ended in a
droll "*na ja*," which sounded more like the Czech
"*ano*," a word that, curiously, stands for "yes."
The humor was still rolling in his throat. He even
proposed to meet me at my hotel, which we knew
to be watched. I suggested the Snack Bar of the
Potravyn Dum (House of Food) on top of Wen-
ceslas Square, just opposite the equestrian statue.
I would reserve a table for the following afternoon.

He arrived late, the picture of health, surprising
me, far more at ease than I remembered. The deep
lines had disappeared from his features. There was
no longer that gray hollowiness around his cheeks.
He seemed pleased about my remarks on his im-
proved appearance. "Girls now take me for much
younger than I am," he laughed. He was now a
traffic inspector, he said without any of the nervous

"To play any role
in this society,
one had to be
Communist, a
card-carrying
member."

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tensions of writing. Part of his responsibility had been to put back all the road signs that the Czechs had removed after the invasion to lead Soviet armored units astray.

He had long since been expelled from the Party. Forty-two colleagues had been barred from working in journalism. The Journalists' Union had tried to sweeten the pill by giving a few of them advances on private book research. "I actually wrote a book," he said. That was a year ago. He had gone back to Moravia, where he was born, and revisited some old friends to write about what had become of them. "There were some dramatic stories," he said. "For each of them the past twenty years were lost years. Not one achieved what he set out to do. Their careers were ruined by difficulties with the Party, and to think of the élan with which we set out as young men after the war!" After finishing his portraits, he discovered that no one wanted to print his book. So he began searching for other work. He tried a few publishing houses first, hoping to land a job as reader or subeditor of noncontroversial literature or even technical books. He was refused each time. He was too well known. He was then refused work with an export organization, where he could have written press releases, a scientific institute, the Trade Union, the Tourist Office, and the Ministry of Heavy Industries, even though his expulsion from the Party had never become official. "I received nothing in writing. They merely mentioned my name in *Rude Pravo* [the Party daily] along with several others who were expelled at the same time." He then said that it had taken him three months to land his present job.

"The wages are bad," he added. "I earn only about half as much as I did as a journalist." I thought that, so far at least, he had been spared the worst. "Who knows what they will do next? I am still being attacked on the radio and in the Party press. If only there were a way of replying. We have to just sit there and listen to their calumnies." Nothing was easier than to call someone a "right-wing opportunist." Just today one of his friends had been the object of new charges on the radio. One of his worst mistakes, the commentator said, was that "he underestimated the Soviet Union's foreign policy." We both laughed. I knew the man too and remembered how they had both warned about the imminence of Soviet military intervention, even when most Western diplomats in town still considered it unlikely. I had argued about it with them one evening and asked them whether it would not be too embarrassing for the Soviets to invade Czechoslovakia militarily. "One thing is certain," K. had said, "there is nothing we can or will do to stop them."

I asked K. how he felt about these things today. Many people were saying that if only they had spared themselves their damned Prague Spring, they would be much better off. At least they might still be able to travel to the West. Food and clothing shortages had become far more severe. By Moscow standards, of course, they were still doing quite

well. But what kind of a standard was that? the recent winter most households had been out of coal for weeks. There had been recurrent shortages of meat. And when things became available, they were far too expensive for the ordinary book. The drudgery of life had become greater for everyone. But K. recalled that they had always to count on Soviet military intervention. What could we do? We had to seize the chance that was offered. Even if we had had only the eight years of free expression that followed the Soviet invasion, it would have been worth it."

BUT HE NO LONGER SEEMED TO RELY ON HIS memory. Too many things had happened to him since then. The humiliation of his expulsion was only a beginning. His whole family had been attacked in one way or another. A brother who had taught high school, had been forced out of his teaching post. A sister lost her job on the radio. His fifteen-year-old son was told that because of his father's counterrevolutionary attitudes he could not be permitted to prepare for the university. The Communists could still be very thorough when they tried.

Not everyone was faring as badly. The passive resistance of officials still helped to camouflage many delaying tactics. A man might be removed from a prominent post but virtually remain in his real incumbent while another man merely assumed his title. When we went to the offices of the Czechoslovak Writers' Union, for instance, we found a half-dozen secretaries gathered around a small table sipping beer and eating cakes. They informed us that only their section had been dissolved but that they continued to come to work. The Union's restaurant was no longer abustle with visiting writers, however. One used to be able to go there and find at least one or two well-known names. The dining room or the adjoining club room where the food had also deteriorated. The Union, I discovered, was already stripped of its main financial support. The Ministry of Culture had taken over its printing house, which used to produce an annual salary of three million crowns for the government. The baroque castle at Dobruška, not far from Prague where writers had once been able to retire for definite stays, had also been confiscated. When it was left, it turned out, was only the semblance of the Writers' Union, with Vasarely op-art prints on the yellow walls of the dining room and, hanging in the corner, the psychedelic likeness of Marilyn Monroe.

"We have been living in an almost complete void," one of the editors of the Union's publication house told me, "and since there is practically no literary criticism anymore, we do not know what other publishers are doing either." (When J. Seifert, an aging Communist poet who was then president of the Union after the departure of Edward Goldstücker, was told by Minister Miroslav Bruzek to bring some order into what was being published, he was said to have replied, "Just tell me what a tough time a Minister of Culture

in Balzac's day.") "No matter what our own writers produce," the editor went on, "it probably not be published. They will not be allowed to publish a love story." Men like Hrabal, Vaclav Havel, Jan Prochazka, and Václav Havel cannot be heard from anymore, but they are still free to live and move about. One or two of them have moved to the country and the countryside itself has become their

After the ban, two of these writers put their names to the petition issued at the first anniversary of the Soviet invasion. It vied with the original manifesto of the Prague Spring, "The Two Thousand Words," in the intransigence of its demand for reform. Of course, it was a much braver statement. Its signers are already in prison: the sociologist Jan Battek whose parliamentary immunity was lifted to permit his arrest, the former chess player Lubek Pachmann, and the historian Jan Hájek. But neither of the writers who signed was under arrest, although briefs were being prepared against them, too. Their petition was addressed to the Federal Assembly, the Federal Council, and the Central Committee of the Czechoslovak Communist Party, among others. But it was published only in the Western press. It did not violently condemn the Soviet invasion or the consequences of new illegal repression but rather what sounded like a primer for passive resistance. "We show our resistance toward functionaries," it read, "who should in normal times be busy by not seeing them, not listening to them, not using them, and not utilizing their services." It continued with a recipe for survival that advised: "We can amuse ourselves in ways which suit us even with those with whom we do not want to be ourselves. We can cultivate and diversify our tastes and interests. We know that we alone can always resolve our situation, because we are at the center of the world nor the main force of the motion. There were always times when it was only necessary to outlast and hang on to what we had previously gained. We will try to do this with the conviction that progress cannot be halted."

WHEN I MENTIONED THIS DOCUMENT to K., he showed it away. No matter how brave or delicate it might sound, he said, there were only ten people who had agreed to sign it, compared to the thousands who once put their names to "The Two Thousand Words." They were crying in the dark. There were 23 million Czechoslovaks, a current joke was 14 million for the regime and 14 million for the opposition. Nothing could alter the basic fact of the regime and its unrelenting pressure on the Czechoslovak governing apparatus. He repeated what he had made at our last meeting in 1968. He sketched the general plan of attack of the Communist guard in the Party, who would inevitably go to the top with Soviet support. "Intellectually indispensable," he said. The press and literary movement would be the first and easiest to be

LINES FROM AN ORCHARD ONCE SURVEYED BY THOREAU by Philip Booth

I've lived by the world's rules
long enough. That season is over.
There's no ladder, no word that the bees
haven't already given. My feet
press cider back to the roots.
The orchard quiets; I sip
at its silence, letting the nectar
change me. What else
need I know, when there's
nothing to know, save
for the wisdom of trees?
I conduct myself like a naked monk.
Were I to open to any more
fullness, I think I'd
turn into a woman.

HOUSE HUNTING by John N. Morris

It is not just
A matter of an airy
Kitchen, good schools, and
Two fireplaces ten
Minutes from the station.

Nor is it just
That what you are
Looking for is an acre
Of suburban work
You are not suited to:
The lawn that expresses
Like cancer: the furnace
That stops like a heart
At the center of winter:
Or any other simplicity
You will be helpless
In the face of.

Nor is it just
That you are buying
A place to hear
Your children tell you
Lies in, the pleasant
Rooms where they will hide
Their habits and to which
They will not wish to return:
Or that you are buying
A beautiful box to be
Sick in and the hall
From which to call the doctor.

... just that
... must hurry,
The color of life
Fat in your wallet.

Friedel Ungeheuer

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eliminated. It was the workers who had to be won back.

But even in this respect the regime has not fared very well, so far. On Soviet orders the Party launched a clean-up campaign in its own ranks. Non-Communists were secretly rubbing their hands with glee. Every member was being called in for a "*proverka*" (examination). In Czech the word derives from "*vire*," which happens to stand for faith or belief. The faith of all the 1.4 million members of the Party was to be put to the test. But the undertaking showed how difficult it is for a regime to force a reluctant people as practiced in subterfuge as the Czechoslovaks into a new militant mold. The central question that was put to each and every one was whether they agreed that the Soviet intervention had not only been necessary but just. Rather than answer in the affirmative, untold numbers of simple factory workers, the favorite clay of the Party, had either not appeared or contemptuously handed in their membership cards. I was told that among the roughly 8,000 workers of the CKD heavy-machinery plant in Vysocany, near Prague, only 114 Party members were left in good standing. Whether that figure is exaggerated or not, the leadership was certainly openly concerned about mass desertions and the prospect of a predominance of petit-bourgeois "careerists" who would obligingly mouth anything demanded of them. The Party press had also complained about connivance between the examiners and the candidates. Some of the attitudes toward *proverka* bordered on the comic. Such as the formula worked out by a journalist, who had advised his colleagues not to lie to their questioners. "If journalists lie at the *proverka*, they will be obliged to lie in public." All workers should also tell the truth, "because the truth from workers is more embarrassing to the Party." Officials, however, who would subsequently "have to protect the likes of us and whom no one ever expects to tell the truth, anyway," should lie. So should all teachers, "because that way they can maintain their influence on the country's school-children."

One Western analyst pointed out that the main difficulty behind the *proverka* purge was that a more exclusive Party with a limited membership—the plan was to bring it down to at most 300,000—made sense only in a situation in which the Party had a vague claim to prestige. This was undeniably the case in the Soviet Union or in China, even in Rumania. In East Germany, however, the Communists had always been obliged to maintain a mass membership. If the Czechoslovak Party ceased to be a mass party its efficiency would be further reduced. Those most interested in carrying out the purge were the handful of "ultras" who had welcomed the Soviet invasion. Surprisingly, however, the Soviets had shown considerable restraint in their support of the ultras, perhaps because they were fully aware of the economic consequences to everyone else of too hard a squeeze. Worker morale was at perhaps its lowest ebb in years. Some factories were working at only 40 per cent of capacity.

Absenteeism was rampant. During a raid on beer gardens in Pardubice, for instance, unexcused workers had been discovered. The market in scarce goods and illegal work was to increase. Agricultural output had not improved, either, while Czechoslovakia had developed a chronic trade deficit with all the other countries. No matter how one looked at it, the problems faced by Gustav Husak or any subsequent leader in gaining control over the party and the Czechoslovak governing apparatus were immense. There was no guarantee that even massive renewed witch-hunts, or show trials would trick this time. They could only make the resistance of the majority of the working class more intractable.

Husak has so far conscientiously shied from these traditional means of coercion. He was a victim of the Stalinist purges who had nine years in prison and been tortured himself. That was understandable. But any new terror would be counterproductive to his attempt to bring the Party under his personal control. His was a Herculean task of piecemeal intimidation. My friend, for instance, confided that three people arrested in the wake of the "Ten Point Program" had so far benefited from the full legal procedure established in 1965. No one had been questioned without the assistance of counsel. No one had been put into solitary confinement, yet. But that was always the "yet" at the end of such declarations.

Soviet vengeance has so far directly touched a small minority, those who had dared to dissent themselves during the heady days of the Prague Spring. Other people are making do as best they can under the changed circumstances. Fear, however, other and perhaps far more effective instrument of power, has not yet eroded their self-control. How to spread it in the hearts of an entire people, who know themselves to be in the wrong, whom no amount of reverse propaganda can convince that what has happened to them has anything to do with justice? "Why should I be forbidden to travel abroad? I have committed no crime," a young art historian told me. "I am a Svoboda, who has sold his people to the Russians to travel the world." They no longer call the Soviet leader the "iron grandfather," as they did when he first brought back the Kremlin's prisoners to become "Senilissimo Svoboda" in the new Soviet jokes. A waiter told me that on the occasion when some Russian officers dared to dine at a restaurant they had been obliged to wait for more than half an hour before anyone came to take their order. "Then we served them leftovers. For the fights with his own weapons." Movie houses showing Soviet films are rarely more than a threat, and the films usually have to be withdrawn within a few days. When a newsreel showed Husak imitating Brezhnev on the screen, the story goes, the audience cried, "Why don't you kiss him in the ass?" and brought down the house. The lights went up and the manager appeared asking for the man to identify himself. When no one stood up,

ake of replaying the same reel. This time a
ices shouted, "Why don't you kiss his ass?"
ager had to close the movie theater for the
he day. In the clubroom of a broadcasting
n Prague I listened to a group of young
nockinglly address each other as "Comrade"
a political TV commentary. For the Lenin
ary celebrations Czech shopkeepers obedi-
corated their window displays with por-
Lenin, but the butchers liked to put his
on top of a pile of sausages, while barbers
show a particularly bald Lenin. At Mlada
where a Soviet regiment was billeted in
in the center of town. I saw Russian
putting up a huge red "*Druzba*" (Friend-
anner to commemorate the liberation of
lovakia from the Nazi occupation twenty-
s ago. The banner showed a Russian soldier
a bunch of flowers in one hand while his
a was wrapped around a Czech civilian
embrace him. It drew only contemptuous
om passers-by.

theless, the Russian Army is still in the
of installing itself for a long stay. I saw
usily spreading sand on new roads in the
birch forests of the Mlada troop-training
is is where the headquarters and the bulk
naining 70,000 troops have been quartered.
y accomplished its job long ago and has
over the task of influencing the Czechoslo-
ership to the more subtle techniques of
s and "Soviet advisers" in the Interior
In the first months after their arrival,
f Soviet officers could still be seen in the
f Prague on weekends, touring the city's
sites. But even these visits have become
Western tourists, most of them from West
, again dominate the scene.

COURSE, PRAGUE ITSELF REMAINS something
solace in the midst of a pervasive gloom.
ve to admit that if one were asked to choose
which to wait out the long winters of for-
upation one could choose worse settings.
something reassuring in the sight of the
lls of the huge Hradcany Castle with the
miliar towers of the St. Vitus Cathedral.
n be glimpsed from almost any street corner
der city across the Vltava. The sunsets be-
an still be rapturous. Walking across the
Bridge with its baroque statuary of bishops
is or up Nerudova Street, one can still re-
e architectural wealth a more flamboyant
wered on this city. Many of the baroque
s were Italian, some of the rococo masters
m Bavaria, and they helped to endow their
with a Southern charm that even decades
st have been unable to eradicate: Some of
st pubs and wine cellars are still to be found
th the arcades of the Mala Strana, one of
preserved historic quarters in Europe. All
ded with students, actors, and other foot-
k every night. Impromptu skits or poetry

readings may quickly release sparks of unsuspected
defiance.

A young actress, who still lives in a charming
old studio with vaulted ceilings, told me, somewhat
romantically, "I was born here and baptized with
the waters of the Vltava. In a house nearby Mozart
finished the overture to *Don Giovanni* and then
went to the same dance as Casanova. Near the
bridge there is a house in which two old ladies still
keep a small oil lamp burning for the Virgin Mary.
On some summer mornings, when the mist rises
from the river, I can hear the whisper of history."
One may smile condescendingly about such senti-
ments, but that would be overlooking the fact that
sentimentality has always graced the Bohemian tem-
perament. It is one of the refuges of impotence.
There were other people who told us they came back
to Prague from a more or less comfortable exile,
simply because they could not imagine living any-
where else. As a cultural center, Prague remains
as magnetic to the Czechs as Paris to the French.

The younger the people I met, the weaker their
attempt to come to terms with the ideological de-
mands raised by the new regime. "I am sick of
politics," a medical student told me, who had once
been enthusiastic over her experiences in the Com-
munist Youth movement. "Students now study and
make love," she said. "No one listens to the radio
anymore or reads newspapers." In the evening we
saw couples necking in obscure street corners, stroll-
ing hand in hand through the city's parks, or
simply lounging in the Viola bar, after attending a
reading of Dylan Thomas' poetry. At the Viola one
of the boys told us he had just finished reading Hem-
ingway's *A Moveable Feast* in a Czech translation.
His friends laughed when I asked about Communist
authors. Their view of life has become stripped
of ideology, of all but the most personal sorts of
indulgence.

At our table, one of the boys told us he often flew
to East Berlin to stock up on American filter cig-
arettes and whiskey at the duty-free shop. It was
cheaper than buying them in Prague, where cig-
arettes cost \$2.75 a package at the official rate of
exchange and a bottle of Johnny Walker's Red Label
\$12. Another boy, whose father was working in an
underdeveloped country with a medical team, said
he was still able to look for summer jobs in the West.
A third had found a profitable trade in stamps with
Western philatelists. Not one of them had listened to
Gustav Husak's latest speech in which he tried to
explain that "the error of the post-January period
was not in the fact that criticism was making itself
heard but that the Party leadership had allowed
rightist opportunists, revisionists, and antisocialist
forces to abuse Party criticism of shortcomings in
order to cast doubt on all the positive achievements
of socialism." They had not heard him vow that he
would "restore the leading role of the Communist
Party, reestablish and enhance the managing func-
tions of the socialist state mechanisms, the efficient
running of the national economy, and friendly, com-
radely relations with fraternal socialist countries."
Nor did they care.

"The younger the
people, the
weaker their at-
tempt to come
to terms with
the ideological
demands raised
by the new
regime."



TOM CARNESE

John Hollander

GOING HOME: NEW YORK

Farewell! My dear old friend is leaving town
At last; and if I say this with a frown
Not of expected loss, but of chagrin
(He's running out, just as I'm moving in),
It's not because I don't admire the way
His urban night awakes to purer day:
Despite the bleakness of most rural sights,
Choose Adirondack over Brooklyn Heights,
Better in solitude than fear to dwell,
To yawn in heaven, than explode in hell:
Bombed houses falling on your head, crossed wires,
Rich young folks piously igniting fires,
Poisonous traffic, air awash with crud,
And august poets bawling out for blood.

His groaning U-Haul halted at the spot
In view of Hell Gate's vaulted arch—where not
One car a minute really can survive
From Ninety-sixth Street to the East Side Drive,
My old friend Rus got out, sat on the hood
Of his Detroit Disgusting; near him stood,
Sooty and pale, blank-visaged as a dumb thing,
A ghastly hospital—or school—or something;
A clogged, unmoving stream of traffic hid
The sluggish, filthy river as it slid
Between the welfare islands on both banks:
Smokestacks gazed down at air-enhancing tanks.

Surveying his belongings crammed within
His orange trailer—an old mandolin:
Ten yards of tweeds he'd once brought home from
His crated Greek pot, and his Ibram Lassaw
(And what, crammed in between his carpet slippers;
One would guess was a pair of coupon-clippers);
Part of his wardrobe: lamps: an indiscreet
Case of real '49 Château Lafite
He'd never broken out for me: the pearls
Of a small shell collection; his ex-girl's
Pre-amplifier and my *Lohengrin*
Leered through lacunae in the tarpaulin.

He sighed and shrugged: "There's no more room
I'm broke, and, like the air, whatever's free
Is probably poisonous: I'm off to green
Lawns wider than a color TV screen.
I've had it all: let those remain who need
The grinding crowds and the great mills of greed:
The thieving steel of the Triborough Bridge
Authority spans Pelham and Bay Ridge,
Whose Moses may have slain an overseer
Once long ago—but see his late career,
Cornering the straw market, and his boast,
Outliving the Pharaohs, a rich palace ghost.
Let grasping landlords stay to plead and whimper
And builders, whose new walls each day grow him

ho must, remain: the poorest wretch,
y his indigence to a bleak stretch
turf; the richest, too, must stay,
ist to his ability to pay.

a New York for me? A clever liar
hether for purchase or for hire
elusive and unconvinced cup
bores me, and I am fed up
rop. I'm unemployable
g cheesy books because they're 'full
t's at right now.' The theater's shit:
twaddle is only aimed to twit
ng sensibilities of dumb
nliberated yet, who come
of town (or in: it doesn't make
est bit of difference) and take
and as demeaning audience, the cake.
f-off-off Broadway, way down east:
l it isn't better in the least.
ater must engage its viewers' and
n the evil boundaries that stand
re shower and the being shown:
e now cannot be left alone,
lovely boys and solemn drabs
he audience, and give them crabs,
erpenetration' is so literal
olve the phallic and the clitoral.
hey don't need me. Somewhere they'll find
omous tongue, led by a minor mind
hile snarling like an animal.
garian poison on it all.

o much. The old Metropolis
planned to be the Bower of Bliss.
ing, cosmopolitan manure,
t some civilization was secure:
telligent people, living in
roximity, so that the din
than-ordinary life around
and comforted one with the sound.
driver's leaned-on, angry horn,
goad the beast on which he's borne.
ing of nonoperative telephone,
of brakes, totalitarian drone
ushing to elicit ire
contempt, or to put out a fire—
busyness make their retreats
g chaos reassumes the streets."

as, through the halted traffic's mass,
g youth of fourteen dragged his ass
led ambulance, then, beyond pain,
near where a gutter may have lain.
norphine, tragic heroine!"
continued, "you whose only sin
bmit to Harrison's foul sway!
d sanguine laws which tempt and slay
g, make desired and most dear
what otherwise we might not fear.
el legislation for the mob
ny a bribed nark in his nasty job.
ot unwitting victims dot

The streets, while moralists inspect their lot,
Weep, and conclude that in this happy isle
All prospects please, and only junk is vile.

"Ill fares the land that merits little praise,
Where men accumulate, and wealth decays:
Where Mulciber & Sons, Incorporated.
Builders of pre-fab ruins, unabated
Spawn their impermanent boxes everywhere,
Pasting their cheapness on the dusty air.
Imperial Rome was splendid, if confused,
But useful buildings really could be used.
Now bricklayers, plying their ancient art,
Muck up their mortar from the very start,
Take coffee breaks all day, and with a chuckle
Watch as the walls they build begin to buckle."

He paused to watch a tired patrolman shove
One of the public he was servant of.
Who bellowed back at his blue-coated brother;
Each tried for greater rudeness than the other.
Back to his car-hood and his theme Rus leapt:
"Service, each month more grudging and inept,
Has sovietized: the languages I speak
Are only English. German. French, some Greek,
Italian, Yiddish and a bit of Gullah
—I never needed them to get a cruller
And coffee, or to give a street address:
I'm not so good at Spanish, I confess.
And so in cabs I circle through the dark
When all I wished was to traverse the Park.
I'm threatened when the tip's not twice the fare—
But then, I wasn't going anywhere.
Really, just to the movies, to await
For forty minutes, freezing at the gate,
Three hours'—not dollars'—worth of naked snatch.
Amplified panting and a pilfered batch
Of glossy travel shots, with twanging sounds,
Like pharmaceuticals, making the rounds
Among an audience whose tepid praise
Is touched by memories of milder days
When Wittgenstein, and I, flicked out each night
At something mindless, beautiful and bright."

Well, how about the Mets? They have come far...

"—The Mets? The Museum and the Opera?
Then, no, until the angels start to sing
At the departure of Director Bing
When there will vanish, with a mighty roar,
His audience, productions, and decor.
Across the Park, the other Met is ill:
You can find pots and pictures in it still.
I guess, among the crowds who are lured in
Not by the touching, Bronze Age safety pin.
The Dirck Bouts, or the Hellenistic head.
Beauties and truths of the unending dead.
But by the price tag on the latest purchase.
While guards now eye us warily, and search us
For razors, car antennae, pots of grease
With which mobs humanize a masterpiece,
The Mammon of attendance figures stands
Rubbing his failing directorial hands.
Dear Hoving! let him repossess with love
Those parks he was a good commissioner of!

John Hollander, born and educated in New York City, has lived out of it, and has written several volumes of poems, including Visions from the Ramble and Types of Shape. "New York" is one of a series of essays by many authors, that Harper's is publishing on Going Home in America.

"Richmond and Queens? all that's a world apart
 That neither touches, nor yet breaks my heart.
 While evil flourishes in Washington
 My loud, minority New York's the one
 I'm leaving—where disgusting Mitchell breeds
 Allies like flies whose hopeless, violent deeds
 Augment his power: so I'm off to where
 Queens is diluted in a lot of air.
 Truth is in hiding, language so decayed
 That I can't say I call a spade a spade
 Without a chorus of '*You see, you see!*'
Languageists are the real enemy!"

"Manhattan's all there is, and that's no good—
 There's no equivalent of St. John's Wood.
 I don't belong to the quasurban faction:
 One passive sufferer in the realm of action.
 Sebastian, seems to flourish in St. George,
 S.I., where once the smithy's sounding forge
 Rang out above the bay—a gurgling tunnel
 May soon convert his village to a funnel.
 We're had by that great, powerfail, con Ed:
 Bell's ads are lively, but their phones are dead.
 Call 'Operator' and you can expect
 A surly girl, and with a speech defect.
 Alf moved here from his house on Beacon Hill
 And nightly hears, despite his sleeping pill,
 Through his thin walls on Second Avenue
 His neighbors quarrel, and his neighbors screw.
 His friend Ralph lives on the West Side, meanwhile,
 In a well-built, half-century-old pile:
 High ceilings, wide rooms out of rooms unfolding,
 Where squads of roaches drill along the molding.
 Ted has been mugged and Chloe has been raped:
 Charles had his left ear messily reshaped:
 Twelve burglaries have left poor Colin vexed—
 I shall not wait around to be the next."

Scarce had he reached the end of his complaint,
 The foul air making even sunset faint,
 When the loud horn, incessant and unkind,
 From a pink Ford Omphalos just behind
 Urged him behind his wheel: waving goodnight,
 Rus vanished in the fading urban light.

My eyes strained after him, a ruby gleam
 Of taillight sinking in a sanguine stream
 Stretching across the bridges, reaching out
 For green receding hills which, in the rout
 Of growing dust and sinking darkness, fade
 Further into the distance each decade.
 I turned back toward the city then, to muse
 On his bright future, with those shining views
 And costly beauties of which we're in want:
 Dilapidated walls in cold Vermont:
 Impoverished rustics, down the road a piece,
 Whose nephew was caught bugging their niece:
 White cotton-batting bread for sale at all
 (Both) local supermarkets. O, the ball
 The firemen (volunteer) contrive each spring!
 (You'll know the season's surely—er—in swing.)
 Two cars; four snow tires; fifty sets of keys;
 Expiring herds of handymen to please:
 Forty-mile drives to fan the dying coals

Of conversation with some other souls
 Who still remember what discourse can be
 Among the few who don't need every "t"
 Crossed in boldface, nor a shared, dubious joi
 Gaped at, in order just to grasp the point.

But let me not sip from an empty cup:
 Despite such easy, juvenile bitching-up.
 Trees are at best drab objects when they take
 The place of people (unless you can make,
 Like George the Third in his insanity,
 Intelligent conversation with a tree).
 Mountains are not to climb, but to remember:
 Sunset on bare, wide beaches in September,
 The chill of brilliant, dark Sierra nights,
 Midocean loomings of the Northern Lights,
 The closed, familial huddle of small towns
 In winter whites, autumnal reds and browns—
 All blossoming fictions, plucked just for the d
 Brought home against the truth of urban gray
 Will flower in the garden of the mind,
 Their pale originals quite left behind.
 But if one's sentenced to a daily view,
 Nature will fail him in a day or two.

I who had undergone a banishment
 (Fifteen years long in the wrong cities pent)
 Replacing my fled counterpart, can sink
 Into New York's congestion, fear, and stink,
 Untilled concrete beneath a dirty dome:
 The difference is that I am moving home.
 Throughout this country, one's home town co
 After one leaves it, and remembered facts
 Are paler, teachers shorter, neighborhoods
 Narrowed and sunken, the beloved woods
 One picnicked in a patch of scrubby alder;
 Bright shops get dingy, public grass grows bal
 The older shapes of living shrink, and those
 Who move among them still like ghosts, enclos
 A seeming want of substance: who returns
 Home again in America, but burns
 With mixed embarrassment and cindered love
 For everything he was the upshot of?
 New York gets worse, but so does everything.
 It hasn't shrunk a bit. What I could bring
 Back to the city after fifteen years
 Of exile hasn't melted into tears
 That, partly condescending, partly fond,
 Watered the ground that I had grown beyond.

I surely came back in a rush of luck:
 No horrors happened in the mover's truck:
 I moved all but a few things which I stored
 To an apartment I can still afford
 (I am part owner of the flat I rent me).
 Ed Koch, my Congressman, can represent me
 Because there is about as much good sense
 Concentrated in his constituents
 As there is anywhere; my children go
 To unselfconscious school at home, and so
 They feel at home in school—good luck, it's tru
 But whether in China or, indeed, Peru
 In small towns, the well-favored and the wretc
 Haven't much room in which their luck can str

ter cities, nothing much can be
and all one finds is secrecy.
Is not a mob, not makes up one
of self inside it, with a sigh
anonymity and crowds
can wanderers unwind their shrouds,
ned by nature in their final quest
largest, deepest cities are the best.
oliage and a backwoods road or two
ppalachian poverty from view:
letropolis, the hopeless poor
y plain, are by no means obscure.
wers with dingy walk-ups at their backs
nd disposed on both sides of the tracks:
en urban rustics, those who live
he city, but in primitive
s scattered in among its blight
out, no great distance, into light.

for homecomings—*mirabile factu!*—
ork's the only city to come back to.
ng Manhattan, high over the tossed
at Spuyten Duyvil which I crossed
a kayak when I was nineteen:
nt thoughts impressed upon its screen
ace, glittering with overlaid
erencies of memory, filtering shade
petitions animate a view
am more than just returning to.

ive here again. My brother Mike
ved next door; and in a way, I'm like
ld agrarian conservative:
f-mile distance between where I live
ere I did when I was ten, feels never
e a shackle I should want to sever
it like an extension of my own.
ot run through asphalt, pipe, and stone—
of continuity for an
ise rootless cosmopolitan.
nory has its hearsay too: my great-
ather came in 1848.
from fuzz and new defenestrations
ue, to wander here among the nations.
p his dozen children, make cigars.
e for me in anecdote, like stars.
ny innuendoes, piercing night.
hich a child infers a plain of light.
idfather and I walked in the park
the frozen lake, in growing dark;
een eighty-eight, he said, the year
reat blizzard, we crossed without fear.
d as the bundled skaters skimmed
vice on the safe part that was rimmed
ards, and cut across the reflex of
park lamp on the bridge above.
is remembering, and who had merely
of that past? For each it gleamed as clearly

sted memories open up again:
r daughter, at the age of ten,
f the old Met Opera House from me,

Some half-formed forms that will never see.
At the same time, I was almost home
With remembrances called the Hippodrome
—Phased, similar emblems of the city's quest,
Moving beyond historic palimpsest,
For instant self-fulfillment. One night late,
Six years ago in August, through the great
Newly revealed vaults in a ruined, weird
Penn Station, winds sang and faint stars appeared
Above columnar bases: broken gloom
Swallowed the crystal-palace waiting room
In gaping Piranesian pits—all seemed
Somehow created for this, and redeemed
By that great wind-swept moment. Then I passed
Out onto the hot pavements, to be gassed
By busses, bumped by derelicts, away
From dreams of change to contact with decay.
—But so much more decay because we've got
Riches to molder, and so much to rot.

Tim lives downtown, and makes a long commute
(To Queens, to work) as long as is the route
Deep into Westchester: he gets to go
Home to a lovely place on Bank Street, though:
Not the benighted suburb, Middle Ridge
Where affluence is underpivotal.

Jim lives in Athens: there's no need to roam:
Our ruins-and-fig republic here at home
Will mellow us, as things go to the bad,
And lend us patience that we've never had.
Then, as our science fails and our arts rot,
Instead of huddling in some minor spot
On the torn outskirts of a little town
(Where more than here, old buildings are torn down,
And metal siding fronts for honest wood)
We'll see the ending out from where we should:
With nothing working, services gone slack,
Mushrooms on the abandoned subway track,
Telephones silent between twelve and two.
Thousands of cats reclaim an empty zoo.

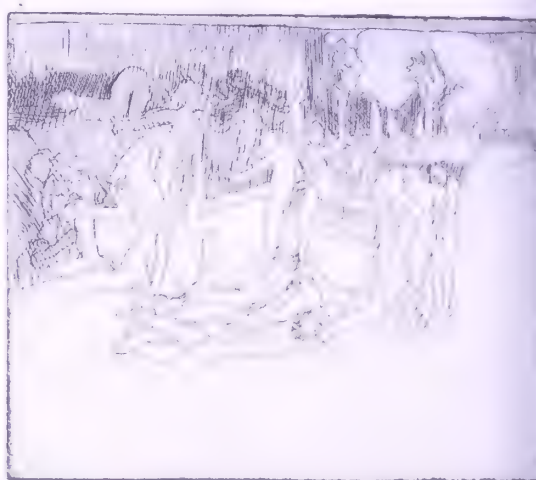
West in Manhattan where the sun has set
The elevator rises calmly yet
In my dark tower, against the tower-dimmed sky,
Whose wide, old windows yield my narrower eye
Images no revision can defeat:
Newspapers blown along the empty street
At three A.M. (somewhere in between "odd,"
A guru told me long ago, and "God")
Calm steam rising from manholes in the dark;
Clean asphalt of an avenue: the spark
Of gold in every mica window high
On westward faces of the peaks; the sky
Near dawn, framed in the zigzag canyon rim
Of cross-streets; bits of distant bridge, the dim
Lustrous ropes of pale lights dipping low;
Rivers unseen beneath, sable and slow.

Gardens? Lead me not home to them: a plain
Of rooftops, gleaming after April rain
In later sunlight, shines with Ceres' gold
Sprung up, not ripped, from earth; gained as of old.
Our losses are of gardens. We create
A dense, sad city for our final state.

Jack Richardson

A LIVELY COMMERCE

From Jackson Heights to Las Vegas—the compulsive joys of sex and gambling.



I HAVE ALWAYS KEPT UP A GOOD COMMERCE with whores, but never so much as when I started to gamble. This was not, I stress, due to gambling's having a fierce, aphrodisiac core. Just the opposite: I could sit, as I did, in one of New York's more interesting saloons, encased in the structure of a poker game, and stare only with a removed, avuncular pleasure at the lean young girls of our age, girls whom nature and fashion have conspired to make the happiest examples of healthy proportion since the species began. With cool wonder, I watched their rumps undulating beneath Pucci designs and all that stirred in me was a general aesthetic glow, a warm, vague appreciation of the living creatures who formed the setting for the excitement and agony of the cards in front of me. I had, after all, entered a world of demanding renunciation, and no promising glance, no inviting twist to the features of these exquisite creatures could get me up from the table if there was still another card or hand to be played. I had discovered the cold, pure enjoyment of being encapsulated in something of deep meaning and demand, and I was at last comprehending the force that had kept a Humboldt in search of another specimen, a Goethe another line, a Caesar another province. It is, after all, our compulsions which turn us into great men.

But the whores? Well, they were simply there, as they have always been in my life, waiting in attendance. I had come to know and trust our experiences together, for it was to them that I had long ago entrusted my first desires, and although at this time that may seem a quaint practice, I must plead that the neighborhood in which I grew up did not in any way anticipate the sexual carnival we enjoy today. Then, there seemed only two types of women to choose from: Irish Catholics and Italian Catholics,

and both were glum objects to dally with. Ho I remember the Irish: their long, hollow-chested bent forward as they slouched by, scuffling long and bobby-soxed feet along the pavement pale, watery eyes and lacteal, pimply skin pinched, inchoate features—in all, the petulant aspect of the Irish virgin, who so often looks as if is in a deep menstrual brood for thirty days a month. As for the Italians of postwar Jackson Heights on Long Island, you could, for their part, color them a shade darker than their sisters and leave it at that. There were, of course, a few who exploded like glandular volcanoes in the seventh and eighth grades, but their unnatural ripeness was too much for someone like me, someone whose masturbatory spectacles still shrank for a prepubescent angularity in their performance. Besides, these Mediterranean girls always seemed to have a shadowy escort of watchful, unhumorous relatives, and, over all their precocious sexual boyance, there hung a cloud of heavy Neapolitan domesticity.

As an example, there was a sweet, plump girl called Tina Spagnolo who lived on my street. She always wore starched white dresses to set off her olive skin, and with whom I had been flirting for a month in a sulky, twelve-year-old manner. For one quiet summer afternoon, she let me know I had been accepted as a boyfriend, and, after I had adjourned to a vacant lot to kiss, she invited me solemnly to her house. I didn't know exactly what to expect from this invitation but what I found some fifteen relatives, clustered in the chiaroscuro of a tiny, airless parlor, weeping over a casket in which Tina's uncle lay supporting a little pyramid of flowers on his chest. Tina led me up to the bedroom, cried a little and then squeezed my hand. When

Jack Richardson is a playwright (author of The Prodigal, Gallows Humor, and Xmas at Las Vegas). He is also theater critic for Commentary. This essay is part of a book on which he is working about his life and times as a gambler.

ting pressure, it was said I had been pinned
one half of the cultural life of the S. and O.
—a cadaver and a hand squeeze, death and
ation. Suddenly, the body of the dead uncle
bother me nearly so much as the heavy
of family life around me, the life which,
my biological ignorance, I sensed I had kept
in her womb. Stretched out among the sobs
adows of that parlor was a living tedium
rightening than any final darkness I could
e, and this was too great a price to pay for
gh fondle of an ensweatered breast—the go-
of affection at the time. I nodded rubely
mourners as I went outside to take in great
f air, and I did not turn back when I heard
alling me.

ere were of course those other girls, demented
es who lay impassively in boiler rooms, be-
ooly and handball walls, or in the sand traps
nearby golf course while a group of us would
r our way through a gangbang; but while
vents helped me to adjust to a more mature
anatomy, my retarded place in the line and
comit expression on these girls' faces usually
me retire after a few soft, unpenetrating

HE FIRST WOMAN REALLY TO LEAD ME through
tunnel was a professional. Her name was
olanski. How old she was, I cannot remem-
ept that to me, then, she appeared well along
full blossom. She was large, blond, full-
ed, with a quiet, open face that betokened
tion rather than any deep passion. When I
r, she was wearing a blue satin dress slit to
this and, with her co-workers, was leaning
y over the guardrail which enclosed a near-
dance floor. She was a hostess in the Samba
one of those benighted dance halls and places
lezzous along Broadway, and I, flush with
as money, was in from the sticks of Jackson
s looking for big-city thrills. We danced, I
her Coca-Colas at a dollar a glass and cig-
at a dollar a package. With a pleasant tenac-
ch consisted of a grind or two while we
and some whispered obscenities while we
table, she coaxed me to such extravagance
less than an hour, enough strands of dance
dangled from between her breasts to make
r that she had bought out Radio City Music
the evening. Our first meeting ended with
ing just enough money left to uncheck my
ut and command a subway home. But I also
th me a promise that the next time we met,
ould arrive nearer to the four o'clock closing
a thirty-five dollars, there would be rewards
than abdominal bumps to a fox-trot tempo.
into her bored, ingenious *Mittel-European* face,
transmitting the features of generations of
ht stands in taverns along the roads between
Warsaw, and Budapest, and, though I really
choice, I trusted her.

w days later, this confidence was rewarded.

Time, swells of (mobs) and a (trans)sexual (mobs)
perfume, gave me a mediocre launching into man-
hood in the sadly furnished rented room of a two-
family house oddly enough just a few blocks from
where I lived at the time. I say mediocre perhaps
unjustly: Jane was competent and patient, permit-
ting me all sorts of curious investigations and help-
ing me without laughter or condescension through
the choreography of an honest, above-board screw.
There was not much excitement in her, however, for
she claimed the subway ride had tired her out and
that she'd been unusually mangled and trod upon by
the night's customers. Dumbly, I had had to wait
while, for twenty minutes, she rubbed and soaked
her swollen feet, and maintained a grim silence
broken only by heavy, working-class sighs.

Nevertheless, I remember afterwards walking the
streets at dawn, the first time I had ever been up
at that hour without sleep, happily inhaling the
female odors which still clung to my clothes. In
terms of pleasures, depressions, horrors, and de-
lights, I was confused, but I did feel keenly satis-
fied with myself, as though I'd fulfilled one more
condition of proof that I could indeed exist in the
larger world of heroes and exploits, the world
through which I planned one day to tear like a
demonic, Asian conqueror. Time had served up a
little human provision for the sieges I was planning,
and I was still grateful to her when, a decade later,
long after I'd had years of furious and inconclusive
battling behind me, and long after Jane had taken
her bovine hustle away from the Samba Palace, I
saw her picture still festooning its entrance, fixing
her as she was in 1949, in a broad-shouldered gown,
a rosebud mouth, and a rush of curly, blond hair
spilling well over her shoulders. The photograph
gave prominence to the first breasts I had actually
fondled at leisure, and, passing by, now a sexual
veteran, I would look at them warmly, wonder at
the rush of time, and salute their honest, hard-
working proletarian owner.

Many followed Jane, but, as I said, with gam-
bling, my play with whores swelled to the extent of
tri-weekly orgies occasioned by an early-morning
wish to tear open the sheath of tension which the
night's play had wrapped around me. But there
were deeper reasons too, reasons that spun about
the need to step back for a moment from the unre-
mitting data of wins and losses, from the precise
addition of my self's worth of an evening, from the
ritualized sayings, grumbles, and exultations of
other gamblers; in short, to dip for a moment into
a weaker, more ill-defined, more human world which
did not demand that one's secrets be turned up con-
tinually, which allowed pretensions to replace cal-
culations, which encouraged foolishness, illusion,
and the sort of grand, tawdry lies that one creates
for strangers while on vacation. These 5:00 A.M.
treks were brief holidays from the austere pleasures
which defined all that I had discovered important
about myself. If I had behaved and worked well, if
I had not suffered a numbing loss, then I might in-
dulge my frailties with a short, secular tour through
the environs of Forty-second Street, gathering up

Jack Richardson
A LIVELY
COMMERCE

two or three hookers desperate for some rewarding score before the day's commuters erupted from the subways and stifled, with morning papers and Nedick's orange juice, the nighttime atmosphere of search-and-sell. And so I would arrive for the last shift, as expansive as a Midwestern conventioner, offering more money than the girls would probably make in three nights of ordinary, moody, suspicious tricks, insinuating, in an overexcited babble, that I had strange desires, and that together we could hold back the sun, have a *bal masqué*, make a swinging scene.

"You a cop?" was generally their first response (I never did understand why they considered exuberance and hyperbole attributes of the vice squad) and at this I would then tone myself down and return to the enticing business of money. Soon I would have their dark faces showing that tiny bit of trust which was all these ladies needed to make them risk thirty days in the women's detention house or disembowelment at the hands of some sexual extremist.

Finally, we would be off to my apartment, and the early mornings were full of music and the cackles of Geraldines, Gigis, Ronnies, and Bobbies as, under my command, they scuttled about the living room and arranged themselves into various black tableaux, giggling and slipping all the while, trying earnestly to match my whims, vying with each other for personal attention which might call for an extra tip.

"What you see in that Gigi?" Ronnie would say. "She got a black, ugly face that look like forty mile uh bad road."

"Hev, Jack," Ronnie whispers, "that Gigi ain't gonna give you nothin'. She ain't got the chops for what you want. Now I got an ass on me like uh Mississippi mule. You can bang away till you get tired."

And now Geraldine in-sinuates herself while feigning a search for a glass in my kitchen: "Sheet, we can make somethin' happen, baby, you git rid of them two dragass whores. I know the kinda scene you looking for. You want to have it all your way, don't you, Colonel? That's cool with me."

It was high court intrigue, but I generally kept them sexually while, hunched on all fours, their magnificent bottoms pointing skywards to receive my restrained promptings, they paraded proudly as I tried to draw the folds of my mind further and further apart so that any new, happy excess might easily violate it. It was as if I wanted to parody carnal pleasure, to make of it some grotesque, comical Sancho next to the quixotic exultations of my gambling. It was a burlesque orgy, in which, by no means oblivious, in these times of riots and Third World emergings, to the historical moment, I let my pale, flaccid body rise like a fetish from the swarm of blackness at its feet.

At times I wanted these dark women to rise up, rip, flay, and quarter me; but then I would remember that I, too, still had a small coal of desire worth fanning with a little more breath, the desire to catch my fate in some sparkling baroque casino and

finally to be, like the civilization for which the white body stood surrogate, remember the daring, Faustian arrogance.

Yes, there were high moments, but the saturnalias never lasted for more than a moment simply could not sustain them. Something would break into the mood, some moment of perceptive intolerance would snatch the game and I would be left with the straightforward business of achieving a quick coming in the midsts of an ebony flurry of hips and thighs. Sometimes the end of the intricate play would be caused by a book set out on the coffee table, a book which would remind me of nothing at all. I had a sobering intelligence: something would be an unreal and unexpected flash in the reflection of a mirror: sometimes it would simply start to bleed: and often in the downstairs neighbor, a professor of art history at the girls' college in New York, who would call for rest before he rose to go and explain the significance of Merovingian ornaments to his students.

Whatever the pall, the girls sensed it immediately and while one of them worked on me with professional speed, the others would be hastily tearing into their shreds of underwear, straightening their wigs, adjusting seams and eyelashes, and always preparing to meet an East Side moment between Fifth and Madison Avenues—for this was the easiest of confrontations.

And then, they were gone. "*Adieu pour ce moment lorsque je couche seul.*" said Mallarmé, in a late night preoccupation with whores and their ways. With me, *au contraire*, I would be certain to find if the Gigis, Geraldines, or any other wanted to stretch out beside me and share the intimacies of sleep, intimacies which I found more personal than any sexual exchanges, and I believe, so splinters the self as a bed shared with an unknown body. To hear, on the verge of consciousness, alien sighs, scratches, and groans makes me spiral past the doubts of Descartes to suspect that my very thoughts are not mine, and then that there is no substance to me at all. In temporary oblivion I'm about to experience the permanent, impersonal, and inclusive. There would be one area of brute, visceral discrimination: it is in the care with which I try to select someone of trusted quality and compassion to doze with, someone who will let me move into dreams and secrets hoarded together for my own selfish use.

No, I was never sorry to see the whore leave. A fresh silence would slip into my room and I would feel, left alone, peculiarly comfortable with the idiosyncracies of the last night. There would be, of course, now and then a small spasm of fear as I went into bed, fear that, with the frenzies of the night and my high-spirited black whores, I had irrevocably from the comfortable orbit of a normal life. And then, too, there would be a whiff of uncalculated anxiety over the gambles, over the uncertainties which I planned around myself and which I had each day unfold with design and drama. My life had now become intense enough to make

and, like a sighing Cavalier poet pleased
own sensibility, I would go off to sleep
in a sort of sweet agony between postcoital
and post-Copernican despair.

NOW, IN LAS VEGAS, a three-thousand-dollar
sleeve tucked into a mound of socks in my suit-
case. Little need of the morning bacchanals
calmed me in New York. I had begun my
first trial had been passed, and if I
had the Bell Captain—the sweet, respectful
gave me!—for a woman, it was really only
a question of any godlike feelings, a little indica-
tor of man weariness lest there should be some
zealous jealousy in the heavens.

A bossa nova bounced off my room's pastel
and tinkled gloriously in my glass, my body
glided in the silk robe that covered it, and
I looked down upon the Strip,
cars flash by beneath the colossal lights of
which, in infinite varieties of colored
note images of the American desert in the
dunes, Golden Nugget—names in mam-
bers of neon, planned to burn away any
darkness from the city limits. I saluted all
I could see with a sip from my glass, and then
a bell, an octave-spaced chime of two notes.

"There is a blemish wrong about her," I
said. "I'll pay up and send her away. Every-
thing perfect now to endure a badly turned
moustached upper lip."

I opened the door and the evening continued a
little further. There, in the portal, was a blond creature
eighteen, with a face as lasciviously drowsy
as a child's. She was all golden, in a yellow
sleeve, wearing yellow shoes, and, most touching
of all, carrying a tiny, yellow purse. With refriger-
ator eyes, she took a quick, knowing estimate
and then smiled at the happy simplicity she
had caught in my mood.

"Seem to be havin' a party all by yourself,"
she said in a sharp metallic drawl. I had heard those
sounds before, long ago, in the Army,
the stretched-out, tortuous days at Camp
Arkansas.

"Are you an Arkansan?" I asked, as she glanced
at the room to make certain that we were to be

"No," she said, frowning a bit, probably over-
reaching at what I had anticipated part of her standard
social give-and-take. As a rule, whores ask
and seem generally perplexed or unin-
terested, in return, a little social interrogation
of them. "I'm from Oklahoma," she
said, and then, with a proper crossing of
her legs, she sat down daintily in one of the chairs. "Fort
Worth on the border. I've been in Arkansas a

little while. The Arkansas-Oklahoma border to Las
Vegas is the route of escape. She must have realized
at my age that she was several cuts above an-
other and had moved on—here, to the air-

conditioned refinement of a gambler's suite. I
thought of those I had seen like her around Army
bases, young wives scuffling along vacantly in slacks
and wedgies, their hair eternally condemned to
curlers, pushing prams and shopping carts about
the PX, young girls already puffed of face from
matching their noncommissioned husbands' drink-
ing habits, girls always smoking, chattering, and
pulling a hazy, transient life together which had
begun on a three-day pass spent in the boozy wonder
of a motel and which had now become a regulated
boredom prescribed by Pentagon regulations. I
thought of those girls, how they stiffened sullenly
whenever an officer's wife glided by them in the
commissary, and I was glad this little whore had
run to Las Vegas.

Now she was settling into the room, slowly, ob-
viously getting ready for some humanizing talk be-
fore discussing bed and board. I went to make us a
drink, and from the angle of the bar got to peek at
her at leisure. Exquisite! Pert, compact, with fierce
little breasts and slim, round calves and thighs. I
have mentioned Balthus, and her face did have his
charming insinuation of evil running through its
baby features, but the more I stared, the more Criv-
elli came to mind. Crivelli of the golden madonna
caught in a frame of peacocks and heavy, ripe,
ebullient fruit. But finally she was very much my
Lady of America—half Oklahoma Gothic, half Las
Vegas voluptuousness.

The evening had been a series of dizzying suc-
cesses and now, at its end, this radiant Oklahoman
came to make me toss reflections and memories
about in my own mental time. It was all a new land-
scape with a peculiar geometry that did not seem to
need the elaborate screens that had bound me, be-
ing together into a cramped, suspicious figure
whose sides were raw boundaries that shrank from
any rough, unmanageable experience. So often I
had felt that, with my cautious, weak, fastidious
sensibility, I must have been deduced by some
Euclidian fop whose system precluded all uncalcu-
lated, expansive enjoyment. But now, suddenly, I
could shuffle the planes of my being around like
cards, putting memory and future on the line each
time a heavy bet was made, existing, for all my re-
spect for the forms of chance, without a system. I
felt now as if each sharp experience had no gloomy
antecedents, no haunting similarities which could
haul the phenomena in front of me back into cau-
tious pockets of memory where old pains and fail-
ures would siphon the exuberance out of them.
Standing in my room, I felt, occurring slowly be-
neath my bathrobe, an ecdysis of old flesh that had
grown rough, scaly, dry, and impenetrable with use.
I knew the feeling would not last long, but I en-
joyed it, enjoyed falling instantly in love with the
little patch of Oklahoma sunlight sitting so ladylike
on my chair, and I considered that this, too, I had
won at the baccarat table, that it was all part of a
series which I might follow to who knew what
ecstatic levels.

"My name's Sally. What's yours?"

I told the truth. Usually, at this moment, at this

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nation, it is in
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sion to doze
next to."

question, I would fall into glorious lies. "Winfield Scott," "Sebastian David," "Johnny Laredo"—these had been some of my aliases stretching back to the Samba Palace, a pseudonymous trail of caution, suspicion, nominal discontent, and cinema romance. But now I spoke my proper name out clearly.

"From the way you're flyin' around here, it looks like you won some money tonight."

Pride and economic discretion did a brief battle within me.

"Yes, I won."

"Hey, that's real nice now," Sally laughed, squirming out of the chair and beginning an excited march around the room. "The trouble always comes from losers who feel that now the town owes them something free. They want to bitch the price with me an' I don't like bitchin'. The old men are the worst. The ones with the cigars and funny little silk suits. Haven't *seen* it in ten years and then want me to get it up fer 'em in ten seconds. Then they *still* bitch about the price."

Her complaint, I admit, was crude, but I loved the serious outrage and tone with which it was delivered. She rambled on about the vagaries and trials of her business, and I did nothing more than nod sympathetically from a stretched-out position on the bed. Years of difficulties with lovely girls of simple, direct natures like Sally's had taught me that there is something about my style of conversation which upsets them, something that makes them draw back coolly from my metaphors and turns of phrase as if there were mad, obscene images hidden among them. I generally consoled myself by assuming that any form of figurative language must seem a mode of insanity to the semiliterate, but this was poor comfort when, after having burst out with a rich, imaginative paragraph, I found myself being written off simply as another creep. I didn't want one of those quizzical, cold smiles coming from Sally, and so I avoided as much as possible the dangers of language, mumbling only an agreement here and there to punctuate her list of complaints. Then, finally, came a silence, the traditional little interim that always hangs between the amenities of a first-class hooker and the moment of business. She was standing at the foot of the bed, staring down at me, her arms in a determined fold.

"Well, what did you have in mind, Jack?"

"*Was willst du, Schatz? Qu'est-ce que tu veux, chéri? ¿Qué deseas, querido?*" I had certainly heard the question before, in rooms over the Trocadero in Frankfurt as a soldier, in the tiny functional hotels off Place Clichy, in the cribs of the *zonas rojas* in Mexico, and on and on to wherever I could pack my desires. And it was a question I could never really answer, for when asked for an honest confession of my wishes, a mushroom cloud of savage needs would spread out in my brain, a cloud made up of indistinct formless gyrations of flesh that refused to shape into a specific answer. Whores had long since taught me that what I considered to be my black secrets of carnal excess were, in fact, tired commonplace easily categorized for fast and simple dis-

patch, and it was not therefore any clinic rassment which clogged my mind. Perhaps my reaction was too much for my imagination to give a simple answer, since, so often, from the bottom of my mind, I would hear a rumbling, inarticulate response which called darkly on these ladies to seduce and literate me with pleasure, and there is no proper expression for this except a dryly spoken "everything?"

"Everything?" Sally frowned. "What do you mean?"

I sensed a fissure creeping through our conversation, and I answered with a weak, inconclusive gesture of my hand.

"All I do is straight and French," Sally said, her voice now a little wary but, to me, still raucous. "Sally, I thought, I will be as straight as you. And if you want to exalt the French by giving me exclusive synonymity with oral tricks, capital pleasures, delights, I will not chauvinistically protest. I have won so much that an idyllic, rather than a dramatic, lay will suffice."

"That's fine," I said. "That's all I do to make all I ever do."

Sally nodded understandingly. "But," she said, "we've got something to discuss first."

I nodded. Let us speak the numbers and the figures over with.

"A hundred dollars."

THE FIGURE STUNNED ME. No matter how I tried to wars or the moods of commerce inflated, or make other economic rearrangements, the word "one hundred" will always have for me an impressive and intimidating substance to it. "One hundred"—when I was growing up, this word was needed, as a weekly wage, to be right, at least, to provide passage from Jackson Highway to one of the marvelous towers that sprouted magnificently across the river. Faced with a hundred-dollar expense, I always have to remind myself that the financial game has changed and that the grand, midable figure of depression psychology has been emasculated into a simple arithmetical unit, an extraordinary social panache.

"A hundred dollars? That for the night?"

"No, Jack, you know better than that. That's Vegas. It's a hundred a pop."

I wanted to celebrate and felt loose and happy. Indeed, mulling over Sally's attributes, I found myself on between three and four nicely spaced before dawn. But to spend a tenth of my income on these comings seemed prohibitive at the most decadent rates of exchange. Fifty-dollar to the croupiers were one thing, for that, but the ritual of winning and is expected, pleasurable and enjoyed. But to pay out a hundred dollars each spasm! I am not cheap or thrifty, but I had invested money with the quality of a necessity to the profoundest conditions of life, and needed its ambience in which to breathe, to live, and hope. It was not that I wanted to do without it, any more than I wanted to do without with oxygen or sunlight: it was simply that

the element I needed for my personal Vestigial, lower-order desires occasion- me squander a little of this precious sub- a firm sense of self-preservation helped rom indiscriminate popping at the prices ed, and so I stayed silent, forcing her to ne economic alternatives.

re going to be here awhile," she said, work out somethin' so I stay with you. go to dinner and the shows and all." meter running all the while? I thought. wanted to leave the subject, make the nt, keep the enchantment of the night along. I had already, at the last proposal, icking a tiny flaw in Sally's beauty: her pretending to a straight, loose, Alice-in- d fall to her shoulders, had been frozen il spray into an unhuman rigidity. When l, hair and head moved all of a piece. If ning continued, I felt more flaws might rd at any moment.

able next to me was my wallet. From it, I dred-dollar bill and presented it to Sally, which of her buying plans had interested cted her to look disappointed, but some- had learned to keep her expectations at n, and, without fuss, she snapped the o her purse, sent me a naughty reproach yes when I groped for her, and went off room to prepare her pre-coital toilet.

ed out on the bed and waited. This was which I had grown used to since the ad- imate hygiene and devilish gadgets to conception. One no longer coaxed and t woman into bed, there to have her in a considered passion. No, now, at the mo- Molly Bloom said "yes," at the instant ark declivities are moist and ready, there hispered entreaty for patience and the up of footsteps in the darkness as the lady to her vaginal laboratory. It is a dan- ment, for you are left alone with your rectile tissue and rising doubts as to e coming tumble will be worth the long conversation which preceded it and the babble of tenderness that will come after. u start to wonder if it is all worth even of taking off and putting on clothes in a rounding, and when this is pondered, peculiar inevitably happens: there is a , as you see your body rising evenly with and stretched out, white and vulnerable. ness, that all has been abruptly reversed, o has hunted and stalked with such dis- , in fact, been teased into a trap, and that l, female toilet sounds betoken a coming ch you will play an ignominious role. At nt, you think of yourself as, at best, a lood dildoe, and, at worst, as an ex- ribesman spread out beneath a priest's nife.

is back before I slipped too deeply into ctions, and with her she carried the the moment: two enormous pool towels

and a warm, wet facecloth. But behind these, she was naked, and her body, made even smaller now by the absence of her two-inch heeled shoes, was one compact, inviting muscle, a dimpled hardness made for quick, sensual reflexes.

She set the towels aside and, after a quick check for any inflammation of the genital tract, began to wipe and massage my groin with the warm, damp, pink, and initialed washcloth. This was a profes- sional prologue that I had once found nettling, but I had, years ago, during my days in the Army, used my imagination to color and soften the clinical mood of the scene: Lieutenant Richardson, suffering from a vicious shrapnel wound in the groin, his precious parts mutilated but still held together as if by a virile act of will, being ministered to by Nurse Sally, virgin, but with a woman's inborn ac- ceptance of the raw physicalities of life, who will attend the bloodied shreds of my glory until they are whole, healthy, and capable of offering her a gratitude which she will blushinglly accept.

Finally, I am clean and pure enough for us to begin. Sally lowers lights and music and curls about me, angling herself to fulfill the Gallic part of our agreement. Then, a pleasant wave swings through my body, and I place my head snugly between her calves, close my eyes, and reflect on the good fortune that was coaxing me out again into the world. For this entwinement with Sally I considered just a piquant foretaste of all the robust joys I might finally have if I could, through gambling, break out once and for all from the old, labyrinthine encase- ment about myself in which I had so long scurried, fretfully looking for a decent exit that would give me a flashy debut into the large spectacles of life, spectacles which, as though from a sickroom win- dow, I saw rushing by me daily. Occasionally, I would stumble out of this personal maze, waving, for attention, a few written words for which I claimed magic powers, but I never felt that this proved me anything more than an adequate con- fidence man out in the world, someone without a real passport to a clear existence, someone holding out a badly forged, wine-blotched visa in the hope that he might cross the borders of his own totali- tarian solitude. And so soon I would be back among the twists and turns of my own devising, pretending that I really cherished my aloneness. After all, I would argue, my agonies, my deceits, my baffle- ments have strung out these corridors, and it is actually comforting to see the old scratches on the walls, the old signposts to myself, the *graffiti* of memory, which, deciphered over and over again, can make one feel that the interior life has been so rich with profundity that there is no need for crowns, medals, and the usual glitter of public homage. And so more and more I sat in my medieval maze, crying "sanctuary" to myself so that I might forget that nothing of real importance or danger was pursuing me.

But, at last, I had grown disgusted with this ref- uge and tired of holding myself back from an open adventure with the world. In the end, I had admitted that I could not create my fate out of even the most

As a rule, whores ask questions, and seem gener- ally perplexed or uninterested when in return, a little social in- terrogation is required of them."

Jack Richardson
A LIVELY
COMMERCE

clever, self-absorbed ruminations. To live as I honestly wanted to meant being in consort with a destiny that would come at me from some external, unsuspected source, and because I had grown impatient waiting for this collision, I had become a gambler, for I trusted that standing at the center of chance, inviting a clear encounter day after day, might finally bring on a meeting with myself which would let me know how deep a mark I was meant to leave on everything around me. For, obviously, no matter how I worshiped the spiritual gymnastics of gambling, no matter how complete I felt this existence within dramatic probability to be, my final goal was the ancient one of worldly goods and spiritual acclamation.

AND NOW THERE WAS ONE SMALL WORLDLY GOOD entwined around me. Objectively, of course. I knew that we were whore and client, at best two contiguous bits of solitude; but I *had* won three thousand dollars—the sound of that number, its long vowel and fierce diphthong rang a delight through me each time I spoke it to myself—and, on command, Sally had appeared and brought her sensual light into my bed. She may not have meant gold, grace, and an earthly kingdom, but she was a scratching at my outer wall, a whisper inviting me to stay with my quest.

"You got your mind on business, Jack?" Sally asked suddenly. "I'm not gettin' much action down here."

"What do you do, Sally," I asked, "when you are going down on some particularly old and ugly man?"

"What?"

"I mean, what do you think of?"

Sally laughed a little. "I don't think of anything. If there's a mirror near by, I make faces at myself. You know, I cross my eyes and puff out my cheeks, things like that. Just to remind me what a fool I'm diddlin' with."

"And," I asked slowly, "were you making faces just now?"

Sally seemed really hurt. "Was that how it was coming through to you? Maybe I'm no good at it then, maybe I'm no good at all."

"No," I consoled her, "you were fine. I was just wondering a little, that's all."

"Well, stop wondering and put your mind to things. I wouldn't never make any faces with you."

I smiled and gently palmed her head, forcing it back down to its agreeable duties. Indeed, my mind wasn't sternly on business and, in a slow, self-satisfied way, it still was meandering. Sally, for all her charm, did not help to fix my attention on the moment, for she had one of those abstractly beautiful bodies, bodies without particular twists or markings, which, when scanned leisurely, recall to me all the past pleasures that I've drawn from female recesses in general. I thought then, or perhaps now with Sally's flanks lighting up my mind, back to my first hooker, back to solemn, placid Jane who had once, with the enthusiasm of a peasant kneeling to

pray, done to me in her furnished Jackson room what Sally was now doing above Vegas desert. (First love, first kiss, first time the times change and the styles of growing them.) Jane, too, had referred to this act as "French" and had added that only because young and clean was she offering me this favor. I am still grateful for that estimate of Jane, Sally, and me, a trio even ever clean, and ever American, a trio of wicked holiday among alien perversions. *fait un bon pompier*, Sally. *Et toi aussi, tu sais comment faire un bon pipe*. Let us hide in the language of those you believed responsible for the advent of such rough deeds.

And now into this erotic calm a memory of my mother, a woman more worldly in her imagination than either Jane or Sally. It is the day of the Polish conquest and I see her appearing in the pants I had worn the night before draped over my arms. Before exploding in, she had obviously put her face in a reproachful grimace, but I remember too much merriment around her mouth to be caged in by affected seriousness. I expressed my expression well: it meant that I had done something which demanded a conventional maternal admonition, but over which her imagination was completely pleased. For an eternal minute she stood there dangling the pants daintily between her fingers and thumb, relishing, with her blue, gleaming eyes, my uneasiness.

"What on earth is this, Jackie?" she asked, and her smile insinuated that she knew exactly what and that she just wanted to be, as she was, much else, the first sharer of my secrets about the pants? What had the pants to do with a thing? I stared and stared at them, but could find no damning evidence of debauch until, sudden, at the inside lining of the fly, I glimpsed black lipstick, shameless, rose-colored smudges along the entire length of the zipper. I cursed Jane for her manners and pretended to see nothing.

"What do you mean what is this?" I asked, looking intensely at the crotch of my pants. I could see nothing." I had always been frank with my mother about my early sexual discoveries and, in a certain Byronic way, had always been so with me. She, not my father, had explained the mechanics of passion to me, using phrases like "and my body trembles," "fluid explodes out of you," "tingle with a sense of pleasure and life." It seemed a long way from these refulgent images to Jane's cosmetic smears along the inner lining of a pair of Botany pants.

"Jackie. Jackie. Jackie"—three long sighs of amused exasperation, as if I had again provided her with an example of my natural genius-indicating specialness—"I know what lipstick means. Now tell me, and be honest, how come off any of the girls I know?"

Now it was my turn to tease, to keep her suspended. I mumbled, muttered, pretended embarrassment and ignorance: she smiled, sighed, and pulled the pants nervously and pleaded now for understanding.

us. Then, just as we reached a hysterical out-
burst, I began to blurt the story out, through the details. I realized I had made a profound error in judgment. The woman's amusement dissolved from my mother's face, and was replaced by a sour anger, a resentful disappointment.

"I paid this woman, Jackie?"

From as this had been icily said, I knew what was coming. Once, several years before, I had come home from a birthday party in delirious contentment and informed her that the acknowledged queen of the class had chosen me as her partner for a night of necking in a bedroom closet. My mother was met with stiff, injured pride, and then bluntly told that she was actually sickened by my obviously little I thought of myself. Her son could not be set off into spins of unbumptiousness because he had soul-kissed a twelve-year-old. The contrary, I was the one who had perjured myself, and what she expected to see in me was the cool smile of someone who is used to being hated, for him, women were disposable objects of enjoyment. My cretinous smile was a betrayal of the rakehell. Southern heritage she believed in, and her son and a betrayal of the profile she had inherited from me—the long, angular, nervous proportions she insisted was aristocratic. After that, I had sulked for days, letting drop acid remarks that I would, with my excessive humility, marry the janitor's daughter—a fat, myrmidon-like creature with Mongoloid features and no saliva. The first time she wetly grinned at me.

Now, of course, what I had done was inexcusable. I had paid money for what was, in my mother's mind, a divine right. I had not seduced, I had been a gay magnet who, by simple nature, attracted trembling female bodies. No, I had paid, and my money had clod out on a Saturday night. It was for her. She let the pants slip disdainfully, and rose from the bed, and stared down at me with eyes filled with grief. My mother often told me in reality disappointed her, and it had been so.

"You... you take those pants to be sure, Jackie, I want nothing more to do with them."

To protest, but she would have none of it. "No"—she was looking past me, at some other woman who sustained her in such bad moments—this subject. I'm going in now to take down the Christmas tree. It's time. The needles are beginning to fall. Yes, it's time to take it down."

Desperate. To leave it at this would mean such wistfulness, months of living with the ointment. I tried one last defense. "But I went to prostitutes," I said. "You know I read about it together." At the time, he was my mother's favorite painter, the very symbol of my imagination. Reading to me from a popular history of the Dutchman, she would stop and tell me of his agony, genius, and dramatic, happy end. I had come to understand that he was at vision she saw whenever our small

Jack on Her life, apartment became too oppressive."

For a moment I thought I had hit the mark. I saw her waver, stitching her emotions together carefully. But then, just as she left the room—"You Gosh, you were tormented, Jackie. Are you tormented?"

She closed the door and I was alone. "Tormented"—my mother had spoken the word dreamily, as though to achieve the state it described meant some profound absolution from all human grossness. I pondered and stared at the objects spread about my room—a small desk, two homemade bookcases, a heavy, red leather club chair passed on to me by a dead uncle, two lithographs depicting London markets at the time of Mayhew. Everything seemed flat, ordinary, and comfortable, definitely not the paraphernalia of torment. But there were times at night, in a brief, waking intermission between dreams, when my things had seemed marvels of strangeness, contorted perfections of the fear that had startled me awake. Tormented? I might be. I thought. I might honestly be. And even if I wasn't, I decided then, with a feeling of relief and freedom, that I could become so if it meant inspiring my mother and excusing the whims I had about the way I wished to live. God, yes—for I was already planning other visits to Jane—I could make myself tormented.

SALLY STOPPED AND GLANCED BACK over her shoulder. Like a child with no one to play with, she was frowning moodily.

"I'm wastin' my time," she chided.

I felt very foolish, for I was letting the cap to the evening slip away into abstractions and memories, a process which had ruined a good part of my past life.

"I love you, Sally," I said loudly, and before she could undercut me with a hard, whorish riposte. I repeated the phrase three more times and then dove down to hide between her thighs. There, among labia major and minor, I savored for the first time the ointment that she had put on minutes before. I could not believe the signals my taste buds sent to my brain. Strawberry! A strawberry-flavored, genuine American piece of sexual confection. This was style, this was the sort of sybaritic pleasure I aspired to. It was more than human; it was the ambrosial cunnilingus of the Olympians; it was the transformation that luck and fortune can make even of the flesh.

And Sally and I made love, neatly and classically, within the categories of our contract. The shade of my mother may have sighed moodily, for, after nearly twenty years, I was still lying among whores, paying (two pops' worth it would prove to be) like a low-bred salesman for a little action on the road. Still, her specter may have fluttered with some pride over the cool quality of the moment and the fact that her son had gambled his way into it. At least, with the knowledge of the dead, she would see that I had my necessary torments and that, to propitiate our old visions, I was still trying to be exceptional.

"She may not have meant gold, grace, and an earthly kingdom, but she was a scratching at my outer wall..."

PERFORMING ARTS

Critics criticized

THE MOST THOROUGHLY EXPLORED subject, the avant-garde. Explications are no longer limited to little magazines but range even to *Logue*. It is hardly new to state that The New as a concept is finished. Yet not only Madison Avenue but "serious" commentators on contemporary culture still throw "avant-garde" around, maintaining that our period is dominated by it. They understand it to mean experimental, yet experiment now is the rule. Everyone is innovating. When the self-appointed authority Richard Kostelanetz declares

...ster precursors of The Modern, Wagner

ways as new, as a beginning. In fact it is always an end, a point from where we

Avant-garde now too is an end, an end of the road. Hence the plight of the conservative composer, himself dismissed as establishment, who lacks a channel for self-defense, such channels these days as new, as a beginning. In fact it is always an end, a point from where we

Let us begin with the first of the critics who miss the point, not of what he is saying but of how he is saying it. My music is "accused" of simplicity when it is precisely for simplicity I strove. Simplicity can be style, terror-strickenly misread for content. And what certain literary reviewers, in their germanitude, label as "precious" in my verbal *oeuvre*, I intend as ironic.

How can one learn, faced with com-

petent contradiction? From two reviews of my book, *Music & People*:

Rorem is worst when refighting his own creative demons, the Miss Julie opera that was distressingly received.

— *The Kirkus Service*

...the best thing in it is the detailed, high-spirited, and hair-raising account of what it's like to compose and present an opera in America, in this case Rorem's Miss Julie.

— *Alfred Frankenstein*

The *New York Review of Books*, the best literary periodical in America, does not publish musical opinions except—and then but rarely—by Igor Stravinsky and Virgil Thomson. Stravinsky's opinions are couched in interviews, mostly autobiographical. Thomson's are offered as high culture. One exception: my article on the Beatles, which was doubtless accepted less for its musical than for its sociological information.

As for *Partisan Review*, how have the mighty fallen! Its musical notions are either pretentiously misfocused (Richard Poirier on the Beatles), or inept (Geoffrey Cannon on rock), while its literary criticism now ranges from old-hat false-premise Freudianism (G. S. Rousseau on Symonds) to who-cares-any-more (Leo Bersani on Henry James).

The *New Yorker's* recent updating of viewpoint finds them publishing one Anthony Hiss, the first paragraph of whose "in-depth" article on Harry Partch, inspired by a new Columbia release, contains a puerile clause worthy of their "Letters We Never Finished Reading" department: "...until Columbia brought him to my attention I had never heard of him." Partch, whose recordings for twenty years have been widely available on other than big commercial labels, has always been a substantial name to any curious freshman in American music.

In *New York* magazine one finds the otherwise sophisticated Alan Rich's compulsion to swing with the times as inadvertently patronizing as: "...the audience seemed to know instinctively when [Leon Kirchner's] work was over, which is a tribute both to its perceptiveness and to Kirchner." He grows increasingly apprehensive about liking

anything without apologizing for it. For instance, he calls me a composer whom I respect greatly, though his musical leanings are from a conservative point of view."

His colleague in those pages, Simon, who usually reviews the careful and spry, necessities for consistently hard to please. I am that brand of continental bitch while it falls tackily back to the ground. Simon's only two faults, propriety, as when nonspecialists in special territories, with their thus come off as harmlessly touchy enthusiasms having been long considered and rejected by specialists that musical comedy might be experienced composers like Sargent, or, of all people, Elliott Carter, proposition is inconceivable, that either of these people would to "save" the musical. Grant questionable possibility that the could be reinforced by a "good" composer, Barber seems a logical only to laymen because for music sounds lyrical and accessible because he is said to produce melodies in manners appealing to concert singers. Now, precisely the tues would keep him from coming out of the closet. It's hard to be simple, really simple, especially for composers used to dealing with operatic voices. Francis, famous for his songs, which Barber's are in the repertoire of all serious singers, though he has tried to compose convincingly for people." But his friend, George, a composer whose concert language is not long and flowing and serious, short and knotty and complex, turning his talents to pop, came to *Moulin Rouge* and hit the jackpot because his natural gift was non-Auric, when faced with the task of fabricating a tune easy enough to stancy, reducing his toughness to terms. Elliott Carter might thus be more logical candidate for musical comedy's salvation, had he not

from which this column is excerpted. Mr. Rorem's third book of essays, *Music & People*, will be published soon by George Braziller.

in the 1950s, when he "wrote that no one cared: what he secretly have discovered was that, ironic, his talent for communicating something less than non-melodramatic of the obvious candidate, Bernstein, on his tightrope between domains? His concert songs show tunes dolled up, his songs are concert songs dolled up with categories work on their own, but are not interchangeable. I cannot imagine Bernstein's songs on a standard Town Hall stage, though Eva Gauthier used to showwin between Gounod and Puccini wonders with what effect. I will write "straight" songs that are convincing in at least *Candide*. The problem lies partly with performers. Not that Barbra Streisand can handle certain arias if she has her timbre is geared in other directions. By the same token Grace Bumpore recently Eileen Farrell, who had it when trying to swing, to hear a vocalist who is adept at ease.

one estimable dates quickly, being not with art but art's social considerations today, certain of his utterances on homosexuality. I test that "outlets for the work of American composers are extremely limited, which means that homosexuality could—some informed people think it does—throttle free musical expression." Is it to ignore that such a situation hasn't existed in musical history it ever did, since 1945. In the 1950s, however, the International Society for Contemporary Music, and the American Composers, which represented American composer's chief outlets, were approached mainly for Jewish composers. Is there one homosexual, or otherwise, who today holds a position for dispensing largesse to composers produced by homosexuals? I test that contact with art "deals with homosexual experience between understanding of aspects of sexual relationships" where, as the quotation is from Benjamin Sachs, is to patronize the homosexual or one patronizes women or men, a pat on the back, not only something to say, but for the sake of a homosexual (or a woman) or really homosexual art as such, or than heterosexual (or female) art? Art may come from the

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experience of being these things insofar as art restricts its freedom, indeed, tries for a message at all, confines itself to propaganda.

Nat Hentoff's truculence, passing to any age, when he told Howard Nemerov for not knowing Dylan. Seniors can't keep up with juniors and still get their work done. Any poet knows the truth changing without having to take a stand—simplistic lies.

"They didn't want your type," Hentoff righteously informs P about the Rolling Stones, his same leaden par with theirs. I is less engaging than his *en* lacking the charm of his colleague Goodman at his most irksome. man's appeal comes through in ability that is inseparable from talent, the best of which is indoubting. Hentoff's judgment right—I mean left—but expensive gift.

Some spokesmen, like the garde Kostelanetz on the one hand, rock critic Richard Goldstein, other, set up straw men so as to show that the new criticism is specialists. Some, like Hentoff, while shining brightly in their domains of politics and literature, are out of their element in treating those matters precisely: culture and politics. Others describe matters sociologically, peripatetic homosexual—which is always. Still others, like Rich and S, scribe them within a professional text and are a pleasure to read when treading on toes too close. Of those mentioned, only Stray Thomson are practicing music. are also, perhaps coincidentally, the most memorable writers. no coincidence that, more than others, in the real sense of what they are writing about.

Where true vitality is for criticism seems most superfluous in the musical scene, movies and criticism for nourishment. The words we read about film are exercises in the dark which, when pen of Pauline Kael or Par themselves become art. Music sparkling on its own (for what's being criticized), turn meaningless before what meaning.

Decline in democratic sentiment

Essays on Liberty. by Isaiah Berlin. Oxford University Press. \$1.95 (pb.).

One of the most remarkable facts about our present national crisis is not one of social conflict: it is some- thing more serious and perva- sive. I would call the decline in democratic sentiment. I say "sentiment" advisedly, since I mean to go beyond the usual relating to institutions or the "right" and to call attention to the dispositions as to how pub- lic life should be conducted. What we are experiencing, on both "Left" and "Right," is an erosion of attach- ment to the idea, and sometimes even a taste for the norms, of politi-

cal analysis of such matters in our generations strikes me as fad- dy and superficial, but here it does not. We confront a deep split be- tween generations. Those of us who grew up in the time of Hitler and Stalin do not feel that the mere survival of democracy in the West is a miracle, nor our victory for mankind. Who doesn't remember gloomy thoughts about the worldwide tri- umph of totalitarianism, a "new Middle Ages" with a striking lack of his- torical imagination, we used to call it? Those who grew up in the postwar generation are more inclined to look upon political democracy—as well as the re- state reforms that liberals have wrested through their struggle—as inadequate or the most dangerous of all, boring. When people say that particular evils such as the Vietnam war, the instability of a democratic system that without greater social justice for the blacks it will be hard to maintain, the common devotion to democ- racy at our institutions need to be changed in order to make them more democratic—all this seems right. But necessary. But along with such there has arisen in our culture a new, a coherent authoritarian

ideology as an impatience with the care and reasonableness a democratic society requires, a sour contempt for the very idea of political liberty. And that is frightening.

In such an atmosphere one would hardly expect that *Four Essays on Liberty*, the most recent book by the noted British scholar Isaiah Berlin, would find a warm reception. It lacks just about everything that now brings intellectual acclaim: the apocalyptic turgidity of a Marcuse, the fixed moral- ism of a Noam Chomsky, to say nothing of the antics of the small fry who fol- low these thinkers. A liberal theorist working in the tradition of John Stuart Mill, though with a sense of extreme possibilities that marks him as a man of our time, Berlin is deeply at odds with the present intellectual tone of things.

You might not notice this on a casual inspection of his work, since he is a courtly expositor, not given to polemical violence and rarely inclined to engage himself with the controversies of the moment. He writes about matters of political philosophy: the nature of liberty, the distinctions one can usefully draw as to its kinds, the conditions under which it thrives or wilts. Yet in reading his book—and reading it with that pleasure one gains from an en- counter with a strong, disciplined mind—I haven't been able to suppress the feeling that the book is peculiarly rele- vant to our time. For the capacity Berlin has in making refined and significant distinctions is a central capacity of the mind at work, and the fact that it is sneered at these days by the new aca- demic *Kämpfers* is all the more reason to honor it. Equally worthy of honor is Berlin's intellectual generosity to his critics. The four essays were published separately during the last two decades

and for this volume he has added a 50- page Introduction, quite the most ex- citing piece in the book, devoted to answering criticisms of his reviewers and colleagues. Granting them every point that seems to him just, Berlin trades blow for blow when he continues to regard himself as right. It is an ex- hilarating performance—this, one tells oneself, is what the life of the mind can be.

II

Each essay deals with a special aspect of the problem of liberty. "Political Ideas in the Twentieth Century" asks: What in the thought and experi- ence of our politics has been distinc- tive? The reply is that our century has been marked by the rise of political and philosophical outlooks which do not provide new answers to those "funda- mental questions" that had always con- cerned thoughtful men—how can we arrive at the truth, what is the good life, how can we determine whether God exists, is there a purpose in our com- mon experience, what are the grounds for urging obedience to or revolt against authority, can justice and liberty be reconciled?—but instead pro- ceed simply to "dissolve" them:

It was now conceived that the most effective way of dealing with ques- tions . . . was not by employing the tools of reason . . . but by obliterating the questions themselves. . . . Thus if a man is haunted by the suspicion that . . . full individual liberty is not compatible with coercion by the ma- jority in a democratic state, and yet continues to hanker after both democ- racy and individual liberty, it may be possible by appropriate treatment to rid him of his idée fixe. . . .

Resting "upon the policy of diminish- ing strife and misery by the atrophy of the faculties capable of causing them," this new attitude has radically under- mined the intellectual and moral foun- dations of liberal humanism.

Mr. Howe's most recent book is *Decline of the New, essays on modern masters and their works* (Harcourt, Brace & World). He teaches English at the City University of New York, and is editor of *Dissent*.

Berlin's immediate target here is, of course, the fascist and Communist states, but he has also anticipated our current malaise: contempt for the past, indifference to political liberty, a deep hatred for rationality, disdain for the idea of complexity as a value in serious thought, celebration of "instinct" as the avenue to a higher wisdom. What Berlin does not ask himself, however, is whether the rigid totalitarianism of a few decades ago—and we might raise the same question about the fluid anarcho-authoritarianism of today—is a phase in a prolonged crisis of Western civilization, one root or sign of which is the decay of Christianity. For the hunger after quasi-religious experience seems insatiable in our, and perhaps any other, time; and old rationalists like myself may wryly have to admit that there is something (but what?) to the weary old cliché that man is "inherently" a religious creature. Surely most of us would agree that the worst of all religions are the secular ones, in which the rigors of theology are replaced by the fanaticism of ideology. If not entirely encouraged, such questions are at least prompted by Berlin's essay.

In "John Stuart Mill and the Ends of Life" he seeks to extend the political bias of liberalism into an encompassing vision of human existence. He traces the moving story of Mill's intellectual crisis, in which Mill discovered that Benthamite utilitarianism could not satisfy his spiritual needs. Though continuing to believe, as Berlin remarks, "in the exclusive pursuit of happiness, Mill's voice is most his own when he describes the glories of individual freedom." In this portrait Mill emerges as less a guide to politics than an exemplar of a style of life:

At the center of Mill's thought and feeling lies . . . his passionate belief that men are made human by their capacity for choice—choice of good and evil equally. Fallibility, the right to err, as a corollary of the capacity for self-improvement; distrust of symmetry and finality as enemies of freedom—these are the principles Mill never abandons.

What matters, then, in the career of this great man is not one or another idea but the unfolding of a total experience that makes it impossible for him "to rest in the notion of a clearly discernible goal." The ethic of the problematic to which Mill and his great contemporary George Eliot both point is hard to live by; and there must remain,

in honesty, the question of whether the great mass of men will ever be able to accept it. But where Berlin seems completely convincing is in his insistence that such an ethic is finally a condition for liberty.

This is the view, in turn, which leads Berlin, in the most philosophically ambitious essay of his book, to launch an inquiry into "Historical Inevitability." He writes:

It is patently inconsistent to assert, on the one hand, that all events are wholly determined to be what they are by other events . . . and, on the other, that men are free to choose between at least two possible courses of action—free not merely in the sense of being able to do what they choose to do (and because they choose to do it), but in the sense of not being determined to choose what they choose by causes outside their control.

Replying to his many critics Berlin then insists that his point is not to prove that determinism is false, only that the arguments in favor of it are not conclusive, and more important,

that if ever it becomes a widely accepted belief and enters the texture of general thought and conduct, the meaning and use of certain concepts and words central to human thought [that is, the vocabulary of the moral life] would become obsolete or else have to be drastically altered.

One of Berlin's more formidable critics, Professor Ernest Nagel, in his book *The Structure of Science* replied to him, arguing that empirically "men often do deliberate and decide between alternatives" and that nothing we can discover about the conditions under which this occurs—that is, whether their decisions are entirely determined or in some sense free—could be used as evidence "for denying that such deliberative choices do occur." Berlin then came back with the persuasive rejoinder that while the experience of making value choices does comprise part of our conduct and we do behave on the assumption that within certain limits we can make such choices, the point at issue is that "if determinism is true, the concept of merit or desert, as these are usually understood [in moral discourse and judgment] has no application. If all things and events and persons are determined, then [moral] praise and blame do indeed become purely pedagogical devices. . . ."

The issues here are too complex, and

my competence too limited, to report any further on this corner. Suffice it to remark that it for table instance of where seeming "demic" discussion comes painful to the most urgent problems of life.

III

The essay in Berlin's book strikes one as most interesting is "Two Concepts of Liberty." He begins with a distinction between "negative" and "positive" liberty, a distinction he then presses very hard, and too hard.

"Negative" liberty, a concept from Locke and Hobbes though most elaborated by Mill and Rawls, has traditionally been associated with classical English liberalism:

I am normally said to be free [Berlin] to the degree to which no man or body of men interferes with my activity. Political liberty in this sense is simply the area within which a man can act unobstructed by

"Positive" liberty is installed by Herbert Marcuse:

Liberty is self-determination, to the degree to which no man or body of men interferes with my activity. . . . But the subject of this liberty is never the contingent, the individual as that which he actually is or happens to be; it is rational, the individual . . . who is capable of acting free with the others.

If "negative" liberty emphasizes the problem, to what extent am I free? "positive" liberty emphasizes the problem, by whom am I ruled? If "negative" liberty asks only that men be free to choose, which implies the right to choose wrongly, "positive" freedom insists that men must choose "rightly." Some of Berlin's critics, notably David Held and John Rawls, have stressed the view that these distinctions are at best analytical conveniences, for in actual experience one cannot erect a wall between the two modes of liberty. The condition of one affects that of the other. Undoubtedly I agree with Spitz, as Berlin does too, but I think I can agree with Berlin should place so heavy a burden on the value of "negative" liberty.

In a pure form, neither "negative" nor "positive" liberty is realized in its logical limit, "negative" liberty would imply, first, that liberty would imply, first, that liberty would be achieved only outside the boundaries of society, since by definition

e restraints upon the wishes
d, second, that the freedom
is realized in his ability to
ith the freedom of another.
this latter condition would
d to the domination of the
strong, and thereby destroy
of most men, it is clear that
l of liberty requires limita-
actice this becomes a crucial
the view Berlin advances,
existence always involves
choice always requires both
nce of loss and the permis-
error. As David Spitz has
it, "restraints restrict free-
ithout restraints there can be
ffective freedom, at least for
(*Dissent*, Winter 1961.)

test practical embodiment of
liberty is the American Bill
a document specifying areas
ither the state nor other men
re coercively with an indi-
tical rights. Berlin knows of
"negative" liberty is but
it in a network of values that
sh notions as personal rights,
es, the sanctity of individual
etc." He also knows that this
"negative" liberty has suf-
g criticism from both social-
servative thinkers, so much
i its usual nineteenth-century
no longer be defended.
advocates of "negative" lib-
ften failed to see that unless
on appropriate historical cir-
it may come to mean very
st men: that the sharp in-
characteristic of capitalist so-
arily distort the equality of
ich liberals are devoted; and
e absence of constraints does
vide men with either a desir-
or adequate goals. This line
was neatly summed up by
h Whitehead: "The self-suf-
pendent man, with his pecu-
y which concerns no one else,
ce without validity for modern
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tegal liberties are compatible
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ess he ends by placing a very
u on "negative" liberty and by
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e" liberty, though intrin-
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ve liberty has in recent times

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been destroyed, that has usually happened in the name of some "higher" ideal of communal self-realization, or "positive" liberty. The scorn Berlin brings to bear upon such perversions of "positive" liberty, perversions characteristic of the age of totalitarianism, is parallel to the scorn that socialist writers brought to bear upon the callousness they associated with "negative" liberty, a callousness characteristic of the age of industrial capitalism. And in both instances the scorn is merited.

Seen against the background of twentieth-century politics, Berlin's case for placing a decisive valuation on "negative" liberty comes to be overwhelming. But because he still thinks largely within the boundaries of an atomistic liberalism which pits abstract man against an abstract society and ignores the large intermediary area of social life in which groups both cooperate with and struggle against one another, Berlin does not make his case as strongly as he might. He will forgive me if I say that he is not quite "dialectical" enough. And a little surprisingly, he might here be helped by those democratic socialists who have come to the conviction that preserving political liberty is a necessary condition for attaining social justice.

The point I would offer as a supplement to Berlin's argument is this: to look upon "negative" and "positive" liberties as polar extremes may yield some analytic benefit, but finally the two have to be seen as interdependent, just as finally the problem becomes one of determining which combination of liberties and restraints can best assure the attainment of the good life. All societies justifying the suppression of "negative" liberty in the name of a false Collective that declares itself the carrier of "positive" liberty—all such societies deprive their subjects of the power to achieve *any* kind of liberty. Though a benevolent despotism may grant its subjects material benefits, in principle it deprives men of both the liberties now declared to be outmoded ("bourgeois liberties") and those now declared to be on the horizon ("socialist liberties").

The Italian political scientist Giovanni Sartori makes this point beautifully in his book *Democratic Theory*: "When we assert that negative liberty is not sufficient we are stating an obvious platitude, while we are not stating what is most important of all: that we need freedom *from* in order to be able to achieve freedom *to*." The key word is "achieve." for it summons an image of

a society in which social groups compete and conflict, and in which elementary political rights are a necessity if not sufficient, condition for struggle in behalf of justice and security.

One crucial instance where the inadequacy on this theme shown in a number of passages concerning the "underdeveloped countries" in which he makes needless concessions to authoritarian rationalism is true, as he says, that social ignorance and scarcity do not form an ideal setting for the cultivation of liberty, and that minimal needs must be satisfied in order to be able to care about liberty. This truism, in recent years frequently perverted into an apology for left authoritarianism, should have been subjected by Berlin to the same scrutiny to which he subjected the raptures of "positive" liberty.

For if it is true that "first come first" and that "to offer rights... to men who are half illiterate, underfed, and diseased mock their condition," then it is true that at least some political liberty if only a partial version of freedom of the press and freedom of organization movements, may be the condition for an effort to improve the lot. Were Berlin to think less of polarity between individual and society and more in terms of actual historical situations in which they come into play the competing claims of trade unions, nationalist movements, peasant societies, and communal organizations, he might see that he failed to grasp those circumstances which make "negative" liberty a precious asset even for men in underdeveloped countries. After all, we have serious people in India, Venezuela, and Tunisia who believe that the future of their countries, including social and economic development, requires a bed of political liberty. Westerners have been much too ready to insist on principles on this matter, partly because they sometimes betray a streak of conscious superiority (democracy *all very well, but in those countries*) and partly because they have been morally intimidated by rhetoric from the Third World.

III

In pressing so hard to extend Berlin's essays their relative to immediate problems I have pro-

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mane minority government. Although acknowledging my general obligation to obey the law, I would feel a superior obligation to disobey this law.... The difficulty arises because obedience to law, although generally best, is not always good, and democratic government, although on the whole most justifiable, is not always just.

To this by-no-means-unimaginable situation let me append a few details:

(1) those moved to this kind of uncivil disobedience recognize the gravity of their choice;

(2) they also admit the possibility that in so responding to a moral horror they may be destroying the democratic decision-process they value or may be helping to set loose authoritarian forces they abhor;

(3) they argue that the usual delays required by adherence to democratic procedure are not to the point, since the evil to be committed is radical, immediate, final, and of brief duration, so that it must be thwarted at once or not at all.

I imagine that the views of the Fathers Berrigan in regard to the Vietnam war are somewhat along these lines. And if some of my readers do not feel the force of this example, let them imagine another: the United States, far from merely refusing Israel the aid it asks for, actively helps the Arab nations to destroy Israel physically—and does so with the support of both Congress and a majority of the people. Nor will it do to wait until the next election, for by then Israel will have been wiped out. Might not some democrats feel that precisely the values leading them to uphold

democracy must here proclaim themselves outlaw?

In his discussion of this problem, van den Haag argues

No principle can justify science or law as a prior so that, where they conflict, always follow either. If we state a principle to tell us obey the law, the principle incorporated into the law

The discussion of liberty approach extreme instances, and while one may find circumstances that cause the result will yet be a clash of ideas. What I am getting at, Isaiah Berlin ought to write a group of essays on liberty of greed stimulated by admi-

John Corry, Jean M. Halloran, Richard Schickel, Edwin M. Yoder, Jr.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Nonfiction

Please Touch. by Jane Howard. McGraw-Hill, \$7.95.

Jane Howard is a young journalist of great, discrete gifts, and this, her first book, is the record of her odyssey through that phenomenon of our times, the human-potential movement. At the simplest level, it tells the common reader all and exactly what he needs to know about it and does so with perceptiveness, wit, sympathy, and understanding that are hard come by anywhere and are near miraculous to discover in a book about a subject as amorphous, elusive, and controversial as this one.

But there is more than one level to this book; it is something a good deal richer than a mere piece of reporting. For what Miss Howard did was subject herself to every form of encounter group and sensitivity-training program she could stand. It took her more than a year just to gather her basic material and in its course she found herself acting out and dancing out emotions and memories, touching, groping, "eyeballing" all kinds of strangers, and, of course, allowing them similar privileges. Miss Howard is a self-confessed middle-

class, Middle Western WASP, trained from childhood (like all of us of that peculiar breed) to keep her emotions to herself, to actually nurture the mind-body duality. She shows us precisely—but without ever lapsing into too-intimate self-exposure—how on various occasions (at Esalen and at Synanon, at a workshop on Cape Cod) she was able to "get herself together" as they say in ways that were previously unimaginable to her. She records other instances—many of them extraordinarily moving—where she witnessed others undergoing the same kind of purgatory. It is the openness and precision with which she puts all this down that lift her book to a level well above her subject.

But for all the high emotions she experienced in the course of her journey across the country and into herself, she never loses her cool. She carefully records the hack and quack work she witnessed. And her conclusions are brisk, modest, sensible. There is, she tells us, potential in the human-potential movement, but there are problems as well—the main one being the ability to "go with the feelings" a good workshop can engender once one leaves it for the all too real world we must live in most of the time. She is also aware of

the dangers in excessive reliance on subjective experience and excessive reliance on subjective communication. There is the possibility that this particular approach to the existential problem may be too much, too strong, in the loss of much that was, on the other hand, Miss Howard says that she learned a great deal that she might not otherwise have learned about herself in the course of this that, as a society and as individuals, we do need the kind of education and senses that the best training institutions can offer. On the whole, she is hopeful about what she saw and, above all, experienced. I think, courageous of her to do as she did to so many ends in order to bring back this first report on "the movement," courageous of her to find the right tone, neither too skeptical nor much that of a convert, to record her discoveries.

Human Sexual Inadequacy. by William H. Masters and Virginia Johnson. Little, Brown, \$12.50.

It is just possible that there are those who know more about sexual behavior than anyone else in the world.

sters and Virginia Johnson. ago they gave us *Human onse*, which told us *exactly* is when we do things sexual. ey give us *Human Sexual*, which more or less tells us hese things done. "It is not" says Masters, "nor a how-ys Johnson. It is, in fact, a se kind of thing, greatly d surrounded by words like and "contraindicated," and ght not be of much use to y, who could always get the ould help the rest of us. er more than he did. The mpeii have better pictures. ra *Sutra* is more fun to read. a serious year for sex, what men's Liberation ladies tell-thing, *Playboy* magazine d the television panelists what, and so perhaps a little n order after all.

here is marital-unit com- sexual dysfunction, the pri- of absolute communication with or even destroyed and sources or means of inter- mmunication rapidly tend in effectiveness." People ex seriously are always talk- y, and what Masters and saying is that if you don't, then maybe you don't stay ere is room for doubt here. d a great many people with unction do indeed go in interpersonal communica- king to one another, for in- e ultimate level in marital- mication is sexual inter- sters and Johnson say, and pretty good, too, unless you ain with your love beneath blossoms, or gone to an er.

asters and Johnson do. things, at their Reproduc- Research Foundation in to counsel couples with sex-. Actually, there is only one em you can really have, but auses are legion, and they ke primary and secondary premature ejaculation, and Masters and Johnson say, argue with them, that when a marriage has a problem s one, too, and so they insist g both partners. The part- through a two-week course, ey pay up to \$2,500, and on how they can achieve . Masters and Johnson give

good advice, and the couples, who must be pretty dedicated to go to all this trouble, do achieve it more often than not. This is fine, but there is not much in the advice to indicate that a good grasp of sexual mechanics will get at what bothers you and put you to all that trouble.

This might not be true for something like premature ejaculation, which is supposed to be just a matter of conditioning, and which, Masters and Johnson say, can be helped by something marvelously simple called the squeeze technique. A great deal of thought, effort, and what the academics call interdisciplinary research, has gone into developing the squeeze technique, and you might think that someone else, like a peasant in the Black Forest, or a coolie on the Yangtze, had thought of it first. Certainly, one of Chaucer's old bawds must have known about it, and it is too bad that Chaucer never got around to telling us about it. It is not that we would pay much attention to an old bawd nowadays, true bawdiness being funny, and sex talk now for the most part being dreary, or full of pain, and almost always full of schlock, but it would be nice to hear from an old bawd, nonetheless. Nice people all over

America will buy *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, and some of them, earnestly putting their minds to it, will profit greatly. This is all right, but Oscar Wilde said a dirty mind was a constant picnic, and now we can't have even that.

Johnson and Masters wrote their first book, *Human Sexual Response*, for the trade, for the people, that is, who deal professionally with sex. This, their second book, is more for all of us, which is a sure sign of how far we have come. *Human Sexual Response* was a textbook on physiology, and while everyone bought it, only a handful ever got through it. It was a very hot item, though, and its publication, done with the utmost gravity, followed many months of whispering, mostly because Masters and Johnson were strapping electrodes and things to people, and then standing around and watching them couple. It was all a little stunning, and the *New York Times*, deciding it was too delicate a story, elected to put it on an inside page. Now, however, Masters and Johnson are out on page one, and they have been adopted not only by *Playboy*, but by the ladies' magazines as well. This, of course, may be a sign of good health, but the *Kama Sutra* and the cherry blossoms are better. —J.C.

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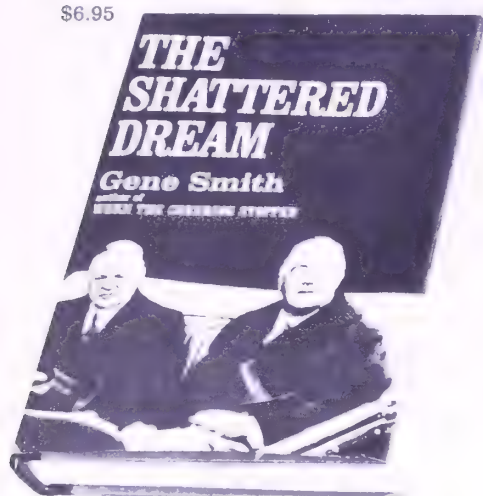
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Prison Journals of a Priest Revolutionary, by Philip Berrigan. Edited by Vincent McGee, introduction by Daniel Berrigan. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$5.95.

Among the by-products of contemporary protest, unrest, and a free press is what is rapidly becoming a full-fledged literary genre, namely prison writings. Since the courts presumably select on the basis not of writing skill but of criminal tendencies, the genre is of necessity the realm of amateurs, some of whom have proved remarkably adept; witness Eldridge Cleaver's admirable book of several years ago, *Soul on Ice*. Cleaver, it turned out, was a natural. He appears to have instinctively sensed the balance between abstraction and anecdote, distance and intimacy, seriousness and irony necessary to communicate via the written word, and eschewed the rhetoric characterizing his public appearances.

Father Berrigan, unfortunately, does not just pick up and begin to play. The younger of the famous Berrigan brothers, the Catholic priests known for their bloody attacks on draft offices, he was convicted in Federal Court and sentenced on May 24, 1968, to six years in prison for pouring blood into the files of the Baltimore draft board, and thereafter began serving his sentence at the Allenwood prison farm. This book was written in the seven-month period he spent in jail before release on bail pending appeal. Sad to say, it is not full of revealing insight. Philip Berrigan is perhaps the reverse of Cleaver: I wouldn't be at all surprised if, in person, he were down-to-earth and full of warmth; but this book consists largely of seemingly endless banal revolutionary phraseology: "Our imperialist successes became possible because of our determinist attachment to laissez-faire capitalism," etc. Furthermore, he often lapses in tone into a churchy self-righteousness which borders on arrogance: "What can any prosecution do with people who combine joy, compassion, and keen political radicalism?" This may be fine for an inspirational talk, but unpalatable in a diary.

This is all the more sad when one becomes aware of the difficulty he faced in getting anything down on paper. Prisoners are permitted to write, but everything must pass censorship in Washington before going out. Old-timers warned Berrigan that if he wanted to try, say, theology, it would probably pass untouched; but anything related to politics or the penal system would not. Nor

was he allowed near the typewriter. Father Berrigan therefore took to writing sporadically, one day in the next in the dormitory, always watching for guards and spies who smuggled the product out with them. The editor, Vincent McGee, has two interview sections which are a notable exception to the general rule and contain some fascinating tidbits. The first, McGee asks Berrigan specifics of his life as convict: What about Hoffa? Hoffa, fellow laborer and Catholic, solicitedly informs Father Berrigan that, "If there's anything you need . . . if you're getting a wrong kind of job, we want to hear about it immediately." The second view section deals with Philip Berrigan's religious philosophy, and touches on such issues as celibacy (he says it is crucial for priests, if only for men with family obligations free to attack the social order).

Father Berrigan occasionally indulges in this kind of thing on his own. At much of the time he seems to be giving us the Word, and loses his ability to organize, inject humor, see the ties behind Good vs. Evil, or to invent his own terms.

Congress and the Public

James C. Kirby, Jr. Atheneum. "Now wouldn't it be a pretty thing," asked the late Senator James Buckley, "if a Senator from Oklahoma voted for the things Oklahomans are interested in?" This is a classic for the mingling of public and private interest on Capitol Hill—the real Senator Murphy is on the title. Technicolor, Inc., and the real Senator Russell Long is glad to be caretaker of the oil-depletion allowance even though he has a personal interest in oil leases. What's good for color, you see, is good for Congress, and what's good for oil is good for Louisiana; and it is all very much the way Senators.

It is such sophistries that the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, three years ago, took this study of Congress. The study has some self-imposed limitations: it does not delve into the details and it relies on the polling of a sample of Senators and Representatives for information. Despite the caps it is a strong report, full of proposals that Congress is almost not to adopt. Mr. Kirby and the distinguished lawyers of the study do feel, for instance, that Congress

...a "familiar" view of their family complex, local custom, and the old saying, "Paddy catch trout." They frozen on a portrait of a Senator and a statue in their third room, and forget public transportation. Subsidized income and take place for the next years at a cost less than a penny, budget for 1900. Book is written in lawyerly but prose, leavened by anecdote and occasional flat-out humor: "...It seems appropriate committee pronounces at 'to afford members [of Con-] tinue of life at least commensurate that of a corporate vice. The only striking blemish resting and earnest report is sells at exhaustive length on only minor problem of sideline e, while entirely ignoring the nt of members of the bar in the following. Why, I wonder. EY

Fiction

Home, by Jonathan Schwartz. \$10.95.

Jonathan Schwartz's leading are balanced upon that delicious point where, though they are, they are beginning to pang of nostalgia for roads and, simultaneously, their fusions of mortality. It is also a one's life history when the talent and personality begin to be perceived and when, in the need to be loved and grows painfully sharp. In good age to write about, but every spot on which to gain a purchase, Mr. Schwartz. Book this is, slips over sentimentality (or at least it), but for the most part are tactful, deft, carefully and always intelligent. I liked best "The Shortest Mer," which uncannily gets ad of a young wife making attempt to run away from and failing to find refuge, whose sympathy she has understanding: "A Trip in which a young couple, married, go to a warehouse to his father to retrieve some a bride discovering, in the good deal about the mental

...a "familiar" view of their family complex, local custom, and the old saying, "Paddy catch trout." They frozen on a portrait of a Senator and a statue in their third room, and forget public transportation. Subsidized income and take place for the next years at a cost less than a penny, budget for 1900. Book is written in lawyerly but prose, leavened by anecdote and occasional flat-out humor: "...It seems appropriate committee pronounces at 'to afford members [of Con-] tinue of life at least commensurate that of a corporate vice. The only striking blemish resting and earnest report is sells at exhaustive length on only minor problem of sideline e, while entirely ignoring the nt of members of the bar in the following. Why, I wonder. EY

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Play It as It Lays, by Joan Didion. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$5.95.

Play It as It Lays is a Hollywood novel in the same peripheral sense *The Day of the Locust* is, attacking the subject with the indirection of art rather than the directness of commerce. Like Nathanael West's classic it is also brief, grotesque, allusive, and chilling. Perhaps too much so. Miss Didion's central figure is Maria Wyeth, an essentially ignorant girl raised in poverty on dreams of success. She goes on to be a model, underground film star, unhappy wife of the director who discovered her (and then presses on to industrial success), mother of a retarded child. The book deals with her fruitless quest for what I suppose must be called "meaningful relationships" as she is cracking up in indifferent Hollywood. I admire Miss Didion's control of this material, her accurate rendering of the callous inhumanity of a large segment of the movie world, which remains a constant no matter what the prevailing methods and styles of production. Nevertheless, perhaps because of her fashionably fragmented narrative style, perhaps because she never moves beyond cliché (or is it archetype?) in inventing actions and histories for her characters, the book remains a rather cold and calculated fiction—more a problem in human geometry (to which a neat QED can be applied at the end) than a novel that truly lives. Southern California in general, the movie colony in particular, resists the best efforts, even of gifted novelists like Miss Didion, to make it serve as a subject for serious fiction, perhaps because the truth of the place and what it does to people is obvious, on the surface, requiring little of the artist's skill to understand. —R.S.



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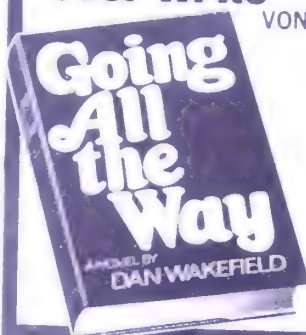
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Serving the moderns

A leap of fifty years—from Bartók's concertos to Shostakovich's "Babi Yar."

CERTAIN CONCERTOS SEEM TO BE for youth, and the first two piano concertos by Béla Bartók are cases in point. They are difficult and effective, but somehow one does not associate them with an Artur Schnabel or Vladimir Horowitz. They are too dissonant, too propulsive, too antiromantic. Perhaps in future generations, when those two scores are considered classics, veteran pianists may bend their ripe wisdom to them. In the meantime youth must be served, and youth is best served in music like this.

All three of the **Piano Concertos** by Bartók have recently been recorded by young pianists. Daniel Barenboim and the New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Pierre Boulez engage Nos. 1 and 3 (Angel 36605). Two pianists take a look at No. 2—Alexis Weissenberg, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy (Victor LSC 3159); and Stephen Bishop, with the BBC Orchestra conducted by Colin Davis (Philips SAL 3779). Ormandy uses Side 2 of his recording for Bartók's **Four Pieces**. The Bishop-Davis choice is Stravinsky's **Concerto for Piano and Wind Instruments**.

Bartók's Piano Concerto No. 1 of 1926 is a fierce work—savage, percussive, somewhat Stravinsky-like in its rhythms and ostinatos, and altogether kinetic. It demands power and impetus and that is exactly what Barenboim and Boulez give it. Barenboim's piano playing is a little rough here and there, but he has a fine, alert musical mind, and the concerto spins forth in logical, bracing patterns. This piece is very different from the relaxed Piano Concerto No. 3 of 1945. The latter was one of Bartók's last works, and he intended it as a "popular" piece that his wife could play. It was one of the few legacies he could leave her. Bartók died a poor man. The direct melodic appeal of the Third Concerto immediately made it popular.

As for the recording of the Second Concerto of 1931, it is difficult to make a choice between Weissenberg and

Bishop. Both are powerful technicians, though Weissenberg has the edge. Both respond to the impetus of the music. Like the Piano Concerto No. 1, the Second is a motoric piece with driving rhythms, and both pianists handle the rhythmic elements without becoming flustered or hysterical. Both conductors, too, understand the music. Davis is a little more detailed in his work, but Ormandy's orchestra is a more brilliant and virtuosic instrument. On the whole, I prefer the Weissenberg-Ormandy.

The **Four Pieces** by Bartók that occupy Side 2 of the Victor recording were composed in 1912 and have a large residue of romanticism. They are vital, exuberant sketches.

FOR A DEMONSTRATION of what can be done with synthesized sound, listen to Morton Subotnick's **Touch** (Columbia 7316). Subotnick, one of the more talented and imaginative men in the field of electronic music, has used a Buchla Electronic Music System for **Touch**, and it is a far different piece from most electronic compositions. If nothing else, it has a feeling of structure, motion, organization, and even melody that makes it extremely unusual (and will make it despised in the more severe ranks of electronic music composers). Subotnick has created a series of pitched and unpitched sounds. The pitched sounds suggest varieties of percussion, and call to mind a gamelan orchestra, cymbals, marimba, African drums, perhaps a harp with a sheet over it. Mood music? Sounds of nature? There is even a pianissimo, dying-away ending. Whatever it is, the collage verges on romanticism. A fascinating work, and one sure to bring new friends to electronic music.

DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON has come out with several other discs devoted to contemporary music. In addition to the *Essay on Pigs* there are representative examples of the work of several important musical shapers. There is a disc devoted to the **Atlas Eclipticalis**, the **Winter Music**, and the **Cartridge**

Music of John Cage, and the **lie** by Dieter Schnabel (DGC). And there is a Stockhausen disc containing the **Telemusik** and **Atlas Eclipticalis** (DGC 137012). The Cage is like all Cage. They are fun to listen about, not so much fun to listen to. **Atlas Eclipticalis** represents chaos as a model of anarchy. One always has the uneasy feeling that Cage is putting it over on one. The **Glossolalie** by Schnabel is a collage of instruments, with voices used as instruments. All this is an old hat, and Schnabel has little to contribute. Stockhausen's **Telemusik** composed in 1966 and was inspired by a trip to the Orient. He tells us it is "not a collage. Rather, the process of intermodulation, the *trouvés* and new sounds, which are combined into a higher unity; a unity of past, present, and future in vast spaces and places." The music is ambitious, but the actual sounds are

I suppose something should be said about the Shostakovich **Symphony No. 13**, the so-called *Babi Yar* symphony. It was in the news here when Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Male Chorus of the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia, and the Finnish baritone Teodor Gunde performed the American premiere. The same participants can be heard on the recording (Victor LSC 3162). Shostakovich composed a five-movement symphony set to five poems by Yevyushenko. It had its premiere in 1962 and Khrushchev did not like it. Mostly he did not like the poem, about the assassination of Jews by the Germans in the Ukraine. A rewriting was necessary, but it has never established itself. The residue of disapproval hangs over the music. Shostakovich has still another of his familiar music, propaganda pieces, with great skill, to be sure, but some unusually concentrated in the last movement. But it is not Socialist Realism, with all its posturing and clichés.

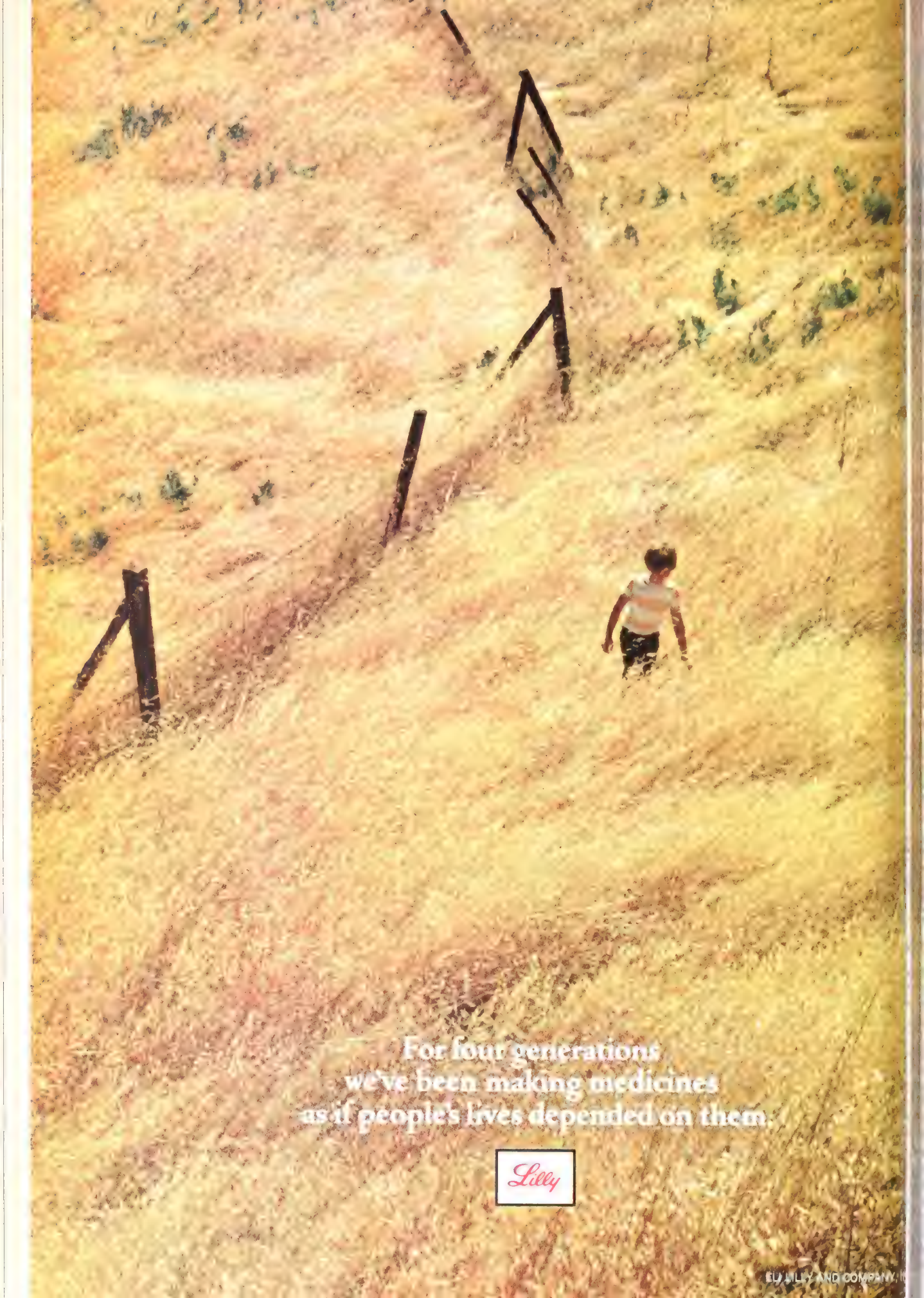
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Most drug-control programs are concerned with treatment of

addicts. These seminars are aimed at prevention: determining the extent of the problem, how to analyze community conditions that contribute to addiction, how to identify symptoms of addiction, how to prevent addiction's further growth.

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Harper's Magazine

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SEPTEMBER 1970

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Cover photo
by George Gardner

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine, Inc., 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Cass Canfield, Vice Chairman; William S. Blair, President. Subscriptions: \$8.50 one year; \$21.00 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: \$1.50 per year additional.

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Reprints and Permissions: Lucy Mattimore, Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

Crime rates and the complicated mathematics that are often manipulated to prove them are no joke, as Fred P. Graham makes clear in his article "Black Crime: The Lawless Image" (see page 64). Statistics have a double existence, one in reality and the other in the observer's eye, so that many of us tend to find in numbers exactly what we want to find. Nevertheless, the Police Department of the City of New York recently released a set of figures that contains several surprises and numerous pieces of unique information. For example, they tell us that New York City's murder rate per hundred thousand population was the lowest of the ten largest cities in the country last year. Most of those murders were committed with handguns, while knives made up the second choice. In New York, more than twice as many murders were committed on Saturday as on Wednesday, and only 5 per cent of the

total figure, or even slightly less, included narcotic users. A few other facts, involving personal and familial relationships:

16 husbands were killed by wives, but 34 wives were killed by husbands.

10 sons were killed by mothers, but only 2 by their fathers.

13 daughters were killed by mothers, and, again, only 2 by fathers.

2 daughters were killed by both parents, but no sons, and one mother-in-law was killed by her son-in-law, while 7 brothers-in-law were killed by their brothers-in-law.

Irwin Shaw, whose report on this year's Cannes Film Festival appears on page 26, has been living in Europe for the past fifteen years or so. Switzerland is one base. Paris another. Both provide the company of artists, moviemakers, and fellow writers, among whom Shaw

has a reputation for unusual personal generosity and as a guide to the good things of short stories, of course, he is among the most graceful and of the day, his novels both witty and enormously powerful. A new one will be published this fall: *A Poor Man*.

Coming: Alfred Kazin's memoirs of the 1940s, "Midtown and the Village," and Richard Schickel's interviews with movie directors whose work encompasses the whole history of Hollywood, "Good Days, Good Years."

The cover: The indubitably muscular in the photograph is Rick Wayne, editor in chief of the monthly magazine, *Muscle Power*, and winner of the title in 1967.



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LETTERS

Democrats and Galbraith

Over the years, many have increasingly admired John Kenneth Galbraith's tactful omissions and elisions, in his addresses to his varied constituency ["Who Needs the Democrats?" July]. . . . His skill, however, falters when he addresses himself to the intriguing paradox of liberal administrations presiding over all four wars of our century. . . . The reasons [for this] go to the liberal makeup itself, to liberal concepts and emotions which inherently predispose them to military intervention all over the world.

First, liberals have a touching faith in the omnipotence of government to modify human behavior, regardless of supposed restraints set by human nature in general and specific characteristics of time, place, culture, tradition, and past history. Optimism on the abolition of poverty, I submit, is not unrelated to optimism on governmental ability to win "hearts and minds" of poor people abroad.

Secondly, the corollary belief in an undifferentiated humanity encourages the application of behavior models involving parameters which, on close examination, are suspiciously like those of one's middle-class neighbors around the block. Thus, Vietnamese peasants could be motivated in broadly the same way as those neighbors.

Thirdly, there is the faith in model-building and model-application. Such models, highly abstract and simplified as they were, became perhaps the leading basis in the Pentagon for plotting and applying our bombing strategy for North Vietnam. And the failure of that strategy should not have surprised anyone knowing their limitations, particularly their omission of non-quantifiable variables such as the will to fight.

But above all, there is the evangelistic drive to do good, to improve, to help people everywhere in the world. "Make the world safe for democracy"; "Bring the four freedoms to all mankind"; "Support the United Nations mandate

in Korea": slogans for unlimited intervention because we must love and help those intervened for, have rolled along for more than half a century. And if one is skeptical about our ability to help or propose more modest, indirect means, all hell will break loose: one is denounced not as mistaken but as a positive advocate of the evils being attacked. In few places are *ad hominem* aspersions of diabolical intent so frequent as in the living rooms of those committed to human brotherhood.

These characteristics, I submit, make your typical liberal inherently more ready to intervene overseas than your typical conservative, even when a Communist/non-Communist situation is involved. While declaredly anti-Communist in theory and perhaps as subject to prejudice as the liberal, the conservative has two decided advantages in assessing the capabilities and limits of foreign and military policy. One is that he lacks relatively sophisticated, articulated ideologies, perhaps because of his respect for facts and uniquenesses. Hence, he is more aware that the world is a very confusing place, and more ready to come up with solutions attuned to the realities of particular situations. Secondly, he is blessedly selfish and therefore more apt to let foreign peoples work out their own solutions, good or bad as they may be, because this course of action is cheaper.

PAUL F. MCGOULDRIK
Assoc. Prof., Dept. of Economics
McGill University, Montreal

. . . Once John Kenneth Galbraith realizes he has little faith in the wise and beneficent power of organizations public or private—he may place more faith in the only alternative repository: the power of individuals. While he accurately lob[s] [criticisms] into the executive washrooms of the State Department, CIA, General Motors, the White House, FTC—you name it, John has an especially deadly one for your monster—his Reconstruction, incredibly, would be built on new supermonsters, such as his "consolidated regulatory body."

Since there are both good private and public organizations, the answer obviously is not in preference for one type over the other but in genuinely fostering good among individuals that make ones good.

Ah, that belief in individualism separates the genuine conservative from the genuine liberal. Yet, is Galbraith's unwitting conclusion that the average man has as much ability for managing large and small organizations as the holders of those washroom keys? "Wouldn't it be a pity if this great elitist became known for his confusion as The Second Galbraith?"

WILLIAM E. FLETCHER
Glen Cove, N.Y.

John Kenneth Galbraith tells us that the main problem in America today is that too many politicians hold office too long. His remedy is to let the liberal Democrats break up the organizing the House and replace theocratic dinosaurs with Republican todons, and that we should vote against incumbents in the primary general elections.

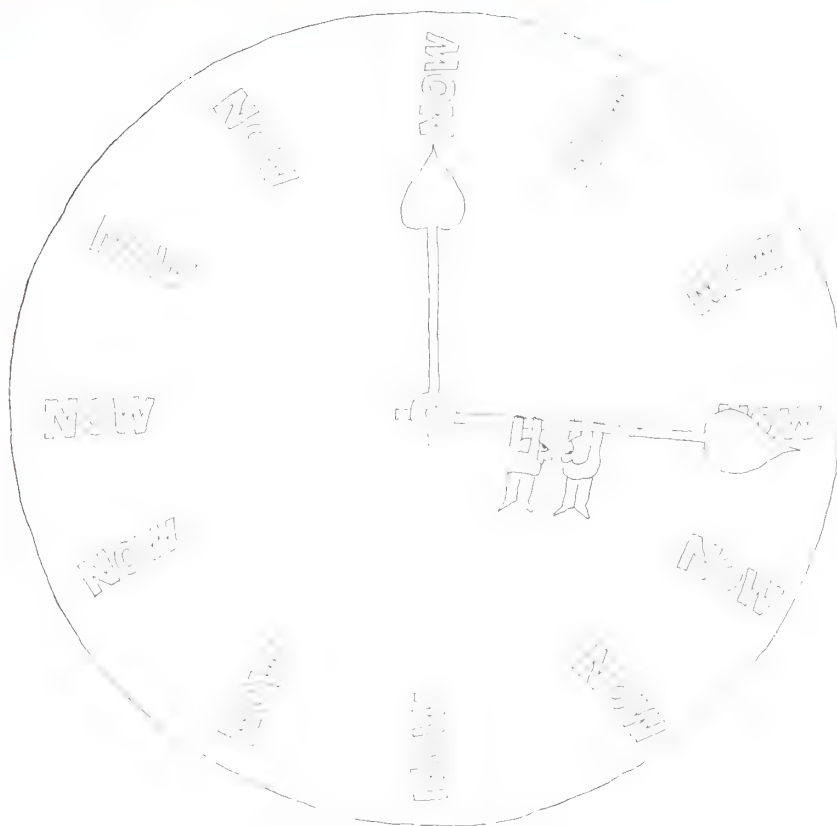
But much more to the point is a proposal that places in effect a periodic disadvantage, at a turnover in Congress, on those with less seniority to elect power in the committee structure.

It is simple. Let us amend the constitution to limit the number of consecutive terms a Representative can serve. The amendment is worded as follows:

Section 1: No person shall be Representative more than six consecutive successions.

Section 2: No person shall be Senator more than three times in succession, and no person who has been Senator for more than two terms to which some other person elected Senator shall be elected more than twice in succession.

. . . A few of the advantages and opportunities for the "outs" . . .



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LETTERS

real chance of electing someone to Congress, for the incumbent to retire honorably without losing an election, for public figures to run for other offices, and for Congress to organize its committees while a powerful chairman is on a two-year sabbatical.

Several objections should also be answered. First, we might lose good men under this amendment. But we have seen that able Representatives and Senators often run for higher office and sometimes are defeated. Many of these are returned to the House or Senate where they resume their careers.

Second, the incumbent who cannot run may support a "stalking horse" who will hold the seat for two years and then give it up. Certainly this happens under the present system when a popular Congressman runs for the Senate or Governorship, and it may continue to happen under the proposed amendment. But are we to assume that all "stalking horses" will quietly step down after two years in Washington? Could a Congressman or Senator who is in his seventies find as willing a "stalking horse" as he did when he was in his fifties?

Galbraith cannot really expect to break party loyalty, change voting patterns, or un-gerrymander districts. But changing the rules of the game ever so slightly may bring about the same results more effectively.

HARRY PERLSTADT
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Mich.

Washington Women

I find it hard to believe that John Corry, with his considerable brain and ability, wrote the vague, confused piece dealing with sex and politics in Washington, D.C. ["Washington, Sex, and Power," July]. Surely there is material for an interesting article here, but I found this one shallow and meandering. Antecedents are sometimes unclear, giving one a muddled, illogical sense. (Should Mr. Corry claim this comes from talking to so many women I would be happy to give him an uncluttered right to the solar plexus.)

Just a few points:

Mr. Corry seems to admire most those women who have coped successfully with the problem he describes as the problem of most men in Washington: powerlessness, or living as an appendage rather than an entity. I admire these women too. However, Mr. Corry doesn't seem to recognize that the women's

problem is basically the same as men's.

It seems strange that such would never mention those women (as they are) who are within the structure. What are the attitudes of Washington men such as these who refuse to be pendants, to be primarily objects? This would be revealing.

How can I say, in a gentle way, that Mr. Corry displays a lack of understanding of female points of view—and a weakness when writing such

KATHERINE HOOVER
New York

John Corry's piece on sex and politics in Washington jogged my memory for a while I could not place it. I looked a second time with an analytic eye. Mr. Corry smiles. He *could* name names. He won't. He hints at Presidentialings-on. Where had I seen this before?

Suddenly it all fell into place. Parsons. The only difference between Corry and I is a little freer with words. "screw." It might have helped if Mr. Corry ever came to me as to whether the piece was too long or funny. As it was, it was not.

KENNETH R. ROSEN
Topeka, Kan.

If the Washington scene is as depicted in the article by John Corry in the July issue, then we conclude that we are in more serious difficulty than many assumed. . . .

Perhaps what is needed in Washington is an army of psychiatrists to be assigned to the executive and legislative branches of our government to counsel our public officials and healthy approach to matters.

I am beginning to understand the reason for the frequency of the Washington by the Reverend. . . . It sounds like a first step for moral rearmament. Perhaps Graham should also get a assignment there. . . .

ABRAM L. VAN HORN
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

I don't know what Washington ground Mr. Corry interviewed his piece, but I'm rather sorry it wasn't on his list, for I would have said yes, yes, yes—and more!

Congressman's wife (still under fifty and, I'm told by landish places like New Angeles, still svelte and lived in this city for over could like to congratulate his extremely perceptive, gorgeous, and extremely

(signed)

ANONYMOUS WIFE OF A
ANONYMOUS CONGRESSMAN
Washington, D.C.

Books: Amplification

lated to read Irving Howe's
ments about Edwin Arling-
n's work in the June
E it is not true to say that
centennial of Edwin Arling-
... passed without a mur-
public notice." Louis Cox
brilliant *Edwin Arlington*
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essay for *The New York*
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niscences (Conrad Aiken's
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orn Language Association
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on of new commentary on
tenary Essays, which ap-
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chaired the seminar, and
n essay to Barnard's col-
le that is by no means the
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s of Melville and Whitman,
n 100-year observances in
rofessional baseball.

y, it's Hermann (not Her-
orn; Gardiner (not Gard-
and "Richard Cory," not
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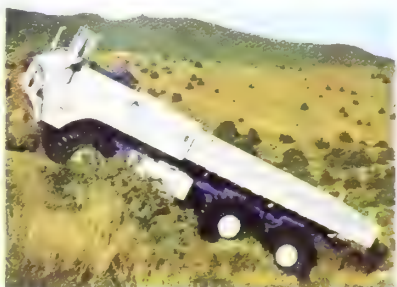
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THE EASY CHAIR

Outwitting Wall Street: you too can get little rich

I HAVE JUST BEEN TALKING to a rare specimen: a rich newspaper reporter. He didn't make his fortune on a reporter's salary, of course. He made it by outsmarting Wall Street. He is confident that anybody else can do the same: and on condition that I don't use his real name, he has given me permission to publish his recipe.

If you want to get rich quick, this formula will be of no use to you. Neither will it make you big rich, like an arms manufacturer or Texas oilman: for that, you have to tap the public purse in one way or another, such as a Pentagon contract with a dreamy cost overrun or a depletion allowance. But if you are content, as my friend was, to build up a modest fortune gradually over a period of twenty or thirty years, the recipe ought to work. I'm thinking of trying it myself.

My friend, whom I'll call Jay P. Morgan, hit upon his basic idea in the mid-Thirties, when he was working as a political reporter for the *Washington Post*. At that time Washington was swarming with eminent characters from Wall Street, piteously testifying before Congressional committees that Franklin D. Roosevelt was destroying both them and the country. Loudest among them was Wendell Willkie, spokesman for the power industry and later a notably unsuccessful candidate for President. He warned everybody within earshot that socialistic schemes such as the Tennessee Valley Authority and rural electrification were about to wipe out the private power companies.

After watching Willkie and his fellow financial geniuses in action, Jay reached some conclusions about Wall Street. It was politically unsophisticated: it was highly emotional; it took short views; and it seemed to believe its own propaganda. For example, every time Willkie made one of his impassioned speeches, the stock of most power

companies—particularly those in or near the TVA country—would drop a few more points.

Now Jay could not bring himself to believe that the New Deal schemes were all that dreadful. "On the contrary," he said, "it seemed to me that if TVA actually did succeed in reviving one of the poorest regions in the country, and if rural electrification made it possible for millions of farmers to use electric lights and iceboxes for the first time, then the private power companies might benefit too. Eventually they would find themselves with a lot of new customers, including the industries TVA was bringing into the South.

"So I took what little savings I had, mortgaged our home, and put every penny into Commonwealth & Southern stock. Willkie had talked it right down into the cellar, and for a few years it stayed there. But by 1940 the Tennessee Valley was booming, the TVA generators couldn't begin to take care of the new demand for electricity, and the private companies thereabouts were selling every kilowatt they could turn out. When I finally sold my Commonwealth & Southern stock, it had more than doubled in price.

"As you know," Jay continued, "it is an old maxim on Wall Street that the small investor is always wrong. Consequently the smart money boys like to watch the odd-lot traders—the little people who buy and sell in lots of less than one hundred shares. When they are buying in large numbers, the Wall Street sharpies consider that a signal to sell. And when the odd-lot investors finally get panicky and dump their stocks, then Wall Street figures that the market probably has hit bottom and will soon swing up.

"I decided to sail on just the opposite tack. I would watch the Wall Street traders, particularly when they seemed to be in an emotional tizzy over some

political development, and do the contrary to whatever they were doing. For example, when Truman got elected, to my surprise of practically everybody, Wall Street was stunned. It had expected that its boy, Truman, would be in the White House instead of that Missouri hick. Immediately after the election the market plunged forward in a spasm of disappointment.

"During the years while I was in the Senate, I had gotten to know Wall Street pretty well. I knew he was in a panic. I also knew that he came from the Populist tradition and that he was deeply scarred by the Depression. I felt pretty sure that he was going to let the country slide into a depression if he could possibly do so. The week following his election, I was able to pick up a number of common stocks at prices which were very cheap. That, as you will remember, was the beginning of one of the bull markets of our time.

"On the other hand, when Truman was elected I figured that he would do just what George H. W. Bush and the other hard-nosed Republicans who surrounded him would do. Usually they were hell on intervention, determined to restore the free-market disciplines to the economy. I slammed on the brakes, and the market skidded—and I was ready to take advantage of the turn. Like Nixon, Wall Street was so sure of his election that I decided I would sell. I even went short on a few stocks that were then priced at a fabulous forty times earnings. Short selling generally is a bad principle: too dangerous. I

Mr. Fischer is the author of several books, including The Stupidity Principle, Other Harassments. A former man himself, he disclaims any other than friendship, with the market described here.

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THE EASY CHAIR

however, I did pretty well glamour issues hit the top spring."

Jay concedes that in coming Wall Street on political has the advantage of a lifetime in Washington, where the *Post*, the Associated Press, a while one of the newsmagazines, he insists that any reasonable political observer could do nothing, whether he lived in South Dakota, or Maud, Texas, even better, since an observer in Middle America would be free from the gusts of political which often sweep Washington. He is worrying about just the possibility that Wall Street may be more politically sophisticated than most of the younger brokers, managers, and security analysts who understand post-Keynesian economics but approve of it; they are ready as their counterparts of the Vietnam era never were—to a considerable extent government management of the economy, so long as it is done correctly, i.e., in their interest. If that thing keeps spreading, Jay thinks that his strategy will work all

HE IS REASONABLY CONFIDENT, however, that he can continue to guess the Street on other scores. In the end, he has assiduously cultivated an anti-speculative temperament. Unlike the quick-buck traders and managers of go-go funds, he is sure he can make a modest profit over a period of years rather than days; he never permits himself to get too ecstatic over the speculative gains of a month.

"At one time or another," he says, "I have watched the market fall with electronic stocks, going concerns, textbook publishers, processing specialists, oil companies with some Alaska acreage, conglomerates. Right now the favorites of the harem seem to be manufacturers of anti-pollution equipment. In the past the darling of the moment has been high, and then has fallen just when the glamour wore off. I have seen traders who got in at the beginning of the affair, and then got out when the speculation was at its peak, presuming to make a lot of money. But I don't know if that I am that smart, or that I am not. I sides I'm in no position to win a time at studying the market. I could never match the research

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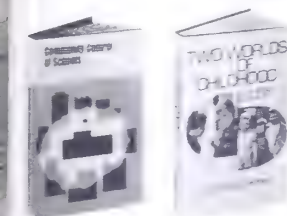
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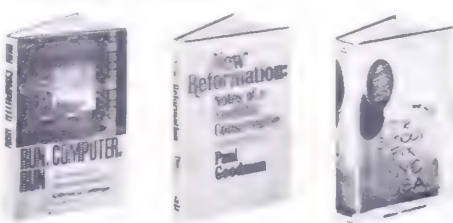
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When I totaled up a year's medical bills, I found a family of five can use a lot of medicines.

Then I began checking back to see where the money went. There were Barbara's immunizations . . . and I can't feel bad about that. I'm old enough to remember when polio, for instance, was a real crippler.

Then there was the time Bob threw his back out. The medicines really gave him relief from the pain. The flu missed us . . . and I guess we should give the vaccine credit. And our doctor did come up with something that stopped those miserable headaches of mine. They were a nightmare while they lasted.

I had almost forgotten about the scare we had with Jimmy's ears. The doctor said it was a serious infection . . . something that could have deafened him for life. The antibiotic he prescribed cleared it up in a few days.

I've read somewhere that the average American spends about eighteen dollars a year at the pharmacy for prescriptions. Of course, our medicine bill for last year was higher than that . . . but, when I consider the values received, I've got to feel it was worth the money. We spent a lot more just patching up the old car and never thought twice about it.

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THE EASY CHAIR

ties of the big brokerage mutual funds.

"Consequently I shun the issues as carefully as I avoid the National Press Club banquets when Wall Street starts chasing its inamorata, I look around for Plain Jane stock that has been overlooked. For instance, a utility company in a rapidly growing section of the country or a medium-sized bank. Their stock will never double within the next five years, but they aren't likely to go down either, even in hard times. I have a cozy habit of increasing my holdings, and dividends come regularly, and throwing in a dividend now and then. Why not? You might be surprised to find how much your money has grown. I find this kind of happiness in the steady temperament for a place of safety rather than for quick turn-around speculative hay.

"I also avoid losses by not investing in things I don't understand. I am mystified by computer companies, I know I will never be able to tell a good one from a bad one, so I stay away from them all. I am baffled by conglomerates. Brokers told me that when a conglomerate packs, with borrowed money, a sporting-goods firm and a manufacturer, the resulting conglomerate known on the Street as Meat Balls, and Goof Balls. Incorporated, it is supposed to be worth a lot more than the three companies were or could ever get it through market. This should be so. I also don't understand how anybody could be able to manage such a mixed bag of enterprises. Besides, when I am in a conglomerate financed with securities as convertible debentures, I can't help remembering the holding companies of the Trusts that floated bonds based on nothing but common stock of their underwriting companies. From the way common securities collapsed early in the Depression, I gather that lots of other investors are beginning to share my doubt.

LIKE MANY PEOPLE who grew up during the Great Depression, I am inclined to be more cautious than the Wall Street whizz kids who know nothing but a rising market. Consequently he is leery of investments which depend on the shifting public taste: cosmetics, dressmakers, films, magazines, advertising agencies, and the like. He

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comfortable when he is dealing with something solid, such as land or metal.

"Shortly after the end of the Korean war," he said, "I was assigned to write a series of articles about the government's stockpiling program. While doing my homework, I became convinced that certain metals were in short supply all over the world, and were likely to get scarcer and scarcer as the underdeveloped countries began to industrialize. Examples are nickel, molybdenum, manganese, copper, silver, and mercury; and I could name a few others. Their known ore bodies are being steadily used up, and in view of the intensity of exploration during the last fifty years, it isn't likely that huge new deposits will be discovered very often. It is true that their prices may fluctuate sharply from year to year—but over the long haul, I don't see how they can go anywhere but up. And a company which owns large reserves of minerals in the ground has something of permanent value—in contrast, say, to a Hollywood movie producer, whose future is as chancy as his next spectacular.

"Obviously when I am looking at mining companies, I want nothing to do with two kinds. One of them includes all those firms operating in politically unstable countries, since their properties are likely to be confiscated at any time—as the Anaconda mines in Latin America were quite recently. In fact, any mining firm which is heavily dependent on production in Latin America or Africa probably is a poor bet, though Mexico might be regarded as an exception. The other category to be shunned includes all those little, new companies—particularly those traded on the Canadian exchanges—which have no assets except a prospector's report and an undeveloped claim somewhere in the tundra. Now and then one of these claims actually turns out to be as rich as the prospector said it was; but most such companies seem designed to mine American suckers rather than real ore bodies. Anybody who buys their stock is a gambler, not an investor."

SHORTLY AFTER WORLD WAR II Jay felt prosperous enough to buy a country place outside of Washington where he and his family could go for weekends and vacations. After scouting around for a few weeks, he located a worn-out tobacco farm on Chesapeake Bay which had been abandoned for years. Because it was then hard to reach, over some forty miles of back-

country roads, he got 120 acres for less than \$100 an acre. He regarded this as a luxury, rather than an investment; but when a federal highway made that part of the country more accessible, he noticed that land prices started to climb. Moreover, a lot of other Washingtonians began to look for country places, partly because their incomes and leisure time were increasing fairly steadily throughout the Fifties and Sixties, partly because Washington itself was becoming such an unpleasant place to live in. With its traffic congestion and rising crime rate, it had turned into a good place to get away from at every opportunity. Since Jay's family really didn't need 120 acres, he began to sell off parcels of his shore-front property—and was astonished at the prices he could get. Nobody, on the other hand, was much interested in his acreage which was out of sight of water.

These observations led him to a highly profitable conclusion: nearly everybody who can afford it would like to own a bit of waterfront land. If population and income levels continue to grow, more and more people will be able to afford such a property; but the amount of such land available is strictly limited.

"This looked to me," Jay said, "like a classic monopoly situation if I could figure out the right way to take advantage of it. Chesapeake Bay acreage already had climbed beyond my reach, so I got a big map and began to look at lakes and rivers. It wasn't too hard to spot a few of them that fitted the specifications I had drawn up. I wanted bodies of water that were reasonably close to Washington or the other big population centers along the Eastern Seaboard, that had not yet been developed as resorts or second-home sites because they are hard to reach, but that are sure to become more accessible as the federal interstate-highway program is completed. In addition, of course, they had to be clean enough to swim in, and surrounded with an attractive landscape.

"This last requirement was the hardest to meet, but after six months or so of weekend driving through the Appalachian countryside, I hit upon a few lakes and two stretches of river that seemed to fill the bill. No, I won't tell you where they are. You can do your own research. But I will say that north-eastern Pennsylvania and some of the unspoiled parts of West Virginia are good places to start looking.

"My best find was a little lake in cut-

over timber country where I was just now making a good thing. Hardly anybody ever goes to it except a few fishermen, so I was able to get more than half of the waterage at a stumpage price from a logging company which originally owned it. In three years, when the highway is finished, it will be within a fifteen-minute driving time of one-third of the population—from Cleveland to New York, from Newburgh to the west and New Orleans to the south. At that time, some resort developer will come along to take it off my hands at a profit.

"Only two things are wrong with this sort of investment. Until you own the property, you don't get any income from it and you have to pay a high land tax. And, although I enjoy driving through scenic countryside, I don't have the time to hunt for property, definitely for just the right lakeshore acreage.

"Recently, therefore, I have been looking for land companies, rather than for land itself. Wall Street, and the corporations themselves, don't think of them as land companies, but still think they are in the business, or mining, or cattle raising. But one of these days they are going to wake up to the fact that they are selling off handsome land, containing unspoiled lakes and rivers, and they can make more money by leasing these sites for vacation homes to people who want an escape from the city, or a retirement home by a brook in the woods. As our cities become more and more inhabitable, the demand for such places is going to soar, and so will the price. Already solitude, privacy, and a beautiful landscape are becoming the new American luxuries.

"To sum it up," Jay said, "I have never tried to play the stock market. What I play is long-term investment in population, in politics, and in the mental human needs for certain commodities. Your typical Wall Street trader does not have either the vision or the temperament for that kind of thing, so I have been able to take advantage of certain small opportunities which didn't interest the professional speculators. I know that my system will never make me a titan of finance, but it would bore me anyway—but it will produce a useful supplement to a paperman's salary. And, I might confess it, when I can outguess the city slickers in New York, it gives me a lot of good."

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ting them to the most severe physical test. Baseball seems to suffer sharply by contrast with both; there is nothing more striking than watching an NBA game at the tail end of the season, and then during the time out switching over to baseball, the contrast in velocity and quality of action is extraordinary: basketball, three scores, one brilliant defensive block, one steal; baseball, three chaws of tobacco, one genital scratch by the pitcher, one reminder by the announcer that the game isn't over yet. In addition, I think the coming of the Negro athlete into American sports has made a marked difference for football and basketball because these are sports which are designed above all for athletes, whereas the coming of Negroes to baseball has simply shown that a very high percentage of them can play very well. That is to say: Willie Mays is a superb baseball player, and a rare superb athlete in baseball, perhaps the best single athlete in baseball of the last fifteen years. In a given game, when he plays well he may make one spectacular catch and swing the bat well once. You get perhaps eight seconds of watching a great athlete perform. Compare this with watching Gus Johnson of Baltimore in an average game, or, better still, Johnson against Dave DeBusschere for a good forty minutes. Superb athletes going up against other brilliant athletes, each move unpredictable, one is always amazed and surprised. If you have seen someone like Johnson or Bill Russell or some of the professional football players play and you still go to a baseball game, then I think you are making what is essentially a journey into nostalgia, and I think this is why baseball owners have to work so hard to get kids into the parks these days.

Baseball is, I think, the sport in which illusion and reality are furthest apart. Its dependence upon statistics proves its need for mythology: the performance is not fulfilling enough; it must be shown in quantified heroics, records to be set and broken, new myths and heroes to replace the old. (In this, I think, it is sharply different from pro football and pro basketball, where statistics are kept but are quite secondary to performance: most hep basketball fans know the Chamberlain Syndrome—that it is extremely difficult to show the statistical value of a player and his effect upon the team.) The height of the mound is to be tampered with if the records slip and there aren't enough .300 hitters around. A team with two .300 hitters is a team with heroes, but

what myths can spring up about a .275 hitter? This, I think, was the dilemma for Roger Maris in 1961 and his remarkable unpopularity. He was breaking the record of one great mythological figure, the cripple-loving Babe, which was bad enough, but what was worse, he was doing it when the fans, led by the New York sportswriters and media, had been carefully indoctrinated to think that if the record fell it should go to Mantle, who if not orphan-loving was at least game-but-injury-prone, whereas Maris was still regarded as a Kansas City exile, openly sullen, lacking the requisite boyish grin. When Maris, alas, broke the record with sixty-one home runs and an asterisk, it was a dilemma which neither the fans nor Maris could resolve until finally and mercifully he left New York for St. Louis and the two final happy years of his career where the fans would cheer him for bunting for singles.

NOW JAMES ALLEN BOUTON, of World Publishing, New York City, Cleveland, Seattle, Vancouver, Houston (earned run average 5.99, as this is written) has done it. He has written the best sports book* in years, a book deep in the American vein, so deep in fact that it is by no means a sports book.

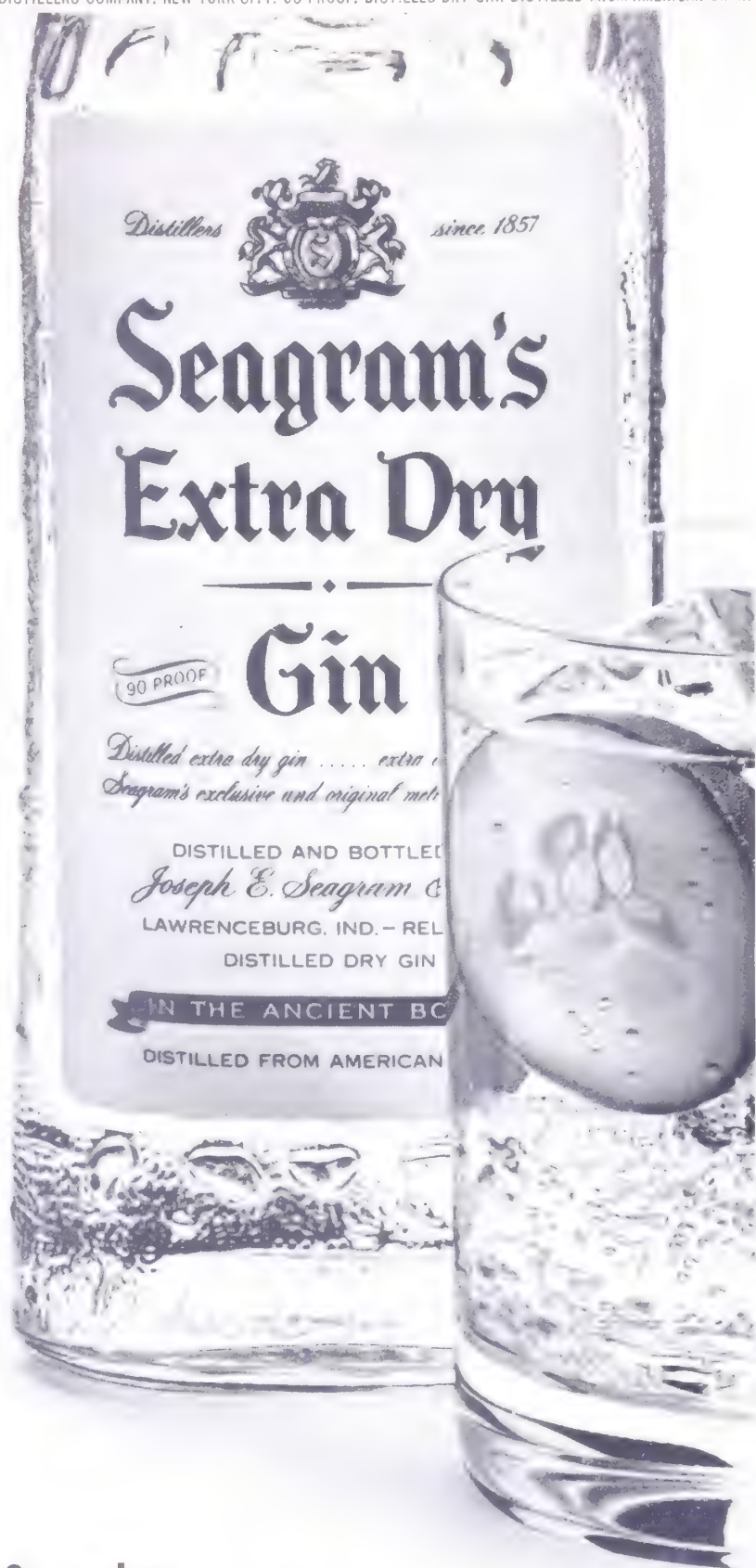
It is a fine and funny book, done in collaboration with Leonard Shecter, written with rare intelligence, wit, joy, and warmth; and a comparable insider's book about, say, the Congress of the United States, the Ford Motor Company, or the Joint Chiefs of Staff would be equally welcome. What is particularly pleasant about the Bouton book is that it is written from the heartland of mythology. What is important about the book, and about the critics of Bouton (most sportswriters and announcers), the anti-mythologists and the mythologists, is that they are in essential agreement about a basic point: baseball is America, the great American game, a reflection of what we are and who we are. If you look up and find baseball virtuous you are apt to find the country virtuous as well. Bouton's point is that yes, indeed, it is America, and more often than not run by selfish, stupid owners, men who deal with their ball-players in a somewhat sophisticated form of slavery, that despite the reputation of melting pot, baseball dugouts reek of the same racial and social ten-

sions and divisions that scar the country, that the undercommon denominator is fear and reminiscent of nothing: one's high-school locker room part of the mythology that be do what the society as a whole do, which was to bring black together; white boy meets, doesn't like him; black boy, white boy with two out in the ninth; lasting friendship for now clear, reading Bouton and such as William F. Russell Olsen, both of *Sports Illustrated*, white and black getting along, ception, that which plagues us in the dugout room, that if a team is winning tension ebbs, that if it is losing mistakes then become racial. Bouton, the baseball player, what they are, not larger than perhaps, if anything, a little. One is not tempted to say: "So you to grow up to be like Joe. Significantly. Commissioner Kuhn, who censured Bouton, written the book, is now considered as the nation's top Gillette salesman, having allowed Gillette over the polling for the all-star then lending his and baseball to Gillette's promotion ("Professional all-star ballot where products are sold or at any minor-league ball park"). G. Bowie Kuhn, as fine a decision one you made earlier in the pending Denny McLain for Johnson, but then there are few white stars left in the game and it will to keep a thirty-game white victory of the September pennant race.

IT IS NOT SURPRISING that a book has incurred the great for what he has written about (essentially that though Mar occasionally be joyous, he could be rude and sullen, that he was vernacular, a great beaver-wal perhaps he would have endured if he had gotten more sleep at night kid from Commerce, heh heh, big evil city). The cry against on this point is intense. T. Mickey after all he did for the league, for baseball, for the say it ain't so, Jim. (Typical Pepitone: "I've seen Mickey down and cry because he wasn't doing enough for the team gives eight hundred per cent. F

**Ball Four: My Life and Hard Times Throwing the Knuckleball in the Big Leagues* (World, \$6.95)

don't think Jim should
down like that. It wasn't
say all those things. The
d all that about the guy
p to. What will they think?
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a social leper to many
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o some of Washington's
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Add a slice of cucumber. And use the perfect martini gin, Seagram's Extra Dry.

PERFORMING ARTS

Happy in Cannes

IN THE EARLY MEDITERRANEAN sunshine a poster advertising a movie called *12 + 1* looks down upon the flowers of the Croisette. From the poster, Sharon Tate, blond hair wisped in front of one eye, stares gravely out over lines of slowly moving cars. Young men with beards and long hair and young women in peculiar clothes, all of them looking disturbingly like the photographs in the newspapers of the band that is accused of butchering the actress in her Hollywood home, pass innocently in sandals below the image of the dead girl. Another poster advertises the film *Woodstock*, which is to be shown *hors de compétition* at the 23rd Cannes Film Festival. There is a drawing of a hand on the fret of a guitar. The inevitable dove perches above the strings. Below the drawing is the legend, "*Trois jours de paix, musique . . . et amour.*" On the sidewalk, a lady offers for sale doves dyed pastel pink and blue.

Farther east on the Croisette, near the new marina, in which a dazzling fleet of yachts is docked, other ladies stand provocatively on street corners. Curiously, many of them are dressed like schoolgirls, with short skirts and moccasins and white socks pulled up just under the knee. They are not selling doves.

Wandering photographers carrying lion cubs try to prevail upon pedestrians to have their pictures taken with the animals. The price is forty francs, approximately seven dollars and twenty cents. The photographers work all day and well into the night. Somebody says the cubs cannot survive all that handling and that most of them will die of it.

Warner Brothers, the company distributing *Woodstock*, is putting on a lavish publicity campaign and has hired pretty girls to distribute illustrated bro-

chures, on the covers of which it is announced that "no one who was ever there will ever be the same." On an inner page, a writer named Paul Williams reminisces, "Woodstock felt like home. A place to take acid. A place to make love." To a veteran of the movie industry, who remembers when Jack Warner, that stern upholder of patriotic values, appeared before the House Committee on Un-American Activities to denounce writers under contract to him for attempting to sneak subversive propaganda into his films, this corporate approval of the American home as a place to take acid is mildly arresting.

Along with the brochures, the girls hand out Indian headbands. A useful study might be made on the origins of the American taste for adornment with the trappings of a race which our forebears massacred. Is it possible that in the year 2000 young Germans will be wearing caftans and yellow Stars of David?

There are few reminders of Sioux and Algonquin among the older gentlemen on the terrace and in the bar and halls of the Hotel Carlton, where deals are being made in a dozen languages for the writing, casting, directing, financing, buying, selling, and promotion of movies in forty different countries. "I can unload it in Turkey for eight thousand," says a man in a tennis shirt, and, "The real money in the future will be in cassettes," says another, and, "United Artists in England is timid," says still another. "It will not make back its negative cost," is a formula

Irwin Shaw's new novel, Rich Man, Poor Man, is being published this month by Delacorte. It is a Book of the Month Club selection. He is also the author of The Young Lions, Bury the Dead, and In the Company of Dolphins.

that is often heard above a t of ice in glasses, and, "After ture she will be a world st will be able to touch her." So statements will later turn ou

The general atmosphere like and bustling, jovial and While here and there a yo can be seen on the arm groomed multilingualist old er her father, and while bolder, dressed sisters of the ladies c hunt quietly in the Carlton along the beach, the age o present starlet is gone. Th public sexual event, if so, formance can be described lous a term. On the opening Festival, with an honor guar cycle policemen drawn up next to their machines bef trance of the Festival Hall, photographers snapping aw woman with a frightful mo like blond hair makes a care appearance, stepping dow limousine in a white-caped she obligingly opens to dis ingly full breasts, with only covered by the narrowest of The crowd of sightseers beh of police makes a hoarse sou raphers run toward the l infantry charge, a sergeant hustles the lady away whe to pose between two of hi clists in their dress uniforms, woman sashays into the hal loosely, stopping to give the phers who have remained at on the grand staircase the measure of exposure. A Fre a certain age next to me sa ingly, "That is not a woman it is a female impersonator, are silicone."

"The writings of the wise
are the only riches
our posterity cannot squander."

Walter Savage Landor



photograph by Frederick Beckman

Rand McNally publishers, book manufacturers, mapmakers



A French television cameraman on the other side of me, overhearing this, says, "If that's a man I will become a curé."

The winds of change have blown over Cannes and protest and whiffs of revolution have replaced older attractions, but the Women's Liberation Movement has not as yet made its mark on the Festival.

THE FIRST FILM TO BE SHOWN, traditionally out of competition, is *Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel*, based on the novel of Raymond Radiguet, who died at the age of twenty-three, after having written a novel which was transformed into a classic of the French screen, *Le Diable au Corps*. Françoise Sagan has contributed to the screenplay of *Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel* and Marc Allégret, who has discovered many of the great stars of the French cinema, has directed, and all hopes are high as the house lights dim.

Alas, the pretty girl who plays the lead is pathetically inadequate. She has been applauded as she entered the building. She will not be applauded upon leaving. The same fate awaits the pretty boy who plays opposite her. Wooden scene follows wooden scene. The audience is conscious of the great skill, the loving care expended on the sets, the lighting, the camera work, the re-creation of the period in France just after the war. But the familiar evil magic works. The girl, who seems almost beautiful at the opening of the picture, is blemished by its end. Finally, in a dramatic work, only talent is beautiful.

From the audience, in its elegant evening gowns and obligatory *smokings*, come ironic snores and mocking laughter. As the spectators file out, a sharp voice says, "Tonight we had the wrong brother." Yves Allégret, who also directs films, luckily is not there to welcome the cruel compliment.

THE NEXT DAY THE FESTIVAL properly really begins. There are some four hundred or so films to be shown in two weeks. They are divided into various categories. There are the movies that are for one reason or another shown in the main hall *hors de compétition*. *Woodstock*, which is a documentary, is one such film. *Les Territoires des Autres*, a beautifully made report on the wildlife of Europe, is another, as is *Hoa Binh*, a picture about Vietnam, described as a semi-documentary. 12 + 1,

a mild comedy which would never otherwise get screening time at any self-respecting gathering of movie buffs, is dignified by an afternoon showing in memory of Sharon Tate. Then there are the works of the big guns, Buñuel and Bergman, for whom the crass scramble for prizes would be unseemly.

In the list of films selected on a national basis to compete, there are two noteworthy gaps. There is nothing from either the Soviet Union or Japan this year. The Soviet Union has offered a movie on the life of Tchaikovsky, but it has been rejected by the selection committee, and Japan, with exemplary Oriental modesty, has decided that no movie worthy to represent it on the Côte d'Azur has been made by a Japanese this year. Aside from the films that have been entered by various countries to compete for prizes, there are films that have been preselected for the Critics' Week showings: films for the market, a great many of which are frank pornography, and films to be shown in what is called "*La Quinzaine des Réalisateurs*."

The dictionary translation of *réalisateur* is merely realizer or planner of work, but in practice the *réalisateur* is no more and no less than the director of the film. *La Quinzaine des Réalisateurs* is an outgrowth of the revolt of a handful of leading French directors which closed down the Festival during the time of the troubles of May 1968. The challenge voiced on the campus of Nanterre and at the Sorbonne against the right of the university authorities to insist upon entrance requirements, to set examinations, and to award degrees was reflected in the directors' rebellion against the Festival Committee's right to select films and the Jury's right to award prizes. In a compromise, the rebellious directors were presented with a festival of their own, within the existing framework. So many films have been offered for the *Quinzaine des Réalisateurs* that a rigorous selection has had to be made by the erstwhile opponents of all selection, to keep the manifestation from being drowned in an inchoate sea of celluloid. So much for theory.

The *réalisateurs* do not pretend to be satisfied, however. They complain bitterly about the facilities afforded them, dubbing the Salle Jean Cocteau, where most of their films are shown, as "exiguous." In a radio interview, one of the younger directors, a self-avowed Marxist, is chided with the fact that he, while declaring himself inimical to everything the Festival represents, still uses it as a

means to display his works, up with an ingenious analogy against the state," he says, "the state owns the Métro and the airlines, but that does not mean that I must refuse to travel." The director who had helped to organize the Festival in 1968 has explained succinctly: "At a time when the police were invading the Sorbonne, tear-gassing and beating students, all France was in the grip of a strike, I could not condone a pageant. We cannot ignore the situation."

Among the events that take place during the first half of May 1968 are the invasion of Cambodia by American troops, seven bombings in or near Grenoble, presumably by right-wing terrorists, daily attacks by Israeli forces in the Middle East, a famine in Biafra, a speech by Georges Pompidou addressed to the "majority" of the French people, the claim that France is not on the verge of revolution, and the killing of students at Kent State by the National Guard. Closer to Cannes are the freak misfiring of a missile by the French Navy which doubles as a bomb, explodes near the neighboring village of Lavandou, severely damaging villas. Only luck has prevented further life. The mayors of a score of towns have joined in protest against the vagaries of the artillerists, declaring that such incidents are a disaster to tourism, upon which the welfare of the constituents depends.

While there is a great deal of protest devoted to all this news in Cannes, a single film is canceled. It may be sworn, but the Organization of American States is triumphant. Examples of equally carefully prepared schedules are difficult to find. As recently as 1967, hundreds of Mexican students were sacrificed by troops on the eve of the Olympic Games in Mexico City, a holy fire atop the great stadium exactly on time.

The fact is, among the thousands who assembled in Cannes for the celebration of Long Shot, the Medium Shot, and the Close Up, even the most ardent enemies of the established order would be disappointed if the Festival did not take place. There is an air of joyous participation everywhere, very much of an electric feeling in the first-night excitement in a New York theater. One is convinced that the play it is seen is going to be a hit. Perhaps the fiasco of 1968 has given the Festival, which had fallen into the doldrums,



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new lease on life, by shaking its foundations and setting it on the path of reform. Even the great American companies, which had grown into the habit of shunning Cannes, are represented, tribute to the refound prestige of the Côte d'Azur high jinks and a reborn faith in the non-chauvinistic integrity of the Jury. A Hollywood agent delivers his imprimatur: "An award here is worth one million dollars to a picture, worldwide."

HOW MARVELOUS ITALIANS can be when making films! How zestfully they examine themselves, what pleasure they take in their Italianness, how much they love to *act*, how they delight in amusing us, how they appreciate and take advantage of the contrasts in the world around them—the jewel-like sports cars against the golden Renaissance walls, the tricky little twentieth-century gadgets in the service of dark, immemorial passions. How instinctive and candid is their understanding of corruption. How civil is their horror of boring us.

All this foregoing spate of praise comes from the notes of one spectator after seeing, *Indagine su un Cittadino al di Sopra di Ogni Sospetto*, a work about a perverse chief of the homicide squad in a big city and his equally perverse beautiful mistress. In the very first scene, as they climb into bed, the mistress asks, "And how are you going to kill me today?"

"I am going to cut your throat," the detective says.

The girl laughs delightedly, but that is exactly what he does, with a razor blade, at just the moment that the girl, from the viewpoint of the audience, seems to be in the throes of an orgasm. When the deed is done, the homicide chief clumps around the girl's apartment, deliberately leaving clue after bloodstained clue. After an anonymous call to the police announcing the murder, he repairs to his office at headquarters, carrying two bottles of champagne from the refrigerator in his victim's kitchen. At headquarters, where he robustly celebrates his promotion to the position of head of the political department, he gets the report of the murder and casually despatches a squad of men to investigate. A few minutes later, he returns to the girl's apartment, handles everything, leaving fingerprints everywhere. It is only bit by bit that the audience is made aware of the motives of his peculiar behavior. The

perfect policeman, a maniac of justice, he wants to prove that the guardians of law and order must be perfectly suspicious, that no one, no matter how unlikely, no matter what his position in society, should be above suspicion and surveillance.

The philosophic basis of the work becomes ironically clear—our society's structure, in the minds of the men who hold the reins of power, depends upon a mad distrust of each and every one of us. In a rousing speech to the men of his new department, after demanding a doubling and trebling of the forces at his disposal, and a geometric increase in the tapping of telephones and the interception of mail, the chief finishes his peroration by declaiming, "Repression is civilization."

The entire work, from the first image, the first note of the musical accompaniment, the first line of dialogue, is deft and constantly inventive. The movie benefits by a torrent of a performance by Gian Maria Volonte in the leading role and the supporting cast leaves the impression that all of Italy is populated by graduates of some southern branch of the Moscow Art Theater.

THE SECOND MOVIE TO BE SHOWN in the competition, *Leo the Last*, although an English entry, is also dominated by an Italian actor, Marcello Mastroianni, playing a deposed king's son who arrives in London to take up residence in the handsome mansion that was once the Embassy of his country. The mansion, which is now in the middle of a noisome black ghetto, is used as the meeting place of an armed band of the king's compatriots, fanatically intent on restoring the king to his lost throne, preferably on a tide of blood. The prince is a mild, bumbling, humane fellow who is appalled by what he sees of the tragic plight of his black neighbors and who, in trying to help them, decides that the first thing he has to do is turn over the wealth at his disposal and his residence itself to the slum dwellers. Despite moments of genuine originality and the praise of most critics, for some viewers the film suffers from a false ingenuousness and seems finally whimsical and coy rather than witty. Casting Mastroianni in the principal part seems wasteful, too, rather like employing a battleship to sink a dory.

When the prizes are given out two weeks later, the director of the film, John Boorman, is awarded the golden palm for best direction.

ALREADY, ON THE FIRST DAY, trend-spotters are given a hint of what to expect. Socialism will dominate. While *smokings* will be *de rigueur* for all evening sessions in the great hall, and the police will be necessary to restrain the enthusiasm of the crowd for their favorite audiences will be treated to one after another on the existing program. There will be thousands of celluloid riots, police brutality, strikes, invective, anticlerical exhortations, tiric blasts against conventionalism and calls to revolution, all presented with the greatest skill by highly paid actors and for the most part highly paid technicians. If art is indeed dead, as Lenin said, by the end of two weeks the audience should be streaming through the doors of the Festival and roam through the streets, in Cannes, at least, to the torch.

Needless to say, nothing of the sort occurs. After the lights come up, applause dies down for works of art. The old American Communist would have hailed as superior examples of a drama back in the bad red days of the Federal Theater, the audience is decorously, the more fortunate to stroll along the Croisette among expensive whores and past the bunch of young male prostitutes on certain street corner, to the Winklesino, where, in a Versailles-like room, caviar and foie gras and champagne are served in midnight hours at the expense of those new Italian stormers, MGM, United Artists, Warner Brothers, and Twentieth Century.

The styles of the different works constitute this new wave of films and test vary widely. The only real work in Warner's *Woodstock* is aimed at the ears of anybody over thirty who has lived through the three hours and ten minutes of its music, and even that is not relenting. The bearded, long-haired director makes his political point clear before the morning showing of the film. He comes into the auditorium wearing a black armband and makes a speech to announce that he is dedicating the movie to the memory of the students killed the day before in Vietnam. He urges members of the audience to feel as he does to don armbands.

For a day or two, a few armbands are seen. Then they disappear.

The violence of Twentieth Century Fox's *M*A*S*H* is directed at the aesthetic standards. The picture

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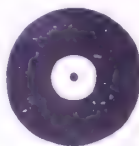
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★ A thing about how there is no Mafia in Jersey City (heh heh).

★ A mobster's review of two new books on the Mafia.

★ More things like the above, some of it even better, some of it not.

Now about that business of paying advertisers. We at SCANLAN'S happen to be financially independent for the present because we sold stock in our magazine, went public and raised 675,000 bucks. This is a lot of money, even for boozehounds like Warren Hinckle and Sidney Zion, so we're in fairly solid shape.

Still, we enjoy reading a really good ad as much as a really good article, and since we aren't hard up for Madison Avenue money, we figured why not pay a guy who writes a terrific ad as well as we pay a guy who writes a terrific article? We pay from \$1,000 to \$1,500 for articles, so we guess we can pay \$500 for a really top-notch ad.

To even things off, we are going to charge people who want us to print their letters to the editor, since we feel this is a form of the Vanity Press. Letters to the editor of SCANLAN'S will be printed at a cost to the writer of 25 cents per word. Correspondents are advised to edit their own letters, as it will

cost them more if they don't. Letters which we find particularly dumb or boring will cost \$1.00 per word, and they will only be put into type after the writer's check clears the bank.

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the question—"How far is it possible to go to make us laugh?" Then it answers its own question. "To the absolute bloody end." Wherever the camera turns, it draws blood. And not movie blood. Nothing is spared—the writer of the screenplay, Ring Lardner Junior, is the fitting son of his illustrious dark father. The forty-five-year-old director, Robert Altman, now being hailed as a brilliant young discovery, says complacently as the acclaim roars in, "It is a triumph of bad taste."

MGM's *The Strawberry Statement* is more difficult to judge. Drawn from James Kunen's book about the Columbia sit-ins, a book that revealed the author as a gifted and intelligent young man, the movie sacrifices the book's real quality for dramatic neatness and a banal and meaningless love story. In this case old-time Hollywood has reared its ugly head once more. Campus revolution has turned out here to be a mere continuation of ancient campus frolics. Where the protagonist of the book proves himself to be thoughtful and poetic, the hero of the film is thoughtless and callow. Instead of being driven behind the barricades by conviction, he takes his place among the protesting students because of his interest in an empty-headed girl childishly spouting the most inane slogans of the New Left.

Only the young actor who plays the part of the hero, Bruce Davison, saves the first three quarters of the film from disaster. There are no false notes in his performance of a charming, easygoing, lively young man, and it is sad that when the awards are finally given out his endearing portrayal is completely neglected.

The author of the screenplay, Israel Horovitz, has made an enviable reputation for himself as a playwright for the New York stage. One can only guess that the great minds of MGM, in Horovitz's first Hollywood adventure, took advantage of the young man's naïveté and inexperience to infuse the script with what are approvingly known in Culver City as "audience values." The director, a graduate of the television commercials' proving grounds, has not helped, either. Trickily and pretentiously shot, the film prepares us to hear at any moment that we are being invited to Marlboro country.

The Strawberry Statement as a book was serious, but not tragic. The movie for most of its length is frivolous and aims at tragedy. And in just ten minutes of overwhelming film at the end, it al-

most succeeds in making its pretension reality. In those last ten minutes we are shown the attack by the police on the mass of chanting students seated in concentric circles on the floor of the gymnasium. In a swirl of tear gas and hacking nightsticks, the coughing, weeping boys and girls struggle to maintain their positions as the clubs rain down indiscriminately and the blood flows. The violence is absolutely convincing. And horrifying. All sense of artifice, of non-involvement, is lost. We forget our reservations about the tactics of the young, our disapproval of their obscenity, their trick of locking up professors as hostages, their hoodlum-like taste for rifling the desks of university presidents and destroying private papers. All we can say is, "They are killing children. Why do we permit it?"

When it is announced that Stuart Hagmann has won an *ex aequo* Jury award for his direction of the picture, I applaud.

It is not only the giants of Hollywood who have embarked upon insurrection. A movie called *Ice*, shown in the program of *La Quinzaine des Réalistes*, made cheaply and bleakly in rudimentary black and white by a group of young people and set in New York in the near future, has as its subject the organization of guerrilla warfare in the streets of the city. Acts of violence such as the blowing up of utilities, the kidnapping of executives, the murder of cabinet ministers, the gunning down of officers of the law, and the summary execution of informers are carefully and approvingly enacted, and the subsequent casualties suffered by the performers of these deeds are supposed to draw the last ounce of pity and sympathy from our hearts. *Ice* is a fitting name for the film. It is chilling in its calm approach to violence and its cool acceptance of its inevitability in the United States. There is a flat verisimilitude about the staging and playing that makes the film memorable. There is no doubt that the people who have made it believe what they are saying. Whether one likes it or not, it is impossible to forget.

A British friend of mine, as impressed as Spiro Agnew by the power of the mass media, announces in the Carlton bar, "There will be a revolution in six months in America. A revolution from the top, the intellectuals, the educated classes. Look at what they show every night on television. Look at *Life* magazine. By now it's virtually an underground newspaper." He goes to every

Jean-Luc Godard film. He has been back from seeing the latest. Whatever he thought of it, he says it. I sat there in an ecstasy of

THE STUDIOS OF THE CO
the Eastern bloc repr
Cannes seem to have been re
numbed silence about conditi
native lands, but the movie
the rest of the world show n
of allowing America to mon
content. Aside from *Investig
Citizen* and *Leo the Last*, we
to a German film, *Malatesta*
vian and Sicilian anarchists
in 1910; a Brazilian film, *O
Anjos*, whose theme is the
of the practices of big busin
ordinary prostitution; an Ita
Dramma della Gelosia, in w
troianni appears again, this ti
his head cracked by the polic
wing political demonstration
an Italian film about anarchis
ence before the turn of the cer
Binh, a French film with a qu
ciation of the war in Vietna
French film, *Elise ou la Vraie*
examines racial prejudice
(against Algerians). Hollywo
the final shot though, windi
Festival on the last night with
severe judgment on Americ
from Twentieth Century-F
Shoot Horses, Don't They?

The critics writing from C
various lines in discussing
phenomenon. One review of *Strawberry Statement* calls it "a can," which it definitely is no
is also arguable that *The Wrath* was anti-American and *Twist* anti-British.

Other critics, both in Eu
America, with the combinatio
cism and naïveté common to t
sion, and an almost total igno
the workings of the institut
which they preside as moral g
have berated the big movie c
for using the prevailing soc
merely to fill their coffers. W
critics fail to realize is that t
generation of movie moguls is
ligent enough to spot a trend u
long since passed them by. Th
upon dumb luck and the dogg
tence of the men who actual
movies they distribute to pay
aries. The tortuous history of
recent hits, *Bonnie and Clyde*
Rider, and the colossal failure
extravagantly costly produc

r. Doolittle should be more to disprove the notion that producers are men who scent off on every wind and unt it down. In the case of *The Statement*, for example, the of old-fashioned commercial rules not only makes the a work of art, but in the l probably hurt its chances office. The assumption by that a work, be it a play book, that achieves a popular must have been designed ccess in mind, may give the perverse satisfaction, but in t is simply not true.

ves even of movie producers be complex. While it would o assert that producers are averse to making money, s of subject matter can be fear, affection, private taste, honor, moral indignation, spirit, as well as greed. As ers, directors, and camera- ctually made the politically vives discussed above, I do that the main influence in ance was the desire for gain. hey all hoped their work out to be popular. As the lliam Wyler, who is vaca- Cannes, says, "Sure, I want to be hits. That means a lot ee them. And pictures are seen."

dissident young French di- does not allow his distaste nment to dissuade him from Métro, would be forced to Mr. Wyler on that.

RE PLENTY OF FILMS shown nes which have been made ollar sign showing. Chief e are films with titles such as r, *Love Variations*, *Secrets of* *Perceptions of Love*, and *Fel- z*. Since there is absolutely ip for the Festival, the bluest vies can be seen in Cannes first half of May. I am by lish and until Cannes I had one "dirty" picture in my r, a twenty-minute, badly lit in Havana in 1938. I make in Cannes. I finally arrange that I can see Andy Warhol's nage to last through half of my young British friend, I in front of a screen in an boredom. ve made the acquaintance of

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a young lady who announces that she is prurient and for her sake we try the Rue d'Antibes once more. We go into a theater at eleven in the morning, lured by the title advertised outside, *Latitude Zero*, which might very well, we think, conceal a broad smirk. We seat ourselves, prepared for titillation. Alas, *Latitude Zero* turns out to be science fiction, with old friend Joseph Cotten (heroic) in a Batman outfit, as the guiding spirit of a Utopian settlement at the bottom of the sea, complete with sunlight and scientists of various nationalities who have mysteriously disappeared from the world above. Old friend Joseph Cotten, in his magnificent Astrodome-like submarine, vies against old friend Cesar Romero (villainous), who lives on a rocky island with his own scientists, and who has an even more Astrodome-like submarine with which he strives to destroy old friend Joe Cotten. The scale models are like Christmas and there are interesting operations like shooting death rays out of the fingertips of gloves and transferring the brain of a Japanese lady into the head of a lion, and then, almost as an afterthought, equipping the new concoction with condor's wings.

Pure pleasure.

But when the lights come up, in time for lunch, the auditorium, in which were supposed to be assembled potential buyers of the film, proves to be empty except for us and an old lady who came in to have some place to sit down.

I give up my search for pornography.

A more persistent friend does not surrender so easily. He makes a comprehensive study. "I saw four elevator jobs today," he says.

Every trade to its own jargon.

THE TREASURES AT CANNES are not inconsiderable. Two of them, *Passion** and *Tristana*, not surprisingly, are signed, respectively, Bergman and Buñuel. There is no doubt about what these men are trying to do. They are out to produce masterpieces. Since there are no instant masterpieces, we will have to put their work against the test of time to discover whether or not they have succeeded. Despairing Nordic and sober Spaniard, the two men show themselves, in these films at least, content to use traditional, almost old-fashioned techniques. In *Passion*, aside from a short dream sequence and four quirky little

interviews spaced throughout the film, in which the actors, speaking to the director, try to explain their problems in coming to grips with their roles, Bergman tells a straightforward story of a lonely man in the grip of a nameless sorrow, haunted by the world's inescapable evil and caught in the prison of self.

Buñuel, while effortlessly re-creating the vanished society of a Spanish city in the early 1920s, allows himself only one moment of unreality. The bitter young wife (Catherine Deneuve) looking at a church bell tolling, sees the severed, staring head of her hated husband swinging slowly within the curved bronze cup.

Among other gifts that the two masters have in common is their ability to choose marvelous actors. In subdued quiet tones, Fernando Rey does for Buñuel in *Tristana* what Gian Maria Volonte does flamboyantly for his director, Petri, in *Indagine su un Cittadino al di Sopra di Ogni Sospetto*. And those superb members of Bergman's acting company, Max von Sydow, Bibi Andersson, and Liv Ullmann make high drama even out of an ordinary conversation around a dinner table.

Both films are pessimistic and tragic, and as we come away from them, out into the holiday atmosphere of Cannes, the thought occurs to us that it would have been more fitting if they had been shown in Venice. Even though at the Venice Festival the films are presented on the Lido, which is also a beach resort, the presence of the city across the lagoon is constantly felt. Venice is a city which has been devoted to art, warfare, religion, domination. The monument is its natural symbol. Tragedy is at home there. Cannes is devoted to frivolity, lasciviousness, pleasure, gimcrackery. Its symbol might be a nearly naked girl on a Chris-Craft. It is not Buñuel country or Bergman country.

HIDDEN TREASURE: *Kes*, a British film directed by Kenneth Loach. Hidden, because for some reason best known to the distributors, United Artists, this beautiful movie about a fourteen-year-old boy in a Midlands mining town was not submitted for competition and only is to be seen in the *Semaine des Critiques Françaises*.

Kes proves that it pays to snoop around the bazaar and not only go to the shops with famous names. The director has pulled off the feat of telling a fictional story with nonprofessional actors, chief among them a scrawny schoolboy who no doubt has been ap-

proached by the Royal Academic Arts before these lines.

The story is about an unnot obviously lovable slum boy at home and in school, a put upon and suspected, witson, by society, who finds a pitiful salvation when he catches a wild kestrel. All the the sonorous ring of truth, the performance of the boy, David, sour, wily, introverted, totally unsentimental, is high points of the two weeks if the movie had been entered competition, the Jury, fertile reasons for new awards, come up with something for perhaps a citation for the best under fifteen of the decade.

Another treasure, not at *Dramma della Gelosia*, in which Vitti acts the role of a big flower girl caught confused between two lovers, and Marcello Masecure in his native tongue, hilarious and touching performance of a lovesick middle-aged mason, a chance that will bring him the deserved award as the best man in the competition. The script is composed, built around a man, although we never see the man in court. It begins with Masecure languidly reenacting the dramatic scene of the crime for his case, the custom in Italy. As the prosecutor and the lawyers talk us in deliciously florid oratory, we see what actually happened and what the three entangled actually did and said. Nature is very little connection between legal versions and reality, a contrast is irresistibly comic, as Masecure's sudden impassioned wildly irrelevant outbursts to jurors and judges on such contemporary trade unionism, the unhygienic state of the beaches and the streets of Rome.

A desolately uproarious seameager hotel in which the proprietor attempts to resolve their differences, group sex says as much about Fellini's *Satyricon*. And a slobored psychiatrist's office in which Monica Vitti keeps chattering about her dreams and her delusions for her father in a flood of clichés, even after the psychiatrist has gone out of the room, must be one who has ever paid fifty dollars an analyst wince. The psych

*Retitled, for America, *The Passion of Anna*.

se to us forever as the camera
in out of his office to the cor-
ome fifty patients are wait-
tm. They clamor for atten-
he rushes past them, saying,
each other. Group therapy."
is somewhat pathetic ending
mey, an unseemly attempt at
ne but no matter. We have
or vo hours. Mastroianni has
li there for us, broad as a
tles birdsong, human as be-

hi at a party after the prize-
nd congratulate him. I am
to suggest to him that he ought
la in Italian films, but good
pment me. But since critics,
onthers like myself, are not
y good manners, I suggest it
r Mastroianni now, in print.

ANNOUNCEMENT AND BESTOWAL
wats is accepted without pas-
sion. The auditorium is
oach a temperature by the
red movie lights that any-
energetic as applauding or boo-
d probably lead to prostration.
an Prix International to
How seems always to have
vible, as does the naming of
intras the best actor. The lapse
between showing and judging
themed *Indagine su un Cit-
il - Sopra di Ogni Sospetto*.
tor Elio Petri, wins the Grand
du Jury.

e's chief contender. *Les Choses*
e, though graced by the pres-
ence of the most beautiful women
ent the world, Romy Schneider.
red It is still being hailed by
hones on the Champs Elysées,
Caves it merely seems chichi
tentious. Perhaps the trip down
ari was too much for it. As
es happens with certain *vins du*
cannot stand traveling. Like a
d list, who has been outshone
wralon by his more brilliant
France politely accepts a con-
pse, to the director Raoul
l, whose film *Hoa Binh* was not
ter in the competition.

to not to sit in the auditorium
shing of *They Shoot Horses*,
he and many of the spectators
ut the cool night breeze com-
th Mediterranean.

photographers are still offering
o's picture with their lion
heubs are still alive. □

RP'S MAGAZINE/SEPTEMBER 1970

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stein

IO/HETERO: STRUGGLE FOR SEXUAL IDENTITY

ality in "swinging" America is very much out in the open. Yet the homosexual's status of an outlaw, even in a hedonist society that has learned to get its kicks where it can.

INNING, I FELT CONFUSION, revulsion, must have been nine or ten years old her, who had read me stories out of a bible, out of Robin Hood, out of the imm, who carefully instructed me never the word "nigger," one night sat me in living room to explain that there were in the world. These were men with stites, men whose minds were twisted, on the outlook for them—for myself, re for my little brother, who was five er than I. There were not many such world, but there were some, and they to "play" with my brother or me in ere unnatural. I was being told this so know about them, but I must not be hort while later I went to bed and out a tall thin man in a floppy black cape slung round his shoulders, his away from me, who extended a bony, index finger out to touch my little red genitals. I woke screaming.

idents occurred outside of dreams. he Christmas holidays in Chicago. y father I had a job selling costume store on State Street in the Loop. I but looked more like twelve: small, r-skinned without a hint of beard, long nd soft, regular features. I was what own as a pretty boy. It was four o'clock oon, and a man had been standing out- idow of the store staring in at me off everal hours. Looking to be in his late medium height and build, he wore e camel's hair coat and was in no way Over the course of the afternoon, his d: sometimes he glowered at me, some- led. But his attention was constant, and rribly uncomfortable. At five, quitting s, thank God, gone.

day he returned. He put in his first outside the window at ten in the morn- back at noon. At three he was back

again. At four-thirty he smiled and, unmistakably, winked at me. At five he was waiting outside. As I left the store, he fell in step alongside me. I had less than a block to go to the subway.

"Hello there, young man." His voice was cultivated, very masculine, even fatherly.

"Hi," I said, relieved that my own voice did not tremble.

"Do you work here regularly?" he asked.

By the time I explained to him that I did not, that I had only been hired to help out during the holiday rush, we were at the entrance to the subway station. I stopped and he, seeing I was about to depart, knew that he had to make his move.

"I'm from out of town," he said. "I'm staying right here downtown at the Sheraton. Would you care to spend the evening with me?" He paused, then added, "I'd make it worth your while."

I said his offer was very kind, but that I had left my mother's car parked near the subway station where I got off, and that I had to get it home. My politeness only encouraged him.

"What about tomorrow evening, then?"

It was time to use the ammunition I had been saving up.

"It really is nice of you to ask me," I said, "and I certainly don't mean to hurt your feelings, but the truth is, next year I intend to begin studying for the priesthood. I hope you understand."

He accepted this, wished me all good luck, and left. Fishing some change out of my pocket while walking down to the subway, my hand shook badly.

There were other incidents of this kind, but they by no means occurred regularly. Homosexuality during the years I was growing up seemed furtive and in the main rather desperate. Occasionally, the story would go round about a couple of kids who went in for homosexual play of some milder form—at its most extreme, as the story went, this might involve mutual masturbation—but usually this information was sufficient to disqualify them from the set I traveled with. From the age of ten years old on, we were athletes; our calendar was divided into the three

Joseph Epstein's essays and reviews have appeared in Commentary, The New Republic, and other magazines. He is currently working on a biography of John Dos Passos, to be published by Quadrangle Books.

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IDENTITY

major American sports seasons. In Chicago in those years—the early and middle Fifties—we could get our drivers' licenses at fifteen, and these coveted documents set us loose on the great sex hunt. With Chicago *machismo*, also universal adolescent horniness, we buzzed off in our fathers' cars for the cat-houses of Braidwood and Kankakee, Illinois, or tracked down streetwalkers on the city's South and West Sides. Once in awhile I would hear about four or five guys who had picked up a homosexual. They would let him perform fellatio on each of them in turn, right there in the back seat of the car, and then, without hesitation, beat the living piss out of him.

MORE COMMONLY, HOMOSEXUALITY SEEMED an exotic, a flamboyant thing. There was a drag club in Chicago in those years—called, I believe, Club Delilah—which featured female impersonators. It was the sort of place one's parents might go to on what then passed for an offbeat night out. Such was the public exposure of homosexuality at that time: an entertainment, a freak show for the middle class. Other exposure was at a minimum. There was the infrequent gay bar on Rush Street, more often closed than open, due no doubt to the harassment of the Chicago cops. Sometimes you might see a great swishy colored queen, a traffic stopper, sashaying down the streets of the Loop, or find yourself trough-to-trough in the men's room of a downtown movie theater with a very suspicious-looking player. But none of this was a regular feature of life. In fact so uncommon a phenomenon did homosexuality seem that I recall it first being discussed in any extensive way in connection with Hollywood. In Hollywood everyone was queer. No one who lived there got off without having the charge leveled at him at one time or another, with the possible exception of Gabby Hayes.

The University of Chicago, where I went to school, was, for its day, as socially avant-garde as any college in America, but homosexuality was not part of the scene there. In a school where Freud's *Civilization and Its Discontents* was taught freshman year, heterosexuality brought complications enough. There were vague rumors of certain Byzantine carryings-on in Burton Judson Court, the men's dormitory, but, as far as I was ever to learn, their factual content was less than clear. Even if true, what was said to be going on, a rare coupling or two, was certainly nothing on a very grand scale.

The Army, too, offered rumors in plenty but again, in my experience, nothing in the way of evidence. "I trust none of you gentlemen will take it into you haid to go crawlin into a buddy's bunk on any of dese here cold Fort Leonard Wood nights, dere," said First Sergeant Andrew Lester. And I had not heard of anyone who did—not in basic training at Fort Leonard Wood, nor at clerk-typist school at Fort Chaffee, nor during my ten-month stint as crack movie reviewer for the *Fort Hood Armored Sentinel*.

For the second of my two years in the Army I was transferred to a recruiting station in Little Rock,



Arkansas, where I worked a light half-day up the results of physical examinations. Good thing, for Little Rock had no Army base, which meant that I, like everyone else at the recruiting station, was able to have no commitment of my own in the city. The great social regating fact in the Army is not race but ethnicity, and the only other enlisted man at the station besides myself who had finished college was a man whom I shall call Richard. He was Lebanese, from Cleveland, and had taken a landscape architecture just before being drafted.

Richard was stocky, darkly good-looking altogether manly way, with strong rough features, result, doubtless, of his profession. We would usually have coffee together at work. Our conversations rarely struck the depths; mostly we bit on the Army and spoke of our longing to be home. Once, however, we hit on the subject of fraternities among ethnic groups, and Richard said that if it came to clannishness the Lebanese beat out of the Jews or for that matter even the Irish. His mother was not Lebanese, but Irish, and this had been a source, he said, of great grief to his father's family, who never really accepted it. It had been an important factor in the breakdown of his parents' marriage, for his father, who had a drinking problem, deserted his mother. Richard was nine years old.

Although I never saw Richard at night, on weekends, one Saturday morning I ran into him in downtown Little Rock. I was with a girl I was taking out at the time. Stopping briefly to talk to him, he seemed vaguely uncomfortable.

"Where do you know him from?" the girl asked after Richard had gone on.



SUELY FUSTEN

together," I said: "I don't see much of work, but he's very nice." "You know he's a roaring fag," she said. I knew nothing of the kind. She then said that the weekend before she had gone to a party of a decorator she knew, to a drag show where she had seen Richard rather conspicuously with another man. I was stunned, then angry. I was angry, first, at the lack of judgment and subtlety in not describing Richard as a homosexual: and, second, intensely, at being victimized by his duplicity. We were not close friends, but I liked him, and now seemed that every moment we had together was a huge sham, an elaborate piece of theater to hide the essential, the number one, the life. Of course his duplicity was necessitated by that, but I was nevertheless offended. I mentioned nothing about any of this to the recruiting station, but I never felt about Richard again. I went to work in New York, it seemed to everyone I knew was in psychoanalysis, and I was broken away from it, or was about to be. This gave conversation a rich, though narrow, frame of reference. Among these people, a waitress need only forget to bring water to be accused of penis envy. The label was pasted onto people with a casual abandon. Sometimes it was used with a true McCarthyism of intent. Once affixed to a man, it was difficult to be ripped off. But he seems very masculine, a figure on behalf of someone so accused. "One of those tough fags," would be the label that he's married and has three children, I heard about someone else. "A closet-

queer, obviously," the answer would shoot back. The most devastating accusation of all, though, was that of "latent queer": it was devastating because finally unarguable—"latently," what person isn't anything one chooses to see in him? The gentle person can be seen as latently aggressive, the shy person latently violent, the altruistic person latently a killer. Appearances, to the really practiced hand at this game, had nothing to do with reality, except to serve as a cover for it. Under such ground rules, the All-Pro linebacker with seven children who philandered heavily on the side was the sure latent homosexual.

In the South where, the fates being tricky, I next turned up as director of an anti-poverty program, one sunny weekday afternoon I found myself seated in the dining room of a country club as the guest of the mayor of a middling-size Southern city. We were meeting to discuss something called the Neighborhood Youth Corps, an anti-poverty program that the mayor had already agreed to have his city participate in. Since he was a man impatient of detail, this lunch had been arranged so that I might explain to him what, exactly, was involved. It was not an unpleasant task, since I liked him, and had from the time months before when I first met him.

The mayor was in his late forties, married, with a daughter at the state university. His hair was prematurely white, and had apparently been so for some years. He took care with his clothes, and was usually done up in flannel blazers or seersucker suits, generally worn with subtly elegant foulard neckties. He had a reputation as a terrific screw-off, a good ole boy in the great Southern tradition—as a heavy drinker and, though not a large man, as a brawler. At a mayors' conference in a Midwestern city a few years before, he was said to have knocked a man through a plate-glass window in a cocktail lounge; they were still billing him for the damages. He kept a police radio in his car and, when the opportunity arose, led his police force on raids of local whorehouses. With great good humor, he told me about some of these raids, and invited me along on the next one.

"A drink before lunch?" he asked. I ordered a Scotch and water. He ordered a martini, which the waiter, an old black man with a limp, pronounced "montoni." As I diligently attempted to explain the Neighborhood Youth Corps, he kept interrupting to say, "I do believe I'm going to have me another montoni." For the next two hours the waiter hopped to and from our table. "One Scotch and water, one montoni—comin' up!" I lost track of the number of drinks we put away: Sargent Shriver please forgive me, I also lost track of the Youth Corps.

At one point, I asked him when he was going to run for the U. S. Senate, for it had been rumored for years that that was the direction in which his political ambition lay. He said it wasn't likely to be soon. I asked why.

"You goddamn well know why," he said, leaning over to place a confidential hand on my knee.

A few moments later, washing my hands in the men's room, I saw in the mirror that I had been

Leslie Fiedler has instructed us that the great American novelists form one long daisy chain of failed queers...."

THE STRUGGLE FOR SEXUAL IDENTITY

followed in. I turned from the sink into his embrace. I shall not attempt to describe the roil of emotion churning within me; I hadn't, in fact, much time to savor it. I shoved him, hard; his back slapped against the tile wall.

"I'm sorry," I said; "it's just not the way I go."

"No hard feelings, I hope," he said, straightening his tie in the mirror.

"None whatsoever," I said, failing to add, only very complicated ones.

IN THE SAME SOUTHERN CITY, not long after this incident, I was in a bar one evening with my wife, her sister, and Jim, a young homosexual who did artwork and layouts for the newspaper ads of a large local department store. We had started out earlier in the evening from Jim's apartment, which was done up like some heavy-handed Hollywood director's notion of queer digs: the walls were painted Chinese red and there was an oversized organ upon which were perched two ridiculous candelabra.

It took only a few drinks for Jim to get high, and, once high, conversationally to take the offensive. Although no one had been talking about homosexuality or homosexuals, at a certain point, ignoring the women and addressing himself directly to me, he said, "You know, we artists do play a larger role in your lives than you might think. We do your wives' hair, we design your and your wives' clothes, we decorate your homes, we write many of the books you read and plays you go to, paint most of the pictures that hang on your walls. I wonder if you have ever considered to what extent you live in a world created by us. Perhaps some day you will."

This was roughly six years ago, and in the intervening time I have decided that Jim deserves high marks for prescience. For without in any way intending to hint at anything so grand as a homosexual mafia or Homintern, what appears clear, and has become increasingly so only over the past few years, is that homosexuals have had a larger share in shaping the contour and supplying the texture of contemporary American life than anyone had probably imagined. The subject of homosexuality, in the meantime, has attained a new openness that is without precedent in this country, while homosexuality itself has proved to be more widespread, to be found in both higher and lower places, than previously seemed likely. Despite all this, there is as little honesty of feeling and accuracy of insight and as much confusion about homosexuality and homosexuals as there ever was.

When you're confused, the whole world seems queer. And so, at various times, it has seemed of late. There have been, as they say, certain revelations. In England it has come out that almost every member of that rarefied and splendid coterie known as Bloomsbury—both men and women—was a homosexual, including, of all people, John Maynard Keynes. In our own rich public life, there was the sad case of Walter Jenkins, whose great scandal

now seems merely a soup stain on the grill of the Johnson Administration. More interesting is the observation of a lady intellectual who has remarked how noteworthy it is that Ginsberg, Paul Goodman, and many other publicists and polemicists for youth in America are homosexuals. That is not surprising; it is fascinating.

In the arts, where homosexuality has not been uncommon—in discrete but significant instances—everyone knows, homosexuals have been responsible for some of the most magnificent works of art. It has seemed of recent years not merely a marginal place but dominant. Camp, a Susan Sontag coinage, was in its origin wholly a homosexual phenomenon. Leslie Fiedler, in *Love and the American Novel*, has instructed us that the great American novelists form one long drama of failed queers while the principal preoccupation of our national literature has been a disguised (or obsessive) homosexuality. As recently as 1950, Philip Roth wrote an attack on Edward Taylor, the main argument of which was that homosexual writers ought to stop concealing their truth—homosexuality—in elaborate and guileful metaphors, and deal with it openly and directly. How quaint that notion seems now! It wasn't long afterward, for example, that Truman Capote's *Cold Blood*, a book it will be recalled, in which young men unmistakably portrayed as homosexuals who had committed a monstrous multiple murder, was reviewed by a self-avowed homosexual critic who remarked that if only F. Scott Fitzgerald had had the good sense to pop into the world one another the crime might never have happened in the first place. In the middle and latter part of the Sixties, the novels and plays of James Baldwin, a writer of major talent, began to mix the themes of blackness and homosexuality till it became somewhat unclear which of the two was really the source of Baldwin's eloquent rage. Elsewhere, everywhere, films, plays, paintings began to bear a strong homosexual imprint, more than not unwrapped in guileful metaphors, but that matter in subtlety of any kind whatsoever.

In the increasingly large sector of American life inhabited by cultural swingers and intellectual fellow travelers, in which a man is esteemed according to the degree of his alienation from his fellow homosexuals have become fashionable. In this world where badges are judged by the wounds they bear, homosexuals have a disproportionately high place, for in fact no higher degree of alienation is possible than to be homosexual in America whose wider majority culture is defined by its homosexuality without equivocation. There is thus most a kind of jealousy of this elite state of alienation, which it might be good to remember that homosexuals did not choose for themselves. Thus of one acquaintance, a cultural par excellence, a friend of mine has remarked that Jack was a little younger and had it to do with again, he'd probably turn queer, because that that is where the action is."

A HOMOSEXUAL who lives in a small works at a blue-collar job, or earns in and off the straight middle-class ies to be made to pay the same high for his homosexuality, in swinging osexuality is very much out in the parent frequency of homosexuality," wrote, "depends on how openly it an there be any doubt that we are in America where it is flourishing very d? "Mr. Goldberg," a member of the on Movement recently asked the guber- lidate in Manhattan, "where do you question of sodomy?"

om both sides of the bed," said a man late twenties, standing tall and pride- vardian suit and newly liberated skin. ago he had a wife and child; since now has a moustache and sideburns. open about his recent immersion into y, or, as I suppose he would insist, Would such a man have been so open osexuality ten, even five years ago? l. Would he—and here I am speaking wing very much about his personal ve have taken this sort of sexual turn at g for the moment that he does not have ychiatrists call a strong "homosexual t structure," I think this doubtful, too. n who travels with the zeitgeist, in fact ress version of it, and in America the never been more encouraging of hedon- s forms, homosexuality among them. e's kicks where they are to be had. The ties offered a large selection. Smoke it, eat it, wallow in it, screw it, kick it, death, and never mind what "it" is—to be the principal exhortations of the

omosexual strain, this hedonism is best by something called "the new homo- t is called that by *Esquire*, a magazine e for its trendiness, in whose December first saw mention of it in an article by ed Tom Burke. What is involved, ac- Mr. Burke, is that among the young a conception of homosexuality, and with e of homosexual, has evolved in connec- e drug scene and hippie culture gen- ke the common stereotype of homo- portrayed, for example, in *The Boys in is* recherché and feminine. "the new of the Seventies [is] an unfettered, le child of the new morality in a Zapata and an outlaw hat, who couldn't care blishment approval, would as soon sleep s girls, and thinks that "Over the Rain- ace to fly on 200 micrograms of lysergic amide." Whereas the "old" homosexu- ore often than not a parody of hetero- riage or even heterosexual promiscuity, again according to Mr. Burke, is spon- ith the aid of drugs), free-wheeling, and frequently bisexual—in a group-

grobe, apparently, if one sees an open orifice, any open orifice, one fills it. The new homosexuality, in addition, is said to be without trauma and no very big deal to those who take part in it. "Beauty, and gentleness, and love in homosexual terms used to be essentially feminine," one of Mr. Burke's young informants told him. "Now they don't have a gender."

I believed what I had read. There was, after all, nothing in the atmosphere to militate against it, and nothing certainly to make one disbelieve it. So I took a random sampling of informed opinion on the question, which means I asked my seventeen-year-old stepson, who has been traveling in hippie circles off and on over the past few years, what he knew about something called the new homosexuality. "If you mean guys bugging one another without much feeling about it," he said, "it goes on all the time. Drugs don't necessarily have to be involved. 'You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours,' is the way it's talked about."

If this sort of thing is going on, what else might be? One of Mr. Burke's new homosexuals has offered what he sees as the sexual game plan for the next few decades:

"Once, the good old apple-pie idea was that men and women screwed conventionally in the popular position, or abstained and took cold showers. Separately. Okay, so now 'normal' people are finding out that fellatio and cunnilingus are just as 'normal' as anything else. So doesn't it follow that the whole world is readjusting its concept of what is normal and what is perverted—and what is homo or heterosexual? Nobody has to be one thing or the other anymore. Even homos who are still afraid of sex with women—well, with all these nudes everywhere, how is anybody going to remain very freaked at the sight of anyone else's privates? I don't know—bisexual isn't really a valid word now, because its connotations are old-fashioned. And somebody better come up with the right word, because we're going to need it. Within ten years, we'll have the first group marriage. The communes already prophesy it. The population problem will push it along. By 1990, the old husband-and-wife unit will be nearly obsolete. First, there will be trio marriages—though the marriage ceremony will be obsolete, too—in which, say, two guys and a girl live together and all groove on each other with no specific sexual roles. After that, group living. Group grooving. It's coming."

Is it? Is homosexuality in fact on the increase? Nobody knows for certain, because nobody knows how many homosexuals there are today in America or were at any particular time in our history. In 1948, in what proved to be the most controversial aspect of his famous report, Kinsey claimed that one of every three American men had had an adult homosexual experience. More recently, the Mattachine Society has maintained that there are currently ten million male homosexuals in America, though of course there is ample motive in agitprop

"Smoke it, swallow it, eat it, wallow in it, screw it, kick it, stomp it to death, and never mind what 'it' is—such appear to be the principal exhortations of the last decade."

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for setting the figure as high as possible. But nobody really knows, and for the good reason that there has always been—and for the majority of homosexuals there remains—a need for concealment.

Ignorance about numbers is a sociological shame, really, for in the case of homosexuals an orthodox breakdown of the group into occupations, age levels, and ethnic and religious affiliations could be of enormous aid in helping to understand something of the nature of homosexuality itself. Take, for instance, the Negro. The Moynihan Report has posited that the Negro family has been, in essence, a matriarchy. In the classical, which is to say the Freudian, interpretation, a dominant mother is often cited as the primary cause of homosexuality. Are there proportionately more Negro homosexuals in America than Jewish, or Italian, or Irish, or German ones? There do not appear to be, but if there were, then the classical interpretation would be somewhat vindicated: if we knew for certain that there were not, then we could say with more confidence that homosexuality was caused less by parental patterns than by a class phenomenon. But we do not know.

Still, despite the great ignorance about numbers, current and past, there is good reason to believe that homosexuality is spreading, and will continue to do so. "Rage to your heart's content! Repress! Oppress! You will never suppress it!" Gide wrote that in 1911. But who today is raging? Who's repressing? Oppressing? No one I know, and certainly not most of the writers I read. "Where but in the seminaries," asks Pauline Kael, in the middle of a movie review, "are there still any considerable number of *repressed homosexuals*?" Statistically this is ridiculous, but there is a truth above statistics, and Miss Kael has seized upon it. This truth is, when it comes to repression, why bother? Especially when so many voices are shouting to go the other way—to let it, as a song of the Sixties has it, all hang out.

To take only a summary count of these voices, there is, to begin on the most esoteric intellectual level, Norman O. Brown, whose work can be—and is—interpreted as an invitation to a polymorphous sexuality. On a less esoteric but wittier level, there is Gore Vidal, a veteran propagandist for homosexuality—more recently, such are the subtle shifts in these matters, bisexuality—who has of late postulated that, the population explosion being what it is, we must turn homosexual or die. Several rungs further down, there is Dr. David Reuben, M.D., author of *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex . . . But Were Afraid to Ask*. While Dr. Reuben is contemptuous of homosexuality, viewing it in not very sophisticated terms as a wretched sickness, he shows a generous openness to just about everything else. On television I have heard him say that the only proper opinion about masturbation is that "it is the second-best kind of sex." Dr. Reuben's book is a best-seller for the very good reason that it tells people precisely what they want to hear. It ought to be entitled *Do It!* With its repeated em-

phasis on the brute need for doing it as possible—in medicine, he has said, saying about the sexual organs: "Those use them, lose them"—Dr. Reuben's boys likely to escape the notice of a homophile; like the rest of us, they can pick of his several ideas for a healthier kitchen-test them right there in the home.

Speaking of brute needs, the best reinforcement for homosexual activity come with the rise of studies in animal behavior. And ethologists are finding that a great many animals, from insects on up, exhibit homosexual behavior. I can cite but one line in the best straight-mannered manner: "Sodomy (*i.e.*, anal intercourse) has been noted." It is sad, but perhaps altogether surprising, that we have come round to looking to animals for clues to human behavior. (The better ethologists, incidentally, are cautious about drawing generalizations about human behavior from their findings, but, recalling the caution of Freud's name, one can only say: "Well, it has been done in Freud's name, one can only hope for the best!" We have so much freedom of choice about what to do with it. We have so much it is sometimes hard for us to realize how little we in fact know. When it comes to homosexuality, we know, or ought to know, next to nothing. I have four children, while I do not walk the streets thinking about their sexual development, worrying through the night about their turning out to be homosexual. I have very little idea, apart from the fact that I want them with ample security and affection, what to do to prevent it. Uptight? You're damn right. Any choice in the matter, I should prefer to have them be heterosexual. My ignorance makes me a little more uptight.

"Homosexuality, also called sexual inversion, is usually defined as the sexual attraction of a person to one of the same sex (from Gr. *homos*, 'same,' not from Lat. *homo*, 'human being,' 'man'). It is usually, but not necessarily always, accompanied by unusual physical activities culminating in a sexual climax." That is the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* speaking, and in the event you are wondering what that "but not necessarily always" is, its definition of homosexuality, it is there that its author is being responsible. In fact, once one gets past the idea of sexual attraction of a person to one of the same sex, the questions of the homosexual enter into the argument. Is the married man, filled with love for his wife, but stopped by moral compulsion from doing anything for boys, but stopped by moral compulsion from doing anything for girls, a homosexual? Are the nonchalant "you scratch my back, I'll scratch yours" kids homosexuals? What place ought to be accorded latency in the homosexual? I do not know, but, apparently, does anyone else. I have heard a great deal of wisdom on the subject and it comes from modern psychiatry but from Norman Mailer. In the question-and-answer session following his reading at Carnegie Hall, Mailer was asked about his thought of homosexuals. A flashy answer

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confidence of "an excellent prognosis in psychiatric-psychoanalytic treatment of one to two years' duration with a minimum of three appointments each week—*provided the patient really wishes to change.*" Since few men are likely to come forth today to offer the testimony that they are former homosexuals cured by Dr. Bergler, the truth of his claims is not very readily provable.

There is, certainly, room for the amplest doubt. Freud, for one, held out small hope for the cure of homosexuality. He believed that external motives for seeking a cure, such as the social disadvantages and dangers attaching to homosexuality, and other "components of the instinct of self-preservation prove themselves too weak in the struggle against the sexual impulses." He believed there was hope for cure only where the homosexual fixation had not yet become strongly developed. He felt that almost all homosexuals did not, whatever their protestations to the contrary, really wish to be cured, for they could not finally be convinced that they would find in heterosexuality the pleasure they were asked to renounce in homosexuality. Typically, this included the homosexual who sought help in psychoanalysis. Of such a man, Freud noted: "One then soon discovers his secret plan, namely, to obtain from the striking failure of his attempt the feeling that he had done everything possible against his abnormality, to which he can now resign himself."

He believed that to "undertake to convert a fully developed homosexual into a heterosexual is not much more promising than to do the reverse, only that for good practical reasons the latter is never attempted."

It is not easy to find what, precisely, the psychiatric-psychoanalytic consensus on homosexuality is at the moment. From what I can gather, the vast majority of practitioners appear to believe homosexuality a sickness; and a somewhat smaller majority appear to side with Freud, as opposed to Bergler, on the extremely limited probability of its being cured. Among those who side with Freud, Allen Wheelis, an analyst who is also a gifted writer, has described in what seem to me convincing terms what is involved in achieving a cure:

If a homosexual should set out to become heterosexual, among all that is obscure, two things are clear: he should discontinue homosexual relations, however much tempted he may be to continue on an occasional spontaneous basis, and he should undertake, continue, and maintain heterosexual relations, however little heart he may have for girls, however often he fail, and however inadequate and averse he may find himself to be. He would be well advised in reaching for such a goal to anticipate that success, if it be achieved at all, will require a long time, years not months, that the effort will be painful and humiliating, that he will discover profound currents of feeling which oppose the behavior he now requires of himself, that emerging obstacles will each one seem insuperable, yet each must be thought through, that further insight will be constantly required to inform and sustain his behavior, that sometimes insight

will precede and illumine action, and so, blind, dogged action must come first, and even so, with the best of will and good determination, he still may fail. . . .

Most homosexuals will never have these resources or go through this private hell, because most homosexuals, officially, look upon their homosexuality as a curse nor a sickness and, this being the case, the question of cure is mooted. Officially, the Mattachine Society of New York to which homosexuality is a preference, like choosing white wine over red, and nothing more. Thus in its bulletins, the Mattachine Society notes the absence of valid evidence to the contrary. The Mattachine Society of New York maintains that homosexuality is not a sickness, disturbance, pathology in any sense, but is merely a "proclivity, or propensity." Gore Vidal went further, and would have both wines, red and white, brought to his table. Thus in a recent attack on the eminently attackable Dr. Reuben, he wrote: "the Dr. Reubens who cannot accept the simple fact of so many lives (certainly not his) that it is possible to have a mature sexual relationship with a woman on Monday, and a mature relationship with a man on Tuesday, and on Wednesday have both together (admittedly, one must have to be in good condition for this)."

In point of fact a great many homosexuals in the past made similar claims. They said so, I believe, in many instances for the reason that claiming bisexuality seems to be the element of choice, and thus reinforcement that homosexuality is indeed a simple matter of preference. To claim less than bisexuality is simply and straight out a humiliation. In the polemics of sexuality, to admit to being a homosexual is to admit to being a failure, and thereby to a possible wound or injury.

Only one thing about bisexuality in the past is clear, and this is that there are few subjects about which less is known. Psychiatrists and psychoanalysts have tended to view it as a state of sexual indeterminacy, or immaturity: Freud, for example, in one of his few remarks on the subject, described it as a way-station through which one must pass on a curative trip from homo- to heterosexuality. In swinging terms, one gets the sense that in swinging there is a tacit sort of approval, even approval for bisexuality. In swinging terms, after all, it indicates the greatest possible openness to the widest range of pleasure, and any hedonist would be logically, to be equipped for bisexuality.

Whether there is such a thing as authentic bisexuality is unclear: and by authentic I mean a person so sexually constituted as to desire men and women equally. In all the instances, which have bisexual characters, or in other words, by purported bisexual authors, the sexual preference almost invariably swings over more emphatically to the male side. The most affecting of Pausanias's love poems are those addressed to men. In James Baldwin's novels the homosexual relationships are invariably more convincing

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al ones. In Gore Vidal's own most recent this field, *Two Sisters*, his memoir in of a novel, a book about Vidal's love for mixed set of twins, the female twin is so n as almost not to exist.

Corydon, André Gide quotes a certain ni to the effect that "the important thing cured, as to learn to live with one's sick- here we come to another facet of con- opinion about homosexuality, which is, he view that one is what one is; that as problems, and what truly marks a t his problems but how he deals with the name of the game is adjustment, to terms with one's real nature. "True tayana wrote in another connection, "is ure strangled by the suicide of attempt- possible."

asonable this seems, how realistic, how and utterly civilized! Yet in the instance quality, it is not so easy. An acquaintance i New York, the friend of a friend, felt the edge of suicide. Terrified, he went oanalysis. After five or six months, his woman, informed him that she thought cause of his unhappiness was that he lly riven—a latent homosexuality raging n was at the heart of all his conflicts. how it works out, his analyst advised. , and over the course of the next year to several homosexual relationships. Ap- he sex of homosexuality in no way re- , but the homosexuals he became involved An intelligent and decent fellow who long other things stability in his friend- found himself going to bed with men greater problems than his own. Under the greatest psychic complications, he to return to the sexually straight world, not bring it off. He subsequently eased homosexuality. True, he did not commit nd the decision to surrender himself to exuality may have spared him that. But d he find any measure of happiness or e from his pain in homosexuality.

he hairdresser of a lady friend of mine, t merely to have found happiness in his ality, but finds the idea of a life outside exuality beyond his conceiving. He is in e twenties, small, with intelligent eyes, together winning manner. I had met him re; he was then wearing his hair long. ch at which we had arranged to talk about ality and homosexuals, his head was or shaved heads were "out," which in t means "in." Elliot cares about being is own supersubtle way, and manages to ff rather gracefully. His style of dress is ly outrageous, but expensively so, and ld not have been less than \$400 worth of pon his back the day we lunched, not rings, bracelets, and cuff links.

became aware of his own homosexuality "came out," as he put it, very young. This

has made a big difference in his life, he felt, because "Over the past few years, homosexuals have had a large share in shaping the contour and supplying the texture of contemporary American life." it enabled him to plan it within the confines of his homosexuality. Elliot is a curious cross between the new and the old homosexual. He lives in a homo- sexual marriage with an older man, and has for the past eight years; he spoke about this man with affection, reverence, and, finally, love. By prear- rangement, he is given a lot of freedom to indulge his rather catholic tastes on the side. These tastes run to a nice truck-driver type, married men who have not had homosex before, an occasional woman, provided she be low-down and sufficiently funky. The element of danger in his homosexual cruising tended to incite his passion; danger, Elliot ad- mitted, could be a groove. He had never been beaten up, but once he had brought a man back to his apartment who tied him up and looted the place.

Whatever its social complications, Elliot said he liked homosexuality for its sexual simplicity. Sex, he felt, was better organized for homosexuals than for heterosexuals; there was, he said, a place where he could find whatever he wanted at the moment. If his mood ran to a leather joint, one was to be had; similarly, a sado-masochist joint; for a quick joust, there were always the baths. Elliot said he did not like a lot of talk leading up to sex: in a homosexual bar, he said, you could walk up to a man and say, "You want to fuck? Let's go to my place." Either he does or he doesn't; there is no crapping around about it. He said there was a fraternal aspect to homosexuality as well. It was like being in the Elks or the Moose; you can go to any strange town and right off find your fraternity brothers. Elliot liked this fraternal sense of the homosexual community, "the secret societyish thing," as he called it, and said that some of the fun might go out of homosexuality if it were ever to become totally accepted.

At one point, Elliot asked me what I felt about homosexuality for myself. I told him that, sexually, it repelled me. Even had I a desire for a man, I said, I would try my damndest to fight it off, for, knowing something of the mechanisms of my own mind, I know I should probably be made to pay a large measure of guilt and other complicated feel- ings which I do not now pay in the shabby hetero- sexual skin I have become rather happily accus- tomed to. Besides, I said, as long as I didn't have any desire for a man, I didn't feel I was missing anything. I did not put that high a premium on ex- perience for its own sake. I am sure, I told him, that a whole cluster of interesting emotions go along with murdering a man, but I was not ready to murder to experience them. Elliot said that if he thought he could get away with it, he would murder for the experience of murdering. He was not being sincere, I thought, but merely callow. Earlier he seemed more in earnest, and more affecting, when he said that he sometimes gave himself to an old man at the baths. "I figure why not," he said, "someday when I am an aging queer maybe some beautiful young thing like myself"—here he tittered in self-irony—"will give himself to me."

Homosexual appetites, tastes, and fantasies, one

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is reminded while listening to Elliot, appear to be every bit as various as heterosexual ones, with the range of homosex—running from an almost Platonic love to sadistic lust—being no less wide than that of heterosex. Now that the notion that heterosexuality is primarily for the purpose of procreation no longer has any real direct force in most people's lives, heterosex, being officially recognized as an agency of pleasure, has itself taken some very fancy turns. (All those marriage manuals describing all those new positions, tricks, little surprises!) Certainly, nowadays it is not so easy to say, heterosexually speaking, what is natural and what is not. The only standards left us for determining what is not natural sexually are physical injury and lack of consent—all else, apparently, goes. This being the case, one can't say with the same old confidence that homosexuality is unnatural, however deeply one might feel that it is. One cannot even any longer say that it is uncustomary—it flourishes openly in America at the moment and, as every semiliterate homosexual will gladly inform you, it also had its day in the ancient world.

NOT ONLY DOES THE ARGUMENT between heterosexuals and homosexuals about what is natural and unnatural seem a stalemate, but of late homosexuals seem to have taken to the attack against heterosexuality as a way of life. "Don't tell me about the glories and joys of married life," Elliot says. "I know something about those from the women I work on." And of course, in a sense, he is right. Heterosexuality has not been without its own special horrors. Over the past few years I have witnessed my own once marvelous marriage crumble, fall, and dissolve into divorce. I look around me and see so few good marriages: I know of so many people of my generation—men and women between thirty and forty—who, if they thought they could bring it off, would not return this evening to the person they are married to. They stay together because children are involved, or they fear the guilt of breaking away, or do not wish to admit failure, or are simply terrified of loneliness. So often so much that is extraneous to love or any other kind of mutual regard binds these marriages. The heterosexual singles' scene does not hold out greater promise. Frequently, this comes down to little more than the mating of beasts. "Ah," sighs a friend, about to comment on nearly two decades of bachelor life, "the screwing I get isn't worth the screwing I get."

Yet if heterosexual life has come to seem impossibly difficult, homosexual life still seems more nearly impossible. For to be a homosexual is to be hostage to a passion that automatically brings terrible pressures to bear on any man who lives with it; and these pressures, which only a few rare homosexuals are able to rise above with any success, can distort a man, can twist him, and always leave him defined by his sexual condition. The same, I think, cannot be said about heterosexuals. With the possible exception of prostitutes and heterosexuals

driven by abnormal appetites, the general heterosexuals are not defined by their sex at all. Although the power of sex is never to be rated, in the main for most heterosexuals sex at adolescence becomes a secondary matter, a problem only in its moment. Homosexuality, on the other hand, is a permanent matter, a human status—and that is the tyrant.

The homosexual's status is that of an outlaw even if most of us do not customarily think that way; most homosexuals know it is true. Heterosexuality has in fact formally had an outlaw in this country for years, and laws against homosexuality, however unevenly enforced, are on the books of all but one of the United States. These laws are barbarous, not to say illogical, committed by consenting adults, homosexuality a crime without a victim, and for this reason the onus of criminality surely ought to be on the homosexuals. Perhaps the audacious and unguent Gay Liberation Movement will bring about the abolishment of these laws—and one can only say, more power to it. (Has there, incidentally, ever been a more misplaced epithet than "gay"?) Excepting on molestation or youth seduction—heterosexual and homosexual problems—homosexuality is a permanent matter.

Private, too, are our ultimate reactions. For most people these reactions run very deep. Among women who feel strongly about sex, reactions seem to fall into one of two categories. Some women, especially those who are conscious of their femininity, sensing that homosexuality upon them as the enemy, tend in turn to look at homosexuals as the enemy. Other women have developed friendships of considerable intimacy with homosexuals. They claim to find a sensitivity in these men, a subtle sense of nuances of feminine feeling that is not available to non-homosexual men. The fact that homosexuality poses no seductive threat to them, nor, as is the case with female friends, offer rivalry in the front, makes, these women claim, for a special kind of wholly noncompetitive relationship that can be had elsewhere.

Women also seem by and large better at the game of spotting duplicitous homosexuals. As one wonders, better because in some fundamental way they feel their own sexuality menaced by the presence of a homosexual? Whatever the reason, there is something crazily instinctive and mysterious about it all. Things really start to sour and mysterious when you ask women how to determine if a man is homosexual. "There's something strange about the formation of a homosexual mouth and cheeks." "I look for something in the walk, a certain almost imperceptible sway of the hips." "I can usually tell a homosexual by the way that, upon meeting him for the first time, he generally come up with a remark that is a good deal wittier than a heterosexual man is likely to come up with, or is probably even capable of." If it sounds a bit nutty, it's because it is. But then again, all of us a bit nutty on the subject of homosexual

persistent nuttiness, which to some extent are prey to, that makes me believe that it is, however openly it is now carried wide the public tolerance for it, is no more private than it ever was. Between public and private acceptance stretches the distance between public and private acceptance of homosexual experience, is not to be found, even among the most liberal-minded, sophisticated, and intelligent people. Homosexuality may be the one thing in America about which there is no controversy. Comedians do homosexual bits in order to get assured approval from their audience; they could not hope to achieve with straight negro bits of similar malice. Nobody, at least I have never heard anyone say, "My best friends are homosexuals." People say—"fag" and "queer" without hesitation—these words, no matter who is uttering them, are out-down words, in intent every bit as vicious as "nigger."

I am about to go into a liberal homily here intended for private acceptance of homosexuality, truth to tell, I have not privately said myself—nor, I suspect, am I soon likely to say—before a liberal (or Liberal's) conscience. I prefer to say that I have never done anything to harm a homosexual, or in any way added to his pain. It would be nice if I could get to my grave with my conscience intact. Yet I do not mistake my conscience for complete. Although I have had pleasant encounters with homosexuals professionally, also unprofessionally, I do not have any homosexuals among my close friends. If a close friend were to tell me that he was a homosexual, I would not be certain what my reaction would be—other than that it would not be simple. I clearly do not consider a man's homosexuality, as certain people would argue, merely a matter of sexual orientation on his part, something vestigial to him. I think it goes deep within him, that it has affected him strenuously, making him a stronger man or a weaker, a better man or a worse—whichever, at all events, an essentially different man than he would be if he were not a homosexual. For this reason, and from an absolute point of view, I consider it important to know whether a man I am dealing with is a homosexual or not. Not long ago the BBC did a program on the art of Sergei Diaghilev. Every aspect of Diaghilev's illustrious career was covered from every possible angle, when the last man to be mentioned for the show, an aged Russian homosexual, was a friend of Diaghilev's from the 1920s. "Remember that you must remember about Diaghilev that he was a very aggressive homosexual who would ignore a fact of this kind of intellectual criticism or in life, is a fool.

THE POWER TO DO SO, I would wish homosexuals off the face of this earth. I would do so because I think that it brings infinitely more pain to those who are forced to live with

it; because I think there is no resolution for this pain in our lifetime, only, for the overwhelming majority of homosexuals, more pain and various degrees of exacerbating adjustment; and because, wholly selfishly, I find myself completely incapable of coming to terms with it.

Why can't I come to terms with it? Is it fear of the latent homosexuality in myself, such as is supposed to reside in every man, that makes this impossible? Do I secretly envy homosexuals, not their sexual pleasure, but their evasion of responsibility, for, despite all that I have thought about homosexuality, I am still not clear about whether homosexuals are truly attracted to men or are only running away from women and all that women represent: marriage, family, bringing up children. On those occasional bleak mornings when I should like to drive away from it all, and keep driving, do I hate homosexuals for eluding the weight of my own responsibilities? Do my difficulties go still deeper, are they even more elemental? A lady of my acquaintance, a woman in her forties of considerable sophistication, lives in a building in Chicago in which also live a homosexual couple who have invited her to a number of parties. She, in turn, has invited them to some of hers. Although they fool no one about the exact nature of their sexuality, both men attempt to pass as heterosexual. One of them, thinking he has hit on a successful formula for his duplicity, pretends to get drunk and proceeds to make heavy-handed passes at her female guests. "Why the nerve of that son-of-a-bitch," she said. "You just know that after putting on that spectacle, the two of them go down to their apartment and fuck the daylight out of each other. I must say I find it appalling." I must add, I do too. Not the duplicity, but what goes on in that apartment. How middle-class, how irretrievably square, how culture-bound, how unimaginative—I cannot get over the brutally simple fact that two men make love to each other.

They are different from the rest of us. Homosexuals are different, moreover, in a way that cuts deeper than other kinds of human differences—religious, class, racial—in a way that is, somehow, more fundamental. Cursed without clear cause, afflicted without apparent cure, they are an affront to our rationality, living evidence of our despair of ever finding a sensible, an explainable, design to the world. One can tolerate homosexuality, a small enough price to be asked to pay for someone else's pain, but accepting it, really accepting it, is another thing altogether. I find I can accept it at least of all when I look at my children. There is much my four sons can do in their lives that might cause me anguish, that might outrage me, that might make me ashamed of them and of myself as their father. But nothing they could ever do would make me sadder than if any of them were to become homosexual. For then I should know them condemned to a state of permanent niggerdom among men, their lives, whatever adjustment they might make to their condition, to be lived out as part of the pain of the earth.

"Homosexuality is a full-time matter, a human status—and that is the tyranny of it."

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BROTHER DAVE

"Welcome to Klan Country," the billboard reads. It's Dave Gardner's courthouse and platform for a sharp-talking comedian who once was a national



by Larry L. King

IT IS WARM AND MUGGY for North Carolina in late May, a very Southern night, with flying bugs and scents of grass in the air. Young men cruising with their car windows down sound mating calls on their nightly inspections of root-beer stands or What-a-Burger palaces, while on many city porches old men cherish their post-supper memories of farms they will never till again. You must escape Charlotte's shopping-center vapors and downtown exhaust clouds to savor it, though once in shaded residential sections or on semi-rural lanes, the grass fragrance is green, clean, and nostalgic, inspiring thoughts of forgotten alfalfa growths, of discovering Faulkner, of parking near the football field on summer nights a world ago to wrestle the price of the evening's movie and popcorn out of the sweetly moist flesh of Becky Sue or Alma Mae or Betty Lou.

Though oven temperatures prevail as the visitor drives ten miles out of Charlotte to the ordered and pastoral campus of little Davidson College, that school's football team is grimly grunting and maiming its sweaty way through the merciless tortures of spring practice. Along the rural roadways are young Huck Finns taking their country pleasures, "antique shops" with their \$3.98 crocheted bedspreads and old vases probably certified all the way back to 1947. Confederate flags or decals superimposed on license plates. Old country stores thrive near new red-brick ramblers with camp-trailers or motorboats near at hand, and, further on, are declining shacks where poor whites or poorer blacks take the sun on rude wooden porches in the presence of ragged kids and peeling old Buicks parked in the front yards. Near midnight, en route to Charlotte's Pecan Grove Club to catch the second show, the car radio offers gut-jangling country tunes and ad-

vertisements for Chick Starter (which is an aphrodisiac for hippie girls, but a prodigious infant chickens) while warm-weather couples melt themselves into eternity and gooey gobs of rain on the windshield. They can whoop of the New South's rapid industrialization and economic leaps all they want, but some things cannot be paved over by asphalt or changed by factory smokestacks—things rooted deeply in the Southern psyche, the Southern soul, the Southern psyche.

Welcome home. *Welcome to Klan Country*, the giant billboard says.

A couple of Good Ole Boys in butch hair and white short-sleeved sports shirts temporarily disadvantaged by neckties are drinking from a cooler bag out on the unpaved parking lot at the Pecan Grove Club, sneaking a few manly snorts of moonshine against the mixed potions their wives are drinking inside, and one is volunteering to cheer louder than he knows that the goddamned football team won't never amount to a shrod. "I'll hire a big-time coach like ole Bear Bryant," he says in sight of a dude in a beard and an Eastern accent obviously too flannelly for Southern life. "I'm old enough to bring them pause. When their time comes to calculate exactly where the heavy artillery will be unloaded, the visitor consults with his host. "I ate ancestors and offers in his best drawl, "fellers, how yawl?" Then he slouches over the hood. "I he was moseying down to the 7-11 to buy some Moon Pies and Ara-Cee Colas. The ritual act passes him by without fisticuffs. When the ole boys see how his hair hangs down, one says *Shee-ee-it, Hon*. The explosive laughter sends the visitor's head out in empathy toward the ghost of Thon

Contributing editor Larry L. King is on the road again after a year's hiatus at Harvard as a Visiting Fellow. Other Americans he has profiled in Harper's include Nelson Rockefeller, Louis Armstrong, and Harold E. Hughes.

Pecan Grove Club is dark enough to conceal those gentlemen who might be in the company of ladies to whom they hold no clear title, hatless, tieless, and paunchy combination of *d'hôtel* and floor bouncer, who points out the bottle by flashlight, is clearly miffed that the bottle should be openly flaunted. Recently masqueraded in the obligatory black. His eyes accuse the visitor of inferiority, inspiring one to marvel again at that capacity the South has for self-deception, for showing over substance, for choosing a reality might better serve. This is a meaning that for \$6-per-head cover you get your own booze in as if freshly stolen and smuggled past a convention of Methodists. In exchange for such cooperative delinquency in no way violate or improve the tradition faithfully serve tradition, the house is full of setups. Beer is free on demand, regularly as one of several yawning waitresses provoked into action: nothing moves faster than the clear beacon of a green bill in the uncertain light. Dinner is extra, and all except a dozen of the fifty-odd waitresses have avoided because they must later claim the claims of baby-sitters. Between musical interludes the band leader endorses generosity by reminding customers that waitresses work strictly by the hour in the bar area a tough-faced little waitress complains of those SOB's at Table Four for tons of ice, Cokes, beer, and ass-pinchings in exchange for each four-bit gift. But probably a few airline hostesses or secretaries in miniskirts, and their mildly sedate escorts, this could be 1960 again. The far domed and lacquered beehive hair-dressing crew cuts prevail among the males. The dogged, more of duty in the couple's search for soul or fun. They shuffle and two-step to vintage ballads as "Misty," "I Wish I Were a Rich Man," and "Poke Salad Annie," while The Frantics who prefer to blow their music à go-go, obviously bored you get the impression they are chewing gum. When The Frantics can no longer rate imitation Lawrence Welk or, occasionally, Johnny Cash, they up the tempo and the dance floor is cleared by a black with a white shirt. And that is the signal for Brother Dave in the wings, to light a fresh cigarette and to spring onstage.

Pecan Grove Club seats 550 in enthusiastic anticipation. On evenings such as this, however, one might doubt whether Soldier Field is unoccupied seats in a midnight snowstorm. He is a swarthy, intense man who publishes at age sixteen and who in the 1950s was a *Nations* correspondent for an Israeli newspaper. Somewhere in there he came to Charleston, South Carolina, and somehow about a year ago he found himself owning the Pecan Grove. Tonight he is full of passionate bullying anyone eager for the same foolish ex-

perience can buy him for a song and a loose promise. He stands outside shortly before the second show, slapping at flying creatures and fingering a dead cigar, under a sign proclaiming the feature attraction: a comedian billed as Brother Dave Gardner. "I'm losing my ass," the reformed poet confides. "I'm paying this guy a thousand bucks a night. And look at the house."

Then why had he booked Brother Dave?

"I had him here about three years ago and made good money. He was doing more straight comedy then—not so much of this political nonsense. A year later he was deeper into the political thing and I just broke even. This time he's knocking everything—religion, the colored, even the dead Kennedys. It's a disaster. People are calling up to complain." The disaffected club owner turns his mind back from Tuesday to Friday and the special disaster of opening night: "You never saw such a house! I spent eighteen hundred dollars for promotion and then had to refund three thousand at the door when he didn't show. Kidnapped by Indians! Can you imagine that? He says he was kidnapped by the Cherokees!"

"Detained" is the word Miss Millie Gardner used when the visitor arrived at a Charlotte motel on Monday afternoon and telephoned the comic's three-room suite to inquire how the show had been going. Miss Millie, a weathered blonde who acts as her husband's booking agent, did not supply a standard response: "Well, we didn't make opening night on account of the Cherokees."

Beg your pardon?

"We were detained by some Indians. I've called in the FBI." Ah . . . yes ma'am?

"They have the full report. And I've reported it to Congressman Jonas' office."

Yes. Well. How does one go about getting, ah, detained by Indians in the America of 1970?

"We'll talk about it after the show," Miss Millie said. "I'm not sure I trust the telephone."

THE FIRST TIME HE APPEARED on the Jack Paar show, back in 1957. Brother Dave Gardner was a minor comic who for ten years had played tired strip joints and dingy bottle clubs throughout the Bible and boll-weevil belt, working close to the horns of bullish hecklers and wall-eyed drunks. He had sometimes entertained Rotarians in the assault on their weekly veal cutlets, or discouraged traveling salesmen who gathered in third-rate hotels rather desperately to court fun between the exhortations of their sales managers to get out and more aggressively hawk the aluminum siding, fire insurance, or farm machinery that rode the saddles atop their small pinched lives. He had played drums on something called *The Winkie Martindale Show* in Memphis, where he first began to crack jokes, and he had a straight singing record, *White Silver Sands*, that, in the long run, excited him more than it did others. He was best known in the deeper boondocks. If they wore brown shoes, white socks, clip-on bowties, or butch haircuts, then Brother

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 BROTHER
 DAVE?**

Dave likely had made them laugh at one way station or another where laughter was no small gift. He was of and from them, the son of a Tennessee carpenter who liked to think of himself as being "in the construction industry"; he knew what it was to drop school in the tenth grade, to not make it with the quality chicks because your clothes were not the best and because you were scrawny and had never been outstanding at book reports or athletics. He knew what it was to work at dull jobs where they paid you in small coin every Friday, and would not have lamented your death except as your funeral hindered commerce.

He rated no seat on the celebrity couch where Paar's favored guests grouped to smile, to crack limp jokes about Ike's golf or the hole in Adlai's shoe or the pelvis of Elvis, all the while preening and plugging their latest movies, records, new noses, or fuzzy theories. Horatio Alger was still to be believed in the America of 1957, and so when they offered Brother Dave a four-minute, stand-up shot (wedged between a network station break and spiels by Hugh Downs for dog food) he nearly knocked 'em down getting into position.

Brother Dave rattled off a monologue presenting Brutus in the execution of Caesar, product of a wildly inventive brain that some later would suspect of having influenced Mort Sahl, Jonathan Winters, Bill Cosby, Lenny Bruce, Dick Gregory, Flip Wilson. The studio audience, Paar, and the folks out there in television land broke up as in compunction accents Caesar put the final question: *Et tu, Brute?* And Brutus, who had known trouble keeping his toga out of his bicycle spokes and who had earlier heard yon Cassius described as a picky eater and "about half-smart," answered, "Naw man, I ain't even *et one*." Paar received a thousand letters and telegrams begging more. NBC-TV welcomed the unknown comic to a three-year association to include sixty-odd appearances on the Paar show alone, and RCA provided a lucrative recording contract. His first album, *Rejoice, Dear Hearts!*, sold almost as frantically as hoola hoops. *Kick Thine Own Self* and seven other album successes followed, each a combination of hip, headlines, and down-home wit. He appeared in a Broadway play, banked up to \$30,000 per week for campus one nighters, and made connections with Las Vegas gambling emporiums where a hot comic smart enough to avoid house tables could depend on a weekly take-home of \$25,000 plus free lodgings. Miss Millie, a slender blonde who married him in 1947 within six weeks of his first booking in the small St. Louis club where she bossed the hat-check concession, knew opportunity's knock: in her role as traveling manager she efficiently guided him away from the perils of roulette wheels and chorus girls, which was not always easy, because little in Brother Dave's natural instincts rides him toward the more pious precincts when he is rolling free.

His Brutus-dirks-Caesar routine became a comedy classic, as did the bit reporting on David's slaying of "the overgrown Philadelphian," Goliath, with a smooth stone "wrapped up in a blue-suede

tennis-shoe tongue." Probably his best involved the high-speed deaths of two motorcyclists, Miss Baby and Mister that routine he appeared to put down la customs, blacks, cyclists, truckers, and standers while showing no special mercy any. He was Andy Griffin running down the brakes off, slightly zonked, and making a practical joke to severely embarrass a Bear— or maybe more than embarrass him. Sometimes had a way of stressing humor in what was about him some combination of menace, one sensed, slices of the high life, out who perhaps had read Shakespeare, but who still might efficiently (and not always clean your pockets at the pool hall, or direct Yankee tourists to the wrongest path should they be foolish enough to inquire the direct route to Birmingham.

He increasingly became a social commentator, the knock on JFK, on Castro, on the late, as reflected in newspaper headlines or the less utterances of our kings or pharaohs speared Hoffa in one breath then surely next he would gig McClellan; if he made you feel comfortable at the expense of Republican soon would discover ecstasy to be a two-act. On the Paar show, after making professionals nervous through his near-perfect in the ill-advantaged but irrepressible Roos and Willie ("home boys," he called them) would say in his thick winter-molasses he believed in one race, "the human race," and the libs could expel their nervous doubts while Paar beamed and the studio audience applauded. Yes, dear hearts, he enjoyed accumulating a thirty-two-room Mediterranean on a Hollywood hill, a luxury yacht, Cadillacs, a second fine home on Biloxi Island. It was a glorious cruise, save for choppy water such as when he accidentally Miss Millie behind in a West Texas motel didn't recall it until several days later in and also excepting that one major misadventure in 1962 when Atlanta police charged him being in the company of an excessive amount of amphetamine tablets and assorted other things, a condition inspiring Jack Paar to fight tears and Brother Dave Gardner to the investment of \$5,000 in attorney's fees, and shortly after John F. Kennedy's assassination disappeared from the national scene.

Last winter among the snows of California listened again to Brother Dave's old record black friend, Wally Terry of *Time*, a fellow Fellow at Harvard. We debated whether comedian's lines sometimes bordered on racism or whether he simply was a funny man, a gift for the exploitation of sensitive ethnicities of our social confusions that he may be a decade ahead of the times. Given Brother Dave's weird and conflicting pronouncements, sound effects, and amazing gift for repre-

cents, our repeated listenings only issue. "Whatever *happened* to Brother lly asked. In that instant I determined

Services inquiries on the East and West d to locate him. He was not currently ith any agent known to the major book- s. NBC and RCA disclaimed pertinent His California home stood vacant and had apparently left no forwarding ad- phone operators ruined several rumors o make connections in Nashville, Mem- , New Orleans. Then a writer friend in ohn Carr, telephoned to say that Brother be playing his city in late May.

DAVE APPEARED to "When the Saints Go g In," amending the original lyrics to ormation that among the marching pects to count Congressman L. Mendel iro Agnew, Martha Mitchell, and ester Maddox. He was smaller than one bered, perhaps five and one-half feet ubby arms and a welterweight's torso. ned face and a pompadoured crown of air made him look older than his forty- "I'd smoke in my sleep if I had some- d 'em, and I'd smoke chains if I could he said of his nicotine habit, and taking quick drags he went to work:

o love America shout *Glory!* . . . Oh. eat, don't you wish the other side could ouldn't it shake up ther fuzzy ole heads? Spiro too! *Glory!*" (Cheers.) "Martha n't she good?" (Cheers.) "Beloved, the commie long-haired traitor hippies"— by applause before reaching the punch ined the laughter—"Yeah, them crazy other Dave am against minority groups. ing, dear hearts. I'm *for* the minorities Forces and the Po-leece. I wouldn't even g taxes if it all went to them. Somebody oan Brother Dave's for the heat?" You rit, beloved. That ole pig, as the hippies e's out there protecting society. And if part of society, dear hearts, then what ot to go around throwing rocks at it?

e military, I love 'em so much I send my ort Bragg to get 'em shined. Somebody er, but ain't it ugly for a soldier to kill?" n, that's his *gig*. You know, dear hearts, ing wrong with patriotism. By God, I e it. You can fly as high on patriotism as acid. I'd love to join a patriotic outfit— e Klan, only I ain't got enough morals." pplause.) "Let's all shout *Glory!* for the ny." (Uncertain applause: *why cheer the ng Jews?*) "Yeah, man, that Israeli ght them rag-heads for six days and on day they rested. Dear hearts, the Israelis g for State's Rights just like we are." e cheers, now that the ideology is clear.) ws is patient cats. It took 'em two thou-

sand years to get their Wailing Wall back. Dear "There is no set routine; he jumps from sub- ject to subject, going where the laugh lines guide him." hearts, how long you think it'd take a Southern Baptist to get his *church* back?" Southern Baptists were apparently well represented, for the responsive roar sent Brother Dave into a further exploration of religious territory. This caused no break in his regular routine, simply because there is no set routine: he jumps from subject to subject, going where the laugh lines guide him, much in the manner of a Presidential candidate whose basic speech is capable of alterations fitting all local conditions.

"I put one over on the Supreme Court today, beloved. Yeah, man, I sneaked off and prayed all morning! Prayer's *good*, beloved. Prayer is askin' for it and meditating is waitin' for it. Somebody say, 'Brother Dave, how come you talk so much about God in night clubs and honky-tonks?' Dear hearts, on account of it's against the law to mention Him in school! Yeah, man, spirituality is where it's at. Course, you turn the other cheek today and some damn hippie'll take a brick and knock your jaw off.

"Dr. Billy Graham—he's all right, I dig Billy. Yeah, except he disappointed me when he got on TV and taken up for the hippies and yippies. Said they was good cats. Billy's a Christian you know—he thinks you *supposed* to love everybody, and I'm one of them eye-for-an-eye cats. I'm for Billy, though: he's got so many guts he prays in public. He even prays at the White House when Crafty Richard posts him some of them palace guards with their cute little Hitler hats. But Billy got on TV and said"—and here Brother Dave gave an accurate imitation of Dr. Graham in the practice of dime-store Churchill—"I was coming out of the el-a-va-*tor* in New Ya-wuk recently, and one of those hippie fellows came along, and he *spoke* to me." And I said, 'Hell, Billy, don't you know that cheap trash will speak to anybody who'll speak to em?' Somebody say, 'You know good and well Dr. Graham couldn't hear him say that! Brother Dave's flipped out and is talkin' to hisself.' Yeah, beloved, ain't nothing wrong with that! Talk to yourself, dear hearts. By God, you'll enjoy the rare pleasure of listening to somebody with some damn sense."

The beehives and hutch cuts were bobbing in merriment now, David Rabie's being perhaps the only grim face in the room, but then he was counting empty tables. Now Brother Dave combined spirituality and sex: "People say motels is sinful. Say, 'Motels am the devil's own doing.' Naw, dear hearts, you drive by them motels at two or three in the morning and you can hear folks digging on spirituality. Services never cease! Yeah, you can hear 'em in there saying, 'Oh, *God!* Lord *Jesus!* Ain't it *good*.' . . . You know, the Catholics got a terrible advantage over us Baptists and Methodists and Cambellites and whatnot: they can take a friend to the Holiday Inn and bounce her off the walls for thirty-six hours and then go confess it to a priest. *We* do it and then can't tell *nobody*. . . I ain't got nothing against sex education in the schools, dear hearts, except it makes us parents feel like we didn't do it right. . . Can you imagine the



Photo by Karsh of Ottawa

Rock hard is the man, as rock hard was the land, when eager-eyed, young Hugh Armstrong came to Cobalt, Ontario.

Lured by the glittering promise of a wilderness encrusted with chunks of crude silver, he stayed 60 years—underground—helped produce a billion dollars in bullion, and garnered a reward of rich memories: the turbulent times, the triumphs and

tragedies, now enshrined in the Cobalt Mining Museum.

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The hard core cheered, and someone shouted "Ole!" At least ten people got up for the exit, however. A heavy, middle-aged man in green eyeshadow and an overflowing suit descended on the visitor, who sat smoking at the rear of the hall: "Are you idiot?" Not, not really. "Well, he's gone far, I love the South, and I love my ole that idiot is putting 'em down. Where's yer gert?" David Rabie came with a pained expression, spreading his hands in unconditional surrender. "His damn jokes are forty years old," raged. "You call this shit entertainment?" The speaker turned to the server and told 'em what you get out here. "You hire that idiot?" David Rabie explained it was to be a businessman, saying that all of all creeds had played the Pecan Grove, rattled off names—Brenda Lee, Maxine Holiday, Little Richard, Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Les Brown—and that "some of them were good." When the singer blew a

r: "For God's sake, talk to him! Ask
e that offensive material out. People
the old routines that made him famous,
p. Look at the house—count it!" The
here now remained twenty-one revelers.
Brother Dave ended his turn with a trap-
d. there were thirteen survivors.
ful lingered under pecan and oak trees
ack men ran to fetch their cars. A citizen
haircut and a \$29.95 suit straight off the
ward a blind man with his seeing-eye
ner Dave, this ole boy is blind and
but he don't beg or peddle pencils or
s got this little newsstand down at the
y, by God, he *works*."

ur heart. beloved."
ot set on his ass and howl for help just
s blind," the citizen clarified.

ss you," Brother Dave cooed, shaking
an's hand. "You know, they got a rule
a inton that if you break a sweat they'll
u welfare."

l man beamed, his sponsor whooped
s a cat that sweats don't want it nohow.
give up, you hear? We gonna get our
k someday."

ED INTO A GOLD CABINETS driven by his
er-year-old son, Junior, and within ten
s back in the motel room where Miss
s back with a barking French poodle named
ter may wear a rhinestone collar and
little ribbons atop his iron-gray head.
a stranger approach Miss Millie even to
r Lurette and Mister has conniptions in
e of a surly Doberman pinscher.

lie, who took her meals off trays in the
u whom the visitor never discovered out-
ary green dressing gown during his six-
ations, was reading one of her seven
y L. L. Hunt. "How was the show?" Miss
s l.

wrong with the show," Brother Dave
 goddamn house is the problem. You
fired a .410 and not hit anybody at the
s w."

those Cherokees," Miss Millie said.
o about those Cherokees? What had
It was the fifth or sixth time the visitor
at question, receiving only vague and
e reports.

r driving along Highway 19, coming down
essee," Brother Dave said. "Hell, I didn't
e as on a damned Indian reservation. Me
illie was in the lead Caddy and our son
g in the other one. The Cherokee Patrol
m. man. Wouldn't let the cat go."

wouldn't say. But you can figure it out."
puzzled visitor remained mute. Brother
ed. "They're part of this Third World

"Aw, man, don't you know what's happening? "He made a
Who attacked a meeting of the Klan here in North
Carolina two or three years ago, when the Klan cats
wasn't doing nothing but burning crosses and sing-
ing hymns?"

The Cherokees?

"Damn right, beloved. They're part of this thing!"

"Dave," Miss Millie said. "the FBI asked us not
to talk about this."

"Aw, he's all right," Brother Dave said with a
nod in the visitor's direction. "Don't you hear that
accent? He's from Texas, just like ole H. L. Hunt.
Beloved, do you know Mr. Hunt?"

Only by reputation.

"Then you don't know him at all!" This from
Miss Millie, suddenly and with surprising heat, her
voice crackling and smoldering like a summer storm.
"The left-wing press has smeared him all his life.
They even tried to link him with JFK's assassina-
tion, and we all know that was ordered by Moscow."

"I got interested in Mr. Hunt's patriotic work
about six years ago," Brother Dave said. "So I
checked him out and he checked me out, and we
got our heads together. We've become real good
friends. Miss Millie and me have been his guest
in that big ole house he lives in—the one patterned
after George Washington's. That's the nicest,
kindest, gentlest, smartest ole boy in the world. He
ought to have the Congressional Medal of Honor.
If America is saved, beloved, he's the one who's
saved it nearly single-handed. Here, let me show
you what Ruth gave us. That's Mrs. Hunt." He
produced what appeared to be a catalogue adver-
tising furniture, which Mrs. Hunt had mysteriously
autographed along with sentiments speaking well
of friendship and patriotism. Which seems like a
minimal gift from the wife of the world's richest
man or thereabouts.

Does H. L. Hunt in any way subsidize Brother
Dave's work?

"Naw, man. I ain't asked him for nothing. In
the first place, I don't need to: I've got bread and
investments so I don't have to work, except I want
to get my message across. All Mr. Hunt's got that
I want is his wisdom. He's my teacher."

"You should read *Alpaca*," Miss Millie said. "It's
the best novel I've ever read. There's this model
Constitution in there that H. L. Hunt wrote." (The
"model Constitution" recommends that each citi-
zen be given a number of votes in direct ratio to
his net financial worth, and would preclude anyone
drawing a government salary, pension, or welfare
check from voting: citizens would be permitted to
sell their votes to others with greater interests in
good government.)

Back to the Cherokee caper: what reason had
they given for detaining Junior?

"They just said he was on Indian land. When
we swung around to see what the score was, they
told us it was none of our damn business and to
clear out. We begged, pleaded, flashed our iden-
tification. All they said was, 'Get moving.' Then
they threatened us with guns."

"Dave!"

He made a
natural leap
into dope jokes
—and here he
lost the crowd.
Charlotte's beer
addicts and
whiskey heads
sat unmoved....

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"All right, Miss Millie. They held us up about an hour or more. But it took four or five hours to get our son out of that damn mess, and that caused us to miss opening night."

And how had they ultimately freed Junior?

"Dave, now, we just can't talk about this," Miss Millie instructed in schoolmarm tones.

"Them cats *had* to know who I was, dear hearts. It wasn't no accident. By God, you wait until that Bureau of Indian Affairs gets through with 'em!"

"Dave!"

The comedian invited the visitor into an adjoining room, where he offered a recording by comic David Frye: "This cat cracks me up. Only thing is, he propagandizes for the Leftists. But you got to hear this one track, man." David Frye imitated Richard Nixon taking a few experimental marijuana pokes and then trying to talk hip, the humor grounded in "Nixon's" continuing to sound (even when stoned beyond the capabilities of Mount Rushmore) like the eight-year-old who received a black leather briefcase for Christmas and who, furthermore, was delighted with the gift. "Can't you imagine ole Crafty Richard turned on?" Brother Dave cackled.

Junior entered from the main room: "Dad, quick! J. Robert Jones is out here."

"Oh, my God!" Brother Dave pinched out a little something he and the visitor had been smoking, frantically fanning the air. "Look, beloved, would you mind waiting in here with the boy? I've got some personal business with this cat."

Junior is lanky and wiry, six feet two, with a mop of long blond hair which his mother despises and which his father disapproves of but defends on the grounds that his son would be disadvantaged in the romance department should he look exceedingly square in a hip age. In military schools for six years before withdrawing a few months ago, he is convinced that neither Harvard nor Yale teaches as much as he'll learn on the road with Dad. After he had exhibited various karate chops, Junior demonstrated with flourishes the most effective methods for quickly extracting a switchblade. He was performing his third or fourth guitar solo, between lectures explaining the basic uses of girls, when Brother Dave reappeared from the main quarters: "Come on in, beloved, and meet a friend."

A small, dark-haired man wearing a strangely familiar face and a sly country grin sat in an easy chair, not bothering to rise for handshakes. "This is J. Robert Jones," Brother Dave said. The visitor's mental equipment whirled and clicked: *J. Robert Jones . . . North Carolinian . . . Grand Dragon and Holy Terror of the United Klans of America . . . Convicted of Contempt of Congress . . . Recently released from federal prison.*

Mister, the bejeweled toy watchdog, was growling and snapping another irritating concert at the visitor's heels. "Come on dog," the visitor said. "You should be adjusted to me by now."

"Maybe he don't like hippies." Though the Holy Terror smiled, his eyes seemed to calculate how much bearded beef might dress out by the pound.

"Well, I'd hoped my accent might h
"Yeah, Bob," Brother Dave said.
Texas."

"Everybody got to be from *some*
Holy Terror said. "Ole Lyndon's from
he never amounted to much."

"Look, beloved," Brother Dave said
nervously. "Would you mind seeing
row?"

Junior provided an escort to the visi
only a small lawn and a swimming pool,
the Gardner quarters: "You know who th
just met?"

"No," the visitor lied.

Junior produced the Grand Dragon
Terror's calling card, as neatly and pro
done as that of any Wall Street broke
duced another, this one from a Klan bra
in Natchez, and bearing the red-letter leg
are WHITE because your grandfather J
SEGREGATION." These documents reduce
helpless laughter: "Man, don't that
mind?"

"Have you dug those cars?" The vis
in the indicated direction to observe
parked near the Gardner quarters. He
silhouettes of several men. "You know
are?"

The visitor guessed they might be as
the Holy Terror.

"Yeah, man! I bet they got enough gu
half of North Carolina."

This was not comforting as a bedtim
The visitor peered through the mug
lamenting that he had never learned t
automobiles beyond their color, being
distinguish a Ford from a Lincoln unl
covers clues written in manufacturer's c

"They'll be there when the sun comes
Junior chortled. "The Klan watches
everywhere he goes. And they can see
as well as my old man's." Much cheer
thought, and stabbing the air with a sv
he turned back to the family quarters w
is always taken in shifts as added protect
midnight conspiracies.

THREE OR FOUR DAYS AND NIGHTS had
mingled since the visitor had been i
to the Holy Terror. The same jokes at the
same laughter, had burned the mind like
house had been building nightly, in size a
The first night following the appearan
Holy Terror, Rabie counted more th
hundred; Junior had slyly intimated that
quantum jump had not been merely co
with that visit.

Since Brother Dave performs his gu
by night and sleeps by day, many nocturn
had revealed a plethora of conspiracies. F
about in an old dressing gown, incessantly
periodically peeking through the parted
determine, one assumed, whether any an

it be headed our way from the pool. he said during one such seance, "do y Congress inserted 'under God' in the legiance, at near-about the same time Court ruled there couldn't be no schools?"

e visitor did not know whether it was Federal Reserve Board, International ty rackets, Julian Bond, or the televi- s, all of which had received their due ust said, "No."

onfuse us. To *divide* us. That's the way prks, see." And he would be off down eological slopes, waving his arms and ring cigarette ashes, delivering private of which the following is a typical 'I've always been conservative and be- gregation for them that wants it, dear ething not being forced on nobody. But nan, I trusted my government—even it I read in the newspapers. Then I got 'Damn it, something's bad *wrong*!' We est bomb in the world and couldn't win d we lost China and three-fourths of 'Cuber' and all them damn Mau-Mau n, and then some good Americans un- er Hiss and Harry Dexter White and spying Communist cats and I started ern in it. Man, the problem *had to come* ! And the more I looked into the thing, at was only part of it: *within* was doing f, but *without* was calling the signals. Like, you think 'the people' elected lon't you? Naw, man, that's what the ombines conditioned you to think. Hell. e *othschilds* put FDR in. The House of nd they started us toward One World e. And now, beloved, we can't even con- is. We can't even be white without hav- e excuses for it, and I'm sick and tired n excuses for being white. Ole Nixon, hell. e han what we've had, but don't you know a't his own man? *Nelson Rockefeller* put e. Yeah, man, set him up in a big rich law firm and moved him in that same ling ole Rocky lives in, and then went ent six million dollars pretending like nining against him!"

Other Dave collapsed into helpless laugh- clever the Rockefellers, Rothschilds. d possibly the Denver Mint had been in piratorial deceptions, a thing he fre- es when revealing the larger menaces, as *Hoo, boy, didn't they put one over on hat time?*

man, you can even see it in *little* things." "Like why do our Post Office buildings U.S.," dear heart, without adding 'of " (*Laughs.*) "How come, beloved, the ourt and the hairy kids and the damned started acting up *at once*?" (*Laughs.*) come JFK and Dr. Junior rode in open es or stood out on balconies where folks clean shots at 'em?" (*Laughs.*) "Man,

don't you know them cats was following orders to be *sacrificed*?" (*Laughs.*)

Then he would sober himself as quickly as he had laughed, marching about and saying a military *coup d'etat* might soon be the only method left for preserving America's precious freedoms, defend- ing the Ohio National Guard in its conduct at Kent State, enthusiastically endorsing New York hard- hats in their Wall Street attacks on beards, declar- ing himself to be the only "strict Constructionist" in show business and assigning even John Wayne and Bob Hope to the liberal camp. He offered a grim warning represented as being in the visitor's best interests: "Look, man, I know they wear that damn long hair and face fuzz up there in New York. But you gotta realize, beloved, the revolution is *on*. It's *here*. People are going by appearances, now, dear heart, 'cause everybody's choosed up sides. I worry about my own son getting hit by a sniper because of that damn long hair. It's dangerous to walk around looking hairy, man. You could get zapped."

To Klansmen visiting the camp had been added Green Berets and their wives down from Fort Bragg, and a local lady with skinny legs and a zealot's gleam who spoke frequently of the occult, of haunted houses, of reincarnation, of séances, of a devout belief in the prophesies of Jeanne Dixon and in the profits of racial segregation. There had been a young sailor with a Confederate flag stitched inside the lining of his jumper so that when he un- buttoned his sleeve and rolled it back the flag winked and blinked in all its lost glory, and the sailor in outraged young innocence had proclaimed after one midnight show that those Communists *in the Pentagon*, now, must soon be stopped. There had been private screenings of a film produced at a small college in Searcy, Arkansas (represented as having been shipped in by H. L. Hunt for Brother Dave's continuing education), which told of a con- spiracy linking the Black Panthers, Ho Chi Minh, student rebels, and large segments of Congress.

One night at the Pecan Grove Club the visitor noted with shock the arrival of a party of black people. Within three minutes of Brother Dave's opening blasts he was not surprised to hear loud and disgruntled comments from their direction. Whites at neighboring tables glared and shushed. Just as the dispute approached cussing terrain David Rabie appeared, agitated about one silly millimeter short of pure panic, to say how delighted he would be to refund money. The visitor sighed in concert with the club owner when the blacks ac- cepted. (Rabie later said, "I told them at the door, 'I don't think this is your type of show,' but they didn't get the message.")

There had been one wild adrenaline moment when two Good Ole Boys in discouragingly robust health had paused at the visitor's table to sneer as Brother Dave accomplished cadenzas of abuse against long-haired traitors abroad in the land: "*Here's one of them bastards.*" The visitor negoti- ated the best possible grip on his Scotch bottle, felt himself tense to deliver a desperate overhand smash should that necessity descend, felt some

"The Klan watches over Dad everywhere he goes. And they can see *your* room as well as my old man's."

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reckless ancient joy of combat surging up that he had long presumed civilized out of him, and then, fortunately for his skin and for his long years of refurbishing, a waitress came running with the bulletin that *No, no, he's with Brother Dave, yawl leave him alone, now, you hear?* The ole boys laughed sheepishly and stuck out their rough workmen's hands, telling the visitor they hadn't meant nothing by it, that they was real sorry, and one had begged a private introduction after the show in behalf of his father-in-law visiting from Pine Bluff.

There had been moments, too, with Klansmen in close proximity to the visitor's bed, with intrigue heavy on the night air, when paranoia had proved contagious. The visitor debated whether to telephone friends in the East to give some clue to his associates, in the event he should be discovered in some Southern creek bed wrapped in more chains than he might conveniently swim in. After rejecting the notion as melodramatic, he had surrendered to it in a midmorning relapse. Later, he had informed Brother Dave of his precautions, adding (to the tune of much merriment from among Green Berets and assorted other camp followers) that should anyone offer him a guided tour of the city it would take all hands plus the goddamn dog to load him in the car.

AS THE WEEKEND OF THE CHARLOTTE 600 Stock Car Races approached, Good Ole Boys and their ladies flocked in from all over Dixie. Less fun and more pure damn mischief entered Brother Dave's act: "Albert Gore is a whore." James Baldwin made the show as "a low-life, bug-eyed, queer nigger." Senator Fulbright slipped from being Bullblight to "a sissy-britches traitor." The louder the cheers the more he spewed venom, and the more venom the louder the cheers.

The cheers told the visitor something it sickened him to hear, reaffirmed something dark and crazy and ancient he had hoped, and had half-believed, might be drying up in Southern blood. *They didn't hurt them lovely children! All they did was take some chains and whip up on some old school buses.* Yes, the mood was as openly belligerent as before Selma Bridge, before Bull Connor's police dogs and fire hoses, before the murder of Martin Luther King. It had become unfashionable, after all that highly publicized violence had pushed Congress into a mildly militant civil-rights mood, to flaunt one's prejudices. Meddling Justice Department agents, scoldings from newspapers and Presidents and Chamber of Commerce finks motivated by the almighty dollar, had caused one to defend the Southern Way of Life only in fairly gentlemanly terms. But a new mood had come to Washington, a thing called the Southern Strategy had arrived there, along with a President who received hard-hats in his office on the heels of their public assaults and a Vice President whose words could be as inflammatory as any George Wallace ever uttered. Even the best people could now telephone news-

paper editors to demand the crucifixion States Senator, without losing face. *Mitchell, ain't she good?* Busing of students down, the Justice Department for the first sixteen years opposed integration of certain school districts, and when four students lay dead, our President said spokesman that, well, play with fire and burned. *God, wasn't that a clean hit Junior?* Not only gas jockeys, traveling and Klansmen were among the cheering, was no trouble to discover lawyers, school merchants, and physicians in the overflow.

So there are few surprises left in the show, we rejoin him yawning on the edge of his bed before dawn. The telephone rings. "Come on, beloved. I got a little surprise for you."

Surprise! There is a black man in the room, a muscular cat with a T-shirt showing his biceps, good advantage, the sleeves ripped out to exhibit his biceps. This dude has some good advantage, a little jive, for earlier he has sidled up to the visitor to announce that if a man wants to love or smoke that he cannot immerse himself in room service, why, then, he knows he might be got. The black man is sitting near the mirror, the photo stuck in the edge of a mirror, the photo—*Surprise!*—am de Grandest Dearest Holiest Terror ob de Newnited Klans of America and his wife, the happy couple in colorful costumes with tassels and decals and braids until the visitor himself could not have conceived more outrageous costumes for the boys down at the Mystic of the Sea Lodge.

Brother Dave guides the visitor to a chair, sits over and delivers his biggest surprise in a whisper: "Hey, man, I been putting you on, you really know H. L. Hunt! What's that cat for anybody? You ever hear of that rich guy giving a dime to charity? Naw! You know something else, dear heart? Brother Dave is not what you think he am. Beloved, he am *liberal*. Beloved, he am believe most faithful of the Democratic party. He am a counterspion."

Yeah, the visitor says, he am personal, strongly in tooth-fairies.

"Naw, man, I'm telling you like it is! This thing is an act. It's a big put-on." Brother Dave leans against a table and laughs until he might choke, enjoying what is apparently the biggest political joke since the Reichstag.

Junior enters from stage left, as opposed to right where Miss Millie is presumably in slumber. He jerks his thumb toward the door, has vacated.

"You think about it, beloved," Brother Dave instructs. "I'll be back in a little bit."

During Brother Dave's absence, Junior shows his Klan cards for the edification of the black cat. "Don't that blow your mind?" "Naw, man," the black cat says, "I done lived down here before." The visitor dozes on the couch, only dimly aware that Junior is teaching the black man ka. Mister is admitted to the room after scratching.

the TV set switches from a test-pattern
vs and market reports. He is slumber-
-en Brother Dave wakes him by waft-
under his nose. They are alone.
ht about what I told you, beloved?"
ash," the visitor said. "That story
our entire history. I suspect you've
it with H. L. Hunt. If I believed in
ch as you do, I would have checked
ute I walked in the door."
ot you tell us you had read *Alpaca*?"
asks in injured tones. "Not only that,
ad knocked it in some damn book
t, nobody asked me." There is an
umorless smiles.
he Dallas report revealed about the

got all you cats computerized. I told
ne and within three minutes he gave
lle initial—it's L, dear heart—and he
re an enemy of the people."
n? f the people? *Glory!*
fool Miss Millie for a damn minute,"

"Again the humorless smiles.
I could meet H. L. Hunt, beloved. I
t straighten you out. I mean, I don't
town to you, man. But the trouble is
ke you are being exploited through
ignorance."
exploiter?

ou know that as well as I do. Oh well,
o cats can smoke aspirins together,
e there's always hope. Let's don't talk
tics, 'cause we might have a fistfight or
ight sic the dog on you." (*Laughs.*)
ne so abruptly disappeared from the
ne? Had a boycott been enforced
political views?

n. I could be on national TV if I
sh it. But after that funny plane crash
ided against it."

ne crash?
charted one of them executive jobs
for my whole family. About ten min-
e was to take off, they said something
ith it and shifted us to another one.
didn't fly twelve miles till it fell. *Blap!*
ot, bugged up the copilot, and broke
l the rest of us—Miss Millie, she still
red. I got the message. Somebody up
ke me. Maybe I know too much."

age grin: "I am know multitudes and
nall particles. I am know long division
of Hinduism. . . . Beloved, let me fix
of them nasty ole Scotches and maybe
ve one less fuzzy liberal with a func-
And from here on, dear heart, let us
g but trash and joy."

inconsequential chatter, Brother Dave
guest by saying how he digs black
ick Gregory ("Dick didn't know what

he was getting into when he went on that Freedom
Ride in Mississippi, man, 'cause he's from Chi-
cago") and Garry Moore (a Jew) who had been
extremely nice to him when he first broke into tele-
vision and Paul Newman ("who's politically ignor-
ant but has the guts to act for his beliefs").

As the visitor prepared to leave, Brother Dave
produced a document for his inspection. From a
mobile-home outfit in Alabama, and sent to trans-
mit certain brochures, it appeared to be a routine
business letter with its half-formal, half-friendly
pitch; one had seen its cousins mailed out by the
thousands from Congressmen to their voters, from
magazines soliciting subscriptions, from countless
outfits with wares to hawk. As he puzzled over its
significance, Brother Dave's finger pinpointed the
closing sentence: *We highly value your interest in
Such-and-So Homes.*

"That means a lot to me, beloved," he said. "That
shows you what they think of me in the South. They
love me down here."

THERE WAS A MOB SCENE in the Gardner quarters
on the visitor's last night before he would catch
a plane to the decadent East. Brother Dave in a
euphoric state because an overflow house had
cheered his wildest salvos. Junior ran in and out
with a series of young belles, Green Berets in high
spirits popped beer cans, photographers took
Brother Dave's picture, and Mister almost collapsed
with so many strangers to intimidate. One was re-
minded of getaway day when the visiting ball club
has concluded a successful road tour, has swept its
last series, and now looks forward to a long stand
at home.

Not all was happiness or joy, alas. David Rabie
and the comedian quarreled over their failure to
reach a satisfactory financial adjustment owing to
Brother Dave's missed opening night, this leading
to more dithyrambs against the Cherokees. Then
a beribboned Green Beret sergeant, skin-headed and
badly wounded in Vietnam and really quite a sin-
cere ole boy, cursed the New Army's coddling of
recruits so that discipline had gone to hell and you
couldn't hardly find recruits with enthusiasm for
killing anymore. And, finally, it had been confided
that Miss Millie had taken to her bed with a head-
ache rather than be in the visitor's presence once
her suspicions of his character had been verified.

Standing by the swimming pool in the warm
North Carolina air, Brother Dave touched the visi-
tor's arm: "Look, man, if you ever get your head
about half straightened out and decide you want to
know where it's really at, politically, get in touch.
I'll be your teacher. There's not much time left,
beloved, to save America."

He turned away, himself only a few hours from
the road and a dozen one-nighters in Georgia, pro-
viding Miss Millie did not carry through her threat
to cancel them because of race wars in Augusta. At
the door he pursed his lips thickly, gave the clenched
fist of the Black Power salute, and shouted, "Power
to the people." Laughing, dear hearts. Laughing. □

"Not only gas
jockeys, travel-
ing salesmen,
and Klansmen
were among the
cheering faith-
ful; it was no
trouble to dis-
cover lawyers,
schoolteachers,
merchants, and
physicians in
the overflowing
house."

BLACK CRIME: THE LAWLESS IM



JOE VITALE

If ever America undergoes great revolutions, they will be brought about by the presence of the black race on the soil of the United States; that is to say, they will owe their origin, not to the equality, but to the inequality, of condition.

—Alexis de Tocqueville, 1840

EVERY NATION HAS ITS EQUIVALENT of the mythical emperor who wore no clothes. In the fable, nobody could bring himself to believe what he saw until a child blurted out the truth, and then everyone had a laugh at the emperor's expense. In the United States the naked emperor was for years the high Negro crime rate: the boy who broke the spell was George Wallace, and nobody laughed.

In his campaign for President, Governor Wallace did not shout that the emperor had no clothes: a politician with his segregationist credentials could make his point without calling a spade a spade. Instead, he preached incessantly about rising crime. Everyone knew that it was Negro crime that was being deplored.

Wallace's early strength forced his rivals to talk tough about crime, too. Soon, so many politicians had vowed that they weren't necessarily criticizing Negroes when they demanded "law and order" that everybody understood that the term really was a racial slur of sorts.

Once established, this issue provided a nice vehicle for those candidates who wished to purify their liberal credentials: several pledged solemnly to call for "order with justice" instead. Vice President

Humphrey did this, but he also men crime, stressing that most of the victi groes. Richard Nixon tried "law and justice" in his speeches as a compromise. The phrase did not sing: the "with justice" the final weeks of his winning campaign.

In mid-September of 1968, when order flapdoodle was at its height, Attorney General Ramsey Clark testified before the Commission on Causes and Prevention of Violence. After a few introductory remarks, Clark made his statement:

"Negroes, 12 per cent of the total population, were involved in 59 per cent of the murders: 54 per cent of the victims were Negro. Nearly one-half of all persons arrested for aggravated assault were Negro and the Negro the primary victim of assault. Forty-seven per cent of those arrested for rape were Negro. Recent studies show the Negro is the primary victim in one per cent of all arrested for robbery and in less than one-third of the persons arrested for property crime are Negroes."

This paragraph was dropped into the report without elaboration or recommendation. Clark also locked horns that day with J. Edgar Hoover over the issue of police violence. Clark deplored and Hoover excused, but the reference passed unnoticed by the news media. The spell was broken: a high government official had, apparently for the first time, talked in some detail about high Negro crime.

The long-standing national myopia about crime has been a remarkable public phenomenon whistling past a graveyard. It involved the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which buried the statistics of Negro crime in its annual report and said nothing; the press, which ignored crime in its reports of the FBI's crime statistics; the Negro community, which suffered most to be tarred by the lawlessness of the federal government; the professional criminologists, who saw what was happening but failed to make themselves heard; the academia; and officialdom, which operated on the premise that if nothing were said the problem would go away.

Rather than going away, it got worse. The national tendency continued to be to look forward and not look back. George Wallace saw that the phenomenon of Negro crime could not be simply ignored. Events have shown that it was a symptom and not the disease. His

cause many listeners had begun to read the newspaper and word-of-mouth reports that Negro street crime was indeed getting

evidence has come to light to show it is right. A spate of recent statistical studies by criminologists had suggested that the Negro crime rate had begun to approach the phenomenon has now been confirmed by a statistical survey that bears the imprimatur of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. The Violence Commission in the FBI the most complete figures available on race and crime—figures that show the rates for violent crimes in the cities to be fifteen times that of whites across the board, as compared to fifteen times that of whites for some cities still climbing—especially among young people. The ultimate result of this realization can be either constructive or corrosive, depending upon how it is handled—but it seems inevitable that race and crime will become firmly linked in the public mind. That the Supreme Court and other institutions that are caught up in the crime crisis will do anything to change it.

Who had a clear view of the Negro crime problem was Hoover, but said nothing. Hoover's FBI was the most oblivious. Its annual statistical report on crime, a tall volume entitled *Crime in the United States*, contains neat tables supported by lengthy discussions of the figures. These discussions are free from tedious flyspecking about trivial details or prejudicial comments on such subjects as the crime rate among probationers and parolees. But there has never been an analysis of the arrest figures for Negroes that the FBI has made available. In 1967, for instance, the FBI tabulations for 1967 disclosed that those determined few who penetrated the fine print—that more Negroes than whites were arrested for murder, robbery, carrying a dangerous weapon, prostitution, and gambling. The total number of arrests for each racial group was given for each offense, but since Negroes represent 12 per cent of the population, simple arithmetic would show that for the FBI's "index" of national arrest rate for Negroes was five times the arrest rate for whites, and for some violent crimes it was more than ten times as high. The FBI refined these data for the Violence Commission, it showed that Negro arrest rates in the cities were about double the national ratios. It is no wonder in despair because the FBI's failure to publish its published racial data obscures the truth.

It has never been mentioned in the publicity that the Bureau issues with its figures, and in 1967 racial statistics were dished out in the FBI's tables, the disparity was not reflected by the wire services' reports of the crime. As far as anyone can remember, neither the Associated Press nor the United Press has ever reported the Negro arrest

rates, although the wire services report the FBI's figures each time they are released.

Negro spokesmen were equally silent until the rhetoric of the 1968 political campaign broke the spell. "The fact that George Wallace said it doesn't mean it isn't true," said a leader of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People's influential New York chapter, as his group came out, a few weeks after the election, for a tough policy against crime. The NAACP chapter declared that "the reign of criminal terror [in Harlem] must be stopped now." Its demands were almost four-square with the long-standing suggestions of J. Edgar Hoover—more police protection and tighter bail and probation restrictions.

THE MOST CURIOUS LAPSE was the failure of the academicians to communicate with anyone but each other about the worsening situation. Since the 1920s sociologists have been writing in their scholarly journals about the high Negro arrest rates. If anybody on the outside noticed, for the most part they felt it best not to pass the information along. This was of little importance until the late 1960s, when Negro crime began to accelerate in an alarming pattern—there was a tendency toward more violence, by younger Negroes, more often directed at whites. The academicians called attention to the danger signs, but accurate word of what is happening has never reached the public beyond the readers of their own academic journals.

The motives behind the Negro crime taboo were obvious. Virtually every sociologist who has studied the subject agrees that the crime rate among blacks is far higher than that of the rest of the population, even after allowing for the blacks' generally low economic status. This is the ultimate product, most experts feel, of the economic and cultural ravages of a segregated system that has been presided over by whites. Thus to dissect the problem would expose flaws in the performances of both races. Moreover, as high as the Negro crime rate has gone, it still represents only a small minority of black people. In a recent year there were 2,923 arrests for "index" crimes for each 100,000 Negroes in the population, and although that is much higher than the white rate of 607, nobody wanted to tar the law-abiding majority of Negroes with a lawless image they did not deserve.

Yet with the racial disparities as wide as they are, the subject has been unpleasant enough to remind government officials and scholars of the ancient tradition that the messenger who brought bad news forfeited his head. That is apparently why nobody brought the statistics to the public's attention and into perspective when Negro arrest rates began to rise sharply in the mid-1960s—a silence that created a climate favorable for the likes of George Wallace. Under the assumption that nobody has suffered for exposing the crime statistics for the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Violence Commission's staff decided to break the spell by asking the FBI to compile the most comprehensive report

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ever made of relative Negro and white arrest statistics and trends. What the FBI did was to take the urban arrest data for 1964 through 1967, relate them to the ages and racial characteristics of the arrestees, and arrive at the first reliable statistics of racial crime trends across the country.

The results showed that Negroes' arrest rates for violent crime were far higher than whites' rates—higher than most experts had guessed in their gloomiest moments. The gap was widening for murder, rape, and robbery, where the already high rates for blacks were climbing faster than the whites' rates. Most ominous of all, soaring rates among young blacks promised more of the same for the future.

Robbery presented the gloomiest picture: where Negroes had been arrested five times more often than whites in the country as a whole in 1950, the FBI's figures showed the Negro urban robbery rate to be sixteen times greater in 1967, and for the coming generation—those from ages ten to seventeen—the Negro rate was twenty times the white rate. In terms of arrest rates (the number per 100,000 persons per year), the national robbery rates in 1950 were 12.7 for whites and 68.8 for Negroes. By 1967 this had risen in the cities to 22.8 for whites and 368.9 for Negroes. Among the younger group, it was 27 for whites and 519.7 for young Negroes. It is this skyrocketing robbery rate among young Negroes that worries the experts most.

The FBI's study was only slightly less bleak for violent crimes other than robbery. For murder, the Negro arrest rate was eighteen times that of whites for persons of all ages. The rape rate among Negroes was eleven times that of whites of all ages, and twelve times the white rate in the younger group. For aggravated assault, the overall Negro rate was ten times that of whites, but unlike the other three types of violent crime, the whites' assault rate was rising faster. Surprisingly, the FBI found overall violent crime rates for young whites to have risen very little over that period, indicating that the much-discussed rising crime rate among young people could be largely a reflection of soaring crime among young blacks.

The Violence Commission experts knew that these figures tended to underscore black criminality, because only crimes of violence were included, and these have always been prevalent among nonwhites. If white-collar offenses and other middle-class crimes had been cranked in, the picture would not have been so stark. The experts were aware that the President's National Crime Commission had concluded that the Negro rates for burglary, larceny, and auto theft (the three property crimes in the FBI's crime index) increased by 33 per cent, while the white rate rose almost as fast, by 24 per cent. White Americans were also known to be narrowing the gap in a few crimes other than assaults, notably in the area of narcotics offenses.

But what struck the Violence Commission with such force was that urban violence was much more a Negro phenomenon than people had known (or

at least, had been able to prove), and trends were so pronounced among young blacks that the situation was almost certain to worsen in the future. The final blow was that this bore the imprimatur of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which assured that it would carry the study into the public opinion with the force of holy writ.

The impact of this was such that the members of the Commission, Patricia Harris, A. Leon Higginbotham, at first insisted that the study not be made public. Mrs. Harris, I saw no reason to give ammunition to the racists. Others on the Commission balked at releasing the study, but they were torn, as has often been, between the desire to keep racism from exploiting such information and the need to inform society and encourage efforts to correct the conditions that breed crime.

They compromised by disclosing in the Commission report that reported violent crime rates for blacks of all ages were far higher than for whites. But no mention was made of the higher rates of criminal violence found among the upcoming generation of young blacks, and no hint that disturbing new information that crime and race had been produced by the crime-statistics machinery of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The staff also agreed to let its task force report its conclusion that violent crime levels probably are much higher for blacks than for whites, and to substitute the statement that "the figures that have suggested this fact are probably reliable."

The Commission disbanded last fall, but it published all of its task-force reports except one on individual acts of violence that dealt with the FBI's racial data. The indications of a dearth of funds was largely responsible for the delay, and that at some future time the data would be published in a form that would enlighten the public but would probably not reach the general public. The outcome was one that all concerned accepted, and it had the virtue of not adding to public controversy to an already grim situation that did not change the fact that the findings themselves indicate that severe strains will come to bear on the Supreme Court, for "the crime" comes to be increasingly associated with a group—young blacks.

Criminologists find it particularly ominous that robbery is becoming so rampant among young Negroes. Robbery includes all thefts carried out by the use or threat of force—which generalizes muggings and armed stickups. Thus it is a bellwether crime, the one that most clearly indicates people's willingness to use force against strangers. Apparently, young Negroes are becoming more ready to use force, and against whites. A recent study in Philadelphia revealed a marked tendency among Negroes to rob whites, and a marked increase in the use of violence by Negroes against whites in the course of these crimes.

A straw in the wind came in a 1968 Washington, D.C. A police radio alert,

on November 9, after a holdup at a just three blocks from the White all police units to be on the lookout males, each four feet tall and weigh-pounds. The cashier at the theater r ages at ten or eleven. Both carried ok \$80. One shouted, "I'll kill you," n say.

GY STUDIES ABOUND with explanations additionally high Negro crime rate, but e mystified by the further recent jump e. The long-term picture and the re- almost inconsistent: most experts feel oes' low economic status is an impor- hind their history of criminality—yet me spurt came at a time of economic black people.

le explanation is that the recent sta- Negro crime is more apparent than lawlessness was there all along and s only now realizing it. Criminologist gang sees this as partially responsible it crime scare. The unprecedented ex- litional slum crime to white society is me, Wolfgang believes: "Throughout ie Left Bank of Paris, in the slums of in the worst neighborhoods of every ere murders and violence and crime, pushed it into the background and low the Negro is pushing out of his es and moving about in areas where are still living. They are committing and more crimes against white people e first time, society is aware of it. I ound to go through a period of transi- n the Negro crime rate will go higher." ychological explanation for the recent iven by Professor Walter B. Miller of nter for Urban Studies at Cambridge, known for his belief in economic class ominant factor in determining crim- eory that underwent severe strains in s, when Negro crime rose during a time upswing for many Negroes. His studies of juvenile crime in low-income Boston ds showed that when black and white similar incomes and job status were ne arrest rates of their children were me. He concluded that white youngsters e up in court slightly more often than did en on the same socioeconomic level.

67, Professor Miller returned to the orhoods and found that in that year ungsters' rates of arrest almost doubled es—a rise that he blamed on civil-rights and the current climate of defiance of mong young blacks. "Young Negroes ed incentives to violate the law by civil- ncy and the riots," he concluded. "Sud- was an ideological justification for ompensate for injustice, to punish white ause you have been deprived for so

many centuries, you have a right to take back what is yours. You help your race when you oppose the police 'pigs.'"

This will pass, Miller believes, just as the riot phase seems to have peaked. He notes that Negro migration from the South into the cities also seems to have begun to decline, and he feels that the current public anxiety about Negro crime will soon be remembered as a passing concern, like the excitement about youth gangs in the 1950s.

In the meantime, the evidence is mounting that crime by ghetto Negroes has reached levels that explain the public's receptivity to the law-and-order appeals during the 1968 campaign. Studies of robbery in Philadelphia and Chicago at about that time showed that blacks' arrest rates were about eighteen times that of white people in those cities—approximately double the disparity between Negroes and whites for the whole country. In Philadelphia, Negroes were charged with rape at twelve times the rate of white men, while the national Negro/white rate was much lower. In Stamford, Connecticut, the same pattern—to a less pronounced degree—was found in a racial analysis of all criminal offenses.

Finally, a study detailing 10,000 Philadelphia juveniles by Marvin Wolfgang and Thorsten Sellin corroborated the national urban figures produced by the FBI's study, which showed that city Negroes' arrest rates are about double the national Negro rates, and far and away higher than the whites'. They believe that the currently booming Negro crime rate may be a product of the shift of the Negro population from the rural South to the city slums, but this does not resolve the uncertainty that exists over the root causes of the historically higher Negro criminality.

No respectable sociologist believes that crime is a racial trait of Negroes. "That the serious criminality of the Negro American is greater than that of the white American is an established fact," says Professor Sellin, "but sociological studies have shown that this is due to no inborn racial trait but to the economic, educational, and social conditions of the Negro."

The catch comes when sociologists try to establish which conditions of the Negro contribute most to his high crime rate—his generally low economic status, or the cultural isolation and resentment that come from being trapped in a black slum in a white man's world.

"What the high figures for Negro arrests really show is that low-status people commit more crimes," Professor Miller says. "Eighty per cent of the Negroes in the country are in what we would call the lowest class. Only 30 per cent of the whites are. That's the difference."

Most sociologists believe that there is much more to it than poverty. The unwholesome mix of circumstances that more often than not accompanies criminality is likely to be the lot of anyone who is born poor, but these circumstances seem to weigh heaviest on those who are also black. As Marvin Wolfgang puts it:

"The inevitable conclusion is that 'wars on poverty' even if wildly successful . . . will not greatly sap the growth of Negro crime."

Thrust any child, white or colored, from the womb to a world that offers the rewards of status and success. With a moat of discrimination cut him off from the mainland so that there are few or no opportunities to achieve those rewards. Let him continue to wish for the same things the mainlanders desire, but make him move around much more, lose a father to death or desertion and a mother to work and dependency. Give him less knowledge to absorb, less money than the mainlander receives for the same tasks. Surround him with examples of unlauful achievers, and make him fight to protect the mainland without fully participating in the rules to govern it. Shorten his length of life, expose him to disease, treat him as if he were biologically inferior and call him nasty names to convince him of it. Even if the mainlanders value the service he gives them and the feeling of importance his contrast offers, he is lost.

THE QUESTION OF CAUSATION is far more than academic: if Negroes commit proportionately more crimes because poor people tend to break the law and most Negroes are poor, then there is hope in antipoverty programs and other economic measures. But if segregated urban living breeds increasing crime, despite better wages and education for the people who have to live that way, then the prospects for future tranquillity are bleak. According to the President's Commission on Urban Problems, the Negro population of the big-city slums will almost double by 1985 (the national nonwhite population is expected to rise from 12 to 16 per cent by then), which could create a situation resembling the "apartheid society" that the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders warned about.

One of the first good comparative studies of crime by Negroes and white persons of similar economic status was conducted by Professor Earl R. Moses of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore in 1940. It produced a bleak conclusion that is still accepted, widely but reluctantly, by most criminologists—that if Negroes and whites of the same socioeconomic levels are compared, the Negro crime rates are still higher.

More recently, Morris A. Forslund, gathering material for his Ph.D. dissertation at Yale, found that the overall crime rate among Negroes in Stamford, Connecticut, was about six times that of the city's whites. By comparing the frequency of crime among various age and income groups of both races, he concluded that the Negro rate was inflated by about 15 per cent because so many Negroes were young and thus statistically more likely to get into trouble. Further comparisons showed that another 30 per cent of the Negro crime total was due to the fact that so many were poor, and like all poor people, more likely to run afoul of the law. His conclusion: if age and poverty factors could be eliminated, Negroes would still commit three times more crime than whites. This he attributed to resentment by Negroes at white society, plus a ghetto culture that encourages criminal behavior.

The most impressive evidence that money and

job status are not the overriding factors was put up by Professors Wolfgang and Sellin in Philadelphia. When they sorted the Negro boys into groups according to their earnings and job levels, they found that the delinquency rates higher for every income bracket. The boys from high-income Negro families had the lowest Negro arrest rates, had fewer arrests than the white boys in the highest-crime income bracket. The professors concluded that psychological and cultural influences outweighed economic ones in fostering criminality.

This theory gained further credence when crime was found to have accelerated between 1960 and 1967, while the economic lot of Negroes was improving. The number of nonwhite persons below the government's statistical "poverty line" dropped from 10.9 million to 8.3 million in that time. The inevitable conclusion is that the increase in crime is not "on poverty" even if wildly successful. The increase in Negro income must be the economic stimulus of war in Vietnam that greatly sap the growth of Negro crime.

Because these impressions about high crime among blacks are based upon arrest records, statistics are almost nonexistent—the police has been made that they reflect police practices, a tendency to haul in Negroes more than whites. There are hints in the FBI statistics that this is partially so. For years the FBI has arrested far more Negroes than whites for prostitution, consensual offenses, and so much selectivity on the part of arresters that some experts have urged that they be even be published by the FBI. In general, across the country have declined for consensual crimes, indicating that the police is trying to live and let live. But the prostitution of Negro women have continued to increase, while arrests of white women have declined. Negroes constitute the bulk of those arrested for possession of concealed weapons, a statistic that could be attributable to the police's reputed "stop and frisk" Negroes when whites walk alone.

One development that runs counter to the trend is the change in narcotics arrests over the two decades. In the early 1950s there were more narcotics arrests of Negroes than of whites. This changed. Middle-class whites smoking marijuana, and the police started arresting them for it. The narcotics arrest rate of whites is still high, but for the past few years more whites than Negroes have been arrested on narcotics charges and there is no evidence that race affected the situation, either way. Negroes have extremely high arrest rates for murder, especially so frequent among both male and female fifteen to twenty-five years old that it is the leading ranking cause of death, robbery, and assault. Murder, and, to a lesser extent, robbery, do not lend themselves to selective enforcement by police because the body or the empty car cannot be winked at, regardless of the color

anger—that white society will come to see as a thing apart, to be contained by extraordinary measures—that poses a threat to rule of law. An example can be seen in Wilmington, Delaware. Armed National Guard troops were sent to Negro neighborhoods to control the rioting that broke out in April of 1968. The assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King and the resentment ran so deep that officials were afraid to remove the troops, and almost a year before they were withdrawn. A similar incident took place in Miami, where the police sent officers equipped with shotguns into the Negro district to deal with

Back when the Court read the Constitution to tolerate conduct by police that conformed with the flexible principle of "fundamental fairness," judges had discretion to limit their intervention in police affairs to those circumstances that they could expect to control. The Warren Court changed that when it laid down procedural rules that are supposed to be followed by police in all instances. Yet the temptation for the police to break the rules, and for the majority of whites to approve of their actions, may be on the rise—at a time when the flexibility of the courts has been reduced. And so a coincidence of events has heightened the traditional tensions between the forces of enforcement and of justice, and has greatly increased the likelihood of a constitutional crisis somewhere down the line.

SEP 1982

FATHER BUH BUH BOO

a story by
Joseph Sweat



THE EDITORS OF MY NEWSPAPER tend toward blasphemy. That's why they insisted I interview Father James Buhl on Sunday.

"A priest wears a different ass on Sunday," said the managing editor.

The editors knew the surface facts. They read the stories I wrote at the time of Father Buhl's arrest last spring. There was a story when he was charged, with statements from the assistant district attorney explaining the reason for each charge—assault and battery, creating a public nuisance, indecent exposure. Then there was a second story when he was removed as pastor of Our Lady of the Lake Catholic Church on W Street.

But they kept badgering me to find out why Father Buhl attacked the sit-in group at the church, particularly since the group included Buhl's assistant, Father Charles Garibaldi. Recently the editors insisted again that I go unearthing that deeper story, adding the meaning to the circumstances that flowed out and emptied into the Feast of St. Peter on that eventful day of the sit-in. And they wanted that the diggings should begin on Sunday.

"Ask him more about the birds," they said. He put his head down on the desk and said, "That old sacerdotal bastard."

agreed to see me again, I suppose, few my newspaper would not print my damaging. We had talked twice immediately after his arrest and again removed him from his pastorate. Understand when I told him my editorgo printing embarrassing facts if s were made available to our journal-

Why likes to gossip too," Father Buhl none.

ew that our management, inclined as traditional view of life, would hold for a man who took such a vigorous dealing with youthful rebels. Our man-aid Father Buhl's attack upon the pro-e "funniest church thing since Jesus nblers out with a bullwhip." And I l bet that was funny."

l looks like a nutcracker. He should those stubby, curved pipes—the kind pect a nutcracker to smoke. Instead. Kaywoodie billiard sending angel's efore him with the aroma of London ere is an accompanying tune: air and ough the teeth.

O'Malley smoked a pipe like this." said.

O'Malley?"
alley. Bing Crosby in *Going My Way*. r seen it. Ain't you Catholic?"

ather," I said. "Certainly, O'Malley." hink I look like O'Malley? I've been at I do. But know-it-all Father Gari-t singsong, squeaky, little queer voice p, I shouldn't trouble you with that

n to go on. He leaned forward, sucked d twisted his mouth sour lemon. His from side to side like a clown doll with as he said, "The little queer put it this ng), 'Well, Father, I think you look ather Fitzgibbon.' (Here Father Buhl o wrist.) 'You know you look more like rald than Bing Crosby.'"

hl jammed his pipe into his mouth and again with a jerk. The edges of his ed outward.

hat the little fairy son-of-a-bitch said." ew with Father Buhl took place in the Joseph's Church on K Street, where he as associate pastor. I was met at the ported to the parlor by an ancient Irish , the kind who seems to be issued as uipment with Catholic rectories. She and slid her feet along the floor rather them to walk. As the priest and I talked, her shoes sl'ing about the house, the ging as it emanated from kitchen lino-l hardwood or bedroom carpet.

atie!" Father Buhl yelled at one point. please stop that damn sliding?"

ng stopped for a few moments, then n.

Father Buhl considered the events of the Feast of St. Peter Claver and preceding developments. In retrospect they had a dream quality, like home movies shot through gauze.

"Dissent is a lot of crap," he said. "A lot of liberal crap. Any chairpussy can sniff around in pansyland all night and squeak-mouse against authority by day."

He rapped his Kaywoodie billiard on the mahogany finish of the chair arm.

"But a real man—a man like O'Malley—will be true and noble and endowed with character. He will rise up like the stag of the forest and greet the new day filled with rest and strength, and he will shake the dew from his antlers and ask what his superiors would have him do. Did you see *The Bells of St. Mary*?"

"Yes, Bing Crosby also?"

"O'Malley," Father Buhl said. "Father O'Malley. Oh, God, how great he was."

He looked around the room to make certain we were alone. His voice dropped to a whisper.

"I've been told by some very discerning folks that I look most like O'Malley in that particular movie. He used a certain jut of the chin in that picture."

Father Buhl winked, pointed his finger at me like a pistol and juttet his chin to one side in a knowing fashion. But then his mouth rolled sourly forward.

"Father Garibaldi said I looked more like Ingrid Bergman. Goddamn little fruit."

As Sunday afternoon flowed on and seemed to leave us behind in that rectory room, Father Buhl spun out his memories of recent events. Our Lady of the Lake had been Father Garibaldi's first assignment following ordination in Rome.

"The bishop's sending me a wop." Father Buhl had said.

The young priest had received Holy Orders from the palsied hands of an old Swiss bishop at the Altar of the Chair in the apse beyond Michelangelo's great dome in the Basilica of St. Peter.

"I toured Italy once," Father Buhl said. "Can you imagine a whole country full of dagos? I led one of them spiritual tours. Studied for months on the language—a as in *pane*, e as in *severo*, o as in *amore*, and all that."

When the young priest had arrived at the rectory Father Buhl had shaken his hand and presented him a bottle of Verdicchio dei Castelli di Jesi. They would spend long days together, Father Buhl had said, with the pastor training his curate in the lore of the priesthood. For dinner they had had *bistecca alla Fiorentina* and *broccoli alla Romana*.

"White wine does not go with steak," Father Garibaldi had said. "And for my part, tell the cook to stick to American food."

The curate had used the Verdicchio dei Castelli di Jesi for altar wine. Father Buhl had then lectured him on using "those materials—such as the proper altar wine—which have come down from Christ himself and which the Church in her wisdom has passed on to us."

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As the months passed the two men came to the point of open hostility. Meals were taken separately. Communication was handled most often via notes thumbtacked to bedroom doors.

Father Buhl:

I need to have an evening Mass for young people. We plan to use guitars.

Charles Garibaldi

Absolutely not.

Father James Buhl, Pastor

Father Garibaldi:

I understand you are parading around town in sports clothes. Quit making an ass of yourself or I will have you removed from the priesthood.

Father James Buhl, Pastor

(no answer)

Father Buhl:

I need to visit a friend out of town next Tuesday and Wednesday. I have arranged for someone to say my Masses.

Charles Garibaldi

Permission denied.

Father James Buhl, Pastor

Father Buhl:

A group of priests wants to use the Church Wednesday afternoon. We plan to invite other ministers to join us in praying for an end to racial injustice.

Charles Garibaldi

Christ's Church is no place for politics. Permission denied.

Father James Buhl, Pastor

Father Buhl:

We plan to meet with or without your permission. This could become a sit-in in protest against your medieval mentality.

Charles Garibaldi

Father Garibaldi:

It has come to my attention again that you are parading around town in sports clothes. Frankly, people think you look like a queer. This is the last warning. Either stop this immoral and scandalous practice or I will have you removed out.

Father James Buhl, Pastor

Son of a Bitch.

Charles Garibaldi

PACKING HIS KAYWOODIE BILLIARD with London Dock, Father Buhl recalled that the Feast of St. Peter Claver did not "have a Bing Crosby type of morning." In fact, he suspected it was the kind of day the movie crews would "sit around and play cards while Bing and the other stars helled around in town." The laugh rolled around back there like a marble. He winked, squinched air through the side of his mouth, pointed his finger gun at me, and recalled that the violins began to build as he walked from the rectory on that gloomy day. He remembered noting it would not be a good

day for shooting. The light was bad, always seem to shoot Bing's movies. But oh the violins, riding in smoothly and the woodwinds, and building, emerged from the rectory, climbing getting louder as he crossed the driveway a peak as he alighted the side steps. Yes, the light was bad. But the back demanded some bit of showmanship appropriate gesture to close the scene. He flawless run of the softshoe, turned with of the outstretched arm and saluted. There was no sun. The salute, then, was in a cloud. But the whole sky was cloudy, salute for all the sky on this day of. There would have been no shooting and doubt, those in the audience would be warmed by his salute. How, Father Buhl would O'Malley have closed a scene him there would have been hope of being.

As he mused of O'Malley, Father Buhl Mass. He was in the final stages of this the tardy altar boy appeared. The priest rebuff, but cut short to wonder: how would they have handled this?

"Son," he said. "Let me sing you, but that may help you in this situation."

No, O'Malley never would have done that way.

"Son, let me ask you a question."

Father Buhl pulled the cincture around his waist. His fingers patted the soft mourning rhythm to the intro played by Paul Williams and the orchestra. On the proper note, as the boy looked on with blinking eyes and Father Buhl sang: "Would you like to carry star/ Carry moonbeams home in a jar."

Mass ran twenty minutes late that day.

"You see, my boy," said Father Buhl. "Only are in danger of becoming a martyr. We have made us late for Mass."

He chuckled behind his hand lest the impressionable youngster think him too forward.

Father Buhl rattled off the prayers that day. Not a word was bobbled. Behind this screen of words and gestures, he watched the audience. They must be watched carefully for signs of their reaction to his performance. This was important to Bing—he had learned in a magazine interview—and it should be important to those like him, those endowed with features and certain quality of voice.

The Gospel for the Feast of St. Peter was taken from the tenth chapter of Luke:

"At that time a certain lawyer, wishing to tempt Jesus, said to Jesus: 'And who is my neighbor?'"

As he read the Gospel, Father Buhl remembered Father Garibaldi. He wanted to sweep them from his mind, but they persisted. His thoughts grew visions of Father Garibaldi storming the Church in their black sports clothes. They were fluttering into the scene like tropical birds. In fact, Father Buhl was reminded of a green barbet and two rainbow Lorikeets.

and perch upon the communion rail. A Donaldson's touraco with an orange crest from the baptismal font with a lilac-breasted roller actually fluttered the window. And the bird carried all the birds sang folk songs. At least three witnesses who had attended the baptism of St. Peter Claver said they were with Father Buhl stopped reading the Gospel, shouted, "You get bird crap on those pews I'll wash the socks."

He returned to the Gospel: "... 'Which of you in your opinion, was neighbor to the robber?' He said into the hands of the robbers?" He said to the one who treated him with compassion to him, 'Go and act like him.' "

He did not return for the duration of the service. The folk songs were out of place," he told me there in the rectory at St. Peter. All the air whistled through his Kay-Daddy as he blew it for cleaning. Then he went to London Dock, occasionally lifting a nostril for a whiff.

I believe I ever saw Bing smell his tobacco. A pinch was en route to his nostrils, and he stuffed it in his pipe.

He told me the folk songs were vulgar too," he said. "I now I heard a few damns and hells. I'm not mistaken there were some allusions to the fact that the lingers are quite fond of flaunting their wares, you know. Just listen to them. La. La. La. in the meadow with my true love, la, la, you're no priest, but you know anybody who's all the night in some hayfield with a woman is out there primarily to ... to get the children's stockings."

He made the small laugh around in his throat. He winked and squinched air through the side of his mouth, sucking in great rushes of air, he lit his cigarette. At that moment I could not see his face behind the smoke. His hand fanned the smoke away. He heaved, he bent low to see me, like a seafarer trying to peer through the fog.

"I call Bing ever singing a folk song," he said. "What something?"

His vision of the birds occurred, Father Buhl decided to make a Bing Crosby assault upon the church. The idea came to him as a scene that he closed with 72-frame dissolves and Paul Robeson band segueing in louder and louder the close, fading out. It was "really a way to get an idea."

At that point, direct action, Father Buhl knew, was the weapon. But he could not recall a single college administrator who had tried to do it. He would do combat with song. "But the songs, good wholesome American songs." He tried to recall a scene in which Bing Crosby sang. Perhaps it was only conjecture as to whether Crosby might have sung to birds if he had the chance. To be precise, the scene in

Father Buhl's mind was of Bing as Father O'Malley singing to birds.

"I'm sure of one thing," Father Buhl said. "The birds in the scene were not homosexual."

The laugh wobbled in his throat. He winked, squinched air from the side of his mouth, and pointed the finger gun. "... nor Communist."

THE PROTEST BEGAN LATER THAT MORNING as Father Garibaldi, four other priests, a Protestant minister with a guitar, a couple of college students, and a black, grim-faced man with a goatee marched to the front door of Our Lady of the Lake. Father Buhl was waiting, standing at parade rest.

"May we come in?" asked Father Garibaldi.

"Sir," Father Buhl said, "for what purpose do you and your disruptive band approach these holy and sacred premises?"

"Oh, well, we just happened to be passing by and thought we'd drop in for a snort of holy water. Are you the bartender?"

The hair just above Father Buhl's white collar stood on end. He surveyed the marchers in the manner of a military inspector walking up and down the line, stopping before each person, then he walked back to the door and addressed Father Garibaldi again: "Some of your curious crew appear to be ordained priests of the one, true, holy and Catholic Church."

"No. We are disguised. Really, we are eunuchs come to change the toilet paper in the girls' rest room."

One of the priests began laughing.

"I'm sorry," said Father Buhl, "but in my best judgment you are here to do nothing more than profane this sacred place. I can't let you enter my church."

"It's not your goddamned church to keep us out of," said Father Garibaldi. He pushed Father Buhl aside and led the others inside, directing them to take seats in the back pews.

Father Buhl remained beside the door, in the same spot where he had been shoved by Father Garibaldi. He felt ill and tried to calm his stomach by taking deep breaths. According to his plan, if the stand in the doorway failed, the second phase was to be the secret weapon of song. But he couldn't sing if he got sick.

Inside the protesters were singing:

*Gonna tell old Buhl we shall not be moved.
Gonna tell old Buhl we shall not be moved.
Just like a tree standing by the water
We shall not be moved.*

They sang many songs throughout the afternoon as news of the protest reached the people of the city. Soon a crowd of onlookers gathered. Some remained outside, standing on the lawn and discussing the emotional scene that was building before them, listening to the songs—the sounds of which grew louder each time the church door opened. A few of the curious ventured inside, including one

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woman who lectured the protesters on "this sacrilege, this blasphemy. And we won't tolerate it, by God." A television cameraman asked her to move just a little closer to the protesters. With the lady closer, the cameraman could capture upon his film not only her and the protesters, but a statue of the Infant Jesus of Prague. The lady bared her teeth to the gums, shouted, and flailed the air with her arms. The protesters—at least those in view of the camera—blanched and jerked their heads backward with each spit-laden word flung from her mouth. The Infant Jesus of Prague just kept his two little fingers up in the air blessing them all.

Father Buhl remained in the vestibule over two hours trying to calm the storm raging within his body. The nausea washed over him like waves upon a beach and there were moments when he felt he would be engulfed and swept away in a spinning, dizzy tide. He took deep breaths and braced himself against a rack filled with tracts and paperback books.

The city editor assigned me to cover the sit-in, saying, "Jesus, get out there. Priests spend so much time bustin' people in the ass, we can't miss them bustin' each other."

A short time after I arrived, in fact before I could be seated, Father Buhl stalked into the sanctuary, faced the protesters and began singing: "Would you like to swing on a star . . ."

The protesters—as soon as they had recovered from the first shock of Father Buhl's singing assault—began singing along with him: "But if you don't care a feather or a fig/ You may grow up to be a pig."

Occasionally Father Garibaldi would punctuate the end of the refrain by winking, squinching air through the side of his mouth and pointing his finger at Father Buhl like a pistol.

Father Buhl, enraged and red in the face, stalked from the sanctuary as abruptly as he had entered. In the short time it takes an infuriated man to climb a staircase, he was walking to the edge of the choir loft and stepping up on the rail above the heads of the protesters. Some thought he was going to jump. But he pulled the white collar from his neck and flung it down at the protesters. Then came the black coat, falling with a smack next to one of the college girls. The black rabat fell in the aisle, its elastic straps flapping.

Those in the sanctuary could see that Father Buhl was muttering something, but no one could hear the words clearly enough to understand. One witness said that at times the priest appeared to be taking gasps of air, "like he was trying to light a pipe that wasn't there."

Father Buhl's black trousers, belt still in the loops, fell across Father Garibaldi's head and shoulders with one cuff dangling below his chin.

As Father Buhl stepped down from the rail, ran down the stairs, and—puffing for breath—stalked up the aisle of the church, he was clad in a white undershirt by BVD, white jockey shorts by Fruit of the Loom, black over-the-calf socks by Supp-hose ("For legs of all ages," the ad said), and black eight-eyelet

oxfords by Crosby Square ("Fine Since 1867").

The over-the-calf socks pumped down the aisle of the church. They zigzagged the air like the tense black legs of an ant. As Father Buhl flailed the protesters with his arms, the socks pumped down the aisle.

Again the spindly, black-clad legs pumped down the aisle. They returned, pumped beneath the priest, pumped past the disheveled—as if swept by broom straw from their hair—and swept the protesters, pumped up the stairs, and stepped into the choir-loft rail again. These over-the-calf socks had a tendency to catch the protesters' feet as they were beneath the white cloth. And it was the black socks ("For legs of all ages," the ad said) that Father Garibaldi recalled seeing in the corner of his eye, above and behind his head, as the altar wine began splattering upon his face. Father Buhl was sloshing the wine. The wine dampens the coals in the outdoor brazier. The priest worked so hard up there running forth on the ledge and sloshing that I realized at the time how he avoided falling.

Father Buhl had another memory. "Have you ever seen birds in a rain storm?" he asked me. "They flutter and turn their backs to the driving rain. And sometimes one will tuck its head under his wing and occasionally pull its head around to turn toward the raining heavens and sing in a vulgar way. That's what those little queers do. I told me of down there when I douched the wine."

When Father Buhl reached the bottom of the choir-loft staircase, the black, grim-faced man with the goatee was waiting. The black man pulled the priest by the shoulders and swung him over his reading-material rack. Tracts and booklets fell to the floor. The black man wore an Egyptian headwrap in his right hand. He made a fist and slammed it into the image of King Khafre into Father Buhl's face. The priest careened across the vestibule, skittering on the marble floor and kicking up dust. He scattered tracts on the "Seven Dead" and "Getting to Know Jesus Our Brother."

The other protesters persuaded the priest to return to the sanctuary.

Father Buhl lay on the marble floor, gasping for breaths and asking bystanders to please move him alone. He continued to wave the bystanders away as he got up, brushed off his underwear, and walked his way toward the rectory. Blood spilled from his mouth, ran down his chin, and soaked his white undershirt by BVD and the white jockey shorts by Fruit of the Loom.

MISS KATIE WAS WATCHING from the doorway when Father Buhl stumbled down the church. She slid from room to room, trying to find his bathrobe. Finally she found it, a cassock and ran back to the window to watch.

"He misjudged the hedge and fell over the railing," she told me in a later interview. "He must have hit his knee on the sidewalk something fr

limping so as he came in. And the blood on his chin and underwear cried."

Good there holding the cassock open planned to trap him like a prodigal

into his cassock and he didn't hardly a thing to me, just 'Well, Miss Katie, 't be no monsignor now.'"

ent in our interview at St. Joseph's, laid his Kaywoodie billiard on the stood and looked out of the window nder of the time I was there. Mostly yed behind his back, the back of the ly within the curled palm of the left. he flexed his fingers as an arthritic

it," he said. "I felt so damn sick, and tired. After lying down on the bed—I n—I can recall feeling the cuff of my st my forehead. After vomiting I had outh with my sleeve and it was wet. I I should move my arm before I fell never did.

curious dream. You know how an old dam when things are bad."

to me and winked. It was not his usual k. His eyelid did not fully close. He to face the window.

as a kid this dago family used to come hborhood. They sold fruit and vege- had an International Harvester truck— old truck, but not a new one either— lack with red fenders. The father and ll the kids would be on the truck, kids the back and usually the mother driv- e father and mother were big, sloppy, ne wore one of those print dresses and users were always slung below his big own belt that had little cracks running

l and flexed his fingers as if he were the blood to circulate.

hose little wops. Toys would be miss- eighborhood and we knew they took ey were so damn happy all the time. I like that just don't know any better. would just stop the truck right in the e street and play with them. I thought gusting people. The father would pull na handkerchief from his back pocket sweat from his face. And I'd see the handkerchief from his pocket and run. tch 'em and get it back. No whipping. ent."

his arms and slapped his sides.

yway, I was going to tell you about the as somewhere in Italy, I suppose near olfo. The clouds were blowing in from at same truck—the International Har- the red fenders—drove up. I hope you now that this was just a crazy dream. nan given to blasphemous thoughts."

ured him that I put no stock in dreams,

he continued, again with his hands behind his back.

"The Pope got out of the truck and he was the biggest dago you ever saw. It was rather funny—and I hope you don't think me disrespectful. But there he was—the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ—wearing khaki trousers slung below his big fat belly. And I swear to God he pulled a red bandanna from his back pocket and mopped his face. Now isn't that strange that I should dream such truck as that?"

I assured him I thought it strange.

"The Pope was carrying a fish, a yellow perch I believe. His fingers were hooked inside the fish's lower lip and water was dripping from the fish's tail. It seemed so real, that tail flipping and water dripping down to make a little dotted line wherever His Holiness walked."

Father Buhl, still keeping his back to me, curled his arm and curled his fingers to show me how the fish was carried. He moved the curled arm in a figure eight pattern at his side and brought the index finger of the other hand over to indicate the dripping water.

"I'm not sure if they have perch in the Italian lakes. But in the dream it was a perch."

He returned to the parade rest position and looked back out the window. Past his shoulder I could see boys playing Sunday afternoon baseball on the St. Joseph's playground.

"Father Garibaldi was there, in the dream with the Pope. He had his cassock on, pressed and neat and snug on his firm shoulders. Oh, he was a handsome priest. Too bad. Too bad about the little queer. Too damn bad."

It appeared from the back that Father Buhl was shaking his head.

"You understand, of course, how things get bad and an old man dreams."

As he continued his story he kept his hands behind but touched his forehead to the windowpane. In the course of our conversation he rubbed his forehead from side to side, allowing the cool pane to follow the curve of his brow.

"We were all walking away from the International Harvester, toward a table underneath a tree in the distance. As we walked along everyone seemed rather jolly and Father Garibaldi urged me to sneak the red bandanna from the Pope's back pocket. I did and the Holy Father began chasing me. I can recall stirring in my sleep at that point and outside I could hear people talking loudly. Somehow I knew it was the police and for the first time all day I was afraid. It was not so much being afraid of the police, what they would do to me. But just dreading all the humiliation and seeing the Church ridiculed so."

The glass pane was steamed from the rubbing of Father Buhl's forehead. Small droplets of water began to form on the pane and run down to the windowsill.

"His Holiness caught me and tugged the bandanna out of my hand and threw his head back and laughed the biggest dago laugh I ever heard. He laughed straight up at the sky, and said, 'I think

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together, Father Buhl, we understand why Jesus loved the little ones so.”

Outside the baseball game had developed into a heated contest. Boys were yelling. At times Father Buhl’s voice sank so low I could not hear him over the shouting. The windowsill was wet from the running droplets.

“You should have seen the table under the tree. So much food. The Pope said to me, ‘Come, my son, we’ll show you how well we Italians eat. The food is from the length and breadth of our country. Being Pope, you see, I get all kinds of junk sent to me.’ And the Holy Father went on and on like that. His big beefy arm was locked around my waist. I can still see that table so well, little dishes and jars of pimentos, mushrooms—the kind fixed up yellow in juice—breadsticks, boiled eggs cut in quarters, big pitted olives stuffed red, sausages, and there was a cheese pie with a cracked, yellow crust.”

As Father Buhl described the food his hands broke from each other and waved at his side. It was unusual to see a man gesture and talk and yet keep his back to you. He held his arms high in the air.

“The Holy Father held up a dish and said, ‘You see, my son, very ecumenical: Jewish-style artichokes.’ Then the Pope held up a wine flask and said, ‘It’s called Est! Est!! Est!!! Let me tell you why.’ And he told a funny story about a cardinal drinking himself to death at the wineshop in Montefiascone where he first encountered this wine. I can’t recall the story very well, but I do remember the Holy Father saying, ‘The cardinal was thus led to his death by a German priest named Johann Fugger. My son, always beware of anyone with a name like Fugger.’ And he threw his head back for another one of those dago laughs.”

His fingers distended, Father Buhl circumscribed big arcs with his hands.

“And the cheese. It was piled in mounds and the Pope explained the origin of each type. There were hunks of Parmigiano Reggiano that really looked like shattered pieces of gold. They were freshly cut—or, I guess, broken—and moist. Fontina and Bel Paese and white Provolone shaped like pigs and fat boys and melons. Father Garibaldi cut open a ham and told me, ‘It’s salt-cured from Langhirano.’ And later, after eating, we had coffee—the kind you get in the Piazza San Marco at Venice—and orange ices. I believe the Italians call them *granite*.”

Father Buhl’s hands were behind him again, one cradled inside the other. He rubbed his forehead on the windowpane.

“They asked me to sing. Father Garibaldi asked. Goddamn he’s not all that bad. He told them I had a good voice. The damn, dumb dago. Said it was a joy to serve under a singing pastor. Said no priest had sung so well since Bing Crosby as O’Malley. Said he would drink my Verdicchio dei Castelli di Jesi with a meat dinner. It was so good to be there in that place. When I sang all of the old songs the Pope held his massive hands high over his head as he clapped. God how good it was. I sang for them as the clouds blew in from the sea. And it seemed as if we were under that tree near Castel Gandolfo,

there eating and drinking with the for days and days. But I suppose we to ‘face the music’ as they say, back ugliness and sin, back to little fairy pr songs and protesters.”

When he turned to me there was not seen before.

“Even back to old pastors who thank you for having the stomach to l

Miss Katie slid her feet beside me and let me out with scarcely a grunt walk away from the door even before

Father Buhl saluted me as I passed window.

THE BASEBALL GAME HAD ENDED but players remained. They were talking. As I passed, a truck pulled to the curb the baseball players, an Italian boy, the boy’s cassock from the driver, a large woman. The boy hurried away, holding high to avoid the dirt of the baseball “Angelo,” the driver yelled, “when finished get your butt home.”

Angelo laughed and ran to the back rectory. He rapped hard upon the door with the cassock held high beside his. Katie eased the door open a few inches, scarcely taller than the boy, and shook Irish face in silent inquiry.

“Miss Katie,” said the youngster. “I’ve come to see Father Buhl. He said I would come early for novena he would the song he sang for the Holy Father. ‘St. Mary,’ Miss Katie. Father Buhl told Miss Katie.” The old woman, nodding indicate she believed young Angelo, opened wide enough for him to pass inside. She her face, she closed the door.

As I returned to tell my editors of St. Peter Claver, of the songs and the dream, I knew by an inner shudder that not tell them how it must have been in after I left. They didn’t need to know. I didn’t need to know of a dark young boy his altar boy’s cassock high, following Irish feet into a parlor smelling heavy with The editors would not understand the boy’s hair, as curly as the lamb dwelling wolf, or why he stood with eyes as big wonder as the child that led the calf and lion and the fatling together.

There would be no way to explain a priest’s arms would spread wide as he to the boy. The youngster would think listening to “The Bells of St. Mary” and up two fat fingers to bless the singer. I would rise on his tiptoes, sing ever so soar with the clouds blowing in from the a boy with hair as curly as a lamb’s w how far they soared, how close they came in the clouds of a table beneath a tree with a flipping tail.

OF THE CATSKILLS

of a country boy, making it.

INGS OF THE CATSKILLS, large hills in New York State that have as much charm but are celebrated instead only as a people on summer vacations? Who in the Catskills, stuck off the New York State map, is full of places called things like O'Shea's, or just plain O'Shea's, which gave the place its name; and who sings of this except the people who come in for two weeks in August, not the latter-day land sharks, buying land inside at \$300 an acre, and not the people from Brooklyn, tromping the mountainside to shoot a farmer's unarmed deer, or who truly sings the Catskills, even though they are a bear and bear, and, yes, real coyotes in the bar mitzvahs. Americans do not sing of their land, and Americans who live in the Catskills, would never do it, even if they say there is no place else he would live. Even though there have been Hamiltons there he lives in Delaware County since the birth of the Great Republic.

Jack Hamilton, after all, was born there according to the old family Bible (and it shows how many Hamiltons went unredeemed by him) and he married Anthy Burr, in 1781, and may or may not have married Aaron, and from them were sprung Hamilton men called Isaac and Noah, and women called Polly, Rebecca, and Ann. Jack Hamilton died in 1855, Anthy going on for many years, and they apparently were the grandparents of Jack Hamilton, the author. The Hamiltons, however, are uninterested about themselves, part of the family

record being written in pencil on the back of an old envelope that advertises sweet corn on the front, and Jack himself has never been much interested in any of it. He does remember his grandparents, though, and he knows something about a great-grandfather, who was a gamekeeper on the Gerry estate. The Gerrys were related to the Livingstons, who, along with the Van Rensselaers, owned a great deal of Delaware County until very nearly the time of the Civil War. They were patroons, who had received perpetual title to their lands a century or two before that, and the farmers who lived on their estates were supposed to pay an annual rent, and more or less stay in debt to the patroon all their lives. In the 1840s, the farmers in Delaware County began to agitate against all that, and in 1845, when they killed a sheriff's deputy who was trying to collect the rent, the Governor sent in the militia. Jack's great-grandfather, no doubt, heard all about it when he was growing up, although all there is left to remind anyone of him now is a picture of him and his dog and the rifle he holds in the picture, a Mannlicher, which got handed down to Jack, and with which he has killed four deer.

Jack *could* sing of the Catskills, knowing a great deal about them, but the Hamilton men are practical men, and would do so only shyly. Now, Jack remembers his mother's father, who was interested mostly in playing the fiddle, hunting, and fishing, but then there was his father's father, Grandfather Johnny Hamilton, and of all the Hamiltons who were, Jack remembers him most kindly. Grandfather Hamilton was born in 1870, and did not die until 1958, and every year in the winter of his life he would show Jack where he had set out rows of parsnips. Parsnips are roots, not easily detected, and the old man would ask Jack to promise to dig them up if death got to him before he could do it himself. Jack, of course, did this when Johnny died, and when Jack mentions him now he always begins by saying something like, Well, he was quite a man, or, You really would have liked him. Jack is himself a country boy, although he is hardly a rustic, and as the president of Delhi Motor Company in Delhi, New York, he could hardly afford

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John Corry
SON OF THE
CATSKILLS

to be one. He employs eleven people, and last year he did more than \$1 million worth of business by selling 143 new cars and 278 used ones. He is also the president of Te-Jack Rentals and of "44" Leasing, lesser outfits, spin-offs from Delhi Motors, really, that involve him in real estate and car rentals. Once, he also built a car wash, and ran that, and another time he got into the garbage-hauling business. "My word and my credit are the most valuable things I have," he says, and in Delhi his word and his credit are very good indeed. Here is Jack, at one end of the phone, with Milton Henderson, president of the Delaware National Bank, at the other end: "Milton? Jack. I need \$20,000 for thirty, maybe sixty, days. . . . Uh, huh, yes. . . . Thanks, Milton. I'll send someone over for it right away."

This is the way a man can do business in Delhi, which has only a few more than 2,000 people, most of whom apparently know one another, and any one of whom can tell anyone else when a local boy is up to no good. "If I did something wrong to someone, within two hours everyone in town would know about it," Jack says. "They might not believe it, but they'd sure hear about it." Newell Jones, one of the two salesmen working for Jack, says that, even if he wanted to, he couldn't cheat a customer because he would keep meeting him all around town. "I'd see him once a day," Newell says. "Oh, hell, in Delhi I'd see him five or six times a day." Both Newell and Jack customarily begin their day before 7:00 A.M. at the Delhi Diner, where, in the company of other working men at breakfast, they amiably exchange lies and insults, and discuss the affairs of Delhi. "Don't let Newell Jones sell you anything," a big man in work clothes says to a man who is sitting with Newell. "You've got to watch him every minute. He sold me a car, and the other day I tried to run him over with it. Drove just about up on the sidewalk to do it, and I came so close that he had to turn around and brush himself off after I went by." Then the big man grins wolfishly, tells the waitress the service is lousy, and wanders out. Jack, meanwhile, is talking with a young man who works in the Post Office about the steer roast the Kiwanis is planning. The year before they had written to the Texan who arranged the big barbecues Lyndon Johnson held on his ranch, and had asked him if it would be possible to roast not a quarter, or a half, but a whole steer at one time. The Texan had said that he doubted it, but that they could always go ahead and try. They did, and it worked out splendidly, the only thing being that some of the men who were turning the steer got to drinking bourbon, and then felt bad the next day. Nonetheless, it was a great success, and now Jack and the postal worker are talking about this year's steer roast. Delhi has a more truly democratic society than you can imagine, and a more classless one, too.

WHEN I FIRST STARTED SELLING CARS," Jack says, "my father gave me only one piece of advice: never lie, and always keep your word. He

didn't mean that you had to tell the customer *thing* about a car, but if he asked you, then to tell him the truth." Jack's father founded Delhi Motor Company, and Jack has now worked there since he was fifteen. The notable lesson he ever had, he says, came when, about twenty, a year or two after the war, he sold someone a '37 Chrysler for \$350. He oiled the engine, which he ought not to have done, and when the customer got a few miles out on the start of a long trip, it had a seizure. The customer called Jack's father, who then asked if he had really done anything so foolish as to oil the engine in a \$350 car, and when he had, his father sighed, uttered not another word about it, and called a tow truck. Jack has taught him something about making promises, and that one reason he is so successful now is that he is always sure that he can do what he says he can do. Automobile dealerships have been about as much enshrined in our mythology as Frank and Jesse James, with whom they are usually compared, but Jack Hamilton is better than that. Every year the Chrysler Corporation tells him how many cars he must sell to keep his job, and every year he sells two or three times that. In part, this is because Delhi is just a good place to sell cars, and in part it is because Jack has good people working for him. ("When I'm going to sell a car," Newell Jones says, "I can talk anyone into it." "When I'm bad I couldn't give one more car," Jack says. "Mostly, however, it is because of Jack's good service department, which employs five men, the chief one of whom is Henry Sanders, a good man, who farms on the side, wears a white shirt and tinted glasses, and smokes a pipe. The other mechanics wear blue shirts and, like Jack, are everywhere, are monosyllabic.

All the mechanics are local boys, and they were trained at the garage itself. It is not that it takes two to four years to train a mechanic, and that, even though he still keeps a set of tools, there are some things, such as transmissions and power steering, that are beyond him. The Chrysler Corporation, forever holding training sessions and classes for the people in its tributaries, but, even so, there are things that get beyond most of them. Long ago, a man from New York, who had a home nearby, visited Delhi Motors and bought a Plymouth. Almost immediately it developed miseries, and despite frequent and lengthy consultations with Henry Sanders and his colleagues it did not prove. Now, Jack will do anything to please a customer, and he prides himself on his service department, and sometimes he says that as an auto dealer it is the whole ball of wax." So it is his service department, that he has even broadsides printed to discourage people from bringing their cars in for repairs. So relentless and complicated is the technology, however, that even the best mind in Delhi Motors could not discover what was wrong with the city man's Plymouth. Finally, in the way it

the new technology, a consultant was from the Chrysler Corporation. "Jesus, the city man, who often talks this way, I have thought he was Christiaan Barnard, a goddamned brain surgeon, or something. Blue suit, and he never touched the car. I asked him to what the mechanics had to say. He stood back and stroked his chin, and he said quietly, 'Unless I miss my guess, you've got a problem in the engine pan,' or some goddamn shit, and he was right, and now the car

doesn't often have this much trouble with the engine, and more likely it is a customer who has a pain. He says that, as a rule, the only people who get to him are members of what he calls the intelligentsia, and that this is because they are in, demand their rights, and all the while they know the difference between a warranty and a guarantee. He says, however, that most always people from outside Delhi come to him, that he tries to accommodate the producers and administrators from Delhi Tech, which is an agricultural and technical college, but they are not driving Chrysler products. Once or twice he has had a problem there. One time a lady from Delhi Tech, he says, drove an old heap not Chrysler's, and who was coming in and demanding that they stop whatever they were doing, and fix it immediately. Jack says that he helped her a little, but that she became so wearisome that he had to take her business someplace else. He says, he asked her to do this several times, one busy afternoon, he says, she called, and he was on the way to Kansas, or something, that her car had broken down, and he asked someone to help? Jack said that he did, and she said, The hell you can't. I have a car, and she said, and Jack said, and she said, and I have tried to tell you that I do not want you for a customer at all. Well, the lady was with you, and to hell with Hertz, from that time she rented this car. Hertz, for crying out loud, was trying to get Jack to bail out of there. Afterward, there appeared in the Delhi Tech office, which is a throwaway, an old lady, saying that, while some of the students were fine, there were some who were not, and that the very worst of all was Jack. Well, do you know," Jack says, "that day I appeared I bet I got at least fifty calls from people who said they thought she was all wet. I got one call from an Episcopal priest, and he had played bridge with this woman and said that she had even called him a son

of the world or his customers get to be a pain. Jack goes home, which is just outside of Delhi and was once part of a farm that he had 68 acres, then, leased 200 more, and raised Holsteins, parceling out most of the

work to a hired man, with whom he and his wife shared their home. Jack's wife is Te, for Teresa, and she is a fine-looking, dark-haired girl from Plattsburg, New York, who met Jack when she went to Delhi to teach home economics. Te wears Madras shorts, and button-down shirts, and she could be one of the ladies who meet the 6:15 at the station in Darien, Connecticut, every night, except that she looks more pleased with herself than they do. She works at the garage a few days every week, helping to keep the books, and she plays golf as often as she can, and at Christmas she bakes 150 dozen cookies, which get handed out to friends. The Hamiltons have four children, the oldest a boy nineteen, and the youngest a girl eleven, and she raises them, too. "Te has been a really good wife to me," Jack says. "When I think of what she had to take those early years. I used to stay out late with the boys and have some drinks, although I never chased other women. I'd work at the garage every night until nine, and I was never home. The accident changed all that. Everything changed. Things got different. I was out on business, bidding on some town trucks, and I stopped off and had a couple of drinks and some sandwiches. I was driving a '54 Dodge, and on the way home I had to come over a mountain, and into a 90-degree turn. That's the last thing I remember until I woke up in the hospital three days later."

What happened on that wintry night is that Jack went off the road, the car flipping over three times, sending him out the rear window, and pretty much shearing off the top of his head. It was about 1:00 A.M., and he lay there in snow, the temperature 10 degrees, until he was found the next morning by the man who was collecting the milk cans. "It was so cold, that the reason I didn't freeze to death is that the blood congealed," Jack says. He was a year recuperating, and besides the memory there is nothing left to remind him of it now except that he cannot control the left side of his tongue, which tends to operate independently from the right side. At about the same time that he was getting over the accident, Te was delivered of a boy, Mark, and when he was only a few weeks old he developed what his parents thought was a bad diaper rash. It was, however, eczema, and Mark was very nearly to die from it. "It covered 90 to 95 per cent of his body," Jack says, "and it was so bad that you wouldn't have found room to put even a dime anywhere on him without it touching the eczema. The doctors said he probably wouldn't last. All his body fluids kept leaking out, and we had to keep him wrapped in wet sheets all the time. You know, it sounds like a really cruel thing to do to a baby, but we'd have to tie his hands down so that he couldn't dig at himself in the crib. But then when he was four or five years old he'd come out and beg to have his hands tied down because he had hurt himself so badly by digging at himself. Te and I would take turns sitting up with him every night, holding him, and rocking him to sleep. I got so I could sleep in a Boston rocker. We laugh about it now, but we were worried. We had every kind of patent medi-

caline. Automobile dealers have been about as much enshrined in our history as Frank and Jesse James, with whom they occasionally are compared, but Jack Hamilton is better than that."

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R HING



ING TO WHICH NIHILISM ASPIRES is a
-like absolute zero, a limit which can
ned. All particles, as they approach
quit moving; cease to be knowable:
re, like twigs in ice, mutually dis-
even in that region of the negligible.
o exist, at least potentially: they con-
ted, at least in the eye of one who has
e they stop moving. Nihilism is a
rage, for it can never attain what it
neither fulfilled nor permanently re-
fillment would be to have all things
the Void; failing that, its relief would
order in the motions of things, Chaos.
what nihilism does, almost all things
g descriptably almost all the time. It
e a relief which is occasional, fragile.
times permanent: disconnection.

RI WAS THIRTEEN, I contained the in-
needed to become a nihilist, except
y of rage. First of all, I had an abso-
y Protestant mind; moreover, I could
ly, which is to say that my emotions
cited by the idea of a word as by its
the image it evoked. I felt a meta-
ade that there was a right order hid-
not to be tampered with. Take the

the Southern California desert twelve
March Field, a military air base. In
planes were few, slow, and small, and
e came fairly close overhead I was able

to compare it to something I had seen in nature, as
I cannot a supersonic jet. Most evenings the sky
was clear, and often as the family would sit out in
front of the house after supper, we would chat about
the stars. One evening, to our amazement, great
poles of light appeared on the eastern horizon and
began tilting about the sky, now one, now another.
sometimes three or four at a time, nine in all. We
hadn't the vaguest notion what they were for. When
they disappeared, the stars seemed brighter.

The lights appeared every evening. A neighbor
who could afford to buy a paper on Sundays told
us he'd read that war games were being held at
March Field. War games? As long as they were
games. Mother could ignore their purpose. As long
as it was war, Father doubted what games they could
be. We kept watching. Sometimes in one of the poles
of light a spot brighter than any star would leap
into being. Another pole would lean over to it then,
and they would keep that bright spot in their inter-
section, following it. "Isn't it pretty," cried Mother,
and all of us except Father agreed. He had the habit,
when he thought of something extremely disgusting,
of dislodging both his upper and lower false teeth,
pushing them forward between his lips, and clack-
ing them, at the same time making an unvoiced
chrrr in his throat. He did it now, and I listened
attentively to whatever he would say, hoping he
could make sense of that actual fantasy in the east-
ern sky. But all I heard him grumble was "a traves-
ty," a word which I feared the dictionary would not
help me understand.

"Daddy," I said, "did God make airplanes and
searchlights?"

by
George P. Elliott

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wife, and starting an-
other about a Byzantine
emperor.*

NEVER NOTHING

"I should say not," he answered. "The Devil, more likely."

"Oh now," said Mother, "they make them in factories like so many other things."

"Well," I said, "did God want them to be made?"

Dad snorted. "The last thing in the world He wanted."

"Oh goodness," said Mother, "He can't do anything bad, and when anybody does do a bad thing, He won't let them go too far with it. There isn't anything *so* bad about airplanes. It's war that's bad, and people've always made war. So."

Dad spat.

AMONG THE PRECONDITIONS OF NIHILISM, one of the most important is to be sure not only that there is a preordained order to things but that this order is worthwhile and means something and that what it means is Christian. The philosophical and emotional ingredients of nihilism are universal enough: but the special configuration of ideas and feelings which produced the word, and the need for the word, "nihilism," did not occur until late in the eighteenth century, after rationalism's full-scale assault on Christian belief. Zen Buddhism, as I understand it, is in one respect exactly the opposite of Christianity: the satori which is the goal of its stern discipline is sudden enlightenment, an essential part of which is realization of the ultimate nothingness of the world: after and only after such awareness, according to Zen teachers, can one return to one's ordinary self there to live in peace, as it were blest.

Even for a Christian writer, direct experience of the void does not have to drive toward nihilism but may seek a purely aesthetic expression: Mallarmé is the laureate of such experience. Nihilism, as I conceive the matter, is an ethical impulse: it is fed by, expresses, justifies the rage of some whom rationalism has unchristianed. It is the dark side of the Enlightenment. When science secularized the universe, some could not get over a sense of having been betrayed: divinity had been the meaning of things, Christ had been love and hope, limit and vengeance had been God's, there was something to die into. Hume shook them, and Voltaire laughed at them in their shaking. They took vengeance to themselves. Nihilistic writers are less interested in expressing their views, aesthetically, than in impressing these views on their readers, morally. They do not cringe in apathy from the tempter's logical whisper. "There is no meaning to the world, so nothing matters." Nor do they give the Zen answer, "Nothing doesn't matter at all." They cry in response, "Oh nothing matters in the highest, nothing matters more than anything." But they are unsure, being absolutists, whether what they are saying makes good sense: so they shout louder and louder, to cover up their doubt.

THE WINTER BEFORE THE WAR GAMES, on the school bus, I had made friends with my first atheists, the Babcock brothers. When I told my

parents this, they did not outright rebuke the Babcocks. Mother gave me to understand they were not nice people. But I had been in their house for supper, and the Babcocks were a better mannered, more thoughtful, more playful than any of the lunks I'd met in school. Mother was wrong, but maybe I was right. He said you couldn't trust anyone. The Babcocks had not gravely told me there was no God, I would never believe. How could anybody, especially a family like the Babcocks, not believe in Him? Father was too: I could not distrust their apparent sincerity. I was especially perplexed about it; but the very conception of the fourth-generation atheists was beyond me. I quit stopping by their house on the way to school, but I also quit going to Sunday school. Mother made an issue of it.

In my disturbance, I actually remember a faded old sampler that had been on the wall as long as I could remember. "and not what they seem," one line read.

"Mother," I said, "why is that then?"

"Great-aunt Hattie made it and gave it to me before I was born," said Mother being pretty?"

"Yes, but look at what it says."

"Such a sweet little poem. Longfellow's." I read another line: "Life is real, life is real, life is real."

"Yes, but," I quoted meekly, "it's an empty dream."

That made her dig in her ear with her finger. She gave me a somewhat haughty glance and told me to quit picking at myself all the time. Inwardly, a surreptitious rebel congratulated herself for striking a blow for freedom. What she had done is to give the rug under Mama's feet.

My confusion became quite deliberate. I yearned to be rescued. Here I was with a Yankee farmer for a father and a Queen for a mother. But this was the best of times, something marvelous must be right about it. A savior waiting to rescue me. But what was I doing again the recurrent dream I had had three or four years, about the end of the world. Trouble swarmed me.

There was sex. I was thirteen, and I had been churned to a helpless and confused by unexplained alterations in my body. I set me rummaging through dictionaries and encyclopedias, from which I'd got a new vocabulary. I was ready to be got at by sex. I knew it is to divorce sex from love, let it be as you to remarry them if you can.

And there was success. That year, I read a popular book called *The Psychology of Money*. I watched my father. Success was of the material, no doubt, certainly not of the material sort of the way you knew you were on Progress: above all, it was not of the material. I scornfully referred to money as "the material." though sometimes he would tell me about what he was going to do when

we did not have enough to live on—both of the Depression—and his face when he had to appeal to an old-my mother for money. There were s when he lay on what he announced hbed, sometimes moaning, out of his e, I'm a failure." Thirty-five years ctually died, he didn't have a dollar was that kind of failure. But he was children, who mourned for him—not Though I am not likely to doubt my nes, I could never be certain of my lost every shred of faith in Progress, at success is if it is.

all the qualities which contribute to a in toward nil, I was perhaps best pro- ignorance and impotence. I was so ig- ne ars, for example, that I knew almost times, much less what astronomy said we; knew almost none of the ways in rved, much less the laws of their mo- ev enough, however, to realize that my a greater than it seemed, for most stars, id ere invisible to the naked eye and ose could see most had no names. In my nd nce, I held in disrespect any customs hid had not been commanded by God. say most of them. I recognized God-and- t- l-me. But the network of connections wll society and the state was a vague, thg in Washington called the Govern- en ordained for the good of us all by dir. Fathers, yet somehow it was also a reingly, as time went on, it got between me and between you and me. As for my e, it was massive. What could I do to set aid? War games, the hard times that in my father miserable, atheism, fraud, the was only one thing I could do much on ignorance. But such was my frame ha every step forward made me realize ar had come in knowledge but how very ye o go in order to get there, and finally the was no there to get to, learning was a out id. The awareness that there is no end g d not fill me with joy at the prospect usle riches ahead, but with a heavy naquacy. What kept me going was pleas- g—g—I just liked to learn.

nce yes; impotence, yes; but raging ha- so uch. In part I lacked it because in my ter half-Methodist family no taboo was the the prohibition against anger and I ee endowed with more of it than I could Ho ver, the younger of my two brothers, w two, occasionally took to crying so t h held his breath till his body arched bo and he turned white about the mouth. ed ut. He did not perform his alarming r a obvious reason; only once or twice, pl did he do it after being punished for ene Mother attributed it to green apricots, a rnerly streak in his character, but they n lling it a seizure. Cats had fits, and

seizure vaguely implied that he had been invaded—I must say his strumming body looked seized, possessed, by something outside himself. *Temper tantrum*, which they rejected, allowed for the notion of an anger so great you might obliterate yourself with it. Why should, *how could*, their baby be that angry?

As for myself, it is only now in my post-Quaker, post-Methodist, relativized middle age that enough rage has been released in me to stain my vision from time to time. But in part my rage then continued deficient for lack of food; helpless as a caveman surrounded by mastodons, it was starved by the very enormity of my complaints. What I saw as wrong was so vast there could be no one worth blaming for it but God. How blame God? Perhaps if someone had tempted me to, I would have tried to blame Him. In fact, as close as I came to it was during the winter after the war games. I was standing one day in an aisle in the public library, thumbing through a fat, blue book entitled *Adolescence*, extending my ignorance of sex. A fellow came up whom I had been avoiding on the school bus because once he had nagged at me all the way to my stop that the Bible said the earth was flat so why did I think it was round. Now, staring at a cross section of the female organs of reproduction—the diagram, for all it meant to me, had as well been of the *begats* from Abraham to Noah—when that fellow accosted me in the library I felt caught in a surreptitious act: but he did not so much as glance at *Adolescence*. He was five years older than I, he had borrowed a nickel from me once and never paid me back, he belonged to the Epworth League, he was a born used-car salesman. He asked me, his fat eyes puckering, his voice sticking so that he had to clear his throat, whether God existed. I half turned, said yes of course, and put the book back on the shelf. He asked me what made me think so. I said I didn't know. My discomfort was so intense that my responses dribbled off into mutters, and he went away. What right did he have to ask me that question? Who was I to say whether the earth was round and God existed? I could not imagine that the world could exist without God to make it and keep it going; that prank of pure reason, "maybe the world isn't," illusion without reality, had not occurred to me yet. It had also not occurred to me yet that God might not be good—evil was our doing, that seemed clear enough. God could not not be, God could not not be good, so why did He let half-baked used-car salesmen who weren't dry behind the ears yet ask me whether He existed? Without knowing it, I was ready to hate Him and even to cry He did not exist. Instead, there chancing to be no nihilists about to tempt me, to authorize rage for me. I neither looked straight at the whole confusion I was in nor went away from it, but messed around, avoiding.

CHRISTIAN CRY, "There is no God," reaches back to the baby's ultimate horror: not of dying, which is beyond his imagining, but of his parents' abandoning him, which he can imagine every

"Nihilistic writers . . . are unsure, being absolutists, whether what they are saying makes good sense: so they shout louder and louder to cover up their doubt."

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NEVER NOTHING

night when he is put to bed. But the crier is also an older child brooding: what evil made them do it? What is wrong with me that they can get along without me? Now suppose a child of heroic aggressiveness, vitality, and imagination, who fantasies every leave-taking as an abandonment. He does not rest content, like a normal child, with giving his parents when they return a few punishing, safe blows: he wants to beat them savagely for having refused to fulfill his fantasies by really abandoning him. It comes to seem to him that the pain of actual abandonment would be a relief from the horror of fantasied abandonment, that the absolute knowledge of their vileness would not be as agonizing as the unconfirmed suspicion of it. Wanting most what he most dreads, he dare not hurt them directly, for then he would have to admit that he *cannot* make them abandon him. Instead, he blurs things over by saying how vile they are and how vile he is, and he becomes obsessed with vengeful fantasies. Contorted by horror and guilt, cancerous with unacknowledged wishes, almost the only relief, even temporary, he can find from this fearful tangle is to deny connection: these cannot be my true parents, I must be a foundling. *There is no God, the nihilist howls, there never has been One, and anyway He is dead.*

Nothing, doubting everything except their own doubt, they also want you to believe in nothing, at least to doubt everything. There are a few, to be sure, who do not proselytize, solipsists like Kirilov in Dostoevski's *The Possessed*. Believing that the only reality was what he knew, he was able to cause everything to cease to exist by ceasing to know. He shot himself. But few go that far out on the scale of solipsism—another approach to absolute zero. Most nihilists and all nihilistic writers, ground in isolation, alienated from others by their ownness and disconnection but need company. They are so offended by your existence, to say nothing of any sign you may show of conscious and moving love, that they set out to do what they can to pollute you: but to do that, they have to connect with you at least a little. If they get you to undermine and subvert as they are doing, you may not have joined them exactly, but you will at least be disconnected in the same region with them, close enough so that there are others to be torn apart from.

Most of my life I have earned my living teaching college English. It is a cardinal point of the profession that we must stir up the students, especially the freshmen, ask them provocative questions, challenge their assumptions. When I was forty and had thoroughly mastered the pedagogy of undercutting, I was teaching at Barnard (the girls' college of Columbia, where intellectual subversion is even more orthodox than it had been at Berkeley, where I got my degree). One day in midterm, a girl in a freshman class, tossing her head in evident pain, asked me, "What are you trying to do to us?" "Shake you up," "Well, you're not shaking me up," she said, "you're breaking me down." Her hands

were trembling, her eyes looked askew, she lowered her head, her hair straggled over her unkempt. The word had become flesh—her flesh—in a way I had not foreseen. I was wondering what other words of mine had been invisibly to me, once they got into young people. I have taken greater care with them since.

"A nihilist," said Arkady in *Father and Son*, and he ought to know since the word had been in circulation chiefly as Turgenev's name for Bazarov his mentor. "a nihilist is a man who does not bow down before any authority, who does not take any principle on faith, whatever religious principle may be enshrined in it." Stephen in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* took as his secret motto Lucifer's formula of *deserviam*. Back in the days when the world was in the process of declining, sentiments like his and Stephen's looked pretty horrific, even a kind of ultimate, a limit. But, to us who have seen Stalin and Hitler, those romantic nihilists, those high-minded dandies: like Satanists at a distance, they strike attitudes which are never quite so ludicrous. You won't serve, eh. Well, what do you do then? "Forge in the smithy of my soul, O Lord; I will be like thee," Stephen said. "the uncreated conscience of God dwells in my soul." How gorgeous! And how empty. And how dangerous: the moment you convince yourself that your race has not already created its own science, for better or worse, you are free to put your will on it like an ideological dogma. He doubted himself into a palsy. Shaking with uncertainty, marching under gorgeous banners, he sought relief by destroying and by imposing his will on you through words: the Lenin of *Because nothing matters, only I matter*. "words matter to me most, I shall tear out my tongue and make handsome designs of their skulls, and at all you must submit to me. He must be reversed religion, and his greatest accomplishment was to make of himself a travesty of a religion of his own life a parodic work of great beauty in part. I value Ellmann's unimposing life more than Joyce above any of his own imposing life."

Romantic nihilists generally, not being of heroic proportions, were not steadfast in their hatred: often they wobbled into the side of the good they were merely hating. The trouble was, they could not hate many things worthy of hatred, hypocrisy, abuse of power, false ideals, and so on. What side were they on? Both sides: a dilemma desired to heal the social wounds, but so extensive that they despaired of achieving this desire. To escape the dilemma, they turned to the injustices to an end, not by establishing a new order, but by wrecking the social order and creating the injustices—by every means, from murder to intellectual subversion. All those of us who have seen in Germany a great nation ruled by a sect of fundamentalist nihilists, who have seen the good and loving everything vile, the nihilists seem archaic and almost congealed. How, they dream, somehow, if we just do it loudly enough, somehow love and com-

manifest themselves in history. My-
er believe in that phoenix much, but
kinship to those who do. In a world
n are ready, for so stunted a reason
alry, to reduce the earth to polluted
rich no phoenix could rise, thereby
lism itself, malice putrefied into slob-
upidity—to us, in such a world, even
tive nihilism repays looking at, it is
character. definition. I would rather
e king of hell than the *pro tem* com-
genize the world. He is my adversary,
not become: mediocrity dissolves me.

WHICA WE HAVE MADE where it is hard to
love anything bigger than the house
you very likely also hate our society—
violent, more hypocritical than it need
by lying dreams, using money to
ch, all the time measuring worth, dis-
dicted to distraction. Indeed, so strong
s against the world we have made (not
ica but throughout the West) that
am can and does justify itself as being
pass this emotion. Our world is disor-
r well, a true expression of this experi-
der must itself be disordered: some-
ly chance to enter into or even control
n which their pages are assembled for
Our world is vile? Only vile words.
s, among many, can express its vile-
ly. Senseless? Let the poem be one
as many times as the page will hold—
r used by a Dadaist and since adopted
s.

certain force to this line of argument.
xplain why nihilism has become chic
es. If you can't understand a play, for
Alice, in which playwright and pro-
every sign of confidence that they know
up to, then your confusion itself must
they are after. If the play seems to mean
d finally denies meaning both within
its subject, that is because the world
so mean but really doesn't. Relax and
sion, false promises, sleaziness, and
n be quite charming when nothing is
ee accommodates himself to fashion:
play's nastiest insult in argot, a snig-
-crowd ("tiny alice" is buggerese for
"). Genêt is a rougher type entirely:
e openly sets himself against the audi-
has nevertheless been able to accom-
m. Do the characters in *The Blacks*
It the audience? Not really, says fash-
y are really doing is expressing their
how deliciously they do it. Myself, I
n's respect for the power of art: I find
ilistic art troubling and dangerous and
licious. At a tense moment of Genêt's
performance I attended, a black actor
ccusing finger at my white face; I felt
him and at Genêt which. I believe.

Genêt intended me to feel, and I did not enjoy feel-
ing it, as Genêt intended me not to. Expressing is
only part of what art does: arson may be the fire-
bug's mode of expressing himself, but that's the
least of my concerns when I find my house on fire.

If the chic aesthetes identify expression with com-
munication, the moral bigots, the book-burners, go
to the other extreme by identifying impression with
communication. In my view, things are more com-
plicated than this either/or allows for. A play well
performed expresses something of its playwright
and its age, and if it is great enough it will express
something important in actors and audience of any
age: but it is also a new thing in the world with
power to impress itself on its audience, to affect
them, to change for a while the way they see, or
even what they see. Attitudes control actions to some
degree, and ideas can modify attitudes in those who
are vulnerable to ideas. I have seen a student's pu-
pils dilate to a new idea as to belladonna. What
about those who are vulnerable to poetry, as I am?
How can I not believe it has power to modify my
attitudes when I have known it to change me di-
rectly? While taking a deep, unsteady breath after
reading "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" the
winter I was twelve. I realized that what I was go-
ing to do in life was to write stories and poems.
Coleridge, not intending anything of the kind, ex-
pressing who cares what?, altered the way I breathed
and moved. So, a few years later, did Kafka in *The*
Castle—that unfinishable tale of incomplete con-
nections. What about writers who intend to use their
force to alter the way I see, love, shall die? How can
I not take their intentions seriously?

Recently a good deal of favorable attention has
been paid to some fictions which jerk themselves up
to a certain vigor whenever they describe acts of
sex or violence, or best of all sexual violence. The
most substantial such book I have read is *Naked*
Lunch by William Burroughs. By breaking down
narrative coherence and syntax, he aims both to dis-
gust and to confuse his reader. He pushes the rhe-
torical disintegration so far that only an effort of
will could slog me from one sentence—one word-
clump—to the next. It is a very modern book: in the
democratized West generally and in America espe-
cially, the idea of subordination as a good has been
so spoken against that even the elemental authority,
that of parents over children, has been shaken, and
no book assaults subordination more vigorously
than this one, narratively, ethically, grammatically.
Presumably, Burroughs does this as a form of in-
subordinate rebellion, but so wholesale is he that,
there being no sense of subordination left, insub-
ordination has no meaning either; having leveled
authority, he rebels against difference: blur is left.
There are people, worthy of respect both literarily
and morally, who think this shattered fiction ex-
presses the age profoundly. Though I think other-
wise—what appalls me about our age is the grinding
clashes of monstrous super-orders—I can sympa-
thize with that position. Burroughs' destructive-
ness, disgust, and confusion are embodied in shards
of images, broken rhythms, felicitous phrases, and

"There is no God.
the nihilist
howls, there
never has been
One, and any-
way He is dead."

NEVER
NOTHING

spasmodic actions, so powerfully that I can see how some, having in themselves similar feelings, are grateful to him for finding ways to express those feelings. But to call the book's chaotic vividness high moral order, great satire, is like saying that, because plants must be fertilized, mulch is as fine as flowers. Satire addresses itself morally to the understanding, whereas *Naked Lunch* subverts understanding. When a would-be satirist immerses himself for too long in the ugliness he loathes, that ugliness will become part of him: as in a prurient censor at a dirty movie, behind his zeal to destroy ugliness lurks avidity for it; the satire which he intends to be cleansing, instead adds to the world's ugliness. Such a book does not just express the author's disgust and confusion; even more important, whatever he may announce elsewhere about his intentions, the book releases disgust and confusion in the reader, without containing them within the forms of art. When I read with such revulsion, the fellow feeling is blurred from my pity till all that is left is that sense of superiority which makes pity so tricky an emotion at best. "At least I'm nowhere near as bad off as they are."

I BELIEVE THAT NAZISM, by figuring nihilism forth so brutally *out there*, altered the nature of subsequent nihilistic writing. Once a fantasy has been realized in inescapable fact, it cannot thereafter be written about seriously in the same way. After the Nazis, nihilistic writers either descend into and stay in the muck like Burroughs—worse, into the chic like Albee—or else they must be honest writers when they put pen to paper, like Genêt.

Genêt's fiction and drama, though powerful, fail to satisfy formally, but his autobiographies, especially *The Thief's Journal*, do not have to offer structural satisfaction, since a flaw of the part does not much weaken the whole: they chronicle the spiritual life of a nihilist superbly. What Genêt found as he approached the dead center of his self was what Dante found as he approached his moral center, fraud in its purest form, betrayal. But whatever Genêt the man in history may have done and aspired to do, the character in this confession knows when he lies, and the writer of it tries not to lie. Maybe he does it out of Satan-like pride, as he claims. "It is perhaps their moral solitude—to which I aspire—that makes me admire traitors and love them—this taste for solitude being the sign of my pride, and pride the manifestation of my strength, the employment and proof of this strength. For I shall have broken the stoutest of bonds, the bonds of love." But he is not totally given over to solitary pride. "And I so need love from which to draw vigor enough to destroy it!" Evil yearns to parody love to extinction—knowing that this cannot be done. Genêt refers to his book as the "pursuit of the impossible Nothingness," and he is right. For by its very excellence the book denies nothingness. For a poet, whatever has a name exists: never *nothing*. As a literary nihilist Genêt has two fatal flaws—he loves the beautiful, finding it especially in per-

verse forms but also in undisguised op he is usually as honest as he can be, honesty, being a form of communion, the solitude, that disconnection, of which G He betrayed his betrayal by writing a be at once against and with us. It lays bare nature of a nihilist without itself being ment of nihilism. Why? Because he many in the Thirties. At first he was being free amidst an entire people the placed on the index." Then he thought "If I steal here, I perform no singula might fulfill me. I obey the customary not destroy it." And before long what above all was to return to a country wh of ordinary morality were revered, w which life was based." After that, he k was defined by disobeying our law as we are by obeying it, that criminal and bound together by the law which separat which both of them need. After that, m knew that he needed moral words, the Christianity in which he had been reare says he loves evil, he means what he say as Milton's Satan, who was also an in sorts, meant it when he said, "Evil, h good."

EVEN IN COLLEGE I DID NOT GET INT Over my knees. We Berkeley radicals the war were all for manning barricade knew would almost certainly not be raise state and no war: but as soon as the conquering, we were also all for streng state in order to fight this war. A few n Pearl Harbor. I was doing war work for ment. I made acquaintance with crim dabbled in felony a couple of times. I de was no God. Yet I wouldn't take the wh

I continued to be deficient in anger occur to me to rage against God, since exist; and though I was as adept as th at blaming society for people's ills, I quite get it out of my head that, even was evil, it was people who made it evil conspiracy of Wall Street capitalists, K missars, or Nazi gangsters, but the res payers too. There had not been planted enough that root of permanent rage, or authority, the set of disobedience. In lightenment of my childhood, obedience questioned good. We children usually o mother because we should and our fat cause he had a personal authority th want to obey him. In this world still, ther I want more than to have over me auth respect and to exercise such authority beneath me. It is hard to have the one other. Under the presidents and congress ernors of my life, I have learned contem authorities, all right, but, because of n have not learned to enjoy it as a good ni

More secretly, I suffered the shame

conceive more than I could imagine; the end of the world. My father's Bible prophesied it for the year 2000. Dreams of the end of the world had es with power to wake me up crying, xes had always been an image—roil-lap of thunder, a stump upside down ribed with the words *The End*. The ould represent the moment just be-Once I came to realize that I never, n. reached the end beyond images, I ew I feared to go further. Suppose d there really was nothing? It was nimaginable. The closest I have come nothing is to build on a childhood utting myself in a dark closet and ng the galoshes, wishing that the Old use (my great-grandmother) would I dared put the wish into words only e I could not be seen, but not even e say the words aloud for they could yself. By subtracting the wish and the hen adding the cold silence of a cave still in for a few minutes, I lean as far as I can reach. But this image, being subtractive, provides a less satisfac-for Nothing than does one of physics': an anti-neutrino in the vacuum of ace, an almost no-thing under normal , but, there in the unimaginable void, thing lacking even energy, unlocat-e.

rather grand. Maybe it is just that I en too impatient to be a good nihilist. ed other people's pleasure or tran-ated to be there to get the good of I would provoke my next younger vestling with me, so that I could get I lie spread-eagle on him till he beat e ground in frustration. Once I wrote the wall of the school outhouse, in ck letters of the school bully. I never I had done this, but I was there when ed for what he had not done, there g myself for having rectified an in- of all the bad things he had done ; caught. I lacked the pure nihilistic or the sake of spoiling. I once chanced urinate on a box of apples which he ed and which were about to be taken ale. He did not know I saw him; he know who bought the apples: those ould not know the apples had been ould never know, in all likelihood, whether the eaters would be damaged ad done. As I watched him, the ex-is face was serious, gloomy; his eyes about anxiously; he was not gleeful ess. I was outclassed, and slunk away. al for connection, and I was lucky in e no theories working against my need o. Sexological instruction was viewed , at least in the world I inhabited, as ornography, titillating and shameful.

There seems to me even less to be said for sexology than for the blind prudery that came before it. In sexology's glare, mystery shrivels, but for us it at least had dirt to survive in, the teeming filth of prudence. What do the young do now, for whom sex has been not only klieg-lighted but sterilized, who are so clear about the 69 positions of sex that the infinite ways of love seem to them a fearsome labyrinth? Imagine being a young person skilled in operating your sexual feedback system, usually but not necessarily in adjunction to a self-regulating servo-mechanism of the opposite sex—all this before you are experienced in, much less committed to, that dark other-fucking by which and in which but not for which love is made. I would sooner kill someone with my bare hands, in that intense connection which natural fury drives us to, than fall into the habit of performing sexology's bright clear travesty of love which divorces body from spirit as cruelly as Puritanism ever did. Believing that man is by nature a maker of taboos, I see the obscure, ambiguous sexual energies as being so powerful that they must surely generate in us some taboos, and when these taboos are detached from sex till it becomes simply pleasure, they do not just disappear but attach instead to love—*post coitum nihil*. I see the sleek body of aesthetic sex as encapsulating the spirit within it in a furious stasis, a tense, septic passivity like riding in a jet bomber seven miles off the earth where it's 80 degrees below zero even on a summer day, an anti-emotion with death in it, button-pushing remote-controlled unsurvivable death.

There are those from whom not even death has been able to disconnect me, especially my father. He was eighty when he lay dying, and he had suffered heart trouble for a long time: I was forty-eight by then and had been father in my own family for a long time. His left foot died two or three days before his heart stopped beating; it was hot summer, and the nurses left the sheet off him; we watched the dark-purple death mount his left leg and begin to mottle his right foot and leg; then his hands; then his arms. His toenails were long untrimmed, and the horny nail on his right big toe had scraped an oozing wound on the side of his left foot—perhaps it had itched as it was dying. The last time I stood by his bed, I held his purpling hand: it was cold and did not respond to my touch. For several weeks afterwards, I could not readily fall asleep, as I had usually done, and I hardly trimmed my toenails. I do not know how long my father's dying would have continued to live in me had chance not exorcised it by bringing three events together late that fall. In the same week, two old friends of mine killed themselves; once, we had all three been very close: I dreaded what might happen if those self-destructions got down in to me where my father's death still lived. But shortly before those suicides, it happened that I, the oldest of four children, had been appointed head of a committee of four to search for a new chairman of our English department. Never in my life have I undertaken an ordinary task in the line of duty with such intensity—an intensity which from here looks mildly comic—

Edmund Wilson, who likes to read at breakfast, has said that Sade's *The 120 Days* is the only book he has been unable to read while eating....

George P. Elliott
NEVER
NOTHING

for it was more than a department chairman I needed to find. Before long, my left foot ceased to be so cold when I went to bed, and I ceased to be occupied by the insomniac fear that if I dropped off I might scrape my left foot with my right big toenail, which I took to keeping trimmed short. What survives in me now of my father was him alive, for in that appointed search and finding, his death died in me.

AT THE BOTTOM OF HELL, walking through murk toward the center of all things, Dante and Virgil cross a frozen plain, and here, in the innermost region of windy cold, they find traitors totally immersed in ice haphazard as they fell, "like straws in glass," immobile, cut off from God and from one another. Here is disconnection pure. But in the murk at the center of the moral universe it is not nothing Dante finds: it is the huge, gloomy figure of traitorous Satan, the perfect rebel who dared refuse the perfect authority, the ultimately proud one who does not submit even in defeat but rears in ceaseless torment, weeping, raging, slaving, in his three mouths chewing the three greatest of human betrayers.

Nihilism has a comparable human figure, the Marquis de Sade, that three-faced absolutist. A need for coherence and honesty does not redeem his writing up into valuable literature. His books are like the hideous wings of Dante's Satan beating forth a freezing wind; their only virtue is power. With one of his faces Sade rages against God for having permitted evil in the universe, for having granted him the freedom to disobey. With another face he denies: denies that men have a common nature (which is vile in any case), denies that God exists (Who is to blame for everything wrong), contemns all custom as not being a sure reflection of the moral law (which does not exist either), asserts that we can be certain of nothing beyond our sensations and our egos (thereby reducing value to *what I want*, for which there are two fundamental satisfactions, the orgasm and the imposition of will, me over you). But with his third face, Sade—the man more than the writer—shows melancholy vestiges of a love so strong that not even he could wholly pervert it: for example, as a functionary during the First Republic, he was imprisoned for neglecting to accuse and turn in for execution victims of the Terror (he was opposed to capital punishment). Perhaps he was not moved to that action by love so much as by one of love's facsimiles, hatred of injustice—a risky passion for a nihilist, being easily mistaken for love and indeed sometimes engendering love. However that may be, it seems clear enough that the freedom sought by the cruel, powerful criminals of Sade's novels has nothing to do with justice, only with force: it is for themselves only. They have the bodies of men and the brains of *philosophes*, but they are conscienceless, being, emotionally, devouring babies.

But how is a writer to make his books into instruments of nihilism? Practically, how can a philo-

sophical storyteller be compared to a b Sade to Marat? What can even that of books, *The 120 Days of Sodom*, be able to the harm done by one of S police in the performance of one day's is a war game beside war itself? Perhaps this kind provided food for Sade's overcoming that doubt, having to sub defilement for physical destruction, missionary fervor to insatiable frenzy by the world at large these books considered symptoms of a mental disease carriers of a moral one; it matters can be considered expressions of a disc than that they are intended to, and can mind on which they make their impre sure, there are no corpses to point to demonstrate the power of Sade's novel direct results. But their being banned every civilized country except ours, a language of the country, attests to the are usually thought to have to shape tudes.

The force of Sade's fiction is both specific. Generally, I believe, he and ants have made two radical contributions to an unfinished revolution that began with *sophes* his fathers. The *Sadistes*—not theverts but the adherents to the philosophy—have encouraged men to distrust exp just your testimony about your experience, own experience in my own thoughts) community as a lying dream (not such unjust nation in history, but the very id institutions, customs, laws). These radical are so devious and obscure that the v have caused cannot be demonstrated: I believe it has been far from negligible stance of the specific force of Sade's v unbelievable inflation of the philosophical, and literary merit accorded his b who do not resist their power—his Lely, Geoffrey Gorer, Simone de Beau many. They compare him, seriously, Freud, and Shakespeare. They count of his books as a virtue, as being a primary strategy. There are even those can say they enjoy his scourging fiction us again. Daddy-O, we love it")—which I think, would have enraged him yet intended his lashings to wound you titillate you fashionably. For other specific I must point to experience. I know a literary critic of mature years, a professor opposed to censorship, who bought a *120 Days* in English some years ago in Italy and found himself, once he'd re at having it in the house. He lent it to tried to return it as soon as he found was like, but the owner did not want i wound up destroying the copy, they b Edmund Wilson, who likes to read at b said *The 120 Days* is the only book unable to read while eating, and he



Say hello to the boys next door.

Think about it. People come from all over the world to discover America. And you've got a heck of a head start—America is right in your own backyard.

And it's some backyard—mountains that reach for the sky, cities looking to the future, ageless oceans—the list is endless.

This year why not plan to discover America. You can carve out a great vacation.



IT'S SOME BACKYARD

himself finish it even in his study at night. For my own part, having spent a couple of hours reading around in it, I know that I *cannot* read that book.

For Sade knew how to spoil things in the reader's mind. He did not do it by violating narrative and syntax, making his books themselves confused in the manner of Burroughs: his prose is moderately elegant and his stories, though feeble, are shaped enough to provide occasions for the passages for whose sake they exist. It is in these many passages that his books accomplish their intention. Blasphemy, parody of moral structure as well as some straight literary parody, repetition, boredom in toxic but not quite lethal doses (Sade is the only writer who both bores and fascinates me), a slick gloss over mental blur, unresolvable paradox, dissolve of values from one end of the story to the other—all these are aids, they make their useful contributions, but they are not the main elements. The main things are confusion and defilement, that is, pseudo-philosophy and massive pornography.

The philosophy, abstracted from the novels, is a sort of Humean parody of Rousseauism. Intellectually, Hume's skepticism is far better formulated and more devastating, but Sade's philosophizing, as it appears in the novels, hits harder imaginatively. (None of his ideas are original, only the way they are combined and used.) Philosophically, *Justine* is his central fiction, for not just the preaching author but the fable itself vilifies and ridicules and assaults the ideal of virtue in the person of the goody-goody Justine. Justine is vilified, ridiculed, and assaulted by criminal force. As a character, Justine is as vapid as Pollyanna, there's not enough to her to feel about one way or the other. But that very vapidness, though it is a reason the novel is without merit fictionally, helps one understand Sade just because it makes Justine invulnerable to us emotionally: for the ideal which she incarnates could not be polluted by even Sade's hatred. Still, he knew it: he is at least that honest.

As I interpret the matter, it is his intention, in the name of unshackling us, setting us free, to undercut and confuse every hope of our ever knowing, much less attaining, the good—by assaulting religion and the religious, by sophistic reasoning, by the argument from comparative customs, by attributing to every action the lowest and most hypocritical motive. Of *Sadisme's* entire arsenal of ideas, none is so damaging as its contempt for limits: it holds them to be mere atavism, a relic of our troglodyte ancestors who made taboos out of their fear and moral principles out of their taboos. We who are enlightened are beyond all that. But true *Sadistes* are not content with intellectual liberation alone: they want to be liberated morally as well, and, fired with apostolic zeal, they set about liberating others wholesale. They smash moral barriers as mere taboos and dismiss morality as a fit occupation for Neanderthals.

I hope this configuration of notions sounds familiar and current: for once an unchristianed Westerner grants, as very many do, that value comes

only from one's own nature, *Sadisme* crack. In the ferocity with which it puts its extremest statement, it is the most possible travesty of liberal, progressive, *there are no moral limits, why not?*—ment decent liberals have no adequate sentiments. *I don't want to, I wish you to. You must be sick.*

As for Sade's pornography, it is revolting. For him, love is a never—that cannot be obliterated. Remember, so need love from which to draw vig destroy it!" Sade knows that, if he himself sufficiently upon his reader, love as best he can. The most intense known to most of mankind is erotic co which for a time things are what th. Another is not strange. Sexual intercourse make and be a symbol of making love-perfection is what in more ceremonic called rapture or bliss (sexology teaches for simultaneous orgasms). It is this connection which Sade sets out to, and—robbing love to pervert it. But his acc he is up to is not, like Genêt's, detach that we may understand, but steamy, bl that we may be uncoupled. A cartoon appears over and over in Sade's fiction or another is of a hideous old man, station, outside the law, achieving a se-spasm while he is devouring the ex beautiful young victim whom he watchtured to death by his brutal slaves. So image seems merely grotesque, but i detailed and exciting prose it has a (and at least it is not death-sterile but life). Still, that cartoon is nearly as experience as an anti-neutrino in Pornography defeats philosophy: it nious, too pat.

I can more nearly reach the extreme I can follow better the convolutions o ogy, by remembering my little brother's breath. I imagine that the paroxysm body taut as a strung bow ended in ar more nearly total than orgasm even, thilating his solipsist consciousness be all of us too and thereby imposed hi parents more cruelly than by any ot to him—he was too young to know hov self. In that little boy ashen with a fu of which none of us understood but th which was measured by its violation o est taboo, hurting all he could, eyes only the whites showed, froth at the c mouth, I see Sade plain. That unappea what a disappointed Christian absoluti have in him if he is to dedicate him vengeance on the world.

Genêt, the whore's bastard, is luckie the privileged nobleman. Because the Genêt so cruelly when he was a child was actually abandoned by his paren hurt back at it with a free conscience

it, being so much stronger than he,
 he dared try to please it by the very
 and it: his extremest fantasy is to be
 . But Sade, who was not actually
 a child, was unable to forgive the
 ing pampered him; he interpreted
 as a sign of weakness, every mercy
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 his fury might never dwindle into
 stures; almost nothing he wrote was
 the world, or did please it. By the
 ang of the word, the world has seen
 asts than the Marquis himself. but
 also devoted to polluting the wells of
 Yet, since such malice exists in the
 myself, I am not sorry to have read
 e Sade's fiction: to confront an adver-
 etc as this is to learn something ulti-
 about the nature of things and

never have confronted him by my-
 t, I needed and got much help. At
 when I was four or five, my father
 a nativity play at the Quaker church.
 e to a play before, I did not know who
 But beside my mother, the church was
 Father's robe and crown made him
 ll, and the makeup, especially the
 rs, made him cruel and strong: every-
 o him, bowed before him. When the
 him what the bright star meant, he
 l the first-born men-children in his
 be killed. I was sheltered by my
 he room was full of tranquil-seeming
 y afternoon he had kissed my elbow
 n on the ice and bumped it. But for
 surely have given way to the hysteria
 bursting in me, for all that my emo-
 that moment was that he wanted to
 n hour that night he sat by my bed
 nd till I dared to go to sleep.

elped me too, even as I am sure he
 umbered thousands of others, even
 ed him. When the two of them had
 desolate lake, they came to Satan.
 ut him and understood what he saw—
 ce as handsome as he is ugly now.”
 ot stay long in that frigid “air of lost
 (in Robert Lowell's phrase). Dante
 irgil, who “caught hold of the shaggy
 g to Satan for a while because there
 ay to go beyond him, and when they
 ough dead center in a kind of parody
 turned around so that what had been
 ame up, what left now right. Then,
 they went away, leaving that dark
 ill always be there and which they
 ing about, their ears no longer ring-
 owls of those whom God had aban-
 e travesty-babies in that dead womb,
 abed back up to the world of light,
 and the other stars shine unobscured.
 nion is possible. □

SYRINX

by James Merrill

Bug, flower, bird on slipware fired and fluted,
 The summer day breaks everywhere at once.

Worn is the green of things that have known dawns
 Before this, and the darkness before them.

Among the wreckage, bent in Christian weeds,
 Illiterate—X my mark—I tremble, still

A thinking reed. Who puts his mouth to me
 Draws out the scale of love and dread—

O ramify, sole antidote! Foxglove
 Each year, cloud, hornet, fatal growths

Proliferating by metastasis
 Rooted their total in the gliding stream.

Some formula not relevant any more
 To flower children might express it yet

Like

$$\sqrt{(y)^n} - 1$$

—Or equals zero, one forgets—

The y standing for you, dear friend, at least
 Until the hour he reaches for me, then

Leaves me cold, the great god Pain.
 Letting me slide back into my scarred case

Whose silvery breath-tarnished tones
 No longer rivet bone and star in place

Or keep from shriveling, leather round a stone.
 The sunbather's precocious apricot

Or stop the four winds racing overhead

Nought

Waste

Eased

Sought

LAST WORDS OF THE HUMAN FLY

by David Wagoner

I swear by the bottomless pit of my stomach.
 I had no head for heights.
 But stairways and elevators
 Were meant for sinking fingernail-filing clerks
 And rising janitors.
 Not for a rank outsider. When the gargoyles vanished
 And the caryatids with their lofty bosoms.
 I found something else to cling to
 In spite of the architects:
 Not the snouts of air conditioners
 Or the ankles of swashbuckling window washers.
 But myself: I stick to what I am.
 When I let go, I'll break to thousands of eyes.

BOOKS

What's it about? What's it like?

The Vivisector, by Patrick White. Viking, \$7.95.

The Joshua Tree, by Robert Cabot. Atheneum, \$6.95.

Jeremiah 8:20, by Carol Hill. Random House, \$6.95.

The Future Is Not What It Used to Be, by Patricia Browning Griffith. Simon and Schuster, \$5.95.

Lightning Bug, by Donald Harington. Delacorte, \$5.95.

Journey for Joedel, by Guy Owen. Crown, \$4.95.

The Crystal Cave, by Mary Stewart. Morrow, \$7.95.

A Reasonable Doubt, by Edgar Smith. Coward-McCann, \$5.95.

WELL, IT'S ABOUT THIS PAINTER, this Australian painter—a genius it seems. As a child in a slum, in the early years of this century, he is a prodigy, he is adopted into the rich family to which his mother is washer-woman. Then as a young man he is almost at once successful, painting what seem to be expressionist and symbolist pictures. He has love affairs, never marries, lives alone in a big old tumbledown mansion, wearing a filthy Sulka dressing gown, prowling out barefoot, but painting day and night; he finds his long-lost stepsister, an old hunchback woman who feeds cartloads of horse-meat to stray cats; he grows old and very famous; has a stroke; dies. It is about the life of a painter who is a genius. His life is claustrophobic like any life in a provincial town, a provincial subcontinent. People turn up again and again as they do in a provincial life,

Mr. Thompson is a poet and a professor of English at Stony Brook. He is writing a book called Goodbye to New York, which "may turn out to be a novel."

his young girls die or become old women, people of his casual but apocalyptic encounters return, over and over again. He transforms all of them in his paintings. The publisher of Patrick White's novel, *The Vivisector*, echoing White's epigraph from the painter Ben Nicholson, says the hero, Hurtle Duffield, is "ruthlessly driven in search for the understanding and realization of infinity."

And what is it like? I haven't read Patrick White's other and celebrated novels. This is a strange one: a difficult central subject, the mental and emotional life of a genius, verbal presentation of a man whose genius is visual; and around this, a long chronicle of set pieces, the poor family, the rich family, the adoring prostitute, the Australian arty set, Australian society, the debauched wife of the Greek shipping magnate; dotty old women; a beautiful girl genius (musical). It is a long book, nearly six hundred pages, and all of one sustained intensity, seen through the artist's eyes. Everything is at once visually glaring and emotionally explosive.

White is wonderful on how people's looks change from one moment to the next, how a woman can in an instant become beautiful, and then awkward and ugly. He has a confident and successful way of dealing with sex, not at all reticent but not in the new fashion of rubbing our noses in it, either.

After demanding the ultimate in depravity, she ran out flat-footed looking for the bathroom, nor did he direct or advise her, because she would arrive at that, too, by instinct: the bath with the brown stain on the bottom; the French-smelling lavatory bowl; the droppings of verdigris under the geyser; her daemon would

cope with all of it. Holding over his eyes, a hand over bled crutch, he waited for

Crutch, yes, for crotch, perhaps (and I don't know ultimate in depravity could the Greek lady); but there, splurge of that peculiarly down-under slang, only an "dunny" and "billy." Other one, grocers and company tends to turn ordinary conversation rapidly toward celestial top simple ride in a motorcar to us like everything else at images, metaphors, symbols

"The sheets she died in hemmed for her by her mother when she married. It is so full how material things are. I think it was that, more than anything, which helped the old man to believe in God."

"They believed in it. That's why," he shouted sound of speed.

"The—why? Oh bugger, the wrong road!"

She began hauling on her hand over hand, down the side-streets, past the moor in which middling incomes were being and protesting. As for pants of the car, sheer activity gave them a stateliness which made God sary. Speed, after reducing leaves you on equal terms with natural forces which have Him. It was exhilarating a

...Hauling on her mother's hand over hand. . . . Yes, a brilliant of simple physical fact, of pathology, of psychological urg

We want to be useful
...and even interesting

Kodak



Eastman knew drug stores stayed open on Sunday.
The reason he could build this house

For successful men of his time
ing in terms of products, our
as filling wants. People
ake pictures on Sunday but
amera out of film. The drug
d open anyway for medical
s. He made them a major
is product.

Success sometimes comes a
of role and obligation. To-
re more significant connec-
-tion Kodak and medicine.

There is in medical x-ray.
Our effort through the many
ve manufactured x-ray film
to making it tell its story to
at ever shrinking cost in ex-
the patient to radiation.
as important, the cost in
ers also. Money stands for

In 1956 appeared the
OMAT Processor. Exposed
ment in at one end and came
es later at the other end, dry
to read. Hospitals that bought
O were not sorry. The 1970
is around \$9,000 and cuts
90 seconds. This is quick
old the patient in the x-ray
the examination is com-
ch moving of sick patients
rove their condition.
that close linkage of med-

ical care to economics help patients and
their families feel better. In the supply-
demand balancing act, where demand
is not about to decline, hope lies in in-
creasing the supply of medical care.
Much of which, it appears, can be en-
trusted to properly trained paramedical
personnel. Which means training them
through seeing and hearing. Which
means highest quality audiovisual in-
doctrination that gets right in and
shows the details to learners in large
numbers. Which means a significant
part of our present market for motion
picture film.

We are not aware of much audio-
visual material on the cultivation of
bedside manner. This older aspect of
medical practice tends to be eclipsed by
more objective approaches to the heal-

ing art. Assays of body fluids and tis-
sues by techniques that are being re-
duced to fast, low-cost routines can de-
liver a burst of data amounting to an
accurate, sensitive biochemical snap-
shot in a depth of detail that makes the
picture unique to the individual patient.



A pattern of lines like this may contain more
helpful information than the look in
the patient's eyes.

We are involved because George East-
man's success with the original concept
of a snapshot has taken a lot of careful
chemistry to maintain. Some chemical
talent and facilities were left to spare.
They have been used to make us a prin-
cipal supplier of the highly purified
chemicals that pharmaceutical houses
convert into diagnostic agents and of
others that researchers need for their
work of making more sense out of the
data in the future.

Success does not attend our every
endeavor. After working hard on a
home dialysis machine for those who
have lost their kidneys, we decided to
turn the project over to those who had
the skills we lacked.



1956: \$30,000, 6 minutes



1970: Around \$9,000, 90 seconds

Price subject to change without notice.



HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives every day.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow

a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only \$12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

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Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most.

I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose my first payment of \$_____. Send me child's name,

story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

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BOOKS

is it like, then? Perhaps *The* is like an opera in which ever directions are set to ear-splitting cadenzas. And whether or not really think like this, I would. But it is a splendid, serious if you like them gaudy and in a metaphysical then you should

ANOTHER NOVEL (there are others) covered this month of the season at perfect random which nothing whatever is to isolated; even should you read very end of this review you will meditations on the past, present, future of the Novel): *The Joshua Tree* by Robert Cabot. It is about a rat in the Mojave Desert of a desert rat from the lost front sort of psychedelic flower-child California. But what is it like makes *The Vivisector* sound like a recorded announcement. This is a novel. The old tree itself speaks to us what it is like to be an old tree seems it is rather like being a tree. "To be," the tree says. Bending, a leaf torn; returning to its sons. Accepting. Tear at me, gnaw me over, gnaw, burrow again."

The novel is "about" the Old West and the New Youth. In it are typical scenes of the Western, cattle stampedes, a love affair between the young cowhand (Shuck) and the Boston lady, Injun Valley, gold mines, the whole thing wise with New Youth: Haight Ashbury communes, naked back-packing, strong young limbs. *The Joshua Tree* is like the movies which use these elements not really about them. They are about the cameraman's ability and record penumbras, about the writer's ability to splice up montages, the writer's ability to get a anachronistic camp, about a man's profile.

Typically, these movies, *Bonnie and Clyde*, not to speak of French, are filled with those of irrelevant "lyricism" mode ads, where young shiny-toothed jump around in back-lighted scenes with music of the effervescent accompanying them right up to the climactic moment of bliss when (oh subtlety!) sucks on a cigarette. Just so, in *The Joshua Tree* all the lore the author has of the Old West is presented in

ary sensitivity, "poetic technique, clever, entirely te, and in addition to every equipped with marginalia words but in little drawings symbols which, the author suggest a subconscious and ypal counterpoint." Indeed they have the unmistakable he sponsor's message, the e being Jung rather than

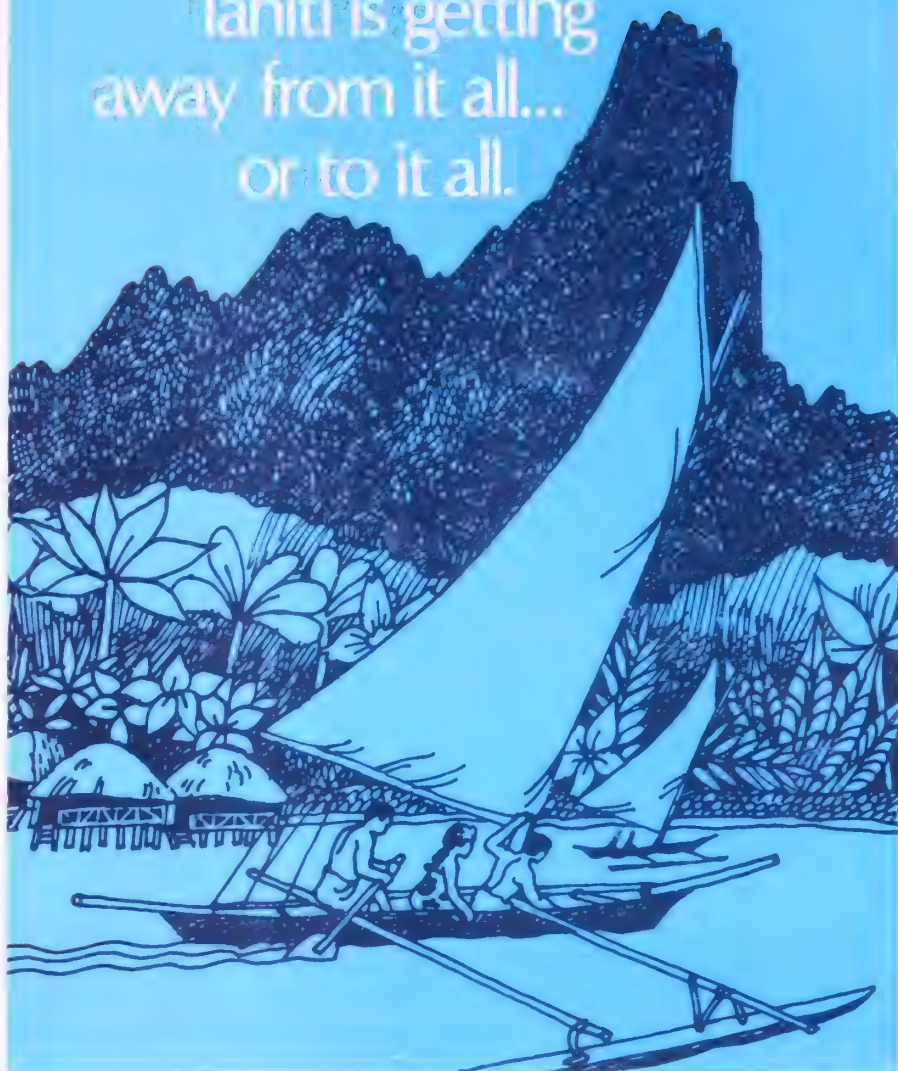
ore "literary" novels: first, 20, by Carol Hill. This e about a fat man named le is, so far as I can make ebleminded and insane. He for the meaning of life. ne grubbier locales of New Either Jeremiah, or the perhaps both of them, are requent fits of logorrhea. d-salads tossed during these only the more disrupted is strange literary conco- cently Jeremiah goes out to aning of life in Harlem, al- n not sure that the whole ot be intended as a totally tasy.... It is strange that ais are published.

"literary" novel is *The ot What It Used to Be*, by wning Griffith. It is about dy named Sunny Tidwell, a Texas politician. She sets de and destroy herself, ap- revenge for the cruelty of nd succeeds in doing so by herself, rather like fat Jere- erbal Harlem, with a num- and sordid episodes during pts of Washington, D.C. ts, as does the author, in to be an authentic version sh rhetoric of college girls ertisements for women's cosmetics.

her lower lip and stared ceiling trying not to smile. love, sex, back rubs... animals... daydreams, and said, "Those are good bad basics are something urse, and they aren't as od basics. I guess I'm still t," she said, resting her ands.

presents a frighteningly the vulnerability of young of social bonds and quite h anything but this foolish y that in Sunny's case, just r herself is freed by the

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away from it all...
or to it all.



Tahiti can be an exhilarating adventure, or the quietest time of your life. It's up to you.

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See the sights of several islands. Or stick to just one. Order a beer and sandwich. Or the best French wine and a five-course lunch. Spend a lot of money. Or just a little.

It depends on what you want to do. Maybe that's why Tahiti is called Paradise.

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tahiti

"Probably the best portrait we shall ever get of Hitler... can stand comparison with Satan, the real hero of *Paradise Lost*."

—The New York Times

Albert Speer is the only man who could have written this extraordinary account of Adolf Hitler and the Third Reich.

AS ADOLF HITLER'S MINISTER OF Armaments and War Production, Albert Speer was the second most important man in the Third Reich, virtual dictator of Germany's war-time economy.

These memories, begun during the 20 years Speer spent in Berlin's Spandau prison, provide an unparalleled account of the strategies, victories and defeats of the Nazis from their swift occupation of western Europe through the disasters on the eastern front. Speer shows Hitler playing out his fantasy role of military genius, and later subsiding into apathy during the days of final debacle.

From his vantage point within the inner circle, Speer was able to view the Nazi elite at first hand. His assessments of them are incisive and vivid: the eccentric Hess; the shrewd, cynical Goebbels; the cunning Himmler; the bombastic drug addict, Goering; the loyal and pathetic little mistress, Eva Braun. But center stage always is Hitler; Speer sensed his malignant genius, yet he was magnetized by him.

INSIDE THE THIRD REICH

Memoirs by
Albert Speer

48 pages of photographs
632 pages \$12.50

The Macmillan Company
866 Third Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10022

Although he realized too late the demonic nature of his commitment, Speer was the only defendant at the Nuremberg trial to admit his guilt in the crimes of the Third Reich. Now, a quarter-century later, Albert Speer says of his participation in Hitler's sinister entourage: "I could write a library of books recording my sorrow—but it would not bring back one single child—so I have written a single book. It is the duty of a man of my age to tell the truth. And the only right I have, I think, is the right to warn."

"An impressive and engrossing memoir, probably as valuable and objective an account by an insider as we are ever likely to have." —Publishers Weekly



BOOKS

limitless wish-fulfillments armed with the power to acters—so Sunny, her he of any common sense and her author with a small told. I am puzzled by wh the author's total sympath sistentl forlorn child (w old!) and her self-will with all her sympathy, d wish upon her helpless, eager collaboration with

LIGHTNING BEE, by De ton, the last of the li before us, risks everything dangerous cast of all, wh and I think wins. I can disagreeing with me on th is about a woman in a sn. lape called Stay More, w water, north of Demijohn. Right Prom and Butter right in the heart of the which is how they talk, to

The *Scream* chuckles quipped, "Put me in a Green. Price up on li. The other day she came y. *Green* her *green*ingly a nursing that big orange gets, and she says, 'Who child, when you're over, that you care?' and Sally wane, I've tired and I've to time I want him be this

The story is told as if b old boy with the name of who loves the neighbor Bourne, his "Lightning B aines her vexed and tenq and then, out of his und and admiration, he tells t all his learned literary ti tially, though, it remains n Caldwell than Agoe; to be is more Reynolds Price th else, a molasses nostalgia ties of childhood as to adult. It is full of long, com and unabashedly sentime tions of smalltown, ever extravaganzas on the sou doors slamming, WHIRRRY WRING! WRINGING! And k crickets, and tree frogs, edly sentimental, too, and time unabashedly caricat heroic men in bib overall women. Most original is th author's, evocation of the and frustrated, and then

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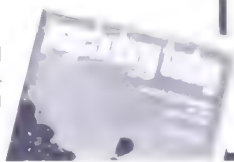
that was quite an order. Your choice would have been to plow through the social journals. Read weighty new books as quickly as they rust the mass media—where psychology is often sensational-oversimplified.

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warded, sexual appetites and talents of the heroine, Harrington can, in the modern style, imagine her possessing these great physical and spiritual virtues without feeling driven to condemn her to anything but happiness for it. I find his descriptions of her enthusiasm, some in her fantasy, or his fantasy of her fantasy, her good-hearted capacities for physical inspiration, actually quite charming. And I do not object to a folk tale that is frankly a folk tale, a fairy tale, a summer night's sentimental joke.

But a soufflé like *Lightning Bug*, to rise, may well demand of the reader something spiritually analogous to the beautiful Latha's fond solicitations at tender moments: should reader decline, then reviewer, and I dare suppose author too, will not be astonished nor even unduly pained. You can seduce some of the people some of the time. . . .

Another folk tale, much less stylishly literary, is *Journey for Joedel*, by Guy Owen—also about a boy, a back-country boy. It is the story of some events that mature him, this half-Indian boy in the tobacco country of North Carolina, in deep Depression days. Here also virtue is tried and rewarded, hard work is paid, villains are confounded and brave

men saved. Sharecropper and landlord share a devotion to one another and to The Land. It does not seem a dishonest book, nor does Owen require, for his folk tale, his fairy story, the elaborate literary dodges of Donald Harrington. I think *Journey for Joedel* would be a fine book to give a growing boy.

Another boy's book that somehow got into this batch is Mary Stewart's *The Crystal Cave*. This is one more of those yarns to be drawn from the great old medieval Matter of Britain, endless source of tales of knights, dragons, and fair ladies. This time the story is of Merlin the Magician, from boyhood to death. It is full of swords, fogs, horses, castles, ambiguous magic, mysterious coves, heroic deeds. . . . Again, a fine book for boys, or even, if you are a fast reader fond of innocent adventure, a fine book for you some evening when you are sick of bad news and there is no Errol Flynn or Gary Cooper on television.

FINALLY, HERE FOR NO MORE and no less than any of the others, *A Reasonable Doubt*, by Edgar Smith. This is a murder mystery written by an author

who was, as his publisher thirteen years ago "corrupted by a brutal murder of a girl." During his years in the Jersey death house, he lived himself and became a writer. It is competently written, well prepared, includes a long introduction after the manner of the best detective stories, a thorough and unflinching anatomy of the inner corruption of the apparently idyllic small town, nothing very clear to satisfy the morbid interest that might bring about a girl's brutal murder and the victim of such a murder.

Edgar Smith has written *Against Death*, an account of a trial, imprisonment, and execution, with an introduction by William Faulkner. Whether or not it supports the presumption, even this is not as mechanical as it may be, and it exists to argue the existence of all arguments against punishment and the delusion of the possibility that the human mind can save itself through the redeeming labor of conscience. It leaves you, reader, to your own conclusions of novels now, and to your own notions of prophecy.

Harold Clurman

BOOKS

Civilisation. A Personal View. by Kenneth Clark. Illustrated. Harper & Row, \$15.

What first attracted me to this book was its title: *Civilisation!* Its author, Sir Kenneth Clark, had written another book with an eye-catching title: *The Nude*. But while the nude is always with us, civilization is being annihilated. I wanted to be reminded what it is—or was—and think about its future.

Despite the grandeur of its title, *Civilisation* is a modest book, a work of popularization. But it is that with a difference. Sir Kenneth, formerly Director of the National Gallery in London and Chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain, not to mention other posts of

Mr. Clurman has directed dozens of the major plays of our times, from *Awake and Sing!* to *The Iceman Cometh*. He was co-founder of the Group Theater in the 1930s, and is the author of *The Naked Image* and other books, as well as theater critic for *The Nation*.

great distinction, is a highly esteemed critic and historian of the arts—particularly the visual arts. What makes his book special is the directness of its language, the scope of its erudition, the delicacy of its insights, its good sense, uncommon frankness, and the urbanity of its tone. These attributes make the book exemplary of its subject: Kenneth Clark is an eminently civilized person.

He calls his presentation "a personal view," indicative of both the value and limitation of its statements. *Civilisation* is the amended text of a television series which ran through thirteen showings first on the BBC network, more recently in this country, and is now being run as a documentary film.

In his disarming foreword to the published volume, Sir Kenneth suggests that the book may be less rewarding than the television series, because, for one thing, the illustrations in that medium were accompanied by music which amplified the effect of the optical impressions. "I cannot distinguish be-

tween thought and feeling," and I am convinced that the combination of words and music, color and movement can extend human experience in a way that words alone cannot.

It is nice to know that Sir Kenneth believes in television but not in being able to read and make observations and the chance to spend leisure time in black and white radio. We satisfy ourselves with fleeting impressions; they constitute the principal advantage of the printed word.

Civilization connotes something more than the presence of art. It is comprised of such matters as economics—of which Sir Kenneth confesses ignorance—science, technology, building, methods of production and communication, degrees of literacy, power, etc. All these are of importance in the considerations of civilization and most of them can be inferred from the pre-

in the concept of civil-
e—questions of custom,
piritual, and intellectual
s ordinary behavior and
ch works of art may be
the most concentrated ex-

use of the word “civili-
both the structure and
re, the seed and the flow-
thesis. But owing to the
of the book in television
that he is after all a
he visual arts, one may
supposing that his book
er history of painting,
architecture. In that case
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port (from an entirely
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ctor Serge Koussevitzky
Coolidge. Koussevitzky
ident to do something
ul for American culture.
have to do that?” the
red. “We can buy all
want from France.”

ilization?” Sir Kenneth
t page. “I don’t know. I
in abstract terms—yet.
n recognize it when I see
ay be true for the reader.
swers are suggested obli-
mple—and this is signi-
roduction to the subject
the book’s conclusion—
at one of the nemeses of
“exhaustion, the feeling
s which can overtake
h a high degree of pros-
lization requires a modi-
al prosperity—enough to
e leisure. But far more,
vidence—confidence in the
h one lives, belief in its
lief in its laws and con-
own mental powers.” An
ich bids us “to defy all
ut threaten to impair our
s, tanks, tear-gas, ideol-
n polls, mechanization,
outers,” may be taken as
ation of Sir Kenneth’s
ht.

! They satisfy something
oppressed by our present-
Embedded in Sir Ken-
ma of contemporary
s troublesome question he
n a passing reference. He
d by the bloom of beauty
t seek to examine the soil
rises: the immense num-
toilers at the bottom of

civilization’s splendors. What is their
relation to the arts whose wonders he
records for our delight?

The book traces the changes from
great accomplishments to periods of
decadence and then again to renewal
from the earliest ages of the West
European world to the near present. I
look first at the photo on the book’s
dust cover and later in the volume itself.
I see the reliquary in the form of a head
of the Emperor Charlemagne and I am
not so much impressed by the richness
of the jewels on his cloak as by the man’s
posture of pride, his self-assurance com-
pact with energy and a sense of forward
movement to a goal he has no doubt is
good. Toward the end of the book most
of the images reflect something like the
terror of the Last Judgment or, on the
other hand, a charmingly fragile inertia
in colorful dissolution.

This observation should not be con-
strued too strictly as artistic reproof,
social criticism, or moral condemnation.
Artists can only create from the premises
of their life experience which is in
large part shaped by the society that has
bred them. Still we learn much by re-
cognizing the differences (gains and

losses) between the arts of one civiliza-
tion and those of another. Sir Kenneth
uses individual examples of works of art
and artifacts to evoke the atmosphere,
the sense of each particular period or
civilization. He defines the “poetry,” the
crystallized meaning of each of them
with suave artfulness, a pithiness which
does not imperil grace.

As Sir Kenneth moves from epoch to
epoch one begins to perceive what he
means by civilization.

*I believe that order is better than
chaos, creation better than destruc-
tion. I prefer gentleness to violence,
forgiveness to vendetta. . . . I think
knowledge is preferable to ignorance,
and I am sure that human sympathy
is more valuable than ideology. . . . I
believe in courtesy, the ritual by which
we avoid hurting other people’s feel-
ings by satisfying our own egos. And
I think we should remember that we
are part of a great whole, which for
convenience we call nature. All living
things are our brothers and sisters.
Above all I believe in the God-given
genius of certain individuals, and I
value a society that makes their ex-
istence possible.*

This is old-fashioned, is it not? Sir
Kenneth acknowledges that by enunciat-



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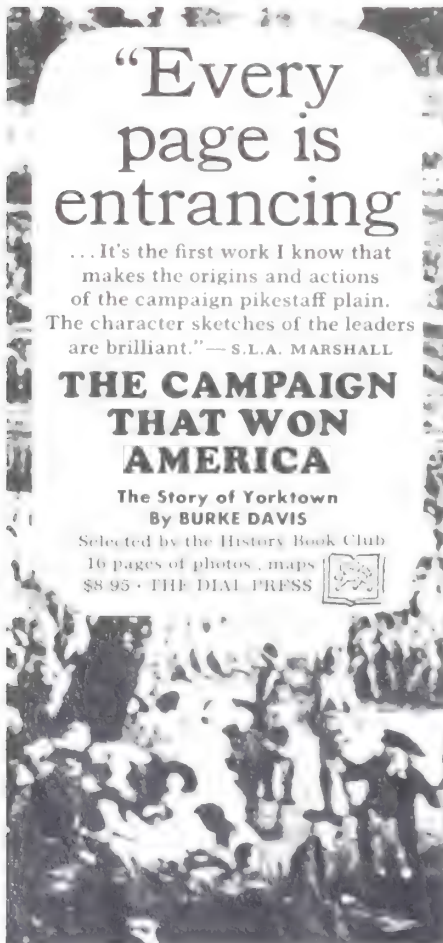
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ing this credo he reveals himself a "stick-in-the-mud." (In the France of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries he would have simply been set down, quite apart from his immense cultivation, as *un honnête homme*—an honorable man.) Being a Scotsman there is a certain hardheaded quality in his thinking. In art he does not like to depart too far from experience. "I am bored by abstractions," he says, "which so easily become vapid and repetitive"—a remark to be pondered, if you have not, to begin with, reacted in scorn.

Perhaps all this explains why we find in Sir Kenneth's book no mention or illustration of El Greco's paintings. Is it because of the tormented nature of the Greek Spaniard's religiosity, the agony of doubt within the belief, the lacerating ambiguity which results in a peculiarly modern distortion that offends Sir Kenneth's aesthetic sensibility? El Greco is frequently associated with the "Mannerists" and Mannerism for Sir Kenneth is a catch-penny title of a style in which "all the belief in the decency and high destiny of man that had been achieved in the Renaissance" has been abandoned. "Play it for kicks," Sir Kenneth goes on, "that is the Mannerist motto, and like all forms of indecency it's irresistible."

There are no further specific references to paintings after those of Seurat and Renoir, in other words, to those of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Sir Kenneth probably dislikes most of what he observes at present in art and living. Even if we are so disposed, we need not quarrel with him on this account. His book is history illuminated in a new way into which, though many personalities such as Hegel and Kant do not enter as "characters," Montaigne, Shakespeare, Descartes, Newton, Mozart, Bach, Handel, Goethe, Beethoven, Napoleon, Balzac, do. And should we disagree with what appear to be his conclusions—he is usually very careful not to offend those with opposing views—his implied philosophy and aesthetics for that very reason present a greater challenge than if he engaged in polemics.

Some of the book's illustrations are so beautiful that in the light of so much latter-day ugliness they positively hurt. This leads to the dark side of the pattern Sir Kenneth has traced—so discreetly that we may overlook the fact that it is one—a pattern directly relevant to us in America today. The following two quotations—one from the remarkable opening of the chapter called "Heroic

Materialism," the other from pages—are especially pertinent:

... The cathedrals were glory of God, New York the glory of mammon—... So many of the same ingredients have gone into a nation that at a distance is rather like a celestial city closer and it's not so gloomy, squalor, and, in the last thing parasitical. One sees materialism is still linked to easy conscience. ...

And later,

I am completely baffled taking place today. ... One can see that the future of the world does not look very bright.

Brecht summed up a similar vision when he wrote, "Today a nation is received with a cry which soon turns into a cry of despair."

This provides a clue to a time which reflects the grinding of our faculties so that what is left is dust of what was once whole and integrity of the human we beheld in the portrait. The image has been reduced to a few strokes. "The more horribly, becomes..." Paul Klee once said, "more art becomes abstract." Sir Kenneth echoed him when he declared the outside world had become the artist had turned inward. Those who rejoice in this is to take pleasure in the content of the detritus of our conscience. One can hardly say this is a healthy state. "It is difficult to define civilization, difficult to recognize barbarism."

Sir Kenneth realizes this and admires as emblematic of the product of the collection of an individual experience being a sociologist he either sees or will not say that the of a sane civilization can be about when willy-nilly is strained to implement in the wisdom that the seers have been restating all through. But this cannot happen unless heaven (including the economic place, a protracted period of and painful change from all of us shrink because it is great individual sacrifices and, even more, because known.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 1964

IS IN BRIEF

Fiction

by Gore Vidal. Little, the form of a memoir" interest to those who tical valetudinarianism recent *Notes on a Sink* is unabated here, and of *Myra Breckenridge*. Vidal has now blended of fact and fiction, of ry, of incest (sibling rather sayings of Chair-sual. Mr. Vidal is liter-and mordant Waugh-the word—although the h of a novel and the from some good para-Grandpa Gore, the late klahoma, isn't much of concern to Vidalologists. e virtual anthology of young ("without his-rt, with a memory that e a morning's waking and eght's sleep"), on Ameri-to "want to be not good al so are neither"), on en the most devoted r not apt ever to want to novel after studying the merican university"), on *Med Desire*, referring to Blanche Dubois's young e being found in bed with Today's dramatist would l young husband shoot e least ask her why didn't ere was she brought up. ntentiousness, marching n To be sure, the sayings ore are a bit flat out of those who join him in human race as a "virus" e anet will find them most r will no doubt wish to o memory intact. —E.Y.

Friends, by Lois Gould. o e, \$6.95. *Friends* is one of those b light New York novels.

The author knows the slick world well and she has written intelligently about what she knows. Her plot is simple and arresting—a man is dying in a hospital and his wife discovers and cracks the code of his sexual diary, which reveals him as a master philanderer. She then engages in a couple of mild sexual adventures of her own, he dies and she concludes that, after all, they parted "amicably," which is, of course, a kind of tragedy. I liked Mrs. Gould's evocation of the strain that waiting for the end in your typical hospital waiting room can impose on family and friends, the grotesque comedy that most of us have played out in that dreary environment. There is something sad and true about all her abrasive, urban types sitting around there, trying to be brave and comforting and distracting and correct and human—qualities that do not come naturally to them. She is also good with her narrator, the aggrieved and grieving wife who, too late, discovers just why her marriage was less than ideal. Moreover, and this is a kind of breakthrough, she writes and thinks as modern women do—unhypocritically, even smuttily (her frank discourses on oral sexuality are remarkable—few men have handled this semi-taboo subject with such candor). Still, tough and funny and readable as the book is, its hardness wears one down. A novelist must be more than open about experience—he or she must also seem vulnerable to it, and that Mrs. Gould is not. Finally, her book seems too well defended, more a demonstration of strength than a purging of emotions (her own first husband died prematurely). One admires her strength, but misses, in the last analysis, her humanity. —R.S.

The Best American Short Stories, 1970. Edited by Martha Foley and David Burnett. Houghton Mifflin, \$6.95.

If these are indeed the best American short stories published last year, then Cynthia Ozick's masterpiece, "Envy, or Yiddish in America" is the very best, and even if the editors' judgment had totally failed elsewhere, this story would have redeemed the collection. Hilarious,

terrifying, and heartbreaking, almost a novella in scope and completeness of realization, it manages brilliantly to effect that transcendence of its regional narrowing which all major American short stories must somehow achieve: the localized worlds of such writers as Flannery O'Connor, J. F. Powers, and Bernard Malamud, for example, attain a kind of centrality for American experience which comes from more than the mere universalizing of the particulars of experience. Miss Ozick's world is so extremely hermetic—the community of Yiddish litterateurs living in New York—that her task seems formidable: her subjects are sealed off from communication with an audience by their dying language, save one, the target of the protagonist's envy and paranoia, who is blessed with a Translator, and consequent fame in the literary world of the English language. The story contains a beautifully integrated parody of the manner of a particular modern Yiddish writer (with a Translator) that is astonishing in itself. Ultimately, Miss Ozick's central figure betrays himself, like one of Browning's monologuists: we realize that if there had been no translation problem to demoralize him, he would have had to invent one. Aside from its exploration of a milieu and its use of it to explore character, this story enters that literary tradition in which the life of art in America becomes a major metaphor for self-fulfillment in all kinds of lives.

Miss Ozick's story belongs to a kind of middle group in this collection, stylistically speaking. Of an assured and recognizable type are excellent pieces by Peter Taylor and William Maxwell. A bit of mid-Americana by Wright Morris, our eternally underrated master, seems almost arbitrarily closed off by its plotted ending, but its tone and observing eye are as good as ever. A resolved urban nightmare by Isaac Bashevis Singer is very fine. At the other end of the formal spectrum is Robert Coover's "The Magic Poker," whose disruptive format, cinematic techniques, and manipulative indeterminacies are in fact redeemed (like those of his French predecessors) in an un-

A Man of Our Time



Recession and repression threaten many of us today. William Benton, in his long and brilliant career, has faced up to and conquered both these threats.

In 1929, on the brink of the stock-market crash, he became co-founder of the advertising agency Benton and Bowles, and, as Herbert Brucker, reviewing *THE LIVES OF WILLIAM BENTON* in *Saturday Review*, wrote: "characteristically, while the rest of the country sank into the red, this whizz-kid firm soared almost at once into the black, and even the gold."

As senator from Connecticut, Benton was the first political figure to stand up and be counted against Joseph McCarthy, calling for his resignation on the Senate floor three years before the official censure vote.

These are just two of the innumerable achievements of this remarkable man of our time. Born with the century in 1900, into a family of educators, Benton, on retiring from advertising as a millionaire in his mid-thirties, became vice-president of The University of Chicago. He acquired, for the university, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* which he himself still publishes.

Prime mover in the foundation of UNESCO, the Committee for Economic Development, and the Voice of America, he has also been Assistant Secretary of State and a world-traveler in the service of his country. He has turned his hand, too, to commercially successful ventures including that typically twentieth-century invention, Muzak.

To quote Herbert Brucker again: "His has been a life that sent off sparks of hope and achievement in all directions."

From other reviews of *THE LIVES OF WILLIAM BENTON*

"It is difficult to think of a more American story."—Marquis Childs, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

"The book affords invaluable inside views of U.S. business and politics during the Democratic golden days."—*Publishers' Weekly*.

"William Benton has proved that even today, sometimes good guys finish first. . . . Wry, anecdotal, entertaining, Hyman's work is also an important study of the environment of American ideas."—Theodore H. White

THE LIVES OF WILLIAM BENTON

by Sidney Hyman

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

deniably evocative pictorial chopped-up form in a story. Carol Oates, however, makes far more conventional and interesting than the Korean war story. Julius Siegel employs an analogical device with great effect in the middle of this range of rather straightforward fiction. The tale of craft initiation, by The rest of the collection of stories is largely disappointing.

The Hidden Crisis in Politics. by Samuel Lubell. \$5.95.

This country is so thorotically with political fevers that it actively resists Mr. Lubell's suggestion that there is anything uncharacteristic about our trouble—at first. But he is right. Our ailments are hidden, and paradoxical. I would not have for instance, that the great prosperity had sharpened political rather than abating it as traditional wisdom supposes. But material comfort has in view made of Americans a society," not so much conservative as "self-centered" stirred the great cities into movement, increasing the blacks and whites, so that a liable Democratic bastion of conflict that spells doom of New Deal coalition.

Nor would I have supposed a clash of the generations—over the draft, over university—ance—is as directly related to sure of numbers. Yet again is convincing. The year of first large numbers of draft Vietnam, 1965, happened a year when the pool of males jumped 35 per cent before. (We had braced for boom when it hit the schools not for its arrival, angered by certainties of the draft on.

Yet this book isn't, as the might suggest, a mere history of statistics. Lubell begins with precinct-by-precinct and county charts of what vote why they think it, but does not. He interviews in depth in trends through time, and he on all sorts of subjects. He ending things to say about between the "military-industrial

much, and the "health-
h" complex, of which
the intriguing correla-
war sentiment and the
able sons in the house-
t nature of the division
with hawks and doves
fix but radically dis-
now to get it; on the
strategy for severing the
Democrats, capturing
Court and the Senate. and
the greatest concentra-
and economic power
ne President has held."
underlying motif is the
politics as old loyalties dis-
1964 Lyndon Johnson
American counties FDR
for years later, all but
to Nixon. Item: from
Southern Republicans in-
holdings in the House
pa (both in old-Unionist
over 25-14 per cent
lin strength.

evin Phillips and other
rubbell finds no clear in-
re the next "emerging
be found. or who will
finds indeed that "the
s in both parties are
intensify political comb-
than subdue it: a phe-
t thus far in Mr. Nixon's
ern strategy. —E.Y.

the Crisis of Law, Order,
n America. by Richard
\$6.95.

a is' comparative study of
justice as administered
General Ramsey Clark in
Administration and by John
Nixon's mouthpiece, has
ogative-seeming, thorough-
ed, old-fashioned report-
me gratefully to expect
orker, where this book
ec But in this instance the
o is more strategy than
r is a passionate partisan
o as person and public
oves the Department of
ce law above order and.
e, avoid placing political
ove the impartial admin-
laws. Written before the
stration's desire to
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its appalling behavior
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

the new men handled the transfer of power from Democrats to Republicans is remarkable. It provides a harrowing insight into the kind of men now ruling perhaps the most important Cabinet-level bureaucracy in Washington. They are not, of course, fascists, but they are people of truly stupendous insensitivity at the simplest human level. Which means that they cannot help polarizing an already dangerously divided nation. Possibly Harris errs by protesting too much the virtues of Clark; surely he too was swayed by political considerations on occasion, since he is, after all, a political man and as such cannot be quite the purist Mr. Harris insists he is. Nevertheless, this book is elegant and persuasive, for he is a reasonable man, reasonably frightened by the story he is reporting—and there is no more compelling advocate than such a person. His book left me feeling angry, scared, and impotent. And more deeply alienated from the Nixon crowd than I thought I was. Mitchell and his gang may end up radicalizing even those of us who have been appalled by the confrontational style, confidently believing that the rule of law was safe in this land no matter who was running things in the capital. If even a part of what Mr. Harris says is true, that confidence must be regarded, for the moment at least, as misplaced. —R.S.

Moon Rocks, by Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr. Dial, \$5.95.

A writer conversant with sophisticated scientific discussion, or, alternatively, a scientist who writes well enough about his subject to be intelligible to the layman, is such a rarity that one pounces on each with delight. Henry Cooper is one; he reports the Apollo missions for *The New Yorker*, and this is his second book to be compiled out of his articles. *Moon Rocks* deals with the scientists' side of the first moon mission, from pre-launch hypotheses through the first report of the Principal Investigators, delivered in January 1970, six months after the shot.

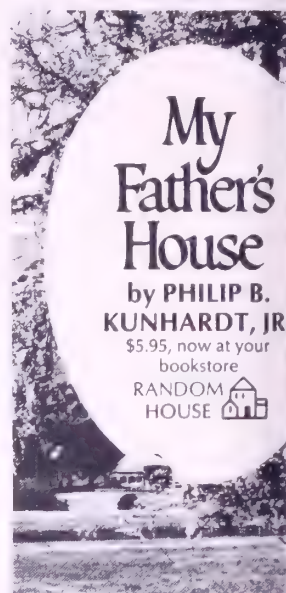
Mr. Cooper's book is dramatic and exciting in the restrained, logical manner of the English detective novel. There are various leads: is the moon black or brown? are the small pockmarks evidence of volcanic activity, or caused by impacting meteorites? There are two main theories about the nature of the moon, namely the Hot Moon theory and the Cold Moon theory, and the rivalry between the hot-mooners and the cold-mooners (referring to the temperature

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is the center of this story around after evidence for the schema are a clutch of the most eminent geochemists, geologists, and geophysicists, whom Cooper has in candid moments (6-20) and Urey hovering over his TV Arizona grapes, speculating Aldrin's last statement about landing on edge means for his lunar volcanic activity).

max, of course, is the meeting in which the 142 Principalors, those individuals privereceive a bit of rock or dust in's bag, report on their firstths of investigation. The mysit's exactly all solved—I don't giving away too much to say of the scientists end up leaning a lukewarm moon, or rather was hot *at one time*—but at they know what *questions* to official summary of the conferextremely valuable document with some scientific backreprinted as an Appendix.

small points to the negative disturbing note: Mr. Cooper spend an inordinate amount of passing procedures, particularly the quarantine process: this red the scientists' impatience the rocks and tests and discoveries seems that certain people come up over and over, for one Thomas Gold and his electrostatic transportation of, which Cooper appears to iarily fascinating. I assume the result of the fact that in magazine pieces Mr. Cooper gin each time from scratch: preparing the book form, this ness could have been edited rbing note: Mr. Cooper rehere is, as might be expected, between the scientists and the of the space program (the being those responsible for fellows there and back) for from funds to the astronauts' dibly, the scientists were althree hours to question the of astronauts on the sevenof the three weeks of fiercely rantine, before the engineers em away from Houston. Six managed to spill some dust onselves quarantined the second, and thus could quesronauts at leisure. However, in the future NASA managerealize that the work of the constitutes the only sane jus-

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

tification for the flights, and will give the scientists their due.

Nit-picking aside, Mr. Cooper's book is an excellent (and practically the only) credible book for the intelligent layman interested in the value of the moonshot other than as a demonstration of the inventiveness of the Yankee tinkerer. Incidentally, Henry S. F. is the great-great-grandson of James Fenimore, the well-known chronicler of an earlier age of discovery.

—J.M.H.

The Shattered Dream: Herbert Hoover and the Great Depression. by Gene Smith. Morrow, \$6.95.

Since the Depression, most Presidential history has been written by Democrats, with Herbert Hoover as chief villain. Mr. Smith, a journalist without obvious party bias but with an eye for historical irony, attempts no full rehabilitation of the Great Engineer: but he reminds us of some things the Democratic chroniclers forget.

Hoover's victory in 1928 was the largest to that date, forty states and 444 electoral votes. The Al Smith debacle (rum and Romanism) and Coolidge prosperity (which gave Hoover the jitters) helped account for the sweep. But the victory was also a handsome tribute to a widely admired man. As a raw-boned scholarship lad from West Branch, Iowa, Hoover had failed to make shortstop on the Stanford baseball team. But he became—significantly—its manager. He never scored an "A"; but by the age of forty he had made \$10 million as an engineer reviving ill-managed mines and oil wells. During World War I and after he saved a country—and a continent—from starving. Maxim Gorky credited his relief program with nine million Russian lives. In Finland "a new verb came into the language: 'to hoover' . . . to be kind, to help."

Alas, the only country Hoover couldn't "hoover" was his own, after the 1929 economic crash, although he devoted man-killing hours, broken only for medicine ball and quiet black-tie dinners, to trying. By 1932 FDR could ride the pendulum into the White House, with Democratic orators damning Hoover for profligacy and pinch-purse policies alike. ("Saturnalian expenditures," charged Huey Long, who knew whereof he spoke.) The man in the high collar eclipsed the Quaker humanitarian, the "Hoover cart" replaced the verb "to hoover." Mr. Smith tells the story crisply, in a series of vignettes strung together. Some of the vignettes are dis-

proportionate to the weight of the Bonus Army, for instance, for forty pages. I am not sure gold bars crossed the Atlantic in the 1933 banking crisis, but at last look, had decided not to plan, although he did not plan the Reichstag burning. In the end, of perspective on Herbert Hoover's rise and fall, Mr. Smith is abundantly able.

O. Henry: The Legend. by William S. Porter. O'Connor. Doubleday, \$6.95.

An intriguing task of biography is the serious biographer of O. Henry Porter, alias O. Henry, the bard of the West Side. The biographer would scout him at least consult an atlas to call O. Henry's birthplace North Carolina "a mountain which it is not.

In a good biography something might be overlooked. But Mr. Porter's is so scrappily researched that it is inconclusive that in almost all the interesting questions about Henry are raised only to be unanswered. According to Mr. Porter, Henry may or may not have been an embezzler, or an alcoholic, or a womanizer with his editors, or a roué who seduced young ladies by want advertisement, or have died (early, at forty) of something from Bright's disease of the liver.

Similarly inconclusive is Mr. Porter's assessment of O. Henry's fate, which combines with critical neglect, which Mr. Porter rather glibly ascribes to his perversion. O. Henry had a fine line and certainly he had a conscience of which the world knew much—too much, perhaps. It is likely to have been one of those things, without literary pay-off, which spring—a lesser Toulouse-Lautrec short story, it may be, but a good one. But the period before World War I, O. Henry churned out short stories, a dozen or so per year, for *The World* and the magazines. One, witnessing the final of genteel tradition. Possibly the most serious critical question about Henry's writing is what it was, if any, to the flourish of the New Criticism, and this is the one question Mr. O'Connor ignores. Mr. O'Connor has only embraced

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e recommended for its
an for its moral. —J.H.

Verse

New Poems: 1965-1969. by A. D. Hope. Viking, \$4.50.

It is only a decade since the poetry of Australia's most distinguished man of letters was first published in this country, when the author was already in his fifties. It was a startling, if late, appearance: A. D. Hope's powerful, detailed, and humane eroticism; his anatomizing wit which exposed love's skeleton while allowing thoughts of caresses of the adjacent flesh; his mastery of a strong and relentless rhymed, iambic verse that glistened with a freshness beyond that of innovation, all claimed a lasting attention. Poems like "Australia" and "Imperial Adam" were clearly masterpieces. In his collected poems of five years ago, the earlier modulations (and even near imitation, in one instance) of Cavalier verse led to a kind of poetic argument with Byron.

Now, in this new volume of recent verse, Mr. Hope has continued to explore the world of love with the toughness of a conquistador and the tenderness of a botanizer. But he has struck out in another direction as well; and if the remarkable meditation on a Renaissance anatomical engraving of a woman with fetus *in utero* resonates in a recognizable mode, the new groups of sonnets—on Peter Abelard and to Baudelaire—point, from the other side of archaism, toward new concerns. Most interesting is a glance at Browning (perhaps a prophetic one: are grown-up readers about to return to him at last?). Not so much in the overtones of Caliban and Setebos in the essay in satirical theology called "The Great Baboons," perhaps, as in a beautiful long poem, "Vivaldi, Bird and Angel," which evokes some of the ways in which Browning's music poems confront the interpenetration of fact and imagination. —J.H.

HISTRIONIC LANDSCAPE

by Daryl Hine

Mountains rise above us like ideas
Distinct in their superior extent.
Theirs is the range of disillusionment
Whose granite outline grandly disappears
Among the circumstantial clouds that look
Like nothing from above. Who was it said,
"The mind has mountains?" More to the point, who read
That understatement somewhere in a book?

Playing peekaboo with famous peaks
Afflicted with the vapors, leaves a sense.
Frowned down upon by all that dull immense
City of rock and ice, that we are freaks
In the original program of creation.
Afterthoughts. A scrub pine seems a brother
And in the lichens we perceive another
Example of our own imagination.

Tenacious, patient, in a century
Growing perhaps a quarter of an inch.
Glaciers do more daily, an avalanche
In minutes. The eroded immobility
Attributed to mountains is a fable.
Like the Great Divide. They move when we're not looking.
Like movie stars and stocks, much better looking
From a distance, and almost comically unstable.

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Revivals

Some fascinating discs from the great voices and pianists of the past—together with a few that have been understandably forgotten.

SOME OLD-FASHIONED RECORDS—that is, records of old-fashioned music, or records with old-fashioned artists—have amused and entertained me recently; and, in a couple of instances, have reminded me how great some singers of a previous generation were. For instance: the release of discs containing the art of Rosa Ponselle, Lauritz Melchior, Heinrich Schlusnus, and Maria Cebotari. No better singer can be heard today; and, in the cases of Ponselle and Melchior, no singer today can come near that type of vocalism. For instance: the disc containing the Rubinstein **Piano Concerto No. 1 in D minor** and the last movement of Xaver Scharwenka's **Piano Concerto No. 2 in C minor**, both works offering a fragrant whiff of the past. For instance: a disc containing Carl Czerny's **Variations for Piano and Orchestra on a Theme by Haydn**, and the **Piano Concerto in C sharp minor** by Ferdinand Ries, both works offering an unfragrant whiff of the past, but fascinating as a representative example of a virtually forgotten period of music.

Ponselle first. There are those who maintain that the greatest single voice in any category after the death of Enrico Caruso was the dramatic soprano of Rosa Ponselle. They probably are right. Probably no voice had that combination of size, color, security, technique, and authority. On RCA Victrola 1507 that voice can be heard in a series of recordings made between 1924 and 1929. Two of the selections will be familiar to any vocal buff—the excerpts from *Aida* with Giovanni Martinelli, and the *Norma* selections with Marion Telva. But the disc also has a most welcome bonus with the issue of three hitherto unreleased Ponselle performances, all recorded in 1926—the Schubert *Serenade*, sung as a duet with Carmella Ponselle (she was Rosa's sister and a magnificent

contralto in her own right), and the *O Patria Mia* and *Ritorna Vincitor* from *Aida*. All three represent Ponselle at the top of her voice.

The Melchior disc (RCA Victrola 1500) contains transfers of the great tenor's Wagner performances made between 1938 and 1940. And, as in the Ponselle disc, RCA has searched its vaults and come up with a couple of previously unrecorded performances—the *Schmerzen* and *Träume* from Wagner's *Wesendonk Lieder*. The period represents Melchior in his prime, and he was not only a great Wagner singer—he was *the* Wagner *Heldentenor*, and there has been nobody like him before or since. He did not have merely a voice: he had a built-in trumpet, and when it pealed forth, as it peals forth on this record, it was a force of nature. He was last active about twenty years ago, and nobody has come near replacing him.

Cebotari and Schlusnus were more famous in Europe than in the United States. She, indeed, never sang here. Maria Cebotari died in Vienna in 1949 at the age of thirty-eight. Of Bessarabian descent, she all but became a legend after her debut in 1931. For the most part she was active in Vienna and Berlin, with a dazzlingly varied repertoire that ranged from Sophie in *Rosenkavalier* to Carmen. In those days the German opera houses presented everything in the German language, and on this disc (Heliodor 2548700) Cebotari sings arias by Mozart, Verdi, and Bizet in German. She was a *spinto* soprano (between a lyric and a dramatic), but with unusually effective low notes, and a strangely personal kind of timbre. Her voice somewhat suggests Claudia Muzio's. Occasionally the technique is flawed, but never is the singing less than piercingly expressive. Cebotari was a most interesting singer, and one wishes that Heliodor had done better with her than this disc, which has been remastered for stereo and is full of distortion. At least the Schlusnus disc (Heliodor 2548702) has a better quality

of sound. He was the smoky baritone, and he flourished from 1917 to the middle of the century, a mainstay of the opera, and achieved recognition as a soloist. This disc contains songs by Schubert, Strauss, and Wagner, and a performance of Mahler's *Wayfarer* that for subtlety and resonant tone is unpa-

RAYMOND LEWENTHAL and Eleazar de Carvalho and the London Symphony are participants in the Rubinstein Concerto and the Scharwenka Concerto (Columbia MS 7394). Stein once was one of the concertos ever composed the repertoire of every orchestra through the 1920s. The disrepute. Only Josef Heil had studied it with Rubinstein to play it. But then a romantic revival going on season in New York there two performances, by Lewis Beveridge Webster. The concerto composed in the early 18th century, a wonderful example of the rhetoric of the late-romantic concerto. Lewenthal gives and sympathetic performances in this kind of music even better in the Scharwenka. Nobody knows this concerto. Lewenthal explains that the movements are not good played. But the last movement Scharwenka C minor Concerto, lightful *jeu d'esprit*, full of a Chopin mazurka undertones.

The Ries-Czerny disc (Heliodor 1501) is played by the pianist Blumenthal, with the Vienna Orchestra conducted by Heinrich Chauer. Both Ferdinand Ries (1838) and Carl Czerny were pupils of Beethoven, and Ries has been entirely forgotten many years. Czerny's

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—Tennyson

- MUSIC IN THE ROUND

around, thanks to teaching books he where along the line pianist has had to p- cises. But the estima- published works num- sands, at least did com- that later virtuosos (in Horowitz) have seen public.

The *Haydn Variations* present the weaker side of his writing for the piano. He was, after all, one of the pianists of his time—long, meaningless, stilted, and after a while he bogged down. Nor is there any interest in the Ries C sharp as a historical curiosity. It was composed in 1826, and is a net of a highly conventional melody that could not break free of the Weber influences. Even the most devoted of forgotten music turn-of-mind enthusiasts. This unfortunate work.

TALKING ABOUT FO
here is a strange di
Percy Grainger, in w
ipants include Peter Pe
Shirley-Quirk, baritone
ten, piano, and the
Singers and the Engli
chestra conducted by
CS 6632). Today Gra
bered, if he is remem
a pianist of stature, a
of some popular Mu
(*Country Gardens*, or
Shore), or as an oddba
life. But he was a m
musician than that. L
Vaughan Williams, he
musical folklorist, and
forgotten music he was
who used clusters and
electronic music in a w

All of the music on the new English folk song, too, is music with a decided character. Grainger did not go about it with the brute force that he was too nineteenth-century for that. But these pieces are more than transliterations, a more vigorous music-lovers who will be in for an unpleasant surprise. The very impeccable a musician, he lent his name to the enough to be a clue, this one.

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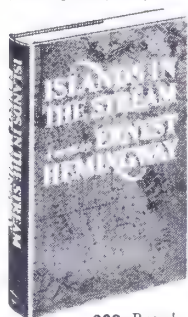
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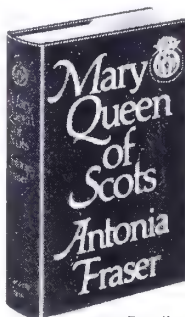
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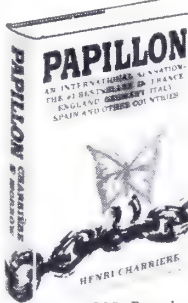


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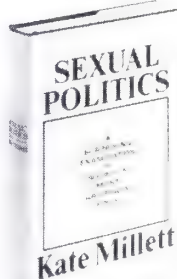
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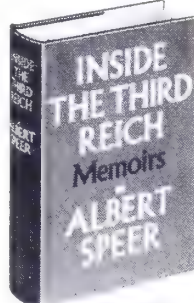
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Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Cass Canfield, Vice Chairman; William S. Blair, President. Subscriptions: \$8.50 one year; \$21.00 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: \$1.50 per year additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc.

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

of Putnam, Texas, back in 1935. Lawrence Leo King ate his sack lunch during midmorning recess and at noon repaired home for more. The story that he never returned is libelous.

Contributing Editor King, now a stoutish forty-one and the only dropout in the history of Texas Tech (he had been refused permission to drink beer on the campus), failed his latest brush with formal education at Harvard during the 1969-70 academic year. Upon his arrival at Cambridge as a Nieman Fellow, he drove his car into a Texaco station near Har-

vard. "Where's the schoolhouse?" His

Cleaning team. My next scholastic hon-

sixth grade I was

on the Shrub Judging team. I might have won high honors in seventh grade,

except that my dog bit me in the presence of the judges in Obedience Training class." On the night he was to have graduated to high school, King missed the school bus and went squirrel hunting instead. Later he was fired from his job as postman for killing, along his mail route, two dogs and a

Scholar King thinks he is probably the only student to have failed Algebra One three times and in two states (at Texas Tech and at Stanford, Texas, in 1943 and 1944). This so impressed his superiors he was given special dispensation to skip Algebra Two. "I don't know what the mystery is to him, though he suspects that it

At Fort Monmouth, in 1946, Private King was dismissed from cryptography school after complaining that everything was in code. He next was as-

"One morning after breakfast they sent sixty-odd of us out to the snowy New Jersey woods in the custody of a like

a central headquarters. I was the only

student who required two hours served in the field, and attained a bite. Next, I was assigned to work with a group of people who sat on the other side of the table reading the classics rather than manuals. He retired from his military service shortly after I solicited a sponsorship of my application to Harvard School."

King gradually learned to read and eventually to write. This is his first book, *Harvard Dropout*, published in the last five years. The record of the magazine, aside from regular columns, is held by the late Elmer Dawson, who wrote sixty-seven. One of King's peculiar ambitions, as stated in the book, is to finish writing a six-pack of Lone Star Beer in a minute, fourteen seconds, set by Dowling in 1948, is to surpass the mark. "At the current rate of articles per year," he says, "the edition will ultimately be released in the middle of February 1971."

King's book, *Harvard Dropout*, is on Israel, Frank Conroy on the Tate murders, and a Dictionary of the English Language by Elmer Dawson.



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Panthers

I cannot resist the desire to take up the cudgels with John Fischer ["Black Panthers and Their White Hero-worshippers," *Easy Chair*, August]. I only regret that my rebuttal must be as haphazard as were his attacks.

Fischer charges Seale with "racial hatred," but fails to prove his charge. As Fischer himself points out, Seale fights as much against black people as against whites who oppose the revolution. Both black and white supporters of the Black Panther Party must obey the decisions of the leadership.

Whites are barred from membership in the Black Panther Party for reasons largely stemming from white domination of SNCC and other civil-rights groups. Only by indigenous organization can blacks truly liberate themselves. Whites are free to form their own revolutionary organizations.

To Fischer, Seale's book "sounds more like a collection of hastily dictated notes, shuffled into some kind of order by a publishing-house editor." Certainly Seale has not enjoyed during the past two years the leisurely facilities of Yale as Fischer has. Indeed, part of the book was dictated in the summer and early fall of 1968 (see *Ramparts*, 26 October and 17 November, 1968); another part was "dictated from a San Francisco jail" after Seale was severed from the Chicago trial (see *Ramparts*, June 1970).

Fischer seems not to have understood the point of "patrolling the pigs." The Panthers would follow a police car until the police stopped another person or automobile. The Panthers would then observe the encounter, and advise the person of his rights. Fischer seems not to believe that harassment of blacks by police is common, or he would understand the need for such patrolling activity.

The death of Oakland policeman

John Frey, for which Huey Newton was found guilty, did not occur in an "encounter" during "patrolling" as Fischer suggests, but when Newton was driving from a party to a restaurant. Likewise, Bobby Hutton's death did not result from such an "encounter"; he was killed by police when unarmed and dazed by smoke and gas.

Fischer says that the deaths of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark in Chicago have never "been satisfactorily explained." It would be more accurate to say "totally explained." From ballistic analysis, it has been shown that the occupants of the apartment fired at most one shot; the police fired at least eighty-nine shots (see the *Report of the January 1970 Grand Jury*).

Fischer contends that Seale is "strangely reticent about the New Haven murder case." Surely he is aware that it would be tactically stupid for Seale to present his case outside the trial.

Fischer contends that "in the early stages of the Seale case Judge Harold M. Mulvey appeared to be leaning over backward to be even-handed." He ignores Judge Mulvey's summary sentencing of David Hilliard and Emory Douglas to six months' imprisonment for contempt. As Francine du Plessix Gray (*New York Review of Books*, 4 June 1970) describes the incident, Hilliard was whispering to Douglas and a marshal grabbed Hilliard's shoulder. A struggle occurred, and the two were sentenced despite "a plea by Charles Garry to speak".

I have attempted to correct Fischer's more glaring errors of fact, and regret that I cannot go into his errors of interpretation. Most of these, I hope, will fall of their own weight when their false supports are removed.

CRAIG K. HARRIS
Ann Arbor, Mich.

As a participant in the Yale protest against the New Haven Panther trial,

I appreciated John Fischer's use of my "fuzzy-minded" motive. He had pointed out the parallels between National Socialism before I could see "guilt-ridden Jewish flesh" and a moment for Seale's lampshades.

In return for his gratuitous list of things that never occurred, I would like to point out several things that apparently never occurred.

1. That some people at Yale regard history as relevant but differ with him in its interpretation.

2. That yesterday's radicalism is today's reaction (fortunately, coeducation has arrived at Yale; can read Runnymede and Zerkow still notice hemlines).

3. That it is even more fashionable today to compare the philosophy of one's enemies with fascism than we should call this approach foolish than it is to support the rights of a persecuted minority.

4. That the trial by jury which the radicals have fought so hard for is posed to be a jury of one's peers.

5. That dissent may consist of more than ineffectual mutterings to a tyrannical majority to conform itself on being so kind as to let victims to cry out in pain.

6. That the fact that the Black Panthers have no sensible program, no articulate spokesmen left, and have no respect for the rights of ideas is irrelevant. For better or for ill, they have the "romantic hero" who are potentially capable of effecting a meaningful change in the ghetto if we could help them turn their passion and anger away from unproductive tasks of avoiding "General Mitchell's boys" we might get something done.

7. That if the state succeeds in terminating Fischer's enemies in opposition, "similar political actions" may someday be turned against him.

There is one thing that I would like to mention to me that I would

At a time like this, Bob Lynch isn't thinking about the balance of payments.



Bob Lynch and his wife, from Walla, Washington, are getting a lot out of spending their \$200 a week allowance in London. Mrs. Lynch in a smashing gown, the furthest thing from her husband's mind is the U.S. balance of payments. And who can blame him? He probably doesn't know is any of the Londoners they meet. They are customers of ours. The owner of the boutique on King's Road in Chelsea, for instance, drives his Avis car on weekends. The maître d' of their favorite restaurant spent his last summer at the Sheraton-Malta Hotel in Sicily. The Italian's on the Mediterranean, the manager of their hotel owns a

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Fischer's helping me with; after we destroy the Panthers then what.

RICHARD K. GERSHON, M.D.
School of Medicine, Yale Univ.
New Haven, Conn.

In discussing the Yale strike last spring, John Fischer laments that no one asserted the "classic argument for trial by jury: however imperfect, it is the soundest protection yet devised for dissenters and unpopular minorities." It is ironic that the case of Yale Chaplain William Sloane Coffin should be invoked as an example of this principle. The Reverend Mr. Coffin was not "released by the courts" as Mr. Fischer alleges, nor was he exonerated by a jury, which agreed with the government's charge of conspiracy. Rather the First Circuit Court of Appeals ordered a new trial for Mr. Coffin because of the judge's prejudicial remarks during the original trial. . . .

BARRY D. GLAZER
Zanesville, Ohio

JOHN FISCHER REPLIES:

Mr. Harris neglects to mention that Judge Mulvey suspended his contempt sentence as soon as David Hilliard and Emory Douglas promised not to

further disturb the court proceedings. His account of "patrolling the pigs" is not the way Seale tells it; and any reader of the book can judge for himself whether Seale is motivated by racial hatred.

I am no more eager than Dr. Gershon to "destroy the Panthers"; but I know, and have long worked with, many other black organizations which seem to me more capable of "effecting meaningful change."

Mr. Glazer contradicts himself. Coffin *was* “released by the courts”—the First Circuit Appeals Court, as Mr. Glazer says, and the prosecution then decided to drop the case. If Seale should be convicted, the same channel of appeal will be open to him.

Northern boys

In your "Letters" for August, Stewart Alsop says, yes, "you Southern boys have a lot to be guilty about" for the flooding of the Northern cities with millions of functionally illiterate and socially alienated blacks, "educated according to the hideously discriminatory and unbearably unjust standards which Willie Morris [*"Ya-*

zoo," June] so movingly d

Well, of the nine U.S. Court justices who in 1896 gave legal sanction to the legal segregation and discriminatory “separate but equal” theory, from the South and one of the only dissenting opinion in the decision.

In the years that followed the middle of this century, the government maintained segregated those educational institutions which it had control (*i.e.* the schools in Washington, D.C. and the academies) under such Presidents among others, Theodore Roosevelt, New York, William Howard Taft, Connecticut, Calvin Coolidge and Massachusetts. Meanwhile, the U. S. Supreme Court, headed among others by chief justices as Mr. Taft of Connecticut and Mr. Hughes of New York, closed its eyes to whether segregated schools were in fact equal, though its mere existence was daily evidence that it was not.

In the late 1940s and early 1950s, when even such conservatives as Sen. Robert A. Taft urged the need for federal aid to help the Southern states improve education—states which for part *both then and now* spend

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ort of education than most
tern states (Mississippi, for
is far ahead of Pennsylvania
r Jersey in being willing to
he support of education)—it
ongressional delegations from
r Northern cities who fought
ne ground that their states
ot “send money to Washing-
educate young people in other
the cities, in a sense, are now
actly what they refused to
for when the shoe was on the
t.

Dr. Alsop joins the chorus,
berals” from our most pres-
ew England universities, say-
integration has failed.” Of
adds, “Don’t sell out integra-
it’s been successful,” which
keep the pressure on in the
t forget about it elsewhere.

RUSSELL I. THACKREY
Washington, D.C.

Money

conomist much interested in
conomics, I find it difficult
silent on the attacks on it
or Robert Lekachman[“Mon-
rica,” August].

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even more crucial issues
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ut Lekachman if he would
ne simple arithmetic in the
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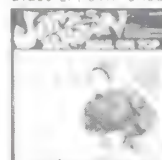
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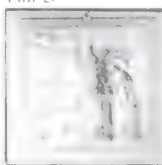
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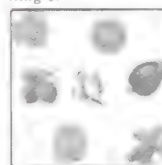
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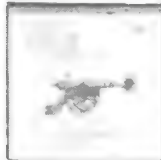
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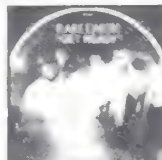
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We believe you will find Meloso Cream Sherry quite unlike any other Sherry made in this country. It is a superb wine to serve after the finest dinner. Or, you may enjoy a glass as an appetizer. To enjoy its full richness, we recommend that it be served slightly cooled.



Meloso Cream Sherry is one of our limited edition wines and is about \$3.00 a bottle. To distinguish it further from our other fine Sherries, we show the cask number on its gold label. Should your wine merchant fail to have it, you may write to me.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.

Brother Timothy, F. S. C., Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers
Napa Valley, California

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc.,
San Francisco, California

Budget in Brief. . . . What does this table say?

1. Under Eisenhower, to whom Lekachman defers as a much underestimated President who understood the excesses of the military, all defense outlays over [his last] two years rose two times as much as in Kennedy's first two years.

2. Under Kennedy, total outlays rose by \$11.8 billion, but for all defense only \$2.5 billion. The large Kennedy rises were in welfare: health, 53 per cent; education and manpower, 17 per cent; natural resources, 17 per cent; income security, by 12 per cent.

Lekachman's high grades for Eisenhower are scarcely justified. In the years when the Democrats were struggling to put through Medicare, President Eisenhower espoused a \$25-million reinsurance program as the solution of the medical problem. In just a few years under the Democrats federal outlays on health rose from \$1.5 to \$10 billion.

A major facet of Lekachman's position is that the New Economics embraced tax cuts and opposed welfare spending. The comments on Kennedy above are germane. Even Nixon deserves a higher ranking than Lekachman gives him. Nixon's version of the negative income tax (family welfare) goes way beyond any program of this type offered by either party. In saying this, I do not mean to support Nixon's economic policies. He has depended excessively on monetary policy, thus helping to bring about record interest rates and introducing more unemployment.

But I think Lekachman's position here is subject to examination. Nixon is not as foolish as he is made out to be. From a political viewpoint, the votes lie on the anti-inflation front much more than on the full-employment front. A rise of unemployment will affect one to two million families; an inflation of 6 per cent a year will lose votes from a base of about 75 million households.

Lekachman is especially unhappy over the recourse to tax cuts rather than increased federal spending. There he allies himself with my friend and colleague Professor Galbraith. Indeed Galbraith contributed greatly to sensible policies by pressing vigorously for public spending in preference to wasteful private outlays. But unfortunately in 1962 and 1963, the only practical approach to stimulate the economy was to reduce taxes. The public was as op-

posed to the more spending 1961-63 as they are in 1970. I would tribute especially to the economist who influenced the leaders of the Kennedy Administration to accept the possibility of rises in deficits so that unemployment was excessive.

Both Lekachman and Galbraith support a vigorous wage- and price-control program as the only alternative to inflation. . . . But what of these arguments so eloquently and ably argued by Galbraith? Having served under Eisenhower as a price-fixer I come to Galbraith with sympathy. . . . Please do not forget this is a 5 per cent war (per cent of output given to the Vietnam war). World War II's peak was a 40 per cent war. Yet it is most difficult to get compliance with the remarkable contribution of Galbraith. Prices rose only 25 per cent in a 40 per cent war. That was an achievement. But if it had been 5 or 10 per cent war, would compliance have been possible? . . .

SEYMOUR F. HARRIS
Senior Consultant to the President
of the Treasury
La Jolla, California

"Money in America" prompts the following comment that:

Male head of household unemployment *may* reach 2.5 per cent. Inflation and total unemployment is near 10 per cent. Inflation is negligible.

Prices *historically* lag—wage and price controls. Professor Lekachman been? The best jumps are in things I believe we can do without anyway, or are we our employer. . . .

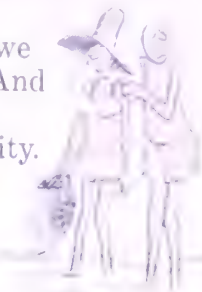
Interest rates in real terms were 4.35 in June of 1970—and have been below 3.2 since 1962. So what? "murderous" affects the home buyer most. I wonder, by the way, whether the home buyer should borrow at the rate of an AAA corporation whose credit is probably better.

Professor Lekachman's analysis of monetary tools implies sustained general tightening—which is not the Friedman view. Milton Friedman made it quite clear that controls should be totally flexible, *consistent*, and try to wallop the series one way or the other. More love pats if you rather than a two-by-four on the head.

Lekachman's point that the Kennedy Administration has demonstrated a willingness to pursue severe controls policies is erroneous. The rate of growth in the money supply from July 1963 to early this year was negative

Things we do that nobody else does.

any of the largest cities in the country, we
st about everything a man
from home might need and we
out how or where to get it. And
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time. You can reserve a Hertz car in Malawi,
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where there's no other American company.

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car, we also have more kinds of
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reserve anything from a Ford
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station wagons, or even a truck.

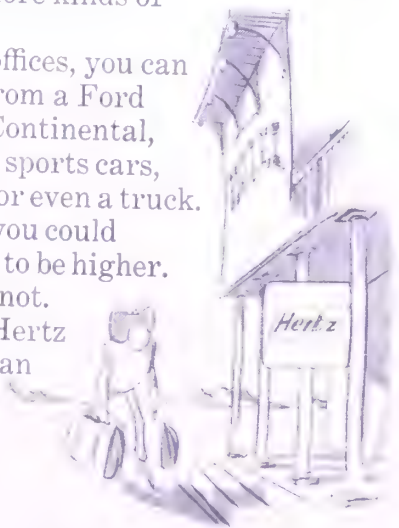
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all you can do there is
rent a car and go someplace else.



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You don't just rent a car. You rent a company

YOU'RE BEING

Virtually every time you spend money, whether at the supermarket, department store, drugstore, or gas station, you're being **ROBBED!** You're being duped, hoodwinked, and swindled out of the full value of your money by a combination of deceptive selling techniques including Madison Avenue double-talk, mendacious salesmanship, and insidious labeling and packaging ploys. Senator Warren Magnuson, the most alert consumer watchdog in Congress, says that deceptive selling is today's "most serious form of theft, accounting for more dollars lost each year than robbery, larceny, auto thefts, embezzlement, and forgery combined." Sidney Margolius, the dean of American consumer writers, asserts that "Never in the 30 years I have been reporting on consumer problems has the public been as widely and steadily exploited as today." And Ralph Nader, the nation's most renowned champion of consumer rights, states that "Nowadays consumers are being manipulated and defrauded not just by marginal, fly-by-night hucksters, but by America's blue-chip business firms." In short, commercial filmmaking is rife throughout the nation today and the American consumer is being victimized as never before. As a partial antidote to this widespread fraud and deception, an intrepid, authoritative new publication has been launched: **Moneysworth**.

Moneysworth, as its name implies, aims to see that you get full value for the money you spend. It rates competitive products as to best buys (as among cameras, hi-fi's, automobiles, and the like); it offers ingenious tips on how to save money (they will *astound* you with their inventiveness); and it counsels you on the management of your personal savings and investments (telling you not only how to gain maximum return, but also how to protect your money against the ravages of inflation). In short, **Moneysworth** is your own personal consumer crusader, trusted stockbroker, and chancellor of the exchequer—all in one.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Moneysworth** for you is to list the kinds of articles it prints:

Earn 12% on Your Savings (Insured)
How to Buy A New Car for \$125 Above Dealer's Cost

Inaccurate Billing by the Phone Co.

The Advantages of a Swiss Banking Account—Over 500,000 sophisticated American businessmen can't be wrong

Providing Your Teenager with Contraception

A Consumer's Guide to Marijuana

14 Recession-Wracked Cities Where Real Estate Is Selling for a Pittance

"Consuming Fire"—A regular department in which the editors of Moneysworth take aim at companies caught defrauding the public.

Unsafe at Any Height—A comparison of the safety records of major airlines.

Free Land, Free Food, and Free Money from Uncle Sam

Stocks that Are on the Rebound

The Wisdom of Sending Your Child to College Abroad

The Moneysworth Co-operative—Details of a price-discount co-op (for purchasing typewriters, cameras, and the like) that Moneysworth subscribers automatically become members of.

How Much Are You Worth?—A simple chart gives the answer in 60 seconds.

High-Priced Lemons—A list of credible mechanical failures on brand-new Imperials, Continentals, and Cadillacs.

The Link Between Heart Attack and Coffee—A suppressed report by a member of the President's Commission on Heart Disease.

Pretested Toys—A list of safe, imaginative playthings that contrast sharply with the execrations advertised on TV.

The Economics of Being Black

Ordering Books, Magazines, and Records from England—The prices are low and the quality is usually sublime.

Getting Your Congressman to Do Your Research for You

Maryland's Tough New Approach to Manufacturers' Warranties

Hiring a Draft Lawyer—Possibly the most important gift you'll ever present to your son.

Cashing In on Canada's "Floating" Dollar
Cyclamates: Did America Overreact?

The New U.S. Minicars: An Evaluation
Critics' Consensus—A regular feature of Moneysworth in which the opinions of leading book, record, and film critics are tabulated.

Buying Art Without Getting Framed

"Unit-Pricing"—The biggest development in food stores since trading stamps.

The Great Odometer Gypsy—Car companies take the American for a \$10-million-a-year ride

A Gastronomical Guide to the

The Effect of Air Pollution on

"No Load" Mutual Funds—Funds that return the equivalent of 87% profit the very moment

12 Ways to Put the Touch on
And 12 ways to demur.

How to Buy Medical Insurance
Trauma—A guide through the bewildering confusion of policies

The Encouragement of Reading by GM, Chrysler, and
in hot-rod magazines.

Taking Stock of Your Stock
Nine ways to probe his private

Legal Ways to Beat Sales
Co-ops and Condominiums

"The Safest Car of 1972"—A list of awards by the editors of

How to Break a Lease

Land Investment in Australia—An acre, land down under
among speculators

How to Sue Without a Lawyer

Summa Cum Chutzpah—A list of cash grants available to college students.

The Impending Ban On Lead
in leaded gasoline

A Guide to Legal Abortion—The costs in different states.

And Now, Microwave Pollution—A posed of the damage to human health by electronic ovens, and TV transmitters

Bizarre Comparison Shopping Techniques—A collection, including by a husband and wife, of
in two different supermarkets

How Metrecal Hurts Your Insurance

Life Insurance: A Legalized Lie—A Hartford actuary tells believes that "more than 90% of American policies are so distorted, deceit, and fraud

Teaching Your Child the Value of Money Without Having Him

The Free Government Benefits Often Overlooked by GI's

How to Cope With Computing Letters

ROBBERED!

ey—A collection of high-
perfectly legal gimmicks.

uish Health from Hokum
Food Store

ed by Contact Lenses

S. Savings Bonds—Why
terrible investment, how
e sound government fis-
nd why one investment
s, "They're palmed off
s and financial boobs."

ut Cut-Rate Gasolines

iced Drugs—How to buy
eneric name.

Beginner of Running for
the

ing: U.S. Certified Poison

hoanalysis

urance Clarified

erpaid?—A chart of pre-
cross the U.S., job-by-job.

ty's Special Rules for

art an Insurance Adjustor

You Can Still Buy for
S and-10¢ Store

it—Big bargains in booze,
dy.

the Fat—How to read the
d frankfurters.

Back...in Disguise

of the World, Unite!—On
shareholders to protect
against stock-option grabs,
or appointments, and oth-
by management.

acts about Light Bulbs—
cost less, last longer, and
right.

A list of 200 banks that
ing of unlimited numbers
weeks.

blems: When Not to Call

ynthetic Diamonds—Will
ne the value of real ones?

Biggest Miser—An inter-
ompulsive penny-pincher
nfortably in the world's
e city on \$40 a week.

Deduct—The most com-
income-tax overpayment.

Bootleg Birth Control Pills

\$99 Fares to Europe

In sum, **Moneysworth** is a hip, trustworthy financial mentor. It reflects the quintessence of consumer sophistication.

In format, **Moneysworth** is a news-
letter. It is designed for instantaneous
communication and ready reference
when you're shopping. It is published
fortnightly. This ensures you that the
information in **Moneysworth** will always
be up-to-the-minute. You'll be reading
about revolutionary new products, for
example, during the very week they're
introduced. Product ratings will appear
precisely when you need them most
(automobiles and sailboats will be rated
in the spring, for example, and Christ-
mas gifts and ski equipment in the fall).
The dispatches, analyses, and product
evaluations in **Moneysworth** will origi-
nate in New York, Washington, and any
other place where consumer news is
likely to develop.

In style, **Moneysworth** is concise,
pragmatic, and above all, forthright.
Moneysworth does not hesitate to name
brand names (whether to laud or lam-
baste them), to identify big corporations
when they gouge the public, and to quote
the actual prices and discounts that you
are entitled to and should be getting.
Moneysworth can afford to be this can-
did because *it carries no advertising
whatsoever; it is beholden to no one but
its readers.*

The editors of **Moneysworth** are a
team of hard-nosed, experienced jour-

nalists with considerable expertise in the
fields of consumer interests and quality
periodical publishing. The editor-in-
chief is Ralph Ginzburg, creator of the
flamboyant magazines *Fact*, *Eros*, and
Avant-Garde. Mr. Ginzburg was the
first editor to provide a platform for
Ralph Nader to express himself on the
subject of automobile safety. **Moneys-
worth's** publisher is Frank R. Brady,
generally regarded as one of the pub-
lishing industry's shrewdest financiers.
Herb Lubalin, the world's foremost
graphic designer, is **Moneysworth's** art
director, and its managing editor is Ted
Townsend, a newspaper executive with
over 20 years of experience. Together,
these men will produce the first—and
only—consumer publication with
charisma.

Moneysworth is available by sub-
scription only. Its price is \$10 a year.
**However, right now you may order a
special introductory Charter Subscrip-
tion for ONLY \$5.00! This is HALF
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Moreover, we are so confident that
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sable to you that we are about to make
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fill out the coupon below and mail it with
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We urge you to act at once. Stop
being robbed and start getting your
Moneysworth.



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110 W. 40ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018

I enclose \$5 for a one-year subscrip-
tion to **Moneysworth**, the authorita-
tive new consumer newsletter. I
understand that I am paying only
HALF PRICE! Moreover, **Moneys-
worth** guarantees that it will increase
the purchasing power of my income
by at least 15% *or I will get my money
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mhrpl

ON ITS WAY

by May Swenson

Orange on its way
to ash. Anger that a night

will quench. Passion
in its honey swell

pumpkin-plump before the rot.
Bush of fire

everywhere. Fur of hillside
running flame. Rush of heat

to rosehip cheek. Ripeness
on its way to frost.

Glare of blood
before the black. Foxquick

pulse. The sun a den.
Heartkill. And the gold

a gun. It is death
that tints the leaves.

THIS TREE

by Alvin Feinman

Earth feeds him insoluble warmth
His hold however pensive
Tensed for greennesses
That blacken him

Leaves more earthen
And aloft
Thumb breezes
For a sport
More firm than simple air can teach

Bark is no skin
So tightly ribbed
A vigil scarred, a trust
That thickens to a shield

Nor sun a magnet

Yet his sweet iron strives
Like no unarrowed thing
As though above to join leaf's origin

To greet unstriving
Some sure beauty, some repose
As rooted and as raw
As any tree that is

The careless proof of seed and seed.

the Friedman lag, the effect is obvious. . . .

Professor Lekachman seems to construe a go-slow policy (in contrast to Mr. Martin and his leaving) for the Fed as indecision. I offer that there will be no inflation *cum* recession this year *because* we have gone slowly. . . .

Incidentally, having established that unemployment will hit the minorities first, why should Nixon's motives to cut employment be viewed as political? He already has the Silent Majority quietly eating from his hand—and *they will be working*.

JAMES A. SANSOTERRA
Investment Manager
Detroit Bank & Trust

Robert Lekachman complains that we suffer from "tax-cut mania" because we regard "taxes as diversions from superior private expenditure," whereas, in view of the many needed public services, public expenditures (and taxes) should be increased. Elsewhere Lekachman has popularized the notion that the GNP includes many "goods" and "services" which, if substance rather than a formal accounting criterion is used, do not add to our income, *i.e.* do not increase, and may even subtract from, our comforts and conveniences. Hence, additions to GNP are a doubtful blessing. This notion is well worth popularizing.

But can one advocate higher public expenditure—higher production of public goods and services—unless one assumes that public goods and services are superior to private ones? Is there more basis for this than for the reverse assumption? Given the need for the public services (at least some) Lekachman wants, why does he believe that more public expenditure will lead to more of the needed public services, rather than to more unneeded and counterproductive ones so often produced, while the opposite is the case with additions to private expenditure? . . .

Let me illustrate. There are certainly things wrong with transportation. The private sector produces too little mass transportation and too many cars. Does the public sector do better? Too much money is spent on roads and too little on public mass transportation. Again, consider education. Is it too little money spent, or too much money spent unproductively? Need I mention urban renewal?

The drawbacks of the aggregative approach in the private sector, to

which Lekachman has called a do not disappear if the expenditure public. To advocate more aggregate expenditure aggregatively rises private by public waste. *Specific* and *specific* expenditures are considered on their merits. *More* is of no help . . . and it to see why politicians or officials be more likely to spend more than consumers. Thus, unless support higher public expenditure while being critical about the GNP, replaces one another.

ERNEST VAN DER
New

"Money in America" is a tremendously effective piece of writing in the economic and social policy beset this country. Just a few equities in taxation affect a could have been made more if Dr. Lekachman had mentioned the upper 5 per cent of the population gets 20 per cent of the gross income, a sum of \$200 billion which they pay an average of 10 per cent in taxes. If they were taxed at the same rate as middle-class Americans, approximately 30 per cent, taxes would be increased by \$100 billion, enough money to deal with some of our social problems. If the top 5 per cent were taxed at 50 per cent, a good deal more could well be raised. It is many times better than the current citizen, the government would have \$60 billion more to solve some of our governmental problems. While we reform we are wasting our money about dealing with national problems.

WILLIAM F. HARRIS
Wilmington

ROBERT LEKACHMAN REPLIES: Professor Harris and I agree that in 1962 only a tax cut was a politically feasible mode of fiscal stimulation. We differ crucially in the assessment of responsibility. The thrust of my argument was precisely that Kennedy's foreign and military policy had exhausted Presidential energies so severely that Mr. Kennedy never undertook the job of public education that would have widened his fiscal options.

Mr. Sansoterra and I differ differently. Five per cent of the population (moving upward) and price inflation satisfy my requirements for a recession.

Dr. van den Haag is correct in saying that inflation is gained by shifting

ul private to wasteful pub-
am not aware of having
rwise.

Ceres' gold

ander ["Going Home: New
ust] put his finger on the
ew York City: its people.
difficulties, the city pulses
ath and movement of peo-
, running, cursing, smiling
guess the whole point is
d up in the passage that
it let me not sip from an
."

now if we can erase the
s of this or any other city.
y is where the tumble of
and we are all inseparably
s future.

JOHN V. LINDSAY
Mayor
New York, N.Y.

Bartók

Discus' statement concern-
tók first and second Piano
Music in the Round, Aug-
aps in future generations,
two scores are considered
teran pianists may bend
wisdom to them. In the
outh . . . is best served in
his."

hesis. Doesn't Discus con-
If Serkin and Sviatoslav
eran pianists"?

udolf (not Peter) Serkin
the Bartók Piano Concerto
it had languished in obliv-
any years. Together with
r, Serkin played it in Chi-
ew York during February
Sviatoslav Richter plays all
k Concertos; he recently
he Piano Concerto No. 2
and recorded (or will re-
th Loren Maazel in Paris

entally, Rudolf Serkin's re-
the Bartók Piano Concerto
ailable in stereo on Colum-
ollaboration with the late
ll . . . [and] just saying
t Concerto is "savage, per-
newhat Stravinsky-like in
and ostinatos" is a short-
of saying nothing at all
makes it distinctive.

JIM ROOS
Chicago, Ill.

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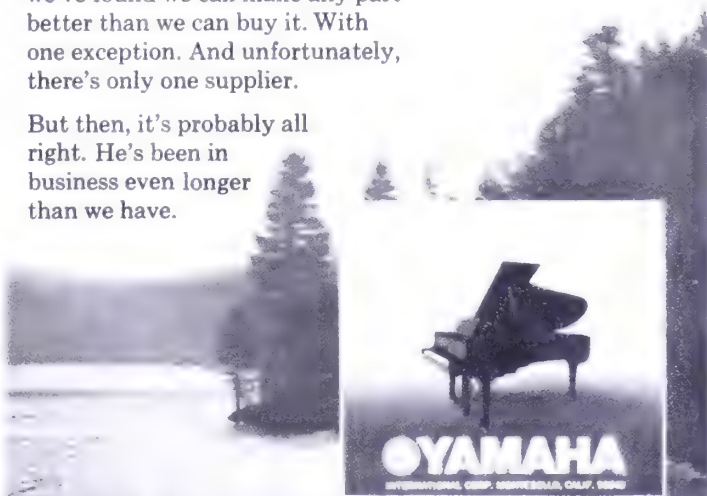


Stop
looking
for
a Chianti
in a
haystack

Unfortunately, only God can make a tree.

The only part of a Yamaha piano
we don't make is the wood. We even
make the equipment that makes the
parts. It's not that we don't trust
outside suppliers. It's just that in
over 70 years of making fine pianos,
we've found we can make any part
better than we can buy it. With
one exception. And unfortunately,
there's only one supplier.

But then, it's probably all
right. He's been in
business even longer
than we have.



What is U.S. Steel doing to



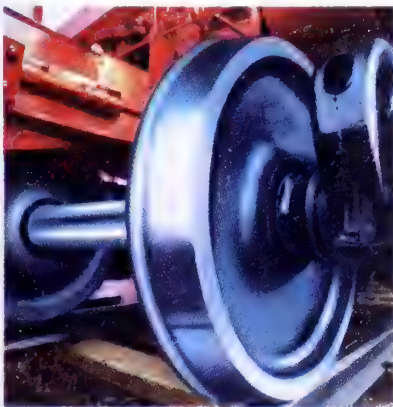
Strengthen America's railroads?



We're helping to supply the muscle to keep the nation's prime movers moving ahead.

Almost half of all the goods America needs and uses is moved by railroads. Last year, they carried an incredible billion and a half tons. In fifteen years, the load could *double*.

To help meet that need, we developed the stronger steels that make today's giant new railroad cars practical. We're building the strong axles and wheels needed for today's giant trains.



Mammoth trains that deliver 1800 automobiles in a single trip.

Trains that carry enough fuel to light a medium-sized city for weeks. Trains that stretch a mile or more in length.

And to move these heavier loads, they ride on harder, longer-wearing rail developed by U.S. Steel.

There's a lot riding on today's railroads. They're cutting the cost of delivering the things you buy. The nation's prime movers are on the move.

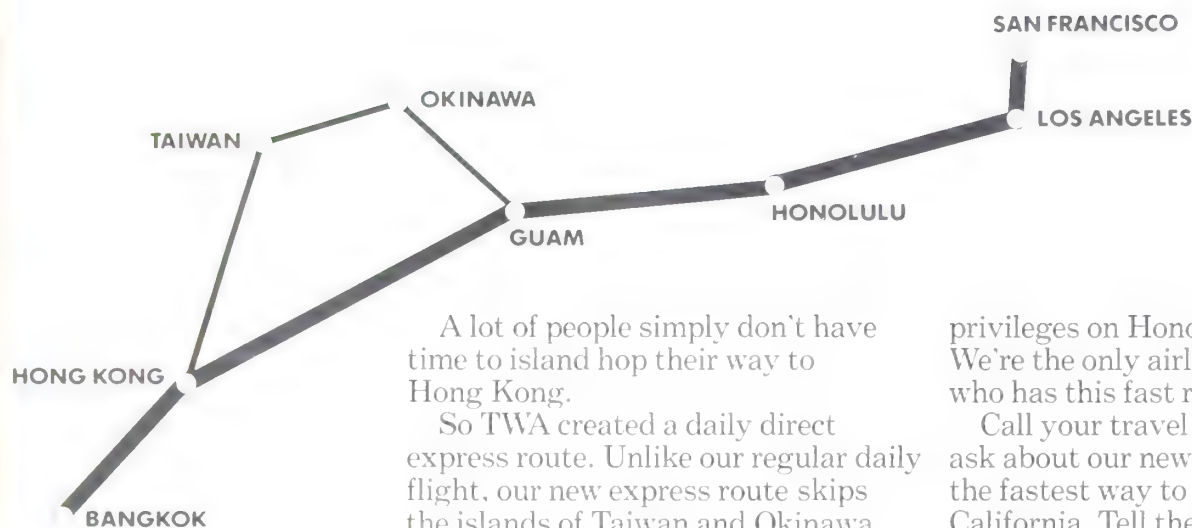
At United States Steel, we're working with the railroads to help keep America moving.

USS is a registered trademark.



We're involved.

TWA OPENS A NEW FAST ROUTE TO HONG KONG.



A lot of people simply don't have time to island hop their way to Hong Kong.

So TWA created a daily direct express route. Unlike our regular daily flight, our new express route skips the islands of Taiwan and Okinawa.

Yet you still get stop-over

privileges on Honolulu and California. We're the only airline in the world who has this fast route to Hong Kong.

Call your travel agent or TWA to ask about our new express flight. It's the fastest way to Hong Kong from California. Tell them you're passing for time.

SOMEHOW, YOU FEEL MORE IMPORTANT ON TWA.



EASY CHAIR

ming upheaval in Congress

JANUARY WE ARE GOING to a change in administration—administration of Congress—which has consequences almost as far-reaching as the election of a new President is likely to change dramatically Congress does its work; possibly it will change the very nature of the institution, making it more responsive, more democratic, and more resistant to manipulation by special interests than it has ever been in

the new Congress meets, its most significant act will be the selection of a complete set of new leaders for the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives—a new speaker, a new majority leader, and a new whip. Not only the continuation but an enlargement of the present Democratic majority is as certain as anything in politics can be. Normally the party holds the White House loses House seats in a midterm election. The Democrats now expect to grow from fifteen to twenty additional members. If unemployment remains so high in November, their losses will be even greater.

Democratic Congressmen, meeting in their party caucus, will elect new leadership—and then during the last days of the session they may vote to move on to change the old rules which govern the operation of the House. The liberal wing of the party is planning a major assault on the hallowed seniority system; the awesome powers of those great chairmen of the key committees are now concealed from the public in crucial committee

has been friend and adviser to many politicians, including Adlai Stevenson. After studying at Oxford as a Rhodes scholar, he was head of the Associated Senate staff in Washington, D.C., under Mr. Taft in 1914.

meetings and how Congressmen vote on many vital issues. If they succeed, the upheaval will be the most drastic since 1910, when the House revolted against the dictatorial authority of the then speaker, Joseph G. "Uncle Joe" Cannon.

How far they may succeed will largely depend on two things: (1) the number of liberal Democrats elected to the House next month; and (2) the caucus's choice of a new majority leader. A half-dozen Congressmen are now campaigning, in the traditional semi-mutual fashion, for this strategic job. Two of them—one liberal, one relatively conservative—seem to be the leading contenders. In recent private conversations with a wide cross section of House members, I could not find anyone who would predict with any confidence which of these two might win; some believe that in the end the caucus will reject them both and turn to a compromise candidate.

ON THE OTHER HAND, nobody has any real doubt about who will be the new speaker—potentially the second most powerful man in Washington, and next in line to the Vice President in the succession to the White House. Barring some unimaginable turn of events, he will be Carl Albert of Oklahoma, the present majority leader.

The reader should be warned that I have known Carl Albert ever since we were undergraduates at the University of Oklahoma—he was a year ahead of me—and Rhodes scholars at Oxford. The following paragraphs are meant to be as factual and objective as I can make them: but after more than thirty years of friendship, I can't pretend to complete detachment.

Last spring when the aged John W. McCormack (under considerable pressure) announced his impending retirement as speaker, he recommended Al-

bert as his successor. Nearly all the House Democrats promptly lined up in support. (One significant exception will be noted in a moment.) Nobody announced himself as an opposition candidate. Perhaps the main reason was that Albert's promotion to the speakership was regarded, in the tradition-ridden House, as a traditional step up the ladder of power. When Albert was first elected to Congress in 1946, he paid a call on Sam Rayburn, then speaker, whose Texas district adjoined Albert's, just across the Red River. The two men developed a kind of father-and-son relationship, and in 1954 Rayburn chose Albert to serve as Democratic whip: that is, as a kind of all-purpose chore boy for the speaker and majority leader, with special responsibility for knowing how every Congressman might be expected to vote on every issue, and for producing a majority by pressure and persuasion on each ballot which his bosses considered really important. (Rayburn had two other protégés, Richard Bolling and Hale Boggs, who at one time seemed more likely than Albert to rise to the top; but both of them, largely for personality reasons, slipped off the escalator.)

There are two other reasons why nobody wanted to challenge Albert for the speakership. For one thing, he obviously had earned the promotion. In his years as whip and then as majority leader under McCormack, he has done his work with diligence, shrewdness, and unwavering loyalty. These labors, which are more arduous than anyone outside of Congress can easily imagine, cost him a heart attack, from which he now is apparently fully recovered. Moreover, Albert handled these jobs with extraordinary tact and self-effacement. His style is entirely different from that of earlier masters of parliamentary power, such as Rayburn, Lyndon Johnson, and Cannon. He is not



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THE EASY CHAIR

an arm-twister. He coaxes, threatens. His typical approach to a fellow Congressman is: "We appreciate your vote on this, but I can't see any reason why we should let us have it." He also makes a point of letting somebody else take the credit, whenever possible, for any legislative triumph. As a consequence, Albert is almost unknown nationwide among the headline hunters. Even among the donnas of the House, he has no many debts of gratitude. He has not met anybody in Congress who does not profess to like Albert. The only criticism I have heard is from those who think that, because of his low-keyed and unaggressive manner and his complete self-subordination to Rayburn and McCormack, he is too much of a weak speaker. Many think that this judgment is wrong.

SOON AFTER ALBERT ENDED his University of Oklahoma career as one of the campus belles at a mixer. Her comment to other sorority sisters was: "Well, I think this for him. He's the homeliest runt I ever saw."

She had a point. He was 5'6" inches tall, with jug ears and a face of a startled prairie dog. He wore the kind of clothes which were considered sharp in those days among the small-town customers of Alf Toggery. Yet six months later he was along with an astonishing number of other coeds, was panting for a date with him. Even then he had that intellectual quality which the political scientists call charisma—and what is probably the most important, since women often are attracted by power, he obviously was destined to be Big Man or so.

The glib explanation is that he was driven by that ambition. It frequently characterizes men of his stature, from Napoleon to Benito Young, the late financier. But it is too, that he was driven like many in those Depression days by desperate eagerness to escape from Oklahoma. He grew up as the son of a poor farmer and sometime coal miner in the poorest part of southeastern Oklahoma. I know the country well, because my own father homesteaded in Comanche County, not many miles away from anybody who tried to scratch a living out of that red dust was doomed to hunger, anxious, and scrambling for food since all the neighbors were in the same fix, nobody felt sorry for

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THE EASY CHAIR

self. What most of the young men feel was an almost frantic determination to get enough education to get some kind of living off the land.

Carl was fortunate in having a teacher, Mrs. Lottie Ross—who incidentally—at the two-room school he attended within walking distance of the family farm, near McAlester, then known as Bug Tussle, because of the swarms of grasshoppers which invaded it on warm days. Later the name was changed to Mound. Mrs. Ross encouraged him to learn all he could, and she described him as the brightest boy she ever had. She nudged him to the McAlester high school, where he grabbed all the honors in the school: president, valedictorian, student body president, and the highest grade average of any graduate up to that time.

Because he obviously was good for athletics, Albert decided that the school offered the most promising outlet for his ambitions. He not only became a member of the state football team, but also won a national oratorical contest which gave him a three-month trip to Europe. When he got to the state of Oklahoma he kept right on to every clump of students he met to get to listen to him. Under his politics was serious business, since it led to a good many paid editorships on college papers. Most of us need a little more in school. Albert took to sports with immense gusto, not for practical rewards but because he enjoyed the tortuous intricacies of campus politics always seen in reverse. Again, he won everything: table; president of the student body; another national speaking contest; Beta Kappa, election as the best round student, and a Rhodes scholarship. If he ever spent an idle moment during his years as an undergraduate, I didn't observe it.

At Oxford Albert studied law when he came back to Oklahoma. He practiced as a lawyer until he was drafted into the Army in World War II. He rose from private to first lieutenant, serving most of the war as a law officer in Washington. A string of Air Corps bases in England. Soon after his return, he had to run for Congress, when he lost in his home district—Oklahoma—decided to retire and stand for other candid-

majority of 359 votes. In all
quent biennial elections, he
had any really worrisome

AN REASON is that Albert
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and drives across country
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e of years ago—has ever
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emplary.

ed looks conservative—"just
country boy," as one of his



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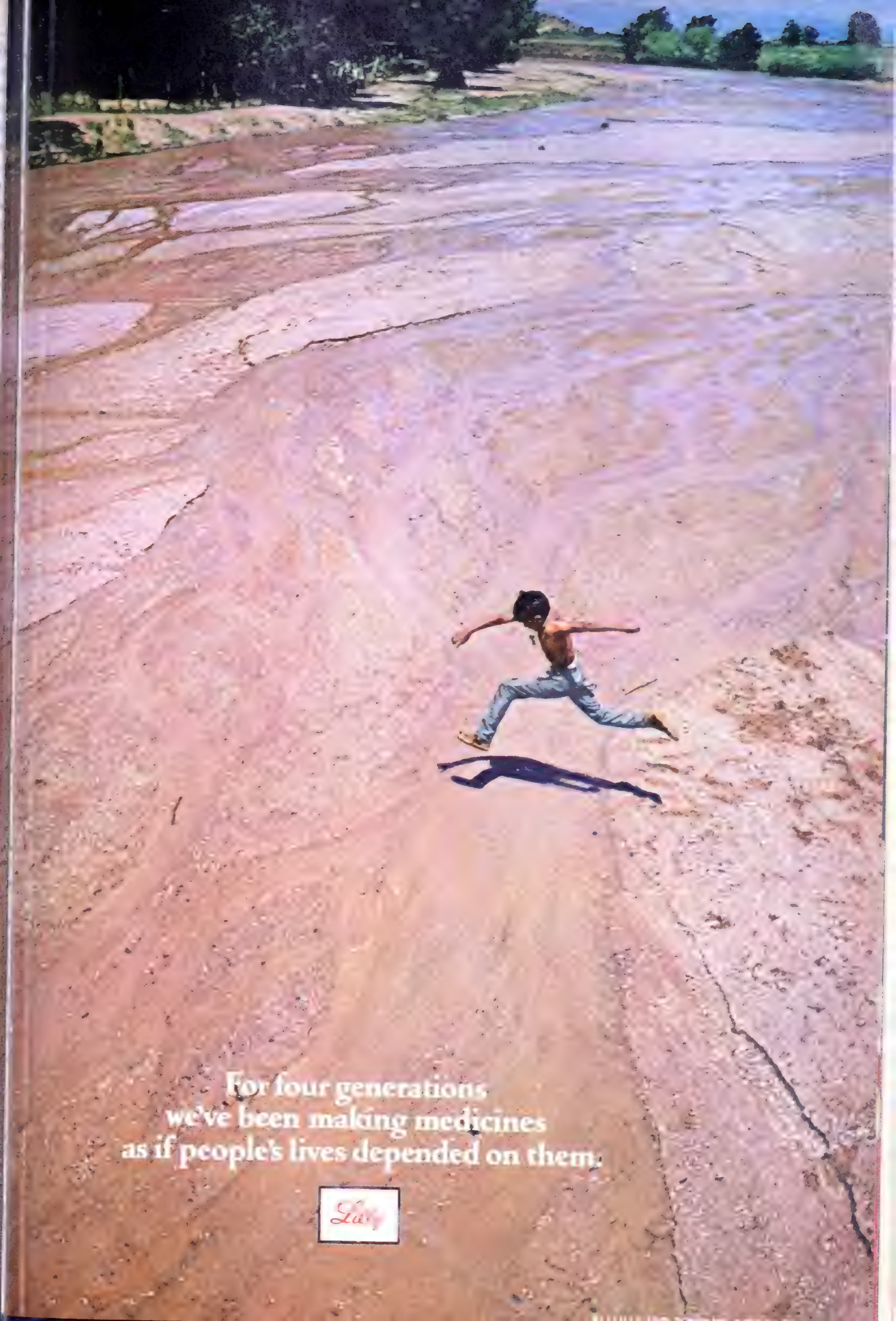
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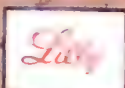
constituents described him been able to act with suralism for a representative ally conservative district. record matches that of a liberal. Yet he has led r and his name is not atta major legislation. The ex simply that he has been for so many years with the tion of the party machi House he has had no time a legislative cause, or eve committee chairmanship could easily have had.

THE INFLUENCE OF A SP is so great that Albert o no trouble in designating H so command, the new majc But so far he has steadfastl express a preference. Hisb that "I can work with a caucus chooses." Nobody lov than he just how given the party is, and what a hard m have as speaker in bringing factions into some semblanc ing harmony. Consequently, eager to antagonize any fac ping another group's cand leadership. Whether he c this facade of impartiali caucus meets is an open des contenders are pushing h a commitment. If he does actually to bring his influ he probably will do it inde instance, if one of his clof the Oklahoma delegation— perhaps, or Ed Edmonds— start campaigning actively r didate, other Democratic C would get the message.

So far as I can make et, leading candidates for thle at this writing are Morr Udall of Arizona, spokesn group of reform-minded her Dan Rostenkowski of Illi man of the caucus and fa Establishment types who will leave the House rules al pretty much unchanged. A of liberals—as usual, they eral ways—supports Jame of Michigan. Like Udall, tively young man of demora ity and is well-liked amc leagues; the two respect and if either fails to get am the early balloting, he p throw his votes (so far as trol them) to the other.

A young boy is running across a vast, dry, cracked landscape. The ground is a mix of light brown and tan, with numerous deep, winding cracks. In the background, there are some green trees and a small building under a clear blue sky. The boy is shirtless, wearing light blue jeans and brown shoes. He is captured in mid-stride, with his arms outstretched and a shadow cast on the ground behind him.

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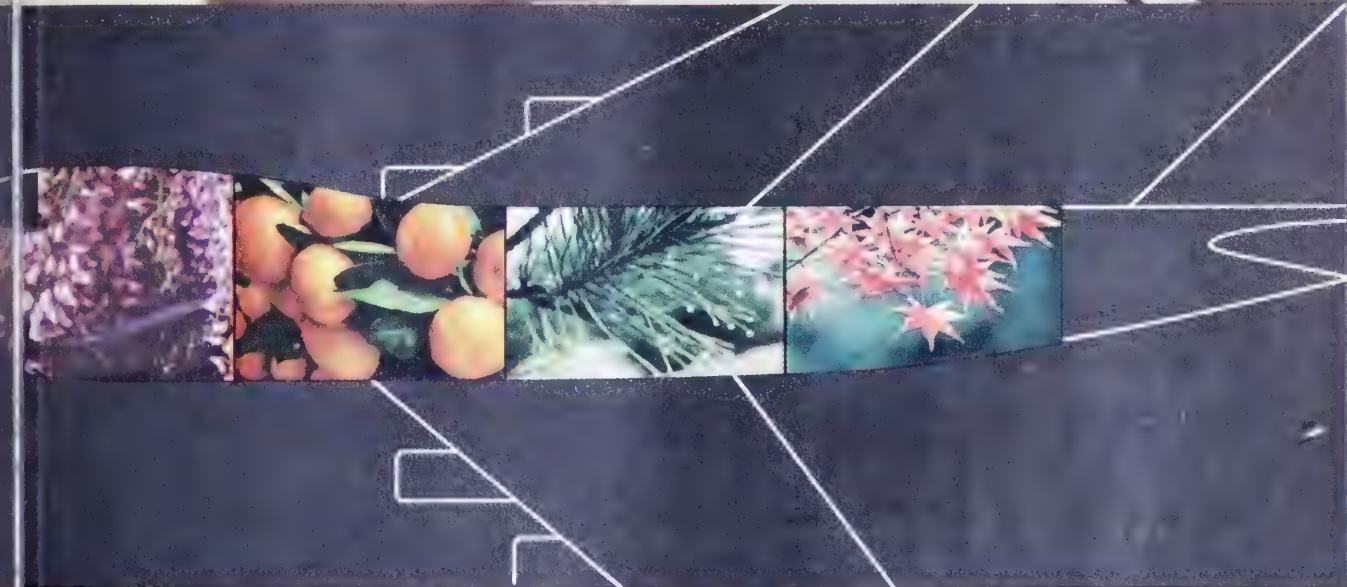
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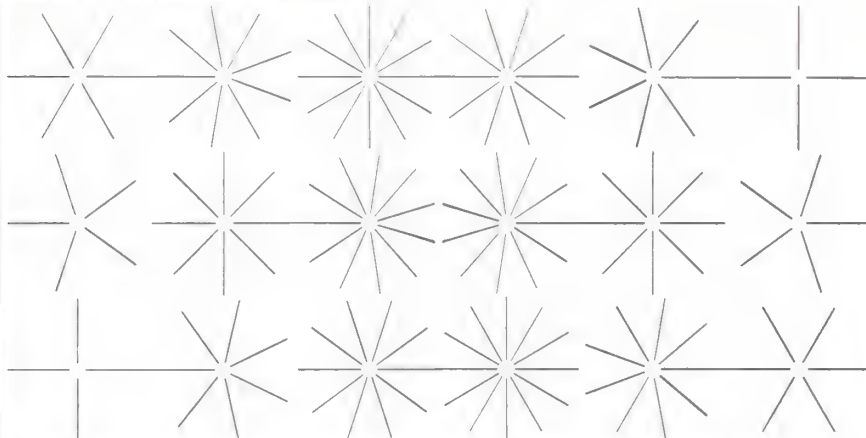
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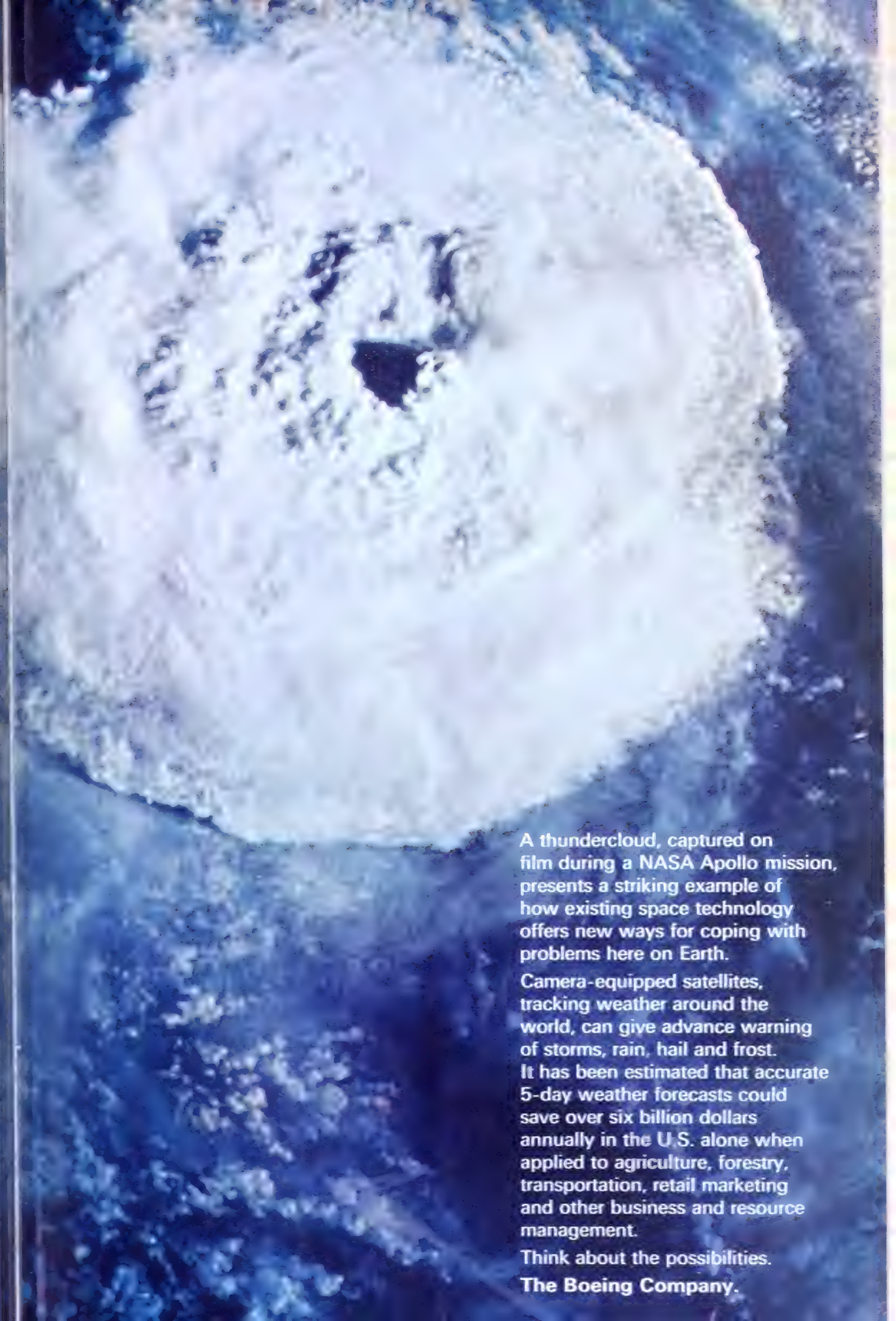
THE EASY CHAIR

Such a contingency is quite because both have certain w Udall, coming from a state a servative as Arizona, has for essary to vote on a few issue to the wishes of organized l all likelihood he will be o the AFL-CIO lobbyists. Mo led the recent revolt of the yob ists which resulted, eventual Cormack's decision to retire f breach of discipline, and fo spoken advocacy of rules no has earned the enmity of th Guard, particularly the Sou br servatives. O'Hara, in contr sidered so close to the lab that he may be unacceptable elements of the party.

Rostenkowski, the "cor candidate, is in fact not all a servative. His voting recor ously liberal, and on civilg sues he has sometimes bee liberal to suit the taste of m Polish and Italian lower-m d constituents. One of the mo p able men in the House, li blond, outgoing, and bulgin w tality. Before going into pit was a successful automobile l and an enthusiastic membe square congregations as th K Club, Knights of Columbus, d Order of Moose; and Ro n looks the part.

He was elected chairma Democratic caucus—an hor not particularly powerful job he is a classic example of he regular. He grew up polit ally loyal henchman of Chicago Daley, and not long ago he re another Congressman that hve dream of making a major without seeking Daley's advi been equally deferential to he hierarchy in the House: the of the important committees them, for reasons of seniorit co ative Southerners. In his *Pol House*, one of the most illa books about Congress since o Wilson's classic work, Richa calls them "the dukes"; an when the House has a wea such as McCormack, they do of the real authority, like the dukes under a Merovingian regard Rostenkowski as a who, if elected majority lea ward off most of the reb tacks on the sources of their

Rostenkowski also is and is one of the few Democratic



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men who have not endorsed Albert for the speakership—presumably because he wants to leave the way open to run for speaker himself if, for some unpredictable reason, Albert's feet should slip off the ladder.

A few other candidates are more or less in the running for the leadership, such as Wayne Hays of Ohio and John Moss and B. F. Sisk, both of California. The latter two are considered possibilities mostly because of a feeling that California, with the largest population of any state, deserves some consideration. But I found no Congressman who was willing to bet that any of these three would win.

The man most often suggested as a compromise candidate, if neither Udall nor Rostenkowski can round up a majority, is Edward P. Boland of Massachusetts. He is respected for his intelligence and hard work; and, like Albert, he has never antagonized any of his colleagues unnecessarily. To most of the liberals he would be an acceptable second-best, and the dukes don't think of him as especially dangerous.

One more step: If Hale Boggs, the present whip, would be a natural candidate for promotion to the leadership, as Albert was before him. Ordinarily that would be the case—but in handling his whip's duties Boggs has offended too many people. "Supercilious" and "overbearing" are some of the kinder terms other Congressmen used in characterizing him. In addition, many regard him as emotionally unstable and prone to crack under pressure.

Incidentally, it has been traditional for the majority leader to appoint the whip, with the concurrence of the speaker. Partly because of the way Boggs has performed, there is now a good deal of sentiment among Democratic Congressmen to make the whip's job elective, like his two superiors'. That may well be one of the reforms put forward in January when the caucus assembles to organize the House.

A CONSIDERABLE MEASURE OF reform is, I believe, inevitable, no matter who is elected majority leader. In talking to Congressmen, including the conservatives, one senses a widespread feeling that the time for change has finally come. The present system is simply too unrepresentative, too cumbersome, too riddled with opportunities for obstruction and delay by old men who hold power by right of

seniority alone. In these times a gerontocracy is no longer tolerable.

If Albert should turn out to be a passive speaker, and if he were teamed with a majority leader who is important to the Old Guard, the change would be minimal. That is what some of the more rambunctious fear. They point out that he has been during his leadership years taking initiatives on his own—which is because on all major issues he has deferred loyally to McCormack. And his conciliatory method of dealing has led them to suspect that at the crunch comes, he will shrink from a fight.

My guess, however, is that his command will be a very different one from Albert as lieutenant. He will be a vastly different kind of speaker from McCormack. To begin with, he is a full generation younger, and more sensitive to the current era, to the country's impatience with the patent inadequacies of government. He also is less parochial, and less afflicted by McCormack's almost paranoid anti-Communism. While he has, of course, solidly supported the resistance of all recent Administrations to Communist expansion, he is a believer in Holy Wars. He would like to get out of Vietnam, for example, as fast as foreign policy and other practicalities permit.

In intellectual capacity, energy, and understanding of national issues, he is immeasurably superior to McCormack; and in the scheduling of legislation and the management of Congressional troops, he is likely to commit the bumbling mistakes that characterized the old majority leader (Bolling, in his *Power in Politics*, relates the nature of these mistakes, and their consequences in detail.)

Moreover, Albert's gentleness conceals more toughness and determination than some of the young men in Congress have yet recognized. Without such qualities, nobody could have climbed from Bug Tussle to the summit of Congressional power. Whatever he wants to accomplish in the cause of his own strong sense of duty, he will expect his majority leader to do all he can to help accomplish it, even if he should turn out to be Rostenkowski. For reasons of tactical party harmony, he may often prefer to let others—perhaps young liberals as John Bricker and Henry Reuss—take the initial

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**"You get more value
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but try to tell someone."

A pharmacist talks about the price of medicines and the price of health care.

Ask my customers about the prices of prescriptions and they'll usually say "they keep going up!"

True, after many years of a downward trend, the drug price index has gone up. But the rise is a modest one compared to the overall cost of health care and the sharp upswing in consumer prices. In the past year, the price index for prescriptions rose 1.7% . . . while the cost of living was climbing 6.0%.

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The average prescription today costs \$3.68*. For this, the purchaser gets products that are more effective than those available a decade ago. Six out of ten of the most often prescribed drugs were not even available then. These new medicines give the doctor more potent weapons. More ailments are being controlled. Patients get out of the hospital sooner (or stay out altogether). And this can mean a sizeable savings in the family's health care budget.

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*Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers
Association, 1155 15th St.,
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*American Druggist Survey, 1969

THE EASY CHAIR

the three most senior members of the committee. (A minor, but necessary, concession to tradition: the lingering power of the Old South would not permit the speaker to nominate a committee chairman, subject to the approval of the caucus. If the caucus should reject his first choice, he would nominate another, and so on, until he comes up with a man the caucus accepts. To me at least, this is the most sensible arrangement. It would enhance the speaker's authority to enforce party discipline without giving him the dictatorial authority of Uncle Joe Cannon.)

A few self-described "moderates" would like to preserve the present system, but provide that the chairman could hold office for no more than, say, four years. After that, he would step down and the next speaker would take his place.

Any one of these changes would be a far cry toward shattering the rule of the Southern Ascendancy, and toward the coalition of Republicans and conservative Democrats which has maintained working control of the House for most of the time during this century.

2. *Clip the claws of the chairman.* The Rules committee.

This committee is, in effect, the House's traffic cop. It decides what bills (with a few exceptions, such as appropriations) can come to the floor for consideration: how much time is allowed for debate; and what amendments, if any, may be introduced from the floor. Thanks to the present system, its chairman normally is a Southerner only slightly less powerful than Ivan the Terrible: with the incumbent, Colmer of Mississippi, his predecessor, Howard W. Call of Virginia. So long as he determines the procedures of his own committee when it meets, what bills it considers, and whether it should hold hearings on them, he can smother any legislation he doesn't like, even when it has been endorsed by another committee. And his ability to trade favors—"if you don't do as I say, your bill will never get to the floor of the House"—makes him one of the most powerful men in Washington.

Prospects look reasonably good that the new Congress will take much of the procedural authority away from the chairman, and give it instead to the committee as a whole.

3. *Open up the business of the House to more public scrutiny.*



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THE EASY CHAIR

Few people aside from the ton professionals realize how important decisions are made in Committee hearings are often closed even more often are things in which committee members decide the content of any given legislation—and their individual on any amendments need known.

More important, when a bill the floor it is first debated and by the Committee of the Whole—that is, the entire membership in a session in which votes tionally were not recorded. In session, a Congressman could emasculating amendments without constituents ever knowing it. little later, when the bill comes the House in formal session, vote for it on the record. Thus antipollution bill he could right inform his constituents that for clean air and water; wile vately he could inform polluti ufacturers (i.e. potential c contributors) that in the C of the Whole he voted to fil sharp teeth off the legislation.

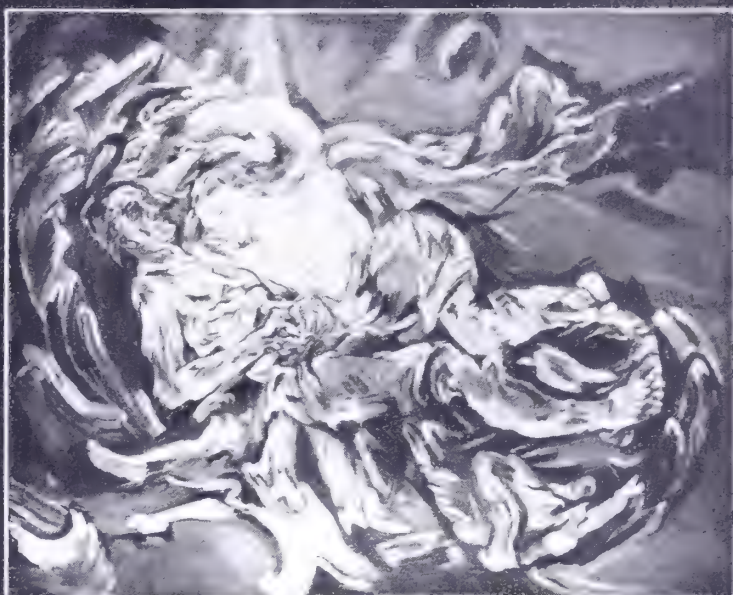
Last July a majority of the voted (with Albert's encoura to abolish this cozy custom aquire a public record of the member votes on important q decided in the Committee of Whole. But because this long reform was part of a bill dealg other legislative procedures, n the concurrence of the Senat If Senate doesn't act on it durg session, the issue will surely ne in the new Congress next J.

It seems likely, too, that in the work of the standing com will be conducted a good de, n openly. Representative Reuss, m others, has suggested that al se committee meetings and hearing be abolished, except when nati al curity is clearly involved.

Perhaps I am being overop The House may, after all, ma resist any meaningful change, so often in the past. But with the speaker's chair, the chan look better than they ever hav lifetime. And I have a strong si that he might like to go down tory as the man who led the mation of Congress into a mo nstitution, able for the first time decades to hold up its end of ment.



Good Art?



Bad Art?

What would your judgment be?

There are two paintings, both of which are discussed in the program of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The one at the left, Pierre Cot's *The Tempest*, was held in the highest criticism in the 1880s. Today it would be considered by most critics as mawkish and sentimental.

The painting on the right, Oskar Kokoschka's *The Tempest*, was damned as "bad" in the early part of this century. It is now considered to be one of the masterpieces of expressionist art.

If you were unexpectedly asked to express an opinion about these two paintings, could you express an opinion about them? Or are you tongue-tied, unwilling to say what you're afraid you do not

A surprising number of other persons have a blind spot when it comes to art. Visiting a gallery or museum, you may stand before a respected

work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help such people that New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created Art Seminars in the Home, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

Each seminar comes in the form of a handsome portfolio, the core of which is a lecture devoted to one aspect of painting. Each is illustrated with many black-and-white pictures and twelve large separate full-color reproductions of paintings which have become famous over the years.

As you compare these masterpieces side by side, Mr Canaday's lectures clarify their basic differences and similarities, and so reveal the fundamentals you should look for in any painting you see.

Soon paintings will be more than just "good" or "bad" to you. You will be able to talk knowledgeably and form your own educated opinion when you visit a gallery or museum. You will understand

why certain paintings have come to be considered masterpieces. And parents will find themselves sharing their understanding with their children, thereby providing a foundation for a lifelong interest in art.

Examine the first portfolio without charge
You can study the first seminar by mailing the coupon on this page to the Book-of-the-Month Club, which administers the program for the Museum. You will receive the first of twelve portfolios, *What Is a Painting?*, for a two-week trial examination. Subsequent portfolios, sent at the rate of one a month, are devoted to realism, expressionism, abstraction, composition, painting technique, and the role of the artist as social critic and visionary.

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PERFORMING ARTS

Good days, good years

IT WAS THE COCKTAIL HOUR in Bel-Air, but John Ford, seventy-five, wasn't having any. In fact, he was already in bed. He spends a lot of time there these days, though friends hint there may be a touch of Oblomovism combined with whatever real ills his aging flesh may be heir to. No matter. He remains, in spirit, what he has apparently always been, a strong-minded, irascible, opinionated, and completely delightful gentleman.

The movies are the only art form whose entire history can be encompassed in the lifetimes of a few people who, like Ford, were there at the beginning, rode the crest of their popularity, and have experienced the long, occasionally traumatic decline from their former economic strength (which has, ironically, been accompanied by an upsurge in appreciation in the intellectual community). Anyway, over the past few years I have been interviewing, for a book I'm doing, as many people who have lived through it all as I can. And I admit that I have been selfish about it, intruding on people like Ford, who I knew in advance had only a few paragraphs of information to contribute to the specific segment of film history that concerns me. Very simply, I wanted, in an almost childish way, to experience their presences, to get in touch, through them, with the living history of an art in which, without quite meaning to, I have become very deeply involved.

In my personal history of that involvement no figure is more important to me than John Ford. For his great films of the Thirties and Forties—*The Informer*, *Stagecoach*, *The*

Grapes of Wrath, *Tobacco Road*, *How Green Was My Valley*, the superb cavalry trilogy, *My Darling Clementine*, how many others?—were consequential events for me. One had to grow into appreciation of many of the other great Hollywood directors who were his contemporaries—men like Hitchcock, for example, or Lubitsch. Some of the early masters like Griffith and Chaplin had either been silenced or were working infrequently by the time I started going to the movies. And in the Middle West, where I grew up, we heard only rumors about men like Eisenstein and Renoir. But Ford's work, with its pictorial beauty, epic grandeur, and its frequent concentration on American archetypes, was very much a presence in my life. I think I learned about the possibilities of film as art by seeing his work. Images from even his lesser work still linger in mind—for example, Henry Fonda's run through the forest to bring aid to a settlement beleaguered by Indians in *Drums Along the Mohawk*.

Anyway, he is, to me, a great man. It was moving simply to be in his presence. And a little frightening. For the heroes of childhood and youth have a way of disappointing you when you finally meet them. I once summoned the nerve to tell John Dos Passos how much *U.S.A.* had meant to me as a young man making a decision to become a writer. He had heard that one before and, eyeing me wearily, informed me I really should read his later stuff, which was much better. Once, when I was trying to produce a television tribute to John O'Hara, he had curtly told me that he would not cooperate and that, furthermore, he would bring suit if I attempted to proceed without his permission. Similarly, Frank Lloyd Wright had unmer-

cifully picked on me at a press conference when, as a boy journalist, I put some questions to him. He was respectful and he thought I was

With Ford, however, the situation was quite different. One of the characteristics of Hollywood is that it has to honor its pioneers on certain occasions, when sentimentalism will be widely seen and accepted, and to ignore them on another basis. Ford, like many of the generation whom I have known in the last year, seemed glad for somebody to talk to.

His famous eye-patch patched his forehead, clipping his hair half on doctor's orders, not for the fact that his housewife, "teetotal," he affected a certain cynicism. "You ever directed?" he suddenly inquired of me one point. "No, of course not." "Why 'of course not'?" he asked. "Everybody else is." One had the distinct impression that he had been much in this dark and cluttered world at least partly because of the world outside—full of cameras whose tripods or dollies, who were without stories and without the classic manner of production and editing—depressed him.

ON THE OTHER HAND, the product of a time in history that was, in important ways, similar to our own. In the time of World War I, when he and movie people were mostly escaping the cold of the street for temporary warmth in the \$100 paid to laborers and small-town not many questions asked. The of that time were as close to

Mr. Schickel reviews films for *Life* and has written several books, including *Movies: The History of an Art and an Institution* and *The Disney Version*.

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mous ride of the Klan that climaxed *The Birth of a Nation*. Even then his eyes were not as strong as they might have been, and with the Ku Klux hood slipping around as he rode, he failed to see, and to duck, a low-hanging branch. Knocked out of the saddle and unconscious, he came to to find the great man himself peering worriedly into his eyes and proffering a silver flask of revivatory spirits. "Are you all right, son?" Griffith asked, while a few hundred extras stood around waiting for the answer. Ford woozily declared himself fit for further duty. But Griffith sent him off to sit in the shade for a while, where, watching the scene proceed without him, Ford may or may not have begun to learn something about his future career. Did Griffith "influence" him very strongly? "I wouldn't say we stole from him," Ford grumped: "I'd say we copied from him outright."

Indeed, it is true. I recently saw Griffith's last film, *Abraham Lincoln*, and one of Ford's last pieces, a segment in *How the West Was Won*. And though they were separated in time by over thirty years, one could imagine them being shot by the same man. It was more than a matter of using cameras placed low, so that war is seen from the viewpoint of a foot soldier, more than the fluidity of its movement, allowing it to catch the sweep of masses of men in combat. It was, more importantly, the sense of awe for the tragic beauty of men at war that both men communicated. "I went to the premiere of *The Birth of a Nation*," Ford recalled, "and at the end I actually strained my voice yelling."

Why? He understates in reply. "Before it, everything had been so static. But then there were the little things. Like when Henry Walthall comes home from the war and Mae Marsh has put cotton on her dress, pretending it is ermine, and while they talk he picks little pieces of cotton off the dress, shyly. See, D. W. was the only one then who took the time for little details."

It was only a couple of years after that that Ford, in his early twenties, began directing. He was working as an assistant at Universal, and the director, felled by drink, failed to appear one morning. It happened to be the morning that Uncle Carl Laemmle, owner of the studio, appeared, anxious to show the process of moviemaking to some visitors from the East. Ford, as senior officer present, roused some cowboys and set them to galloping up

and down the backlot street to impress the strangers. A little later, the grateful Laemmle set in motion one of the great careers in film history by casually telling an assistant to let Ford direct something because, "Jack yells good."

IS EXPERIENCE, INDEED, was archetypal. Allan Dwan, for example, is Ford's contemporary and one of the few college men of that generation to become a director. He had a degree in electrical engineering and drifted into the movies after installing some new lights in the Chicago studios of Essanay. He sold a few stories to them, was made a story editor, and then was dispatched to San Juan Capistrano to find a location company that had mysteriously ceased to communicate with the home office. He found it idling, hoping its director would sober up long enough to take some pictures. When Dwan reported this information to Chicago, he was told to take over. He did so by gathering the company around him and saying, "Either I'm a director or you're all out of work."

So he became what he had to be. And it was good—"We invented because there was nothing else to do when it came to solving problems"—and sometimes bad, because dangerous. A little later, working for an independent outfit, Dwan found it necessary to go armed on location. The independents were using equipment which the Edison company and several other firms aligned with it in a trust alleged they had no right to use without paying royalties. One of their methods of discouraging competition was to employ snipers to shoot up the rivals' cameras. A lucky hit could expensively idle a company for a week. Dwan, discovering one of these gunmen lurking about, engaged him in conversation, took him for a walk in a nearby arroyo, and gave a brief, expert demonstration of his own marksmanship. The sniper cleared out.

Nor was it always outsiders who caused trouble. Working for Griffith at Triangle, Dwan had to take some of D.W.'s actors on location. They resented having to work for someone other than the master, and Dwan, by no means a large man, had to establish his authority by winning no less than three fistfights with the more spirited rebels. Griffith thereafter referred to him as "prizefighter."

In short, it was a roistering life. And one full of sudden crises. Dwan remembers needing a car fixed and wheeling it into the driveway of a well-recommended mechanic. The man was bent over work, his back to the vehicle, rolled up behind him. "One of the tappet valves is missing," he called out looking up. While he worked on the car, Dwan fell into conversation with the mechanic, discovered something about cameras, and hired him to work on the next Fairbanks pictures Dwan was directing at Triangle. The man was Victor Fleming and he would become M-G-M's resident cinematographer, handling Clark Gable films, and the director of *Gone with the Wind* and *The Wizard of Oz*.

Dwan himself never became as well known to the general public as, say, even Victor Fleming, but over a career that spanned nearly a half-century he made more films than he can name. Quick, sure, unpretentious, and efficient, he directed Norma Talmage, Gloria Swanson, not to mention the only movie Evelyn Nesbit ever made. Among his duties was standing by at the ether-sniffing parties, and he liked to give, making sure no one swallowed his tongue when he spoke. Much, much later he made *Tomb Raider*, of *Iwo Jima*, the only film for which John Wayne received an Oscar nomination prior to *True Grit*.

But the man Dwan talks most fondly of in his retirement is Douglas Fairbanks, that "very actorish, petulant but creative" man as he describes him. After he established himself as a director, overcoming Griffith's inability to comprehend his talent or his ambition, Fairbanks tended to choose projects according to Dwan, by the opportunity they presented for athletic feats. The great castle set for *Robt the Conqueror*, the biggest-grossing movie in the world ever made, was built while Dwan was out of town. He returned, looked at it, and told his brother, who was the studio manager, and Dwan was to direct, to forget it. He never saw any opportunities in it for a stunt-derring-do. Whereupon Dwan showed him some of its features; and Fairbanks cunningly concealed in the set what they could be gracefully seen in. A place where the trampoline was hidden to facilitate his leaps, and the actor could seem to slide down in what was to become one of his

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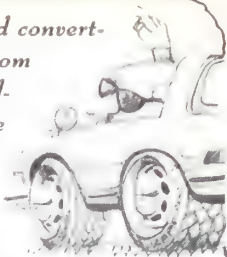
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to like taking orders from businessmen. "It was an ego thing," he says now. "The first thing that happens to men when they become interested in the movies financially is that they feel compelled to tell the artists how to use their brushes; the producers on the line simply reflected the opinions of these dictatorial men."

It is all right now. He sits alone in the small living room of a pleasant little house in the San Fernando Valley and reflects cheerfully on a long, interesting, and by no means unrewarding life. But he does know how it was at the beginning and what it became and he leaves no doubt as to what was the best atmosphere in which to make movies. It has been ten years since he made a picture. "The last time I was stuck in Mexico with a drunken star, and that drove me right out of the business," he says, and he laughs. Yes, of course, he had seen worse. But by then he was sixty-five. He didn't need the trouble anymore.

RAOUL WALSH HAS A SMALL RANCH in Santa Susana, far out in the Valley. He used to raise horses there, but he recently got rid of his herd. Now he plucks the oranges from his trees and serves fresh orange juice to visitors, grouches about the new freeway that runs far too close for comfort and will, undoubtedly, bring new subdivisions in its wake, and works on a Western novel—"Hell of a story, Dick, plenty of action."

He's seventy-eight, a lean, hard man stumping around in his cowboy boots and looking more like a retired cowhand than one of the best action directors (*They Drive by Night*, *They Died with Their Boots On*, and, best of all, *White Heat*) we've ever had. He is a plain-spoken unsentimental man and he, too, wears an eye-patch. He hurt his eye years ago in a riding accident, got tired of having it treated all the time and ordered a surgeon to pluck it out for him—a course he once recommended to John Ford as a convenient method of treating his ophthalmic difficulties. "Jack turned white," he recalls, not without a trace of satisfaction.

Like many of the men who have specialized in movie action, he has, rather obviously, plenty of physical courage himself. In fact, he owes his movie career to it. An Easterner by birth, he was raised on a Texas ranch, drifted back to New York, and got into the

movies because he knew how to wrangle mounts, a rare and much-sought skill among the people making pictures around Fort Lee, New Jersey, circa 1910. "I guess me and a few [an Iroquois named Eagle] were the first ones to figure out how to get off a horse on cue without killing ourselves," Walsh says. "I used to work for Pathé—busted my arm a few times."

He did day work for Griffith, came West with him, and then left Biograph, to make bigger pictures for Mutual-Reliance. "It was a tough life," Walsh recalled. "Everybody told me to quit and helped with the scene, for instance, when that was needed? Extra work or whatever. His specialty was handling cowboys, horses. When a Western was shooting, Walsh would get up at 5 A.M., head for Edendale, where the cowboys kept their horses—often, when they couldn't afford to keep them, they pitched their blankets over the wagons. He'd hit the saloon, pick up the riders he needed, and then clip-clopping through the mountains to locations, many of which are now present home and some of them, surprisingly, are still untouched by civilization. The ride took a long time. "Tough on the horses," I claim. "Even tougher on the cowboy," he noted laconically.

Walsh's duties were not without wrangling. He often acted as a stand-in for Griffith on his drives around the Sierras, where he looked for interesting types to use in his films, since even in small parts he liked to use non-actors could give him something. Griffith spotted a likely-looking man, it was Walsh's job to approach him with the offer of a job. Once he still relishes came from a distinguished-looking gentleman. "You like to work in pictures," he asked the man. "Sir," he replied, "I'm a minister of the Gospel." Before long, scouting, Walsh also worked as an assistant director in big pictures. ("Get some life into them," Griffith remembers Griffith endlessly saying, and as an actor, most famous for his role as John Wilkes Booth in *Birth of a Nation*, my leg when I jumped out of the car, too.")

Walsh's big break came when he agreed to pay Pancho Villa to let a film unit ride with him, revolutionary for a while and a sort of semidocumentary. (The

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What does the child receive from my support? A. In countries with great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide the child with a few dollars a month. In other countries your sponsorship provides the child with benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, and school supplies.

What types of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has established in India, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed by both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, supervisors, superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel are employed to high professional standards—plus have a deep understanding of the child.

Is the work independent or church operated? A. Independent. The CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work through the missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is ever sent to a Home because of creed or race.

When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938. Since then, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 100 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, our interest is in being "big." Rather, our job is to be seen by the American sponsor, and the child being helped.

Can I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes around the world are lighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the Project in advance of your scheduled arrival.

How do I sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office groups, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that you serve as correspondent for a group.

What about the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on need. Some have one living parent unable to care for them properly. Others come to us because of abandoned homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility for the illness of one or both parents.

How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. The CCF keeps close check on all children through field supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are supervised by our staff. Each home is required to submit an annual statement.



**HUNGER
IS ALL
SHE HAS
EVER
KNOWN**

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives every day.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only \$12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters. Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

Box 511

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc. Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____ Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____

☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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HP 6900

given the directorial job, found Villa unwilling to accept payment in greenbacks, crossed back over the border to change them into gold, and then was allowed to stay with Villa for over four months.

On the whole, he found the adventure disappointing. "We mostly traveled by train, so people would have three, four days' notice we were coming. They'd send their young girls into the hills and hide their valuables. We had a few skirmishes, but mostly we got pictures of executions and atrocities. Villa didn't smoke or drink. Mostly he hated *Federales*. They kept tearing up our track so we could just creep along."

His footage was incorporated into a fictional film directed by another Griffith assistant, Christy Cabanne, and Walsh turned down the chance to play the young Villa. "They made him into a hell of a hero," he says. But the next year Griffith sent for him and said, "Raoul, I'm going to make you a director. Tell Frank Woods [the script editor] to give you a story." He did and Walsh's first feature, *Carmen*, was released in 1915.

Summing up, Walsh says simply, "We loved our work. There was a sort of camaraderie. You'd get hold of a story and then you'd find some actor and say, 'There's a hell of a part here for you—you get to kill eight Indians' and then you'd get your film, enough for just one take on a scene, and then you'd make your picture."

Even so, Walsh did not, like some of his colleagues, mourn the passing of silent film. "They thought I was a traitor when I told them sound was going to give new life to the movies. They thought they had corralled the medium. See, before sound, you could get up real close to an actor and say, 'Come on, you son of a bitch, start crying, it's getting late.'" Certainly, once the microphones came on the set, that kind of dominance was lost forever to the directors. But Walsh adapted. He says he made the first outdoor talkie when he borrowed a newsreel camera from Fox Movietone News and headed for the hills to see if you could use its sound-recording equipment for a fictional feature. It worked to a degree, though he didn't get as much location sound as he wanted for the film, which was called *In Old Arizona*. Still, he proved his point and helped to get movies back where he liked them, back where he had begun with them, out of doors.

WALSH WAS ONE OF THE LAST of about two dozen movie veterans I interviewed and I had to drive back through the mountains and all the way through the Los Angeles basin to catch the plane that would take me back to New York when I finished my interview with him. Even with the freeways it takes an hour to make a trip similar in length to the one he and his cowboys used to make. I like to drive in Los Angeles; indeed, unlike just about everyone else I know, I like Los Angeles, not least because the place has a history for me. I happened to know that where this motel now stands Thomas Ince once had his studio, that where this block of stores is Griffith worked on *Birth* and *Intolerance*. And so on. No one has bothered to erect historical plaques at these sites, although they have more psychological resonance, genuine historical importance in the formation of the modern American mind, than the places that are marked in more historically conscious sections of the nation.

More important, though, is the sense that, for a few years still, Los Angeles shelters a fair number of people like Ford, Dwan, and Walsh, who are, it seems to me, good and strong in an interesting and maybe even an important way. One must remember that their generation in this profession was the first to feel the full impact of the modern celebrity system and that, besides inventing the techniques of the movies, they also had to invent techniques for dealing with that system that was its most curious by-product. It is astonishing how many did not manage the second task. Among the contemporaries of these three men there was a disproportionate number of drunks and suicides and walking wounded. Among them, too, are many who outlived their fame and their wealth and still can't figure out exactly what happened to them. What I find myself speculating about, as I go over the notes I've taken over the past months, is why these men (and some others) remained intact. Partly, I'm sure, it's because they never lost sight of the fact that the whole thing was, in part, an absurd accident, a form of youthful fun to be pursued in the same unpretentious spirit even after youth had gone. None of them seem to take themselves terribly seriously as artists, even though they all know they created a good deal of art along the way. Moreover, one notes there are two responses to remembered poverty. One is

fear of having to return to other is a sense that it wasn't that one could experience it again since it was not turned out—the worst thing one had to go through. All these of the second breed.

And they are without illusion, the peculiarly intense and stupidity of the men who ruled Hollywood and thus their lives was not particularly shocking to them. They never saw of those people, the moguls, the yes-men, who have figured so many literary legend. Their manner, business style, were simply the most interesting problems the directors encountered while making movies. Their contempt is of the kind that simply ignores the producers who mock them. They are, in short, survivors, men who made coherent and careers under a pressure that is or warped so many others. Even they seem a little surprised to see that, in the course of doing it, they acquired by accident, they accidentally created art and are now, just suddenly, falling into history, which critics and historians gathering around take down their anecdotes and sparse theories before it is too late. They may be flattered, but that feeling under very good conditions. They may be glad to have someone to talk to, but their gratitude cannot be described as pathetic. They handle this interest with the same pragmatic grace that they brought to their filmmaking. They are very to talk to. They are even the models for the young men who go to find again the freedom they knew before anyone presumed to the movies an "industry." Be that may, this much is certain about them: they all made some bad pictures, routine pictures; indeed, they probably tell you they made more of those than they did good ones. None of them ever did was made *Breckinridge* or anything like that matter what. They all instinctively sensed that art, and especially art like the movies, can profit within limits of form and conventional taste. If the moguls represented the most vulgar segment of the market, these men represented its best, and from the tension between them derived much of the art's liveliness, the strength of its appeal. In the back, one sees that for strong was not such a bad system after

You don't create a mild sensation. You become one.

est thing in the world is
a sensation.
f yelling and screaming,
blicity and lo, you're a
t.
oday, though, and gone
v.
out for the long haul.
takes a degree of patience.
s a little more.

Just look at the way we make
our product.

We blend 45 of Scotland's
lightest whiskies.

But with one difference.

We mellow each at least eight full
years. (We said we had patience.)

You can't get the only Scotch
that's a blend of youthful lightness
and aged mellowness any other way.

So we wait.

Which seems to be worth the
price, since when we're finished
we have something a little more
than just another light Scotch.

We have Scotch at its lightest.
And its mellowest.

Only then do we affix our label
and right the glass.

And pour you a mild sensation.



61 COTCH WHISKIES, 86 PROOF. THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © 1970

Ambassador: it mellows 8 years.



John Babyak at the Traffic Center "situation board," which reflects the status of every traffic light under computer control



Giving New York drivers the green light where traffic once crawled.

Every morning New York City must digest a breakfast of three million cars, trucks and buses. But on five main arteries, drivers now average one quarter as many stops. John Babyak's story is another example of how IBM, its people or products often play a part in tackling today's problems.



Computerized signal lights keep traffic moving along Northern Boulevard. (Telephoto view shows a six-block section of the Boulevard.)

a year ago," relates IBM's John Babyak, "a department study showed it took 45 to 50 minutes to travel eleven miles of Northern Boulevard in the rush hour.

Along the way, you'd average 23 stops. Today, the figures show you can make the trip in 30 minutes, and average just 7 stops."

The difference is New York's new computerized system which began on Northern Boulevard, a thoroughfare of Queens, and has since been extended to four other main arteries there.

John Babyak, the IBM Systems Engineer assigned to the project, has been working on the application of computers to traffic problems for about ten years.

Since 1968," says Mr. Babyak, "the City entered into a program with IBM to develop a system for

Queens. By May 1969 we were officially in operation.

"Right now, the system controls over three hundred intersections along thirty-five miles of the busiest roads in the New York area. Overhead sensors provide continuous traffic flow data to the computer. The system then responds to changing traffic patterns.

"These roads carry 130,000 cars a day.

"The Department estimates it has saved drivers up to fourteen hours a month in travel time.

"What's more, traffic engineers point to the fact that fewer stops mean fewer accidents. Especially the rear-end variety.

"As it now stands, the Queens installation is already the largest computerized traffic control system in the country.

"Even so, it's just a beginning."

IBM



Ask the cellar man in London's "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese" why it was re-built in 1667.

The story starts in 1290 in an underground monastery. And goes on for centuries. In plain olde English.

Find out that dinner is still served in 18th century style. At 18th century prices.

Remember the eating scene in "Tom Jones"? The English still eat like that. And at prices like \$1.50 for steak, kidney, mushroom and game pudding or Scotch roast beef, it's no wonder.

Learn about a Soho pub where the stories are the kind you won't hear back home.

In most places on the Continent you won't understand the language. Much less the jokes.

Chat with the bloke at the next table.

If he says he "asked the baked potato for a joe blake and some rosebuds," he's a Cockney who just ordered steak and potatoes. (There are some things you won't understand. This is Europe, you know.)

Discover where to get made-to-order shirts, boots, derbies, walking sticks, mustache cups and other necessities.

Prices like \$17 for \$30 cashmere sweaters are only one reason Europeans call London the bargain capital of Europe.

Understand everybody. Because everybody understands you.

We speak your language England, Northern Ireland, Scotland,

For your free 4 color booklet "Britain October—through—March," see your travel agent or cut out this line, fill in your Name _____ and Address _____ Zip _____ and mail to: British Tourist Authority, Dept. HR, Box 4100, N

Frady

AMERICAN INNOCENT IN THE

MIDDLE
EAST

a series



"Egypt" in hieroglyphics

OUR DAYS AGO HE HAD STEPPED onto this
ent, into this hemisphere for the first
s life—emerging from the plane at the
ort into a smoldering late afternoon:
to grope out of the befuddlement that
d ever since that moment, he was being
l with two other American journalists to
dieval town lying on that long ultimate
east where two peoples, two orders, two
were in some immense violent engage-
g there, himself, out of a meager instinct
at the hot edge of mortal confrontation
conflict finally define itself. Their escort,
t dumpy and morose girl from the Egyp-
ministry, exchanged occasional mutters
airo cab driver, but they rode for the
n silence, spanking over a rippled high-
ross a pale haze of desert yawning off to
ains: a moonscape emptiness in which
filtrations of consciousness seemed at
merely a single distant procession of
n towers. As they were nearing the front
o sense more than see innumerable stir-
nd them, hints across that blankness of
habitation like an endless infestation of
piders or prairie dogs, and at last he
ey had been moving for several miles
gh the midst of an army.

hey entered Suez it was an astonishing
of wreckage, empty and mustard-yellow
e of high noon, windows in pocked and
s through which he could see sunlight on
rs, and the only sound in its streets now
ke hooting of a bird. It was as if there
ed here some monstrous event of van-
mad night of systematic breakage and
still inexplicable to the few people trick-
h it in the daylight. They finally stopped
of the Gulf of Suez, the cars bearing the
ign reporters pulling up behind them,
got out he saw, across the chalk-blue

water, the shoreline of a last spit of land, a low in-
distinct bar of sand and green that faced the Canal:
the other side.

Then, while they all gathered in a bunker, lis-
tening to a briefing with electric fans whispering
over their heads and hot sweet glasses of tea being
passed around, they began to hear the dull distant
whumps of another bombing raid. Venturing back
outside, they found the empty streets now filled
with the sound of a faint ghostly rushing. The
planes were too high to see. But under the criss-
crossing of invisible whines in the blue blank sky,
the gutted blocks of Suez seemed suspended in a
curious hush, with only the twittering of birds
among rubble, the occasional dull clump of a
bomb in the distance. They wandered on, passing
toppled walls of courtyards, turning at one corner
past the boarded hulk of a movie theater where an
old poster—five women and a man in some gleeful
pornographic romp now weather-paled and fading

fluttered soundlessly from the marquee in the
soft Gulf wind. A television crew walking down the
center of the street ahead of him called to each
other now and then, their voices seeming in the si-
lence to ring for blocks around them, and he sud-
denly had the impression that, passing around an-
other corner, they would vanish, to be translated
into the very air. Wandering finally into the court-
yard of a hospital that was still in operation, the
journalists were greeted after a few moments by a
surgeon in a pale green gown, and as he was talk-
ing to them, lighting a cigarette with fingertips
stained a dim red, another of those thin jet-moans
passed high overhead, sending the surgeon and his
staff back against the hospital wall.

For some minutes now, he had been feeling an
impulse to blurt, *Just what the hell—what the hell
is going on here?* Those leisurely whines in the
sky seemed oddly abstract, unconnected to the tre-
mendous violence they had been brought here to
behold. As they were making their way back to the

Between Arabs
and Israelis, this
preacher's son
of Georgia found
a collision of
two ages, a blind
grappling of
two dialectics,
two realities,
each barely
comprehensible
to the other.

*Marshall Frady has
worked for Georgia
newspapers and for
Newsweek, and has
written a biography of
George Wallace. The
concluding parts of this
personal report on the
Middle East, to come
out in subsequent issues
will focus on Jordan
and Israel.*

Marshall Frady
AN AMERICAN
INNOCENT
IN THE
MIDDLE EAST

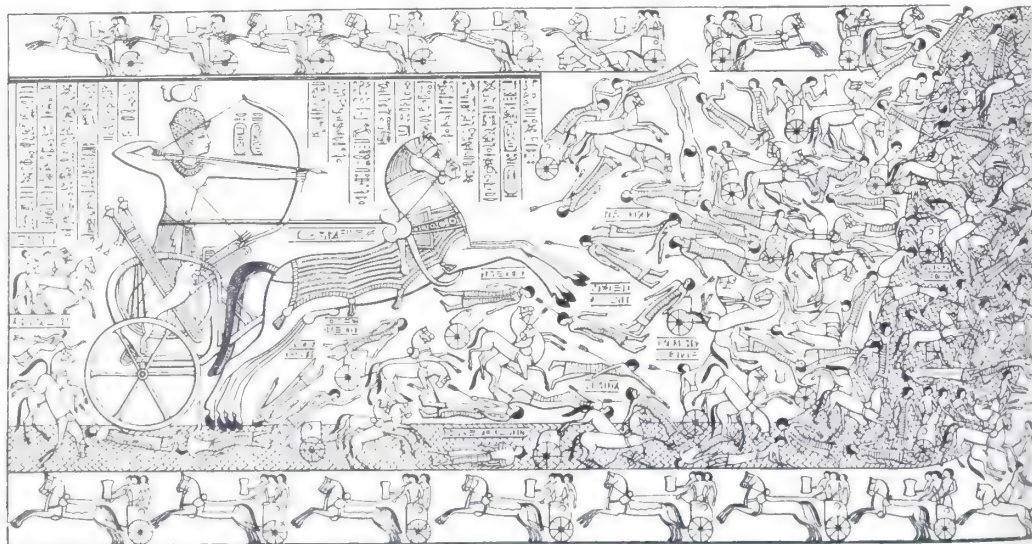
cars, the high wails faded from the sky, and after a silence of some fifteen minutes, a few people began ebbing back out from unsuspected crannies, obviously resuming along a sleazy back street their meager trade in onions and tomatoes and bread and coffee. Presently, a woman like an ageless gnome, wrapped in black cloth from her head to her bare ankles, materialized among the wooden carts and began swaggering past the grins of soldiers and peddlers—the indestructible Rose of Suez, cawing and whooping with extravagant pumps of her hips down an aisle formed by these few male inhabitants still left in town. Finally, before they reached the cars, a television correspondent struck a pose with his microphone atop a heap of debris, and inquired of his cameraman, “Can’t we wait for some more planes to come over?” and when his cameraman assured him the raid was over for the day and they could overlay the sounds caught earlier on their tape, the correspondent braced himself with a deep breath, the camera began to hum, and after one glance heavenward, he began to intone, “The planes . . . you hear above me now . . . are Israeli planes. . . .”

ABOUT A MONTH AFTER HIS GLIMPSE of that final bar of land across the waters of Suez, he was on the other side, battering through a late afternoon toward the northern Canal town of Qantara in a jeep driven by a bespectacled young Israeli lieutenant. The two of them were passing through a singed landscape which offered no answer or intelligence for what he had seen at Suez, but seemed merely a mirroring of it: a sprawling plain of craters and telephone poles with dangling lines, an occasional rusted wad of unrecognizable metal left from the 1967 war. It was as if they had entered a terrain where some enormous violation of nature had taken place—that look of land which has been reduced to a simplicity fit for the minimal business of slaughter. The sun was burning low and murky ahead of them, and in the distance he could see tanks, huge brute facts, surging in dust across the scrubby desert. On the horizon, beyond the

fringe of trees that traced the Canal, tall smoke hung in the sky like random tattered gauze. With a pause in the Egyptian bombardment they plunged on through Qantara, past spilled from doorless entranceways, until they reached the Canal.

He tumbled clumsily, in a bulky flak-clanking helmet, out of the jeep and down a sunken fortification—sandbagged slopes, less dust—across which soldiers moved in a row to burrow with a stooped tense motion. Making his way down a steep passageway, he stumbled into a man sitting erectly on the edge of a bunker, a child’s crayoning of floor spaceships on notebook paper taped to the wall behind him—an Israeli soldier, now rumpled and bleary in the wan light of a single bulb over him and the hum of an electric fan somewhere, obviously just wrenched from sleep with an expression on his face still dazed from the barging of feet and helmets down the tunnel toward him. They exchanged, for the next several minutes, only a few halting phrases—both still blinking, drawing his hand over his eyes through his thinning hair, as if he had just emerged yet out of the abrupt cold blankness which he had awakened.

It was as if, deep in these bunkers, he had finally faltered and dimmed away against the found silence of a phenomenon beyond definition. Because by now—after Egypt and Israel—he would begin to suspect that what was at work under way here was the collision of two different blind and vicious grappling of two different dialectics of life and experience: indeed, two worlds each barely comprehensible to the other. But he left, he looked for a moment through the periscopes that, because of snipers, were used by Israelis along the Canal fortifications to get a view of the other side. The small precursors passed along an unending tableau of visible roofs and shadowy windows overlooking the avenues in a glistening light like a tarnished mirror, as if it were part of another world, voiceless without movement, but in which an absolute



A battle, from the Ramesseum, Thebes

with the waters of the Canal moving in a steady continuous rippling in some soundless dream.

The battle from afar

FIRST PLACE, THIS SOMEWHAT provincial lodged American journalist baffled in wreckage of Suez, finding himself bum-belt and flak-vest down blind tunnels and bunkers at Qantara—had been provoked it all by an editor's vagrant whimsy and a martini in a Thirty-second Street restaurant called the Black Bass one or six months before. Reared in the remote South, the son of a Baptist preacher, rarely infrequently ventured further north than Virginia, much less beyond his own country to the comfortable familiar neighborhood of its capital, indeed, though he would soon discover he was profoundly and innocently American and had ever imagined, he had always felt, a little uneasily, that his true country was the South. He was aware, in offices or at parties in New York or New Haven or San Francisco, always of a subtle sensation of gawkiness, of displacement, and usually wound up with his own plain aboriginal Southerness—its elementary gator hide dialect, its years of his father's nomadic pastoralism through a succession of little towns in Georgia and North Carolina, he had contracted somewhere in his life, a manic obsession to leave some mark of himself on the walls of his time, he had finished again: a desperate private skirmish against oblivion.

It occurred to him now and then that it was possible he would merely wind up as a man in that limbo of success between mediocrity and failure, unable to sense the nature of great work or to achieve some final component—audacity, vanity, force, the capacity and willingness to go on forever—to ever reach it. Anyway, he found himself at this point dubiously a journalist, a jack-of-all-trades, abruptly arrived at a faintly middle-aged, thirty, in appearance dissolute. Apparently still secretly and irredeemably a kind of romantic, still incorrigibly given to daydreaming. Even now with some thirteen years having passed since, after reading *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, he had made a short note in *Time* about a swash-buckling lack of guerrillas in Cuba's Sierra Maestra mountains, he had made three abortive Trail Blazer trips, staying out of high school for a while to deliver himself into the Sierra Maestra, managing the last time at least to get as far as the Ana— which in Batista's day seemed not the cheerless place for a seventeen-year-old to make himself to failure in a larger adventure. But he had been wondering of late if he had come simply a collector of other people's secrets. He had been less vaguely spooked by Faulkner's about "the immitigable

chasm between all life and all print . . . those who can, do, and those who cannot and suffer enough because they can't, write about it."

One evening in the Arab quarter of Jerusalem, during dinner with a party of other journalists in an old colonial hotel—a magnificent anachronism with walkways under arbors past brimming gardens, a Jewish girl from Morocco suddenly leaned forward and said over the candlelight, "So you will spend a few weeks more here, and then you will return to America and make large wise pronouncements about what is happening to all of us in this land, the Arabs and the Jews. But really, how can you know? How can you expect to know the suffering and despair that easily, without ever having experienced it even just a little bit yourself?"

The truth was, he had felt more than once a fleeting dreariness that journalism was merely some great omnivorous goat of the public's curiosity, journalists themselves a tribe of profane eunuchs, tourists through the tribulations and ragings over the earth, becoming eventually as stale and querulous as middle-aged spinsters. At such moments, it was his suspicion that there was no way actually to make a true deep passage through the fierce experience of another people, another place, without being seriously touched yourself, possibly even damaged; real understanding probably had to be personally expensive in some important way, had to issue finally out of one's own involvement and trauma. In fact, he fancied it would be like consciously entering into and committing oneself to some sort of debauchery or rapture in order that one might later withdraw from it and tell what it was like—a notion that invoked the image of Ulysses lashing himself to the mast so that he could hear the sirens and survive to describe the experience—with always the implication one could be claimed by such an involvement and never be able to return to his innocence again.

All this was probably why, back in the South after that leisurely proposal over martinis at the end of lunch, he had subsequently passed through the winter months suspended in some profound inertia—a reluctance to depart that was most reminiscent of that luxurious lassitude which would settle over him when, engaged in a kind of play-ritual called Making Leaps during the summer mornings of his boyhood, he would crouch for long minutes on a tree limb from which he was to jump to another limb yards away, contemplating with a strange breathless deliciousness the intervening emptiness of mere air and light in which for an instant he would be spread weightless and helpless beyond recall, a brief void across which he could only be carried by the certainty, the momentum, the lunge he mustered at that moment. Actually, it was a compulsion, Making Leaps, that had continued on through his life, in one way or another. But for this one, he had been poised now for almost five months, perhaps because he was not sure how much in front of him would be illusion, menace in shadows. So he endlessly engaged in artificial departures, anticipations, and gropings,

"Those leisurely whines in the sky seemed oddly abstract, unconnected to the tremendous ruin they had all been brought here to behold."

Marshall Frady
AN AMERICAN
INNOCENT
IN THE
MIDDLE EAST

while sitting in drawing rooms and lecture chambers still in the States. It was as if he were laboring to accomplish it without actually having to leave.

ONE MILD SPRING EVENING, HE SAT in a Manhattan apartment with a small gathering of Jews, all of them editors and writers who had been to Israel, talking late into the night, and discovered that it had all become eminently lucid and manageable in the lamplight of this West Side apartment. They were surrounded by walls of books—more books, it seemed, than his eye had ever encompassed in one glance in his life outside an actual public tax-supported library: covers of dull autumnal browns and reds between which, it was his simple impression, all the agonies loose anywhere in the universe were contained.

The effect of those volumes around them was one of insulation dulling any sense of accident, the imponderable, the demonic at work in life. As they talked of what lay ahead of him, it was somehow like poring over a blueprint of a situation they already had in their possession—whatever might be missing was only a few steps away on those shelves. It was, on the whole, a reassuring evening.

Even more, he felt a particular quiet and unspoken snugness with these people—that sense of some curious secret intimacy which not only he but other Southerners he knew tend always to feel with Jews. He had an idea it had something to do with the fact that a lot of Southern boys are raised in homes formidably presided over by mothers like Calvinist Sophie Portnoys, with the same passionate scrutinies, and married to the same kind of plaintive beleaguered men.

At the same time, the land of these people in this West Side apartment—Canaan—had, in a sense, been the second unseen landscape of his own childhood. He had grown up in the company of the patriarchs and prophets: Joshua on the mountains overlooking Jericho, King Ahab confronted by the wrathful glower of old thorny Elijah, the dark brooding figure of Saul, Nathan, Jeremiah, Isaiah, Hosea. The Old Testament—with those almost Norse-like sagas of righteousness and wantonness, blood and absolution, all its clashing and smoke and magic—was probably the theater from which he derived the dramaturgy of his own writing, so that he would, in fact, be venturing into that land in which, through certain filtrations, he had always been working.

And all this had been relayed through the Southern Baptist sensibility: those summer-night revival meetings in whose fevers Judgment Day became an immediate, tangible reality, those old swooping hymns tolling with a grand deliberation in a hot night while the conversions transpired along the altar. *"There is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins; and sinners, plunged beneath that flood, lose all their guilty stains. . . ."* There was something about those services that left him with a special Gothic understanding forever after of the nature of doom: *"Almost per-*

sued, Christ to receive . . . Angels are near. . . . Seems now some soul to say, 'Go Thy way, some more convenient day.' sad, that bitter wail Almost but lost!"

So they shared, those in this lamplit West Side living room, a common experience and manner in some wry and circuitous way. It was impossible for him to regard Israel as anything other than the second Exodus, not to mention probably the single most romantic event in modern history: a monument at last to the barren efficacy of the poetic vision, but finally an unaccountable except, incredibly, as religion opening. ("Do you realize," someone had just shouted several nights before over the radio, "voices in a narrow late-night bistro uptown?") Elaine's, "this is the most absurd real-estate deal in the whole span of history!") For a while they were all slightly flushed as they talked of the mystery accomplished 6,000 miles away from here until he abruptly blurted that if he were here he would move to Israel instantly. Then a pause. He became aware of a momentary uncertainty in the room, and sensed then some detachment from it all even here. Then the sensible woman sitting across from him mentioned with a faint distress that her mother had already decided to immigrate to Israel. Still awash in his effusiveness, he asked her how easy it was. She said, "The easiness kept them all from settling there." A girl slumped low on a couch regarding him, a glass of Scotch resting on her waist, with those shelves of books banked awesomely behind her, replied, "In the end, I suppose, that question is unanswerable. . . ."

NOT LONG BEFORE HE LEFT, he had attended a meeting in a suburban Atlanta library of an Arab friendship society—which, as it turned out, is composed principally of Arabs, who are unobtrusive but substantial colony in the complex of universities. The scenarios in the day School rooms of his childhood—in the brick church set in a downtown neighborhood of once-genteel gingerbread houses and old tanks and ice plants, those bare rooms of tan and mint-green plasterboard, always touched with a dull chillness on wet winter days—had left him understanding the terms of dark and sullen Ishmael, alienated, makeshift half-heir by his handmaiden, dispossessed by the miraculous arrival and left to wander with his mother in the desert or woolly Esau, undone by his own appetite, witted with a mere bowl of gruel by the wily Jacob: or perhaps even Cain, rebuffed by his honest offering of toiled crops in favor of Abel's lamb. In some way, he assumed, he descended from those primeval aggrieved

But this Sunday afternoon in the common hall of the neighborhood library, they were an assembly of quiet and gentle folk, somewhat formal and subdued and exchanging cer-

When you've really arrived you don't have to shout about it.

Johnnie Walker
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pleasantries. The speaker was a former director of the United Nations Relief Agency in the Middle East, a large aging man with white hair and pale rheumy eyes, wearing a somewhat rumpled black suit, who devoted his energies now to an Arab-related organization in Washington. "A distinguished national and, I might say, international figure," declared the moderator, "who I regret has not had the publicity that he deserves but, of course, it seems that the space in the newspapers goes, shall we say to other groups." The moderator delivered this aside with an almost painful delicacy, indeed with the same self-abashment with which Nasser, in a television interview some weeks later, would seem to smile in sheepish embarrassment at having come to the slightest suggestion of any unmannerly, not to mention perhaps violent possibilities in Egypt's relationship with Israel. With this introduction, their man from Washington took the lectern and, after a dutiful standing ovation, he confirmed for them that "Zionists have their influence everywhere it counts in Hollywood, the networks. They tell their story, and they tell it well. But the thing that's overlooked is, a tragedy has taken place; *another* people have been left without a country. . . . There are three million Palestinian refugees outside the cease-fire lines, under occupation, or as restricted citizens in Israel. . . ."

He proceeded, in a drowsing metronomic monotone, to document for them the evolution of the whole implacable impasse, an elaborate statistical recital which they followed with attentiveness that was in itself one testament to their fortitude and endurance. But in the end, it was a dispiriting message he delivered: "The Israelis are fighting for their very existence," he told the audience, "and they're more technically advanced, of course more militarily advanced. . . ."

When the meeting was finished, a man approached him and informed him, "Mr. Frady, have the wrong idea about Hitler, you know, his voice soft and diaphanous in this evening, they think he was anti-Semitic, but he didn't hate the Jews at all. He simply recognized that they were getting control of everything in Germany and he wanted to keep Germany in the hands of the Germans. Hitler really wasn't like many people think of him, he was merely a German patriot." Later that evening, he drove to the home of the meeting's moderator where they were all gathered for supper. It was one of those lush blue-sky dinners in Atlanta, heavy with gardenias and geraniums, and he found the moderator's home at a corner from a K-Mart shopping plaza, in a comfortable neighborhood of manicured lawns under dogwood and azaleas and pines. They were gathered in a spacious downstairs dining room around a massive table of food—a cameo panorama of the whole Arab world: sober Lebanese butters, a dour Palestinian with a moist handshake, and a Syrian introduced himself somberly by his "unimpressive name," a silent Syrian with the nerve to draw a scimitar, and the speaker from Washington in the midst of them all, somewhat muzzled but still maintaining a demeanor of easy confidence. They invited the American to take a seat to help himself from the table, but he awkwardly abstained, remained sitting in a chair, beside merely sipping now and then from a glass of water and soda the flavor of extract of toothpaste.

Presently, they began passing down the table a worn volume published in the early nineteenth century, written by some pundit philosopher of the time with a name like Hubbell or Hubbard, containing passages, which they would pause to read aloud, describing the Jews as descendants of slaves and squatters who had never suffered from any sense of other people's property and they had revolted against their masters thousands of years ago and been led, by a cunning slave who himself had murdered one of his masters, on a trek of thieving and spoilage. The American listened to these readings with small wincings and shakings of the head. One of them turned to the American finally and said, "You know, it's very difficult to be an Arab in this country. You see, most of these you see around you are citizens of this country, yet we are Arabs. We have no idea what it is like to be an Arab in the United States. No one around us understands the situation. I must tell you, it's a very lonely feeling. . . ."

SINCE 1967, THE EGYPTIANS have had their diplomatic mission in Washington in the rear of the Indian Embassy, and going there in the afternoon to clear his visa, he had the impression as soon as he had shut the door, that a low murmur of voices had abruptly ceased everywhere around him, and then he glimpsed a face peering

airway leading down to the basement, wishing to be replaced a moment later. A few minutes later he was taken into the room of Dr. Ghorbal—a diminutive man with mannerisms and, as they sat talking about the perspectives on the Middle East, the rueful melancholy. A white-jacketed old nurse entered the room bearing a silver tea tray. At a sudden barking from Ghorbal, he set down the saucers and chinaware, answering with a short guttural of consonants—a communication which was like some murmur from another universe.

One late evening, he flew out of New York. There was no sense of demarcation from his American continent. Its edge had passed away from him at some point unseen. He awoke to find moonlight had infiltrated the cabin. Then, looking down below but a dull blue haze, there was a slight sensation of buoyancy, and the earth was reassembling far beneath him: mounded and brown as the skin of dried figs, with the faintest capillary traces of rivers—an echo of innocent familiarity disguising an element which had been slipped under him while he slept. Approaching Rome now, the plane passed low over an earth which held, instead of thin flotsam of telephone wires and skyscrapers from this latest century's tide, an ancient knowledge, a memory of forgotten things, of a time of incomprehensible grandeur and exultations, thinly populated by those primitive forebears of the race before vitaminization and psychiatry, whose lives became amplified into the epic and the myth. He saw, in Rome, the Colosseum with those tiers of its pit of a carefully constructed village, its narrow streets and shelters through which he had walked after human beings, bespeaking now a raw honesty that seems unimaginable, insane, as if from a remote world whose only murmur was now, as Alberto Moravia says of *Fellini*, "as the memory of a dream . . . whose meaning has been lost . . . obscure, half-obliterated, mysterious."

Then, during the hours of his layover in the airport, he became aware that, very near to where he had already entered different cross-sections, was waiting at the gate for his flight the Chinese Communists—the super-enemy—who had ventured from that far galaxy of space as contended the next new species of alien, which would in time inherit the earth. With what furtive but ferocious curiosity, these two specimens eyed by the doomed men around them. Dressed in identical plain uniforms that suggested a sewing-machine facsimile of the ascetic otherworldly gravity of Jehovah's Witnesses or Salvation Army soldiers, they remained carefully off to one side, both with their arms tightly crossed, occasionally pursing at the same time their lips as puckering in concord as if on command with simultaneous thoughts. An

hour later, in the plane on the way to Cairo, the short one rose from his seat and strolled up to the magazine rack at the front of the cabin. After some rummaging he finally withdrew a copy of *Holiday* magazine and was walking back to his seat when, for some reason, he suddenly paused, then went back up the aisle, replaced the magazine in the rack, and returned empty-handed to his seat beside his companion.

The plane hammered on now against the late afternoon. He felt an odd dizziness, like that always brought to him by old blinking newsreels from the turn of the century showing the soundless shoutings of leaders, the harried prancings of multitudes—now all long dead. He had always felt dislocated whenever he visited places where his forebears had been, contemplating the countrysides and houses that had contained, long before he was born, their daily existences, their presences, their lost voices. But this was not only a voyage beyond his own existence, but back into the primordial mystery of a society that had existed before his own hemisphere had even been dreamed of.

The beginning

LYING IN A BREATHLESS HEAT far up the Nile in the interior of Egypt, the ancient Pharaonic city of Luxor has been left more or less a colonial ghost town—with shaded carriages still clopping along its riverfront boulevard in the late afternoons, now carrying camera-slung tourists with plastic souvenir bags instead of braided British commissioners with their cologned ladies.

He had flown up that morning from Cairo. Now, from a dock below the balconies of the Winter Palace Hotel, he set out for the far riverbank in a ferry launch with a clattering gas motor like a tractor engine, chugging across the sprawling Nile back into the furthest sunstruck silences of antiquity. A waiting car carried him past a wasteland like a photograph negative: bleak, blinding-white bluffs against a dark-blue sky almost near blackness, all of it blank of any sound or movement, life, traces of any passage of centuries, civilizations, mortal events—until they reached the Valley of the Kings, the car stopping before what seemed a scattering of holes, dark mouths gaping mute in the sun. Venturing down the dim chill passageways, illuminated by light bulbs in rock, leading to broken sarcophagi, he discovered a long profusion of colors and shapes like some violent, luxurious perfumes of that past sucked and held abeyant from the total obliteration accomplished aboveground: an interminable chronicle of crownings, processions, grave encounters with hawk-headed deities, sedate warfares, calm beheadings, all done with an odd, crude simplicity under clumsily starred skies like the laborious drawings of a fourth-grader. It seemed to whisper some civilization of precocious terrible children, filling these catacombs with all their small, familiar tranquilities and beguilements and assertions, an obsessive

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MAN CANNOT LIVE BY FREEDOM ALONE.

Some people live freedom without a job.

They are unemployed.

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In January '68 Shell introduced a motive tune-up course in a New York school where there was a dropout

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cartooning, coiling over walls and corners and even ceilings like some pell-mell graffiti, as if this were actually the aboriginal artistic impulse, the common beginning of both *Paradise Lost* and the epigrams on the walls of filling-station rest rooms.

As the car carried him back toward the ferry, he saw the enormous constructions of these same children looming almost incidentally above the alluvial fields along the Nile, left massively askew by subsequent periodic earthquakes and armies. In the temples near Luxor, he found walls and columns scribbled over with the graffiti of successive tides of invasion and pilgrimage—"Holroyd 1833," "Rimband," crude notchings in ancient Latin, Greek, the same hasty awkwardness of the anonymous initials one sees littered across rock cliffs along mountain highways in North Carolina. It is as if men had paused here to leave these labored etchings ignorant that history would remember their passage and plunder, mindless that two thousand years later they would be known with awe as the Romans, the Greeks. What stunned him in this mighty rubble of pillars and effigies, abiding now in an oblivion of chattering sparrows, was the epic desperation of those vanished 4-foot 3-inch men to magnify themselves, to duplicate themselves in colossal redundancy with colonnades of identical monoliths: man beginning on earth instantly in vanity and bombast, with his history seeming ever since more or less a procession of the same.

The inhabitants of Luxor now seem to live in a kind of casual gossiping intimacy with these giants of Egypt's dawn—their fondness, one senses, arising out of an assurance that these kings, by supplying ruins, had provided their progeny forever after with a livelihood in tips. His own guide, member of a family professional dynasty going back to a great-great-grandfather, was himself now sixty-seven and a bit winded after each steep climb out of the tombs into the blast of the sun, but facing eight more years before his ordained retirement. When they first set out in the ferry launch, he had

produced from somewhere in the engulf of his white robe a neatly printed business card: "Gasem Ahmed, Guide. Speaks Five Languages. Luxor, U.A.R." He is, he solemnly repeats, a pure Moslem. All my years, never take a drop of alcohol, not even beer pass my lips. My wife, bought in Alexandria for five hundred dollars, dot is one wonderful woman—I tell her the first and deh last, but she don believe me. Why?" Before very long, he announced that he had very much someday to see deh Fifth Avenue in New York City. I been in dot *Life* magazine, I been in dot *Look* magazine, when deh c'me both once. Maybe your magazine could f'it come over. Dot Nasser, he awfully hard to give you a thing. He don let anybody "t because of the Israelis, but if your magazine want to him a letter, I think Nasser wouldn't w'v thing. Maybe so? *Merci beaucoup*. Dot he n'ue one place Ahmed like to walk and t'at they were proceeding to the tombs, he kept translating, in his soft and lilting singsong, "Me, I'm descendant of dese Pharaohs, I do k' Everybody say I look like Ramses II—" a' w' ever, deep in the crypts, they would cor or dim sepia figure of some Pharaoh, Ahme w' strike a profile pose by match glow close to it: "Me. See? me." Trudging on thr' th' temples, languidly flourishing his fly-w'k, battered Florsheim shoes making small r'le the dust, he mused, "But de Pharaohs del e decadents. Over dere, now, the tomb of Qu shepsut—we don like her because she's bawdy queen. She was not my friend, I'm 'ra and he paused now and then, after report g casual royal atrocity, to shake his head. "Ahh, deh were very intelligent, most in lig but very cruel. Very cruel—tsk-tsk-tsk. . . " accompanying them was a pale young m' f New York, with sandy mutton-chop whi-r Egyptologist whose avid and elaborate pa or the subject was somewhat complicated by e he suffered from an aversion to sun and I t,



Egyptian scribe
book-keeping prisoners

these two Americans began to flag, could croon happily, "Coo-rage. Coo-rage" ate and elegant summons with which he doubt been gently tugging faltering cul-rims for forty-six years. He paused once whimsically pornographic tableau, and, a quick flip of his fly-whisk, reported in a andalized mumble, "I seen many German ake deah hosbands wait for dem while up deah and measure deh penises. Yes." till along the Nile are the moist low fields led settlements which have lingered on for thousand years since these temples and—as dense and myriad as the pageantry town the tunnels of the tombs, donkeys, buffalo, water carriers, reapers all ab-their small simultaneous labors like one hel's paintings of a medieval harvest. e face of this land move the figures of rapped in raven-black cloth, past the sim-ns of mud-brick huts pinched and patted very dirt, with pajamaed children flur-brief fumes of dust along the bald lanes, hatters of chickens. The only evidences rogress of history are the trivial adorn-telephone poles, a powder-blue building le like a somewhat dowdy Crimean pal-houses the local chapter of the Arab party, and, clanging everywhere from a even pulsing faintly across the quiet f the temples, the sound of radios, insis-naustible, urgent—radio being the essen-at, the oxygen of the current government ssumes to preside over this ageless pri-ety: the revolutionary khaki radio gov-ome 400 miles down the river at Cairo.

EAYS BEFORE AT THE CAIRO AIRPORT, it d he had been abruptly dropped into a intelligible echoing voices; men in dis-ible white uniforms: an exchange of his an inscrutable oversized currency tinted pastels; being clapped by multitudinous a cab; riding through taffy-colored sand with barbed wire, past wooden sentry d the bland walls of military installa-a spacious suburb of snuff-yellow stucco flowers a lipstick red; reaching at last f Cairo. He found himself now entering e some old massive millstone still im-h the residue, the intermingled pulps and s slow immense turnings and gristings—ohs, Alexander, the Caesars, the Turks lukes, Napoleon, the Europeans. Along of its streets he was able to glimpse d still in its primordial condition as e dust as lizards and living the existence Women with burnt-out faces, at alley-which issued a breath like that of mon-with small children standing and nursing bared breasts; fellahin in their liquid htshirts trudging along railroad tracks ontinuous procession out of nothingness

into nothingness through a timeless arrested sun-down; others sitting in small yellow dirt parks carefully sipping from filter-tip cigarettes with their knees spread under their gowns, wearing rubber shower sandals with ribbed nylon socks rolled down around bony powdered ankles. In the morn-ings right after dawn he would see them squatting up and down the slopes of the Nile, one hand clutching a rock above them for balance, to defe-cate. Down an interminable succession of side streets, milling tunnels of traffic in hot tea, cab-bages, tin pots, tallow-white chicken carcasses, aphrodisiacs, incidental newsstand pornography, illustrated pamphlets of Leda and the Swan. (There lurks in the city, he was to discover, a kind of musing, miasmal sexuality, in some profound way defeated but still obsessive. Walking down the hotel corridor, he once passed two men standing just inside an open door, clutching each other and weeping hopelessly, and as he was fitting his key into his lock he glanced back to see one of them walking on toward the elevators with the other leaning into the hall calling after the departing figure with violent shouting sobs.) The voices in the market streets were all bellowing in a language that sounded like a bubbling of mellow vowels from the constricted gutturals of a progressive strangulation. Meanwhile, streetcars clanged with a dry snapping of sparks beneath billboard adver-tisements done in a florid and vicious art remi-niscent of those brazen unholy depictions on the signs outside carnival sideshow tents. Taxicabs kept up a constant babble of puny horn-bleats. In the midst of all this, an occasional funeral pro-cession, black figures walking behind a black coach pulled by horses, coiled briefly into sight and then vanished into the crowds again. "One can only thank God they are Moslem," a foreign professor proposed at dinner several evenings later, "that they don't take alcohol and there is imposed on them that Victorian decorum of their religion. If these Moslem disciplines and absti-nences were removed, they would be uncontroll-able, it would be unimaginable."

On another evening—in an alley café with a roof of cane thatching and birds twittering in sus-pended cages—an Egyptian government official told him, "The truth is, the Egyptian simply can-not live without religion. Whether Ra, Amon, Zeus and Dionysius, Christ or Allah, they have had to have a religion—some religion—for all their four thousand years." He seemed at times to catch this desperation in the sunset cries of the *muezzin*—lingering brokenhearted howls of longing after God. Then, one afternoon, he was taken to a Coptic cathedral in Cairo by an Egyptian student whose sister and brother-in-law had been among the Arabs he had met that afternoon back in Atlanta. The student had wanted to be a priest and, even though he was studying now, under orders from his father, to be an electrical engineer, had re-mained unwifed, celibate. The youth, who was always murmurously struggling against shyness, was dressed in a solemn black suit with white shirt

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and thin black tie and held his hands gently cupped at his middle coat-button as they ascended the cathedral steps. Recently constructed to ornament a portion of Saint Mark's remains sent to Cairo by the Vatican, the church seemed a ludicrous extravagance, looming out of the surrounding misery, incomplete—all work stopped because of the war and no date set for its resumption—with dirt aisles, naked brick walls, light bulbs dangling from long cords, and scaffolding reaching up into high vaulted spaces where the few voices around them died in small lost echoes. The student led him on around to the rear—a short walk past mimosa trees, where two earth-drab beggars were squatting in the afternoon heat over a small inexplicable brilliant fire, to the small rotunda shrine into whose center was set a marble sarcophagus containing the fragments of Saint Mark. For several minutes, he gazed at the rainbow of murals around the wall, illustrating Saint Mark's life, and then turned to discover that the student had been standing for several moments now at the sarcophagus, his fragile hands lying lightly atop the marble while his lips were stirring in some inaudible rapt utterance, perhaps in yet another explanation of his broken promise, his exile now in the secular world. And in that instant, he recognized in this willowy, abashed student the phenomenon of a belief outside history, larger than the incidental refuse of a mortal earthly existence from which all science and cynicism and frivolousness derive: a belief more complete and absolute and inviolate than anything known in the West since the medieval period of grace, a faith that was its own reality, created its own realities, so that suddenly he actually *was* in the presence of the remnants of Saint Mark, he had come upon a single thin tenuous line of physicality from the dark maelstrom of the past all the way to a taste of wine in lantern light among low voices and the light fleeting touch of a gaunt figure in an upper room in Judea.

He began to have the sense, after a few days in Cairo, that he was in the midst of some cataclysmic implosion of time. Coinciding with this primal religiousness and primeval moil of mankind in the streets, was disheveled exertion—cement trucks, electric generators, power lines, all the rumpside ganglia of progress—to conjure forth a brave new technological society. Hotel phones, lifted from cradles shaped like crocodile paws, offered erratic approximations of communication: closet doors opened to the blinking of uncertain tube lights from Romania, lamps murmured with transparent low-wattage bulbs. With this exertion now being additionally harassed by Israel, Cairo had a curious look of World War II: there were desultory blackouts after sundown, traffic proceeding with a nervous winking of dim headlights past official buildings whose windows were all daubed in blue paint. The ubiquitous military paraphernalia on the streets had a pre-nuclear look, like those in old newsreels of the Allied occupation of Italian towns, with jeeps and trucks painted in dull butterscotch barging back and forth beneath billboards on

which girls coiffured like Dorothy Lamour and Betty Grable lounged with the vivid smiles and stout shoulders of the Forties.

THE FACT IS, THE GOVERNMENT of Egypt is engaged not only in a war with Israel, but in a second internal war against Egypt's past. The second war is conducted from the spare general buildings of plaster and glass—soldiers crouching at their sandbagged entranceways, a frumpish and secondhand look about the faces of only ten or twelve years—which contain the leaders and engineers and technocrats of Nasser's revolution. By the standards of surrounding states, this revolution is approaching middle age. It is conducted in an office in one of these buildings one afternoon, the American was informed by one government sub-minister: "I will be very honest with you—there is no doubt that we are still struggling to bring this country into the twentieth century." Such a feat would seem more staggering and complicated to negotiate than the accomplishment of the pyramids: it would be a quantum leap across the inertia of accumulated centuries.

Indeed, almost immediately after disembarking from the plane at the airport, he had begun to suspect that the essential industry on which Egypt was secretly sustaining itself was "the sex sheesh." That soft whispered plea, the palm fronds instantly began to nibble at his attention following him through every turn, even from the cab window, like some siege of piratical eyes, the flat unblinking beseeching stares, at once pleading and ravenous, out of a condition of desperation that had at first stunned and bewildered him. For three years now, Egypt has been suffering from a tourist drought, an old guide at the Giza pyramid outside Cairo told him: "Yes, I have many tourists at the Miami Beach, the New York City, the Los Angeles also, I know these many people. But since 1967, with the Israeli problem, we have not seen them, they have stopped coming. More, they are all gone." At the bottom of the road leading up to the pyramids, there is always gathered a congregation of guides atop their camels: whenever a cab passes carrying a tourist with a camera, they wheel and pursue it all the way up the hill in a dusty stampede like a herd after a stagecoach. At the Sphinx below the pyramids, at the tombs at Luxor, they kept mateless out of dust and heat like dark wraiths, waiting after him through the ruins with their scraps of gaiety: "What's up, Doc?—Ever had a copacetic? All A-OK?—See you later, all that." After a while, their bold smiles in burlesque faces began to seem like the grinning of caricatures. Here and there, he found the enterprise hounded with a curious revolutionary integrity. On a main Cairo boulevard he was stopped by a mob of about fourteen who, rebuffed in the vain hope of a shoeshine, asked for a cigarette, and after accepting it, announced, "Now you are free, this, I shine your shoes free," pursuing him

gh perilous traffic, shouting. "But I not let you give me a cigarette for not good for me. You understand?"—is chest—"Is not right for me in here, rette for nothing," until he was virtug. Perhaps in such small alterations, s. are revolutions truly registered. er afternoon, at the end of a series of rs patched with damp mortar and lit wlowing mosquito-filaments, he found dersecretary of Planning, a cordial, uoyant man in shirt-sleeves, smoking ettes. Sitting on the edge of his chair through which there swirled a steady apers, clerks, graphs, charts, with the side him regularly giving a thin rattle coming from another office where he onference waiting, the Undersecretary he official working day in Egypt comes ound two o'clock in the afternoon, but en working on through the rest of the n into the evenings sometimes. And it e inching ahead. Agriculture, of course, n economic factor, and we are now a r, which is very good. Oil can go sky- e next five years—" he stopped to atistics laid before him by an assistant, sman in a drab blue suit with beltless back slightly humped and his hands his waist—"we will be expanding to rands to triple our production. In fact, ce 1967 is one reason I believe we're ll. It's given everyone, you know, this ecessity, of responsibility. . . ."

E . . . INTO THE GENERAL Minister of Guidance, soon to depart for his new Ambassador to France, "that Durrell was ut Egypt as it was forty years ago, e like that today." But not long after, in came across a kind of inner society quiet domestic community of refugees e-revolutionary years who gather regularly evenings at Cairo's Gezira Sport- e club sits on an island in the Nile. It e-estige of England's presence: bowered ees among expansive greens, with a p parquet floors, and walnut wainscot- e-mony walls. Through open doors e-ter to snatch nuts from the bowls e-mps, and then flutter back out again e-ning afternoon where Mercedes are e-leisurely past long porches of wicker e-waiters float back and forth under the e-gg trays of rum fizzes. One evening he e-of these kindred souls sitting and talk- e-themselves on a patio, spinning gossa- e-is about another time, and talking in e-ironies about the present. About the e-Ambassador, someone said, "He is e-gh man, you know. No delicacy, a e-sense of humor actually. . . ." They e-her, a company of eminently pleasant

and congenial men. Among them was a former Egyptian general who had been abruptly disposed of by Nasser in 1956—a mild man of clumsy bulk, as if he had been sawed and hammered together out of haphazard plank ends, who with a painful earnestness began explaining Egypt's essential peaceableness while he steadily fingered a necklace of Islamic prayer beads until, in a kind of affectionate impatience, the man beside him snatched the beads out of his hands, the general then proceeding to furl and unfurl the bottom of his tie in tight little rolls as he continued his discourse. Presently, they were joined by a younger man in dark glasses who vaguely resembled a more heartily fed Woody Allen: he was introduced as the son of Egypt's largest landowner before Nasser: "This fellow here, now, it was his kind they had the revolution for. Out there on his estate, he used to hunt *people*."

He went on with them for supper in an apartment belonging to an engineer now in his robust fifties whose father had reputedly been making \$2 million a year before Nasser and had been somewhat distressed by this playboy son of his. Fawzi, who so far had indeed proceeded through three marriages. His den somewhat invoked a room in a fraternity house at a Midwestern state university: a giant mock-up bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label resting atop a stereo playing Tom Jones, Richard Harris, the theme from *Midnight Cowboy*. Before long, a few women arrived who were attached with varying degrees of formality to the men there: and it soon began to emerge to this American journalist, even in Egyptian, that several arabesque games and arrangements were quietly under way here, a continuous play of baroque prospects. He had already detected an understanding between an Egyptian information official—a somewhat sober and morose fellow in heavy horn-rim glasses, with a dark smudge of savagely shaven beard—and a towering strawy Dutch blonde with a small bitten face, nearing the frayed years of forty but still lithe and handsomely preserved, who was herself married to a Mediterranean diplomat. During supper, she suddenly looked at the American and announced, "You screwed us, you know, in Indonesia," a proclamation which the Egyptian information official obviously understood as a sexual flare, as the first sniff of a developing gamy coziness. He grew progressively more taut, and when the American happened to mention he had been born in January, the official abruptly turned to him and imparted the news, "You will probably get cancer. Yes, that's right, I saw the statistics someplace, very responsible medical statistics, people born in January always die from cancer more than people born in any other month." A few minutes later, the official stood and remarked a little metallically he would like to leave now. The woman merely fluttered her hand from her chair and tinkled, "Goodbye. . . ." But he remained standing, his eyeglasses glittering in the lamplight, until at last the woman got up and went with him, leaving

"Cairo had a curious look of World War II: there were desultory black-outs after sundown, traffic proceeding with a nervous winking of dim headlights..."

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behind now only the American and Fawzi and an Egyptian doctor. As soon as he heard the elevator doors in the hall bump shut behind them, Fawzi groaned, "Ahh, is she not a beauty? There has been this thing with the two of them for at least the past seven years, yet she stays married to that husband of hers, a very tall and handsome man himself who does not give a damn for her. But with her and Akrouk, do you know, there is no sex? For the last five years, absolutely—" he slapped his knee "—no sex! This I know. She does not finally enjoy the act. Superb in everything right up to the act itself. But Akrouk is absolutely dedicated to her. He takes such treatment from her —ahhh, he takes such suffering. But if she were to point to you and say, 'Akrouk, kill him,' he would kill you right there, just like snapping the fingers." And then, with the night dwindling, Fawzi and the doctor fell to lamenting, over the last watery Scotch in their glasses, the passing of the great courtesans: "Magnificent women, were they not? You remember them? Nothing whatsoever of whores about them, never did it have anything to do with the money, but for love, they were women who simply lived for love. Cultured, beautiful—my God! You would find them at all the best parties, with diplomats and government ministers, they were simply a part of great society. But they have all gone, haven't they? All of it is gone. You know, there just aren't any serious affairs anymore. With the young people now, sleep with one, sleep with another, it doesn't matter—your girl leaves you, so what? You'll find another one tomorrow somewhere. It's all merely functional now. Something has been lost in life, good friend. There was a time—ah, I remember it—you were in love with a woman, you would always be afraid you would lose her, she would always be afraid she would lose you. There would be scenes at parties. But you *gave* yourself then. Love was *important* then. . . ."

ON THE FIRST THURSDAY OF EVERY concert is given in Cairo by an diva of a certain age named Omar Kals. There has been for decades now a kind of tonal folk-singer, soul-singer to the entire Arab world speaking to the most ancient heart of the Arab like some combination of Edith Piaf, Billie Holiday, Jackson, Judy Garland, and Sophie Tucker. She has become a phenomenon in the Middle East. Her monthly concerts, lasting from an hour and a half until two in the morning, are seismic events in which private Caravelle and Lear jets come in from all over the world, landing into Cairo's airport for days ahead of time. She has sheiks and sultans and prime ministers from Morocco to Kuwait. As was usual on the night of her concerts, Cairo's underground of prerevolutionary émigrés, the American now among them, was at this Thursday evening at the night club, a short alley from the cinema hall where she would perform, with a quiet brisk dispatch getting in and out of the club as surely and comfortably drunk as soon as she arrived. Presently, a woman entered, a beautiful woman with a certain look of money about her, like a faint shimmer along her limbs. She was already a trifle awash, on the arm of a young man, perfumed, fluorescent youth whom she introduced to Fawzi by his first name and sang, "You are so beautiful? . . ." Fawzi later told the American that her name was Lani; she was an Egyptian who had been carefully and thoroughly seasoned in the European schools and was still a formidable figure in Cairo, even after Nasser. From Fawzi's other shoulder, she looked across at the American and said, "That may be, but I'm not nearly as beautiful as I once was. But then, none of us are, are we, Fawzi?" She turned to greet Akrouk, the club's official, who seemed somewhat more at ease this evening and wedged himself onto a stool beside her at the bar, declaring, "You are beautiful, when we are both of us past sex, when we are both behind us, we will marry and spend our lives together."

Dancing girls from
the Tomb of Antefoker,
Thebes
ca. 1950 B.C.

ut beautiful flowers and music—" and
d forward, pulling his head toward her,
his damp cheek and said, "I adore you,
just adore you. That is an appointment."
the pent uproar of the voices around
ught occasional dim wellings of applause
concert hall. The people around him now
gaged in a kind of calculated, ritualized
s, and he thought then of a passage
on:

pt restlessly, dreaming loveless dreams.
re was dance music and later, Mozart,
of measureless innocence that echoed
lost ruined temples of peace and
to their dreams an impossible vision:
e that outlasted time and duct even in
ut, beyond the reach of death and all
memorial, descending dusks. . . . They
ind turned. . . . They were painted with
e those fallen children who live and
t and soundlessly scream, and whose
aze forever. . . .

dulgence in this fancy—one handhold,
metaphor, while he sat at this bar adrift
led, feeling rather like a pikefish lost in
of gorgeous anemones—was gradually
by the realization that there was some-
y dated by the scene. It was as if they
uly now belatedly arrived at a style of
ertained forty years ago to Paris, be-
tually in *The Sun Also Rises*. Suddenly
ani's voice: "What are you doing, why
relax? You sit there like you're trying
us all or something. God damn you
—I do agree with Toynbee, you are the
erous people on the face of the earth."
uld only answer with a mute grin, while
t but did not say, *Not just Americans*.
ons, including even Toynbee. Any An-
plopped down like a cold toad in all
Durrell probably, which was why he
off later and write about it. . . .

while, he noticed a tall man in his
ssing through them, pausing only briefly
iddle, saying nothing, only listening for
and then moving on, dressed in a neat
a harshly barbered haircut that gave
ook somehow of an FBI agent. Fawzi
him as an Egyptian fighter pilot, one of
o had not only managed to survive for
ars but had actually downed a number
planes. Now a kind of one-man RAF for
still flew regular missions, encountering
nce again the singular burden of having
e of his luckless nation's few answers to
lary skills of a whole fleet of enemy
this unimaginable loneliness entering
n of silence and death and a desperate
nto which none of his own people could
n—a dimension now from which he
er fully withdraw, and in which the
ts were actually more intimate company
in these people whom he seemed to re-

gard as through a pane of glass. And yet, as
Fawzi reported, he kept returning to this night-
club, could be found here each evening around
ten o'clock: "But he refuses to talk. He won't even
tell you what he does, even when he knows that
you know anyway. You ask him, he says he is a
playboy. Several times I have tried just to engage
him in a little polite conversation, you know, but
he doesn't want it. No. Nobody can make friends
with him, it seems. So I finally said, *To hell with
him, if that's the way he wants it, okay*—I don't
worry about it any longer." A few minutes later,
he saw the pilot sitting alone on a bench off by
the door, his face absolutely expressionless. A
moment later, he glanced back again, and the
pilot was gone.

Then, with an intermission in the concert at the
cinema hall, more people began entering the club,
among them Nasser's daughter in a small party
moving to a table, causing around them quickly
lifted eyebrows, suspended glasses, down-tugs at
the corners of mouths. At last, sometime after
midnight, he wandered with a group up the alley-
way to the cinema hall where the concert had
resumed, carrying their drinks in their hands
while the faun who had arrived with Lani danced
along a wall beside them. They formed a dense
cluster at an open door in the rear of the audito-
rium, the dour young guards casting furtive glow-
ers at their flushed faces, their clothes, the glasses
in their hands. On the stage, a kind of private salon
orchestra dressed in tuxedos was already at work,
with Omar Kalsoum sitting before them at the
center of the footlights dressed in a simple green
gown, motionless in her chair, her hands on her
knees, a scarf in her lap: from that distance, she
rather resembled a somewhat humorless and
buxom great-aunt with dyed black hair drawn
back in a bun (Fawzi whispered, "She didn't
marry until she was fifty-five—and then it was to
a skin-doctor"), waiting while the orchestra con-
tinued what seemed after a while to be an inex-
haustible overture, a stunningly wild din out of
the desert, their common genesis, the experience
of the children of Ishmael. Still she sat waiting.
The audience below her was a restless shifting
multitude in the gloom, a conglomerate of all the
Arab world, fluid Saudi head-drapery and Tu-
nisian turbans and sober European suits, with
here and there a pale glow of white veils where
brides were sitting with their grooms on their
wedding night. Across this assembly passed inter-
mittent shivers, amazed approving *ahhhhs* at cer-
tain turns and hoverings in the sounds from the
stage. The air sweltered. Cats coiled up and down
the aisles. At the slightest gesture from Omar
Kalsoum that she might be preparing to stand and
sing, there was a general shuddering over the hall,
scatter of gasps, and when she suddenly cocked
her head downward once after an especially tan-
talizing pass by the moment of truth, it brought
a convulsive groan, with one man finally lunging
to his feet and shouting entreaties to her until
those around him frantically waved him back

"It was as if they
had all only
now belatedly
arrived at a
style of life that
pertained forty
years ago to
Paris, belong-
ing actually in
*The Sun Also
Rises*."

...a Southerner: in *The Earl of Louisi-*
 Liebling proposes that the states of
 xie—Louisiana, Mississippi, a bit of
 nd a bit of Texas—are merely a con-
 f a single long cultural littoral which
 passes such Mediterranean societies as
 Algeria and Lebanon: that the Mediter-
 Caribbean and Gulf of Mexico “form
 eous, though interrupted, sea.” There
 seemed a certain style of voluptuous-
 the Texas baronies that reminded him
 sdoms along the Persian Gulf, as if
 me common efflorescence to societies
 on the marge of enclosed seas. Beyond
 sessive coffee drinking (Turkish coffee,
 both sipped and gently chewed) in so
 he felt himself in a culture which, like
 until recently at least, still belonged
 e earth than to machines (it occurred
 H had even taken the same inoculations
 bly would have been necessary if he had
 ing back to the South before the New
 h it was still largely a gullied land of
 d trichinosis and malaria), a people
 d remained in a kind of historical ennui, a
 filamentally and abidingly inert rather
 e, but in which there is a feverish and
 te play of energies, a delirious senti-
 y quick combustibility of temperament
 of identity and loyalty beginning with
 niate neighborhood and then proceeding
 d inishing priorities outward. “The truth
 id,” one Egyptian government official
 he Arab world will never really unite.
 a way of maintaining this appearance
 ide world of an extraordinary courtesy
 acness, but they still don’t have any
 e of community than that of a tribe.

They only cohere in a crisis”—a condition remi-
 niscent of the states of the Confederacy.
 Nevertheless, they cultivate civility of a gal-
 lantry, sometimes almost intimidating, that ap-
 proaches the heroic. Letters from the Egyptian
 couple in Atlanta had preceded him to Cairo, and
 one evening not long after he arrived, he was visited
 by a younger brother of the wife’s, answering the
 faint uncertain tapping at the door of his hotel
 room and ushering the youth on inside where he
 seemed to dangle in some strange and helpless dis-
 traction, suffering repeated sudden hopeless break-
 downs in his English. Presently there came an-
 other brief light tapping at the door and, opening
 it, he discovered a friend of the brother’s who,
 unseen when the brother was admitted, had simply
 been standing patiently alone out in the hall for a
 full five minutes. This friend, Yousry, later ac-
 companied him to the pyramids—so do cordial
 associations in Egypt infinitely proliferate—and
 toward the end of the afternoon, turning once to
 find Yousry placing a coin in the palm of a man
 who had lifted a wire to let them pass onto the
 grounds around the Sphinx, he realized that for
 the past two hours Yousry had been quietly making
 such tips behind his back. Later when he had
 been let out back at the hotel, he glanced behind
 him as he entered the lobby to see Yousry now
 engaged in some fitful exchange with the cab driver
 that seemed only an instant away from blows—
 and it struck him how desperately spare finan-
 cially Yousry no doubt actually was, how many
 silent little inward nips of despair he had suf-
 fered through that afternoon as he parted again
 and again with coins behind this American’s obliv-
 ion back yet continuing on, not even tabu-
 lating after a while the accumulation of this private
 disaster, in simple fidelity to the relentless disci-

“Propaganda is
 really every-
 thing, it remains
 the only true
 reality, which
 somewhat ex-
 plains the
 government’s
 particularly
 grim preoccu-
 pation with
 press matters.”

*Funeral procession
 from the Tomb
 of Ramose, Thebes
 ca. 1411-1375 B.C.*



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pline of graciousness to the point where, finally on his own again faced with yet another tip, he had to salvage what he could at the risk of an actual physical fight.

The fact is, though, all confrontations in Egypt tend finally to wind up histrionic rather than physical transactions. With compulsive inflationary extravagance of rhetoric, they conscientiously sustain the sweet wiles that dreams can exercise against the present. Egyptians have, of course, an old and complex wisdom about mirages. As a result, for them, rhetoric has a way of effectively replacing reality, a constant sleight of hand that has been going on for centuries until it seems no longer discernible. Perhaps for that reason, the persistent small surrections he met everywhere that he might be a CIA agent began to have on him a Kafkaesque effect: he began at last to *feel* like a CIA agent, even began at moments answering and relating like one. But neither was this an unfamiliar alchemy: it has long been the disposition of the South to invest in words the intensity, the consequence, the life of a reality which dispels the insupportable reality at hand, and the fact that words have been taken with such seriousness, indeed with such passion—because they have always counted for more there than elsewhere—may be one reason the South since Reconstruction has been so lush with writers.

AS HE WAS TO DISCOVER LATER, the Israelis have at least an academic and somewhat bemused understanding of this instinct in their adversaries. "The Arabs simply don't like people who only want to tell the truth," one Israeli minister told him. "Such an attitude is subversive to them, such a man is dangerous in some way. This is true even of the most sophisticated Arabs

they will be quite realistic with you individually, but when they are together, imagination takes over. There is a favorite Arab story of mine about this sheik who was sitting under a tree, smoking his hubble-bubble, when some children around him began making a terrible noise with their play. So he thinks, 'I must find some way to get rid of this awful noise,' and he calls them over and tells them, 'What are you doing here, did you not know that Old Auntie is distributing candy at the other end of the village?' The children got very excited then and ran off toward the other end of the village, leaving the old sheik in peace again under his tree. But a few minutes pass, he begins to reflect, 'What am I doing sitting here? Those children are going to get all that candy—what about me?'" Another Israeli official in the foreign ministry admitted, "We know there is a big difference between words and actual action in the Arab world. The problem is, wishful thinking has a way of becoming fact for them. They convince themselves with their rhetoric. I have an Arab friend who was telling me once that all the Arabs are confident Israel intends to establish this empire over all of Mesopotamia, and I asked

him, 'But surely, you do not believe in such a fantastic idea?' and he told me, 'What do you think if I believe in it? It *pleases* me to believe

Perhaps accordingly, the events themselves form a separate cosmos of rhetoric—speeches on new fronts, reiterations of positions lauding offenses, ultimatums that corner and corner the enemy, all the pronouncements that, in the petty vulgarity of taking place—are often and solemnly reported on Cairo's radio, newspapers. Oratory makes serious national interventions of brute empirical facts—the defeat of 1967—are not so much political excursions of reality as great capricious, which sucks from space creating momentary voids, vacuums which rhetoric, declarations, intentions rush to fill, to reconstruct the wreckage. Truth is, Egyptian press officials seem incapable of understanding a visiting journalist's interest in anything beyond official accounts. Other curiosity strikes them as irrelevant and eccentric if not incipiently anarchistic. No wonder, say, this is a presumption about news which journalists find internally difficult to accept, soon resign themselves to operating on a false recourse in which those journalists who are officials in Southern towns during the last Southern decade of the Negro Awakening eventually became practiced. Actually, according to an Egyptian government functionary, "I can only believe, say, fifty per cent of what they say and hear on the radio. If you want to know, we are very worried at times, deep down, about Israel. But while they may believe only fifty per cent, it's a different fifty per cent depending on the circumstances." It's as if they all are bilized in some twilight zone between cynicism and the general anesthesia of a total credulity. In any event, propaganda is really everything, reality is the only true reality, which somewhat explains the government's particularly grim preoccupation with press matters.

With their sense of reality, then, forever rearranging itself after the rhetoric, they have summoned forth since 1967 a kind of British vision of their situation, a vision which assumed an instant and utter plausibility, actively encompassing all that went before in which they now enjoy, refreshingly, no persuasion than was ever theirs before. It has been, in fact, one of 1967's backfire effects. "It's to be or not to be," they insist with absolute sincerity. "We don't have any other alternative to resist Israel. It's our existence, our future." One Egyptian official explained, "I know we have said at times in the past things about people into seas, such things, but of course we understand that in a situation of grave crisis you have to say certain things just to sustain the morale, the confidence of your people. Truthfully now—of *course*, we have acknowledged the existence of the Jewish state. I mean, twenty years have passed: whether we like it or not, Israel is a fact. Check our statements

ou will find there is nothing in our rec-
ushing Israel into the sea, any such
hat. Why, by our acceptance simply of
resolution, which itself presumes the
state of Israel, we have already tacitly
nd accepted Israel's existence. No, that
roblem. You must understand that the
simply Israel occupying the territory
hich she took from Egypt in war—and
e problem, the original problem of the
; think of this entire dispossessed peo-
t will see what we are talking about,
I be frank to admit, yes, we did not
ze was the real problem ourselves until
ne weeks later, in a remarkable inter-
NET forum *The Advocates*, Nasser
reated substantively the same thing, the
stumbling somewhat incredulously, did
nd him right, was he actually saying

with his dark moist eyes batting al-
und a steady vaguely embarrassed lit-
ed under his tiny dapper moustache.
s, yes—not only did Egypt accept the
Israel, but with an evacuation of Egyp-
y, Egypt would even guarantee the
Israel against harassments by Palestin-
s from Egypt's side. It was a boggling
hich, for the rest of that show and the
ollowed, was simply left in the air, as
ph could not be assimilated.)
hind all their ferocious public pos-
ould not escape the suspicion that they
ully comfortable with the actual final
siness of violence. The courteous
governor who had addressed the journal-
inker at Suez—beginning, "I wish to
to you I send my greetings to the people
ing from . . ."—seemed, in the midst
at elemental savage wreckage, an outrage-
iced and cherubic man, as bland and
oft with his sweetheart eyes and lambent
erber-baby skin, as an organist for an
urch choir. "The truth is," an official
ern embassy allowed, "the Egyptians
to like to fight, God bless them. Why,
mpaign in Yemen, their fighter pilots
t of radar range and dump their bombs
dies and fly around a little bit and then
ing back in to their bases with bomb
ot and reports of terrific destruction. It's
matter of fear: it's just that, when
ght down to it, Egyptians do not like
h's no way to understand them unless
and that." There is the impression
h finally must kill, their impulse is to
and finished as' quickly, completely,
ally as possible, hopefully by means
e devices with the area of fatal applica-
moved from their immediate vicinity
n a certain sense, this would even ex-
casional grotesque use of gas in the
aign.

driver with whom he rode frequently
ummaging forth jokes for his amuse-

ment whenever there was a light and relaxed
moment: "You know what is the camel with no
hump? Make a guess. You cannot guess? The
answer is, Hubert Humphrey. Hoh. See? Hump-
free. I know another one. What is a Negro who
bathes in the Red Sea? A Negro who bathes in
the Red Sea is wet. You do not get it? You don't
like jokes? Maybe you like instead to be serious
all the time. . . ." In defense, then, he mustered
the riddle of the little moron tiptoeing past the
medicine cabinet. A look of bafflement seized the
driver's face, until he told him, "He didn't want
to wake up the sleeping pills." The driver pon-
dered a moment. "He didn't want to wake—" and
then boomed, "Ahhh. Oh, no—oh, hah-hah-hah,"
his laughter lasting him, in repeating delicious
blasts of delight, for the next three miles, while
this American journalist speculated on the diffi-
culty of accepting the fabled bloodthirstiness of a
people with such a sense of humor. There were
times when it seemed as if they were merely en-
gaged in a fierce grimacing and gesticulation and
breast-beating to exorcise some demon. But at the
same time, they became committed to their histri-
onics. And possibly, this all made for a kind of
dangerous duality in their natures, an emotional
dubiousness which produced a certain constant
high nervousness, an uncertain psychological elec-
tricity with implications of a hovering hysteria
that Westerners find peculiarly disturbing and
exhausting.

WHEN HE HAD FIRST LANDED at the Cairo air-
port, the cab had carried him into town past
countless identical peeling posters left from the
visit weeks before of the current president of an-
other African socialist republic. Then it came to
him, as they passed now a looming billboard on
which Lenin was stiffly extending a burning torch
into a heroic sky, that he was suddenly in the
hands of strangers. He later found the informal
diplomatic mission that the United States still
maintains in Egypt, but it was merely a rather hag-
gard and scantily populated little outpost dis-
guised as the Spanish Embassy, and the only
American functionary he came across there was
the political officer, a slight bespectacled man a
bit crinkled and damp in the heat who suggested
a divinity student in some Midwestern fundamen-
talist seminary or a junior accountant in some
vast insurance company; it was not inconceivable
that the fate of the planet could depend at some
moment on how excellently this modest and inaus-
picious figure exercised his art.

But on his first night in Cairo, as he was sit-
ting in a supper club atop a hotel overlooking the
Nile, he found his state of vertigo only compli-
cated when, like some sourceless woof and feed-
back of the land he had left far behind, the band
suddenly began playing Grand Ole Opry country
and western numbers—"Donnn't forget . . . to
reee-member me"—followed by hard-wheedling
rock music with the exact gut sound of jukeboxes

"When you come
right down to
it, Egyptians do
not like to kill."

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in all-night truck stops in Tifton, Georgia, or Ennis, Texas, and finally, with the Nile a soft and continuous wrinkling of reflections below him, they rendered that humid old Gospel hymn out of the pine-plank country churches and sawdust tent-revivals of his boyhood: "Oh, Happy Day! . . . When Jece-sus! washed my sins away. . . ." And he felt then an almost strangling flush of unsuspected submerged tenderness for the States, thinking: so I love it after all, at such moments one cannot help loving its presently ordering and other bottle of wine as his astonished spirit from this distance now of 6,000 miles like the Ancient Mariner giddily opened and embraced all of his country indiscriminately, its dauntless ugliness as well as all its simple good naïve beauties, all of its ebullient vulgarities and incurable generosity, its staggering presumption and ambition. He privately celebrated now, atop the hotel overlooking the Nile; incredible. Their diplomacy might belong to Russia, but their heart, by God, belongs to us. So boorish and blundering and pious—how the hell did we do it? But there's news for Wendell Willkie, no doubt about it: it's become one world, and its secret name is America, it speaks in a universal tongue of Burt Bacharach and Warner Bros. and Marlboros, Park Avenue and Times Square and Sunset Boulevard along with Dodge City and The Ponderosa, General Motors and Kodak and Procter & Gamble; it's one world, and it's The Ed Sullivan Show. . . . Somewhat later in the evening, a more or less authentic Egyptian belly dancer materialized—a woman ripened to a rather extravagant opulence with a faint vaccination dent on her left thigh—who shortly produced, among the tables of assorted Egyptian Establishment dignitaries around her, the whoops and brays and table-whackings of a troupe of Terre Haute

Shriners on convention in St. Louis, and then he fancied Sinclair Lewis in Italy, realizing he was lonesome for George Bernard Shaw, discovering he loved Gopher Prairie. By the next morning he found, among the wires that had spilled in overnight onto the floor of the government press building, a vague and slender confirmation of the report of the killings at Kent State in that sudden bleak wash of disappointment, emptiness and confusion that had become an unfamiliar sensation of late, back in his country it seemed possible that the United States was merely communicating its most meaningful communications to the rest of the world, which was witlessly absorbing less American than Madison Avenue's while the nation was in the throes of struggling still with its deepest truths.

WHILE THE EGYPTIANS ARE NOW maintaining an official estrangement with the West, it seems a faintly reluctant alienation. A man who designed one of the more handsome official buildings—a 19-year-old entrepreneur whose family fortune was simulated by the revolution but whose social training to be quietly enlisted by the government—he cheerfully advertises himself still as an unconstructed capitalist. I can't help it, but I'm to chance now," exuberantly declared, "Look now, everything in this building is up—everything, I tell you, from the telephone to the girders to the chair you're sitting on—nothing from the West. Nothing from Russia, but nothing from the East—except, wait a minute, the doorknobs, yes, they're from the East, but only because I happened to come across them for a very reasonable price." Even government officials, in his conversations with them, he is always careful to mention that "most of the generation coming up, you know, is still in the West." According to reports by the brother of Hasanin Heikal, Nasser's confidential and the editor of *Al Ahras*, the Minister of National Guidance, is studying campus out somewhere, I believe, in Yugoslavia.

One Western professor in a Cairo university proposes, "Egypt, if you can believe it, recognizes that the United States has to be balanced off the Russians, to keep them from falling completely into the Russian trap. They are purportedly even more scrupulous about associations with Red China: after the Shadwan Island, in which Israel actually made a complete Egyptian radar station, in which Egypt a note saying no nation should be treated that way and implying that China would assist Egypt in insuring it would never have been a note which Nasser promptly took and flourished before the Russians, precipitating the present Russian commitment to Egypt. But still one rarely glimpses Russia in the streets in Cairo. More or less by



Female mourners from
the Tomb of Userhet,
Thebes
ca. 1298-1235 B.C.

both governments, Russian personnel are kept carefully secluded in their barracks—in part a precaution, so rumor has it, to keep their people from the covert Western blandish-reacherous Babylonian pipings still play in the streets. In Alexandria, on shore leave, proceed from their city and then back to their ship in precise squad formation.

When he was at the Giza pyramids, he came in a Russian family trudging down the short path to the Sphinx—a large outing, including an enormous brood of children but also, a collection of great-aunts and grandmothers. All had a look as plain and sturdy as could have been a vacationing family on a hasty expedition through Juarez, flushed and somewhat displaced in the trappings of sunglasses and aqua sunglasses and wide-brimmed hats. At a faint signal, a dozen or so small figures appeared along the banks on each side, flickering over the rocks like salaried men a few seconds and then beginning to move by one down to the road to ask the questions. Then, after a moment, there was a proaching hammer of hooves, came the hills, and an Egyptian horseman uttering the waifs back up into the path, leading his horse and lunging part of the way to the bank after them in a clacking and rattling, continuing to keep them at a distance. The Russians who trudged on with two bemused glances at this Cossack around them, reached the Sphinx at the top of the hill.

When he began to suspect that—behind

all the fierce fulminations, the grim gesturing, the formal rationales, the official compendiums of outrages, the diplomatic chronologies and genealogies, the intricate political astrology charts, the whole long grave ponderous mummary of U.N. resolutions and withdrawn ambassadors and official ultimatums—there was actually something else going on, some profound national trauma involved, arising out of an immense and complicated accident of history. Since 1948, these ancient people, still dazed with God and the old murmurings of the earth, have found themselves in adjacency with a society manufactured instant and whole out of the twentieth century, a quick, complete, functioning technological and scientific order, externally contrived and installed new in their immediate neighborhood and therefore necessarily altering their own measure of themselves. The fact is, Israel poses a deep and massive affront, intimidation, outrage. The original crisis in the encounter between Israel and the Arabs has not been the balance of power, but, for the Arabs, that balance of communal comparison—the community of intimate proximities—which makes up one's sense of identity and well-being.

There are still Arab leaders who insist the Jews simply cannot fight: one Western embassy official recalled, "I had an Arab military man approach me once and implore me to arrange for the Arabs to win just one battle—"It does not have to be an important one," he said, "just one battle, that's all we need, and after that reality will be set straight again." In their almost panicky bombasts against the prospect of the delivery of more Phantom jets to Israel, they seemed to betray a peculiar, almost mystical reverence for the ultimate efficacy of technology. It's as if all their frustrations reduce to a simple matter of equipment, hardware; the an-

"To defeat Israel... Egypt would, in some essential sense, have to cease being Egypt, have finally to not survive."



Female mourners from the Tomb of Haremhab, Thebes ca. 1422-1411 B.C.

Marshall Frady
AN AMERICAN
INNOCENT
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swers for how it has all happened lie in mechanical devices. All this, then, merely amplifies their genuine phobia about Israel, which has come into possession of all this magic. American technology has become equivalent to the supernatural rod of Moses: again and again, it has brought the Red Sea closing over them. It should be accepted that, in regard to Israel, Egypt has passed now directly and completely from the policies of pursuit to the perspectives of paranoia—a paranoia, actually, that would be hard to exaggerate. More than once, Egyptian officials invoked the American colonial crime of the pioneers and the Indians: "They want to do to us precisely what the United States did to the Indians. Their cavalry comes and takes our land, and then they move their settlers in. It is the same thing exactly." One Arab professor in Amman later told him, "Look back in the Scriptures, if you will: what were the instructions Joshua received from Jehovah before the invasion—destroy everything, kill men, women, and children, spare nothing. You think they have changed? This has been their history. . . ."

At the same time, it has seemed to be their response to cultivate a studied distaste and resentment of that Western mentality of Israel—the brisk assertiveness, the impatience with amenities—which accost, as they put it, Arab sensibilities. One Egyptian government spokesman said, "You see, the problem with Israel is that it acts out of the Western mind. They want something hastily, would win it with battles. They think only of operating in the practical circumstances of the moment, that is the trouble."

The culture shock seems to be that the Egyptians finally know, in their heart of hearts, that they have not been able to prevail over Israel precisely because Israel is more Western than they: that by some mischievous machination of history, to defeat Israel, even to cope with her, Egypt would, in some essential sense, have to cease being Egypt, have finally to not survive. It is no surprise, then, that he came across occasional hints of a brooding malaise of spirit, some vast private weather of inadequacy and enervation and weariness. An American newspaperman he met in Cairo told him of a conversation with an Egyptian commercial pilot in a bar: "I asked him after a while, 'Just why the hell is it, now, that the Israelis keep shooting down your planes all the time? I mean, you know and I know these MIGs aren't all that inferior to the Phantoms, so why is it?' And this guy says, 'Do I really have to answer that? It's finally the difference between their pilots and ours. It only takes an Israeli pilot about a year to reach the level of efficiency, effectiveness that it takes our pilots three, four, five years to reach.' So I said, 'But why should that be? I mean, is the training—' and this Egyptian says, 'Look, I don't know. It just seems we lack the mental acumen the Israelis have, that's all.'"

Late one afternoon, as he was sitting with a group of government officials and doctors and architects around a lawn table at the Gezira Club,

one of them suddenly announced after a moment his voice small and quiet and abstract in the evening dusk with dim glimmers of white light hanging over the golf green around him: "I know, sometimes you can't help getting the feeling that we just don't belong in this century. Even now, and then, I just get this feeling we aren't here in this time. . . ."

The morning that he left Egypt—as he was leaving beyond that palmed suburb of tapiole villas and lipstick-crimson flowers into the treeless expanse of sand stenciled with barbed wire and guard-towers before they reached the airport—there suddenly appeared on the side road a caravan of five long flatbed trucks, their cabs painted a drab color of mayonnaise, each of them bearing the oblique, reclining shape of a Russian missile. What of massive brutish insanity is at work, he thought, that has managed strategically to implement the destiny of the world in the broodings and broods of these haggard and dusty backland of the desert? But then, he speculated, it is probably always unsettling to an American to discover that the world may actually be critically and finally different in deadly peevish and confusions transparent from the inviolate shores of his own experience—Americans probably still regard the deep center of their hearts inveterate traditionalists, laggard and seemingly club-footed in foreign policies because they still can't quite free themselves to identify importantly with experiences beyond their hemisphere. But suddenly he understood that pang of exhilaration that briefly teared the eyes of a heroine in a James story, an American girl long stranded in the elaborate intrigues of European aristocracy when she glimpsed one afternoon an American naval vessel moored in a European port. The American seamen casually gathered on the deck in their white summer uniforms, clean and chaste and remote, like some visitation of

FINALLY IN THE AIR ON THE WAY to Jordan, the plane turned south to skirt below the Arabian Peninsula, then tilted and swung east again. At last, the calm prodigious flank of Africa, as old and empty here as that memory of the desert before the first emergence of man on the globe, some one thousand miles further to the west, receding hugely slowly under the wings of the plane then turning north, passing up the endless wastelands of the Arabian Peninsula to the Jordan—those high austere plains and slopes which, three thousand years ago, Joshua and his hosts contemplated at last Jericho, the Promised Land, and where since then there have been encamped another race of displaced people who, after 1967, suddenly realized as the new dynamic in the crisis, profoundly altering the political equations of the world, who now have become the quick of the corner of the Palestinians.



A MAN CALLED PERRY HORSE

thinks of himself as a Kiowa first, and as an American citizen second.

USED TO SAY, 'WERE YOU SCARED?' and he'd say, 'Gee, man, of course,' and then he'd tell us how they had old men riding along on horseback, and how the job of the old men would be to keep talking to the young guys, telling them to keep their courage up, and not to get scared." He is saying this is a young man, and he is talking about conversations with his great-grandfather who died in 1953 at the great age of 106, a man called Man Who's Hunting for a Horse. Perry Horse himself is called Perry Horse, and he says that when he has children he may call them something like Hunting Horse, which is his great-grandfather's name than just Perry Horse, and more distinctive, too. Great Grandfather once rode like hell through Texas and shot and killed citizens and stealing horses, and he died so many years later, being practically a monument at the time, and getting buried in a casket and an old soldier's uniform, it took him just to carry his friends and relatives to the funeral, not to mention the Congressmen and prominent people who showed up. Perry Horse, the great-grandson, remembers him well, and he remembers him talking about his own grandfather, of course, would be the great-grandfather of Perry Horse. When Great Grandfather was just a shaver, he was captured by the Pawnee with one eye, and years later, the Pawnees and the Kiowas met in solemn ceremony to conclude a treaty of peace, Great Grandfather fell upon the mean Pawnee with one hand on his head open with a mighty blow, and ending the peace council then and there. Great Grandfather, you see, was a warrior. And even now Perry Horse, who has a picture stuck on the window of his car, and lives in a big brick apartment building in Alexandria, Virginia, and has his own parking place at the government office in Washington, even without all that, Perry Horse says, "I think of

myself as a Kiowa first, an American citizen second." Perry Horse is not romantic about this, and he is not uppity, either, and he does not much give a damn what your feelings are about it at all. "When I was in the fourth grade," he says, "I had this white friend, who was my best buddy, you know, and then one day he said that he'd invite me to his house, but that his folks wouldn't understand. *That* was when I knew I was an Indian." To hell with it, he said to himself subsequently, and now in the evenings he sits in his apartment building, which is called the Sherwood, and is full of airline stewardesses and government people and military men, and when he gets to feeling lonely he thumps on an Indian drum and sings old Kiowa songs without words that he learned when he was a boy in Oklahoma. Perry's mother died when he was four, and he was pretty much raised by his grandmother, Mabel Hummingbird, who never had much to say to him at all in the way of English except, "Talk Kiowa."

"If I really wanted to tease her," Perry says, "I'd say that someday I'd marry a white girl, and then she'd start to ranting and raving. My grandmother, you know, always lived the Indian way."

Now, in fact, Perry Horse did not marry a white girl, and neither did any of his brothers, two getting wed to other Kiowas, and one, like Perry, getting into a mixed marriage of sorts when he wooed a Choctaw. Perry himself married Ella Mae Webber, a Cherokee, and he was first attracted to her, he says, because she really looked like an Indian. The Cherokees were lobbying in Washington, and sending people into polite society, and marrying whites when the Republic was still very young, and Perry says that when he sees a guy who looks white, but says he is an Indian, he figures he is a Cherokee. Perry would have none of this, wanting a wife who was not only *de jure*, as it were, but also *de facto* Indian. The history of the Indian in this country is a history of misery and other peo-

by John Corry

John Corry has written major articles for this magazine on Cardinal Spellman, Billy Graham, Fidel Castro, the Greek generals, and George Meany. This is the third in his series of profiles of people not hitherto covered by the press.

John Corry

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ple's duplicity, which you know from having seen the movie, of course, but what you probably do not know is that the Winnebagos had big heads, and that the Crows were short and squat, and that the Crows were long and lank. Physically, the tribes did not share much other than black hair, dark eyes, and some tint of copper color, and at the time Columbus got here they had about three hundred languages, no two of which were greatly related to one another. Perry says that when two Indians meet, and cannot tell right off what the other's tribe is, they say something like, "Where you from, man?" and figure it out from there. Perry says that whites are forever taking him for Spanish, Mexican, or Filipino, but that a bright Indian who has spent a lot of time around other Indians can usually come up with Kiowa pretty quickly, and that this has something to do not just with his appearance, but with the way he talks and the ways he sits and the way he stands. "I know who I am," Perry says, "and I don't have to prove it to anybody. I like being an Indian."

NOW, THERE IS A FAIR AMOUNT of nonsense put about on the Indian, and it distresses Perry no end. Mostly, he says, it is the romanticizing of it all that gets to him, although he is not very happy with the stuff about the poor drunken Indian, either. He says that when he and the other Indian boys went to the movies in Oklahoma, they would all cheer when it came time for the cavalry to come in and gun down the bad Indians, and that they cheered because there were human values involved, and the Indians in the movie really were bad guys, and to hell with all that stuff about racial self-hatred. Not long ago, some swells who bleed a lot in public had a big cocktail party for Americans for Indian Opportunity, which is run by Mrs. Fred Harris, who is herself part Comanche, and is the wife of the Senator from Oklahoma. The party was held at a great big summer mansion in Southampton, Long Island, and Perry and his wife were there, along with a bunch of other Indians, few of whom had ever been in such a nifty place, or seen such nifty people before. "I've loved Indians all my life," a very rich lady said to Perry, and for all he and his friends knew maybe she really did have a thing about them, but when she started to talk about "My Indians" and "Our Indians," then it did seem proprietary to them, and Perry felt his innards freeze up. "The people who had the party were real nice, and they made us feel right at home, but some of the other people," Perry says, "oh, man. None of us Indian guys had ever been in a mansion like that before, and it was real funny. We went walking on through, and there on the lawn we saw a helicopter. We just naturally thought it belonged to the people who were having the party, until we found out it was the cops' and that they'd just parked it there. I sure learned a lot about people that day. All the Indian guys were wearing jackets and ties, and the people at the party were wearing feathers

and beads and things that I guess they were Indian. There was one lady with fringes all around the bottom. I'd one guys said, 'Man, that's either high-shion dogs got to her on the way over.' I mean Ella Mae why she wasn't in Indian arch, said she didn't have to wear it because she knew she was an Indian. Oh, I read a lot that day. All those rich people on he kept on circling one another, like they know, detached from one another. I know like a bunch of Kiowas getting together Kiowas you'd know right off whether they each other or not, but with those people couldn't tell a thing."

Perry attended Haskell Institute, and was in Kansas, and after that he was around," as he says, in California, or while as a clerk in the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington, and then spent three years in the Army, being trained as a court reporter, and then stationed in a number of places, including Korea. He says that he did not feel any warmth for Orientals and, indeed, that he saw so many poor people at one time that he gealed and became indistinguishable from the way poor people generally look to him, and us, too. After his discharge, he went back to Washington, married Ella Mae, and began to work more in the Bureau of Indian Affairs, rising to the rank of GS-9 in the Civil Service, and then spending his time on the problems of Indian education. A government agency is a kind of a gallery, wherein the employees, being dependent on the election returns and the capriciousness of the White House, fill their idle hours by talking about proposed reorganizations and programs. The Bureau, being like any other government agency, has a fair amount of ethnic mix, and more it is ethnic, too. About half the people who work there are Indians, dealing with the problems of the Indians, and some of them are full of zeal. Not long ago, the Bureau of Indian Affairs, or BIA, was the word among the young Indian radicals, and they have approximately the same interest for it that the Black Panthers have for the Urban League, or the NAACP. This makes it hard to think of Perry as an Uncle Tom, and he thinks that a lot of them aren't real Indians, but they try so hard to be Indian," he says. "I know, I feel kind of sorry for some of them. They wear their hair long, and they have feathers in their hair, but they don't even know a real Indian. You might think that an Indian's headband is roughly the same as a black man's wearing a dashiki, and in a way you are right, but it's neither a headband nor a dashiki, and it has nothing to do with anything other than itself. The Indian's battle, though, is different from the black man's, because there are far fewer Indians, and most Indians live in the backwoods, which is not a good place to start a revolution. The Indian, in fact, needs an advocate of government, and young Indian radicals

join the Bureau because for them it
is a real game in town.
Perry, pulling into his parking space
at 8:30 in the morning, having arisen
for breakfast, and perhaps picked a
song on his guitar, which he does sometimes
in the morning and sometimes in the evening for
joy of picking. He wears \$40 boots
and a Madras jacket, pants with a
belt, and an Indian necklace in place
of a tie. When he walks he throws those \$40
boots in front of him, coming down heel first,
sometimes hooking his thumbs in the side
pockets of his pants, the general picture being a
captain Ahab keeping his balance on the
ice of the Pequod, or Lyndon Johnson pacing
the deck of the USS Intrepid, or maybe a GS-9 Kiowa from
the Oklahoma, getting ready to answer
the howls of a government building.
Perry works in the Office of the Director of
the BIA, and he begins his day by
reading letters, some of which are from people
who teach in Indian schools, and some of
them from college students just asking about
the quality of teaching in Indian schools, and
some which are from hippies and other folks
who want to start a commune on a reservation. Perry
answers all the letters, including those
from the commune folk, whom he tells that the
government cannot do much other than
maybe some local tribal councils can.
Perry was sent out to visit colleges and uni-
versities to recruit kindergarten teachers for In-
dian schools at \$7,000 and up, and he found that
the only thing he had to be most wary of, aside
from the young men who just wanted to beat the
system, was the ones he came to think of as mis-
fits, lusting after the satisfaction that
could come from the uplifting of someone else.
Indian schools are not like Andover Academy, and
Perry is a boy who lives in rural poverty, and
he drops out as quickly as he can, is not
a teacher. The isolation gets to some people
in the school on Indian reservations, the dis-
cussions get to others, and sometimes it
is the burden of living in someone else's cul-
ture. Perry himself went to public schools in Car-
thage, where Indians made up only
a small portion of the students, and he says it was
there that he never got anything about In-
dian. "You'd be an Indian kid, and you'd
be there," he says, "and you'd be told that
he discovered America. Hell, they should
have said he discovered it for the Euro-
peans. I'm surprised now at how we all sat there
and said I remember taking an oral history
course, and the teacher asked me who dis-
covered the Pacific, and I kind of laughed, and
said 'Indian guy.' But, shoot, besides that
isn't a thing."
Perry, however, and many people want
to know something about it, and now the thinking
in the Bureau and in other high places is that In-
dians minister to other Indians, without

anyone being made over into whites, which sen-
sible Indians, of course, don't want anyway. "An
Indian kid hears all these stories about what I
guess you'd call witchcraft, and he believes them,"
Perry says. "Most tribes have stories like that,
you know, but then the Indian child goes to
school, and he starts to learn about science, and
he's told that the stories are all wrong. He gets
mixed up. He doesn't know what to believe."
Perry says that Indians do not talk to whites about
all the things they know and hear, and that some
tribes cannot stand the sight of an anthropologist,
while other, more elfin, tribes see in an anthro-
pologist a figure of great hilarity, although not
necessarily someone they ought to be talking to,
either. Some Indian things stay intact because
Indian people do not talk about them to outsiders,
which only would dissipate them, and Perry says
he knows of things that would be comprehensible
only to another Kiowa.

When Perry was a boy, his aunt, suffering from
blood clots, was treated by an Indian man who
followed the old ways of medicine. Perry says that
when the man called upon his aunt, the man gave
him a beer bottle, and told him to go into the yard
and break it into shards. Then, after boiling the
shards in water, Perry says, the man used them to
make tiny incisions on his aunt's body. Then he
took a hollowed out buffalo horn, placed it over
the incisions, and began to suck hard at the small
end of the horn. All the while, Perry says, the man
chewed a big wad of gum, and whenever he
stopped sucking on the buffalo horn he stuck the
wad at the small end, making the horn into a vac-
uum. Perry says that the man got the blood clots
out this way, and that he saw him do it, and that
his aunt was fine afterwards. This, of course,
would be perfectly understandable to a student of
Chinese acupuncture, but a graduate of Harvard
Medical School might never believe it. Just so,
there is the story of Satank, a famous Kiowa war-
rior who chose death before dishonor. Satank,
captured by the Army in the years after the Civil
War, was being led somewhere in chains and
manacles when he whirled on the soldiers, and
tried to slice them up with a butcher knife. He
was shot to death, and the question was, Where
did he get the knife? The Army said Satank had
been twice searched, but that he probably had
hidden the knife in his hair. This never made
much sense, except to maybe the Army Inspector
General, and the Kiowas always have said that
Satank conjured up the knife, which is really a
more satisfying thing to think. The Kiowas do not
expect white people to agree with them on this,
and some of them hope the white people, in turn,
will not press them too hard on things like the
Trinity and the Virgin Birth.

Perry is not much concerned himself with the
Christian mysteries, even though on his father's
side he descends from a couple of Methodist
preachers. His grandfather, in fact, was probably
the first Kiowa Methodist minister, and the other
thing he was known for was that he weighed about

"I know who I
am, and I don't
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to anybody. I
like being an
Indian."

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300 pounds, and could fill up two seats in a buggy. Perry's father is also a Methodist preacher, and when Perry was a boy he spent a fair amount of time at church services and prayer meetings, although he says now that if he ever got back to an Indian community he might look into the Native American Church, the peyote religion. The peyote services that he knew of at home were held in a tepee, which would always be set up facing the west, and which would have inside to the east a dirt altar shaped like a crescent. The service would be precisely orchestrated, and would last from sundown to sunup, with men sitting in a circle in the tepee, each holding a gourd, a staff, and a fan; and each having four ritual songs to sing. Some songs in the service have no words, being sung no less carefully for that, and Perry's uncle, who lives among the Crow people in Montana, is known as a famous singer of the peyote songs.

Since his marriage, Perry has been exposed to an even more authentic Indian religion than the Native American Church—which has bits and pieces of Christianity strewn about it—and that is the Cherokee worship. Perry's brother-in-law is the keeper of the sacred Cherokee fire, which is supposed to have been kindled in North Carolina, and then carried by the Cherokees on their long march to Oklahoma. In their rituals, seven arbors are set up around the flame, and sermons in Cherokee are preached at each one. Perry has walked from arbor to arbor, while his brother-in-law translated the sermons for him, and he says that the Indian preachers were exhorted their listeners to do good, to hurt no man, and to live industriously. He says that he had heard much the same kind of morality in the traditional Kiowa stories, and that they were so much a part of his childhood that he no longer remembers where it was, or from whom, that he first heard them.

Perry was born in a tent outside Carnegie, Oklahoma, in 1910, and shortly after that his family moved to a home in the Wichita Mountains, which Perry says is now two hours away from Carnegie by car, but was then two days away by horse and wagon, with a stop overnight at some relative's house. The wagon had rails on the sides, and sometimes a canvas was stretched across the top, under which Perry and his brothers would sleep. Perry remembers his early childhood as more or less idyllic, despite, or maybe because of, the kerosene lamps, wood stoves, and well water, and he says that he and his brothers could pack a few biscuits and bacon sandwiches, and disappear into the hills for a day at a time. Once Perry and his brothers were poking around with a sawed-off .22 rifle, and they shot a fox, which made Perry feel bad, and he says that since then he has had small use for either guns or hunting. Eventually, his family left the Wichita Mountains, which were really just rolling hills, and drifted back to a home outside Carnegie, which was not a bad place for an Indian community, there being

other towns in Oklahoma that were real. Perry remembers seeing signs outside Clinton that said, "No Indians Allowed," but in other towns, like Ponca City, it was better. An Indian didn't show up at all. ("You know, this place is going to be tough, like Ponca City," Perry says. "I don't know all the ways it's tough, but a lot of Ponca and Pawnee guys could tell you.") Carnegie was better, although in Perry's school white gangs and Indian gangs would punch one another around. Perry and his friends wore their hair very long, and they walked around without belts in their levis, and when they were punished by being ordered to cut their hair, and to put back their belts.

You may think there is a great unity among the Indians of Oklahoma and elsewhere, but in fact all the small white slights, and great white slights, but in fact Indians have always fought among themselves. The Kiowas now fight the Comanches and the Kiowa-Apaches. When Perry was a boy he was told to watch out for the Utes and the Navahos. For that matter, his grandmothers would frighten children with stories of menacing Negroes, and when he first saw a couple of Negroes on a street corner in Carnegie, Perry was stricken with dread.

"Indians are different than other people," Perry says. "There is the feeling for the land. We call the sun our father, but the earth is our mother. Indian people who live in cities, you know, they go to Europe on a vacation. They don't go home, where they grew up. So many black people want to be like whites. I think. Not Indians. Indians want to be only what they are." Perry, who grew up in Alexandria and working in Washington, has white friends, which is something he never regrets, nor even thinks about much. Last Christmas Eve he and Ella Mae were at a party, where there were no whites until late in the evening when a few of the host's neighbors dropped in. The change in atmosphere, Perry says, was palpable. He and the other Indians began to feel uncomfortable, and they did not stop feeling that way until the whites had left. It was the same, Perry says, when he and Ella Mae were at a party where most of the guests were black. Indians, he says, simply prefer being alone with their own people. Perry owns a \$500 Trini Lopez electric guitar, and for a while he played with a rock group, but he and his guitarists, a drummer, and a vocalist, were all Indians, too. He has studied at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, getting into painting, and finding that mostly he just likes to paint Indian things. Perry's brothers, who are younger, hardly speak Kiowa at all, and neither do Ella Mae and her children, the children, of course, will never know a word of an Indian language, or of a great many other things that are important to their parents. Perry says the day may come when he will move back to an Indian community, but that one reason he would do this would be that his child of his could know who he is, just as Perry Horse does himself.

CITY GAME

Boys of New York's streets, basketball offers the transcendent drama of the brief, often tragic, glory of being a hero.



IS THE CITY GAME. Its battlegrounds are the spaces of asphalt between tattered wire-mesh buildings; its rhythms grow from the thump of a ball against hard surfaces. There are no open spaces or lush backyards, no elaborate equipment. It doesn't even need many players; a one-on-one game in a playground can be as memorable as a large-scale organized game. Basketball is the favorite game of young athletes without cars or allowances, a game in which the drama and action are concentrated by its confined spaces and chaotic

American sport directs itself in a general direction, certain segments of American life. Basketball is basically a slow, pastoral experience, a game of athletes against a green background of moments of action amid longer periods of contemplation of the spectacle. In an unhurried way, it is exactly what it is—the national “pastime” rather than a fast-paced game crammed with action. In our age, its appeal still lies largely in its simplicity, an untroubled island where, for a few moments, tugging at his pants leg can seem a more important thing in a fan's life. Basketball's attraction is more contemporary. Its rhythms tune with the times, and its well-

mapped strategic war games invite fans to become generals, plotting and second-guessing along with their warriors on the fields. With its action compressed in a fairly small area and its formations and patterns relatively easy to interpret, football is the ideal television spectacle. Other sports have similar, if smaller, primary audiences. Golf and tennis belong first to country-club members, horse racing to an enduring breed of gamblers, auto racing to Middle Americans who thrive on its violent roaring machines and death-defying risks. But basketball belongs to the cities—and New York, from its asphalt playgrounds to the huge modern arena that houses the professional basketball champions of the world, is the most active, dedicated basketball city of all.

The game is simple, an act of one man challenging another, twisting, feinting, then perhaps breaking free to leap upward, directing a ball toward a target, a metal hoop ten feet above the ground. But its simple motions swirl into intricate patterns, its variations become almost endless, its brief soaring moments merge into a fascinating dance. To the uninitiated, the patterns may seem fleeting, elusive, even confusing; but on a city playground, a classic play is frozen in the minds of those who see it—a moment of order and achievement in a turbulent, frustrating existence. Basketball is more

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than a sport or diversion in the cities. It is a part, often a major part, of the fabric of life. Kids in small towns—particularly in the Midwest—often become superb basketball players. But they do so by developing accurate shots and precise skills; in the cities, kids simply develop “moves.” Other athletes may learn basketball, but city kids live it.

THE NEW YORK KNICKERBOCKERS, champions of the National Basketball Association, are not direct products of the city’s playgrounds. Like all professional teams, they have been assembled by drafting and trading to amass the best available athletes from across the country. Geographically and socially, they could hardly have more diverse backgrounds. The coach, Red Holzman, was a pure New York ballplayer; the captain, Willis Reed, is from the black rural South. The other stars include black products of city streets and the white son of a bank president. Yet as they rose to the summit of basketball, the Knicks became inextricably identified with the city they represented.

The media, based largely in New York, have fallen in love with the Knicks and with basketball, giving the sport its first taste of heavy television coverage, national-magazine cover stories, and all forms of advertising and promotion. New York’s rich citizens also joined the love affair, and the traditionally scruffy pro basketball audiences were replaced by a chic new breed in Madison Square Garden. And in the playgrounds, the kids too responded to the Knicks, acknowledging that a New York team was at last bringing a rare playground art to new levels of perfection. The Knicks seemed ideal symbols of the traditions of New York basketball, and if the media portrayed the Knick stars as larger than life, the playground kids understood that too.

The first week of May, when the Knicks won the championship, had been a brutalizing, feverish ordeal for most New Yorkers. United States armies were marching into Cambodia and a shocked young girl was screaming silently from the front pages of newspapers and magazines, in terrible, haunting testimony to the four murders at Kent State University. Demonstrators were assembling near the United Nations and in the Wall Street area, pleading almost hopelessly to a government they knew wasn’t listening. Then the city’s darkest fears took shape, as mobs of Wall Street construction workers unleashed the small hatreds and resentments that had been building within them for years, and descended on the young people who their President had reassured them were merely bums. On the afternoon before the final Knicks game against the Los Angeles Lakers, the workers came down to bully the kids at close range. Aided by Wall Street clerks, they went on a spree, ganging up on the kids, kicking them when they were on the pavement, and leaving scores of bloody victims while policemen stood placidly by.

The politics of hate and polarization had thrust deep into New York’s consciousness, and few peo-

ple on either side could relish the sight of war between Nixon’s newly unleashed majority and opponents of the war. Some spectators who came to watch the Knicks may have wondered just how much they care about a game. Then the Knicks showed them. They didn’t solve the world’s problems, but playground games cure the ills of the city. But the Knicks and Lakers did offer a high drama, a brief and necessary escapism—a transcendent experience that, for all its pain, is all anyone can ask of a great sporting event.

Basketball has always had this special appeal for the boys of New York’s streets. Twenty years ago, it fed the dreams of the Irish athletes who played on the famous playgrounds like the one on 108th Street in Rockaway, Queens. Those playgrounds produced Bob Cousy and Dick McGuire and other playmakers and brilliant passers; they also produced countless athletes who were almost as accomplished but never made it to college and did not receive public recognition. On Kingsbridge Road in the Bronx, tough, aggressive Jewish youths produced defense-minded, set-shooting stars; so did the colleges of the city to national prominence in the late 1940s, but still others faded before they ever learned their names. With money and cars and stereos and surfboards, they vanished from many white playgrounds, but they did top-caliber basketball. But the black kids of Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant more than filled the void. Some made it to colleges and into the pros, helping to reshape the game with their unique moves. Still others failed to find a niche in the pros, but endured as playground stars, meeting the challenges of the best of each race in the selection of players, occasionally proving themselves against pro players who return to the arena for summer games.

Each ethnic group and each generation of ballplayers produced its special styles and each left its colorful brand on the game. More than that, each built a distinctive pride—partly ethnic or racial, partly athletic. Much more than the sum of those parts, the game of playground ball describes it in terms of quality, status, manhood; they also talk about it brings kids together. If the Knicks represent special pride to all New York, they were only multiplying the feeling that the playground game was always understood.

Occasionally the two distinct worlds of New York basketball converge. A playground star like Connie Hawkins joins the Phoenix Suns and comes into the Garden to challenge the Knicks. Knick stars like Bill Bradley and Willis Reed appear at 155th Street and Eighth Avenue in Harlem’s most prestigious summer basketball game, the Rucker Pro Tournament. These confrontations are always electric. Hawkins may pack the arena while a Reed or Bradley will add hundreds of overflowing crowds at a Rucker game. A playground star like Herman (“Helicopter”) Kitt goes in



be familiar only to the ghetto kids who shipped them; others, like Chamberlain, were recognized by every basketball fan. But many others they were all gods, and the games were Olympian clashes.

"Chamberlain and Robinson were on the team along with some other greats, and they were ahead by about fifteen points. They were easy winners. Then, up in the tree, a strange noise. There were maybe four or five hundred people watching the game, and suddenly a hush came over them. All you could hear was a whisper: 'The Hawk, the Hawk, the Hawk here.' Then the crowd parted. And he walked onto the court."

"The Hawk" was Connie Hawkins. When you ask ghetto basketball fans to cite their favorite players ever to come out of New York, you get much disagreement; but a few names are invariably included, and one of them is the late, for years he seemed fated to become a star, but a virtually forgotten playground star. Connie had his reputation at Brooklyn's Boys High in the 1950s, but when he was a freshman in 1961, he was linked to a gambling scandal. His chief crime had been naïveté in talking to and handing gamblers, and he had never been arrested or even accused of trying to shave profits from the games. But his college career was short-lived; for almost a decade he was an outcast, first from the NBA, laboring in the short-lived American Basketball League and then in the American Basketball Association as it struggled for survival.

In 1969, after a prolonged legal battle, he won a million-dollar lawsuit and rejoined the NBA as a member of the Phoenix Suns. Smith quickly justified everything the playground had been saying about him for years. "That was the game Smith described, Hawkins was either two out of Boys High, a man without a team. Yet he was the most magnetic star I ever saw."

"The crowd was still hushed as they walked out," Smith remembered. "They surrounded the man. They undressed the man. And he finished lacing up his sneakers and walked to the backcourt. He got the ball, picked it up, and started his first move. Chamberlain came right out to stop him. The Hawk went a still way out beyond the foul line—just floating toward the basket. Wilt, taller and faster, stayed right with him—but then the Hawk dunked the ball right over Chamberlain's head. Dunked! Nobody had ever done anything like that to Wilt. The crowd went so crazy that they stopped the game for five minutes. I almost fell out of the tree."

"But you didn't get away with just that spectacular move in those games. So the crowd came right back at the Hawk. Clint Richardson charged in, drove around him and went so high that it hit the top of the backboard. The Hawk went way up, but he couldn't catch it, and it went down into the basket. Chamberlain was about six feet tall and the

ht, so the crowd went wild again. In
n had thrown some of the greatest
ever seen, shaking guys left and right
ven reached the Hawk.

was Chamberlain's turn to get back.
y took it pretty easy in summer games,
and down the court and doing just
ntimidate his opponents with his seven-
But now his pride was hurt, his man-
wounded. And you can't let that hap-
ough street game. So he came down,
tly at the hoop and went up over the
stuffed the ball with two hands, and
o hard that he almost ripped the back-
ne pole.

everybody on the court was fired up
as time for the Hawk to take charge
ton Robinson came toward him with
rowing those crazy moves on anyone
o stop him, and then he tried to loft
y up onto the board, the way he had
Only this time the Hawk was up there
it. He was up so high that he blocked
th his chest. Still in midair, he kind
s hands down across his chest as if he
g his shirt—and slammed the ball down
n's feet. The play seemed to turn the
e around, and the Hawk's team came
l to win. That was the Hawk. Just beau-
t think anybody who was in that crowd
forget that game."

OF 1964, BOYS HIGH OF BROOKLYN
jamin Franklin High of Harlem in the
n Square Garden, on Eighth Avenue
treet, for the public-high-school cham-
New York. Boys won the title; but
was quickly overshadowed by a seat-
ottle-throwing melee that resulted in
high-school ball in the Garden and es-
negative landmark in city basketball.
ccurred against the backdrop of the
black school boycott; and it happened
ick's Day, when many patrolmen who
handled the crowd were out parad-
ministrators were not much interested
ls or causes of the disturbance. It was
r to run from the problem than to
o the Public School Athletic League
ournaments into small neutral gyms,
ck stars who dominate high-school ball
vere swept quietly out of sight.
at time, the Garden has promoted a
ghts featuring Latin-American boxers
ottle-throwing followers. It has had
uch public figures as George Wallace.
ung black ballplayers have not reap-
ile the Knicks turn on the city, its
ed young stars play in virtual secrecy
ms and youth centers and playgrounds,
their peers and a handful of college
ile the media fall in love with the
op high-school star searches in vain for

a paragraph or two in the *Times* on his team's
victories. A year ago, the Boys High team went
to New Haven, Connecticut, to face Hillhouse
High for the informal championship of the East.
Boys won by a point. It was the team's forty-sixth
consecutive victory. And it drew more attention
in New Haven in one day than Boys had gathered
in New York with the forty-five wins that pre-
ceded it. The irony was not lost on the athletes.
The struggle to establish an identity is basic to
city basketball, but many black kids in New
York have learned that their identity is a well-
kept secret to the general public.

The bitterness was not readily apparent at the
playground on 135th Street near Lenox Avenue.
The June afternoon was warm and the basketball
was very good. The games were just pickup af-
fairs, with five-man teams being assembled on the
spot to challenge the winners of whatever game
was in progress. But a few pro players dropped
by, as well as several Globetrotters and the estab-
lished stars of the neighborhood, and somebody
said that it was the best ball you would find in
Harlem short of the Rucker tournament itself.
The cars were double-parked all the way down the
block, and the crowd was three deep alongside
the high fences.

Then one athlete, who didn't want to give his
name, began talking about it all, and there was
an edge on his voice: "Sure there are good play-
ers here, and good ones who have made it in col-
lege and the pros. But don't try to write this up
as a beautiful breeding ground for future stars,
because for every star you hear about, there are
many more who never escaped. I mean, I can look
back on the group that I grew up with down on
111th Street, and I can tell you all about the one
or two who are playing college ball, and it will
make a great story. But there were twenty of us.
And now maybe fifteen are on drugs and three are
dead or just gone, who knows where? So how
much do the two lucky ones count?" The kid
sounded very old. He said he was twenty-one.

THE LESS FORTUNATE GROW OLD EVEN FASTER,
leaving the bright moments behind them on
the courts as the real world drags them down to
earth. There is a sustaining power to basketball
in the playgrounds: a young athlete walks into a
bar or luncheonette and hears people say, "That's
the dude that dunked on Lew up at Rucker." The
admirers want to talk to him, to ask advice, to be
near the star, and maybe that sense of importance
and identity will keep a kid going for weeks. But
if he is a dropout and he is broke, and the hustlers
and pushers are around him with their cars and
fancy clothes, the magic of his game can begin to
wear off. Sooner or later, stuffing a basketball
through a hoop is not quite enough to transcend
the reality of his life.

"At one point in most guys' lives," said Keith
Edwards, a Harlem ballplayer and youth worker,
"basketball is the top priority, because it is the

"Each ethnic
group and each
generation of
street ballplay-
ers produced its
special styles
and legends,
and each left its
colorful brand
on the sport."

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one escape valve from the ghetto. But once the paths toward college or pro ball are closed to an athlete, merely playing the game is not as much of an escape. Then the kids get offered a much easier escape, an escape to within themselves, in drugs. A few years ago, I would have said that the athletes I knew looked ninety per cent to ball, ten per cent to drugs. Now, the ratio is reversed. The kids are looking to drugs ninety per cent of the time. And they are destroying themselves."

Everyone in Harlem has watched the process of destruction, but no one feels it more acutely than the ballplayers. "You see somebody who can do everything on the court," said Pat Smith. "You know that his playing can open up a whole new world to him. It gives you a feeling of excitement. It makes you build high hopes. And when you watch him start to deteriorate, it tears you apart." Smith paused, shying momentarily from the subject. Two of Smith's nine brothers have died on the Harlem streets: another was a dope pusher at the age of fourteen. Six years away at school in Milwaukee have not erased the streets from Smith's life. "There's such great waste of humanity," he said slowly. "Such tragic waste." And then the memories came pouring out, a remarkable testament to the darkest side of basketball in the city:

"I remember when I was just developing as a ballplayer, early in high school. I played a lot with a guy named Artie. I never knew his last name, just Artie. He played often at Millbank Center, and his team was known for winning a lot of local tournaments. Artie was capable of scoring every way: jump shots, hooks, lay-ups, set shots. His scoring totals were forty to fifty points every game. When I knew him, Artie was about twenty-eight, and he was trying to make a comeback. From alcohol. He was a wine drinker. That shows you how far back it was—people still ruined themselves the slow way with wine, instead of drugs.

"Anyway, Artie had been in a hospital, trying to dry out and recuperate. When he started playing again, he was probably a step slower than he once was, but he still had those fantastic shots. He took an interest in me for some reason, and he picked me to play with him in pickup games whenever he could. When we played together, he would teach me, and he would also get so many good passes to me that I was sure of getting twenty-five or thirty points—while he still got his fifty.

"But after a few months he began showing up less at the playgrounds. Then he didn't come at all. And one day I was on the street and somebody asked if I'd heard about Artie. Then the guy told me. They'd found Artie dead in a hallway. He drank himself to death.

"There was another guy we knew only by his first name, Frank," Smith said. "He came from uptown, around 155th Street, but he would come down to our neighborhood around 128th Street to play. He was a strong guy, very good-looking, with a great build. I didn't know him well, I

didn't know what high school he was in, but he always assumed that he had the potential to go on and start for some college team.

"Then we heard the news. Frank had robbed a drugstore. The storekeeper had shot Frank got shot in the back. He was shot from the waist down. He was maybe thirty years old, and it was all over for him.

"People still see him, in his wheelchair, whenever anyone goes up in that neighborhood, and it's a pity for him. He's about twenty-four now, and he tries to take the thing very well. Talking to him, you can hardly realize that he knows how to walk again. But the way he hides his pain makes it hurt more to look at him than it would have been.

"Dexter Westbrook was one of the few big guys that ever came from the uptown playgrounds," said Smith. "For some reason, most of the big guys happened to play downtown around 128th Street or 128th Street, while the players around 155th were known more for quickness and handling. But Dexter was about six feet tall, and he was a super big man. Playing with the fast little guys, he developed the quickest moves of a guard. He had a beautiful jump shot, and could do everything with the ball.

"Dexter went to Providence College for a while. Then he failed out and came back to Harlem. He worked in a few jobs in the poverty project. But with his size and talent, everybody knew that he could still make the pros, and he tried out. I forget which team it was, but word got back to Harlem that Dexter was doing great. He was the high scorer at the time, a rebounder in rookie camp: nobody could stop him. Then it came time for the routine physical examination, and he couldn't pass it. There were needle tracks on his arms.

"Now this was a man who could have made it big. But he just couldn't seem to adjust to the bigger things than what's here in Harlem. The last time I heard of Dexter was in the summer of 1969. There was a robbery on 128th Drive, and he was arrested for taking somebody's wallet. His drug habit had gotten to his means. Like it always does."

IF HURRI SMITH TO TALK OF HIS COACHES, it seemed to wrench him more than it did the younger kids. "I saw guys I played with who got ruined, and it was bad, but it wasn't always expected," he said. "You go to school or play a lot of ball with a guy and you get an idea of how he can make it. But watching kids come up and lose that perspective. You somehow lose it. But all make it. And you forget that the drug game is much worse now than it was when you were in school yourself. You forget that the game on the streets is harder than ever. And then you see what happens to a kid like Kenny Bellinger.

"Kenny earned a city-wide basketball scholarship when he was still in junior high school.

high school when I played against
was still in ninth grade. But he
a playing against kids his own age,
is too good. He was always looking
s to challenge, and he always held
t of high-school players waited to
would decide to go, and we were glad
e Franklin. He was a cinch to make
e had a great future ahead of him.

day, I was walking on 111th Street
uth and Eighth Avenues, and I saw
quad cars. I asked somebody what
and people said that a lady's purse
ched, and someone had run into one
gs with it. The next thing we knew,
helicopter over the buildings. The
was on the roofs, and they were
t him. Nobody had ever seen the
helicopter before, but somebody
th purse belonged to a white lady with
e. Anyway, it looked like they were
hole Vietcong instead of looking for

all the cops rushed into an alley, and
utes the word spread: the thief had
e a six-foot gap between the build-
hadn't made it. I went home, and I
t until the next day that the kid who
into the alley had been Kenny.

believe it. I thought there must
mistake. Kenny couldn't have risked
and anyway, he could have leaped
with no problem at all. So I went
th building and checked out the gap,
ore like fifteen feet. Then it began
ll that potential was gone. Whether
or despair or what, Kenny hadn't
stay straight. One more victim. Ken-
n years old when he died.

icker was also in junior high when
around to play with us older guys."
He was about six feet nine, but he
anced as Kenny Bellinger. He was
nd uncoordinated. He didn't know
dvantage of his size. But while I was
nd he was in junior high, he would
ym and try to learn, and we watched
into a really good ballplayer. He
t position under the boards for re-
e practiced a short jump shot until
e it regularly. Here was a kid only
ste, and he was six feet nine, and still
might have had the world in front of
r I went away to college, he started
ranklin.

often I'd ask somebody about Boobie.
that he was coming along fine, scor-
t gradually the other rumors reached
icker's on stuff. . . . Yeah, he's snort-
avy. . . . Yeah, Tucker's strung out.
ed playing altogether and went out
ts. And finally I learned that he had
verdose. It was a shock, because he
trung out for that long. He probably

hadn't even developed an expensive habit yet. But
of course when times get hard, pushers will put
anything into that white bag and sell it. Some guys
have shot up rat poison and died instantly.

"It was a terrible, frustrating thing to imagine
Boobie dead. I felt very close to his career, because
I'd watched him develop from a clumsy kid into a
ballplayer. Day to day, I'd seen the improvements.
I'd watched him work at the game, and I couldn't
help thinking he would be repaid for all that work.

"But the one thing I wasn't thinking about, the
one thing you never think about, I guess, until it's
too late, was that the pusher was watching him
develop, too."

IN THE LITANY OF QUIET MISFORTUNES, it may
seem almost impossible to select one man and
give him special importance. Yet in the stories and
traditions that are recounted in the Harlem parks,
one figure does emerge above the rest. Asked about
the finest athletes they have seen, scores of ball-
players in a dozen parks mention Connie Hawkins
and Lew Alcindor and similar celebrities. But al-
most without exception, they speak first of one star
who didn't go on: Earl Manigault.

No official scorers tabulate the results of pickup
games: there are no composite box scores to prove
that Manigault ranked highest among playground
athletes. But in its own way, a reputation in the
parks is as definable as a scoring average in the
NBA. Street ballplayers develop their own elabo-
rate word-of-mouth system. One spectacular per-
formance or one backwards, twisting stuff shot
may be the seed of an athlete's reputation. If he
can repeat it a few times in a park where the com-
petition is tough, the word goes out that he may be
something special. Then there will be challenges
from more established players, and a man who can
withstand them may earn a "neighborhood rep."
The process continues in an expanding series of
confrontations, until the best athletes have emerged.
Perhaps a dozen men at a given time may enjoy
"city-wide reps," guaranteeing them attention and
respect in any playground they may visit. And of
those, one or two will stand alone.

A few years ago, Earl Manigault stood among
the loftiest. But his reign was brief, and in order
to capture some feeling of what his stature meant
in the playground world, one must turn to two ath-
letes who enjoy similar positions today. Herman
("Helicopter") Knowings, now in his late twenties,
is among the most remarkable playground players:
he was a demigod before Manigault, and he re-
mains one after Earl's departure. Uneducated and
unable to break into pro ball, the Helicopter has
managed to retain the spring in his legs and the
willpower to remain at the summit after many of
his contemporaries have faded from the basketball
scene. Joe Hammond, not yet twenty, is generally
recognized as the best of the young crop. He has
not finished school or vaulted into the public spot-
light but, like Knowings, he picks up money play-
ing in a minor league, the Eastern League—and

"The struggle to
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well-kept secret
to the general
public."

THE CITY GAME

returns home between games to continue domination of the parks.

The Helicopter got his name for obvious reasons. When he goes up to block a shot, he seems to hover endlessly in midair above his prey, daring him to shoot—and then blocking whatever shot his hapless foe attempts. Like most memorable playground moves, it is not only effective but magnetic. As Knowings goes up, the crowd shouts, “Fly. Copter, fly,” and seems to share his heady trip. When he shoves a ball down the throat of a visiting NBA star, as he often does in the Rucker tournament, the Helicopter inflates the pride of a whole neighborhood.

Like Connie Hawkins, Knowings can send waves of electricity through a park with his mere presence. Standing by a court, watching a game in progress, the Helicopter doesn’t have to ask to play. People quickly spot his dark, chiseled, ageless face and 6-foot 4-inch frame, and they make room for him. Joe Hammond is less imposing. A shade over 6 feet, he is a skinny, sleepy-eyed kid who looks slow and tired, the way backcourt star Clinton Robinson appeared during his reign. But like Robinson, Hammond has proved himself, and now he stands as the descendant of Pablo Robertson and James Barlow and the other backcourt heroes of the streets.

The kings of playground ball are not expected to defend their titles every weekend, proving themselves again and again the way less exalted players must. But when a new athlete begins winning a large following, when the rumors spread that he is truly someone special, the call goes out: if he is a forward, get the Helicopter; if he’s a guard, let’s try him against Joe Hammond. A crowd will gather before the star arrives. It is time for a supreme test.

Jay Vaughn has been in such confrontations several times. He saw the Helicopter defend his reign, and he watched Joe Hammond win his own way to the top. He described the ritual:

“When I first met the Helicopter, I was only about seventeen, and I was playing with a lot of kids my age at Wagner Center. I was better than the guys I was playing with and I knew it, so I didn’t feel I had anything to prove. I was playing lazy, lackadaisical. And one of the youth workers saw how cocky I was and decided to show me just how good I really was. He sent for the Helicopter.

“One day I was just shooting baskets, trying all kinds of wild shots, not thinking about fundamentals, and I saw this older dude come in. He had sneakers and shorts on and he was ready to play. I said, ‘Who’s this guy? He’s too old for our games. Is he supposed to be good?’ ‘The coach sent for him,’ somebody told me. ‘He’s gonna play you.’

“I said to myself, well fine, I’ll try him, and I went out there one-on-one with Herman Knowings. Well, it was a disastrous thing. I tried lay-ups, jump shots, hooks. And everything I threw up, he blocked. The word had gone out that Herman was there, and a crowd was gathering, and I said to myself, ‘You got to do something. You’re getting humiliated.’ But the harder I tried, the more he

shoved the ball down into my face. I and thought about that game for a long time. A lot of young athletes, I had been put

“I worked out like crazy after that. I determined to get back. After about a month, he challenged him again. I found myself jumping feeling stronger, and playing better than before. I wasn’t humiliated again. But I was. Since that time, I’ve played against him many times. He took an interest in me and gave me a lot of good advice. And now, when I’m going to block a shot, I may be able to take care of him and score, and people who were his pupil showed the master.”

“Then, of course, he’ll usually corner me with that stuff one on me. . . .

“Joe Hammond was playing in the mission games in the youth centers when I was in senior games,” Vaughn said. “He was younger than me, and sometimes after I’d stay and watch his game. He wasn’t exceptional. Just another young boy who was playing ball. In fact, at that time, I didn’t even know his last name.

“Then I came home from school in the fall of 1969, and one name was on everybody’s lips: Joe Hammond. I thought it must have been someone new from out of town, but people said he’d been around Harlem all the time. They told me his name and it sounded like the young kid who was around the centers, but I couldn’t believe it was the same guy. Then I saw him, and it was Joe, and he was killing a bunch of guys my age. He was much improved, but I still said to myself, ‘He’s young. He won’t do much against older brothers. They’ve been in business a long time.’

“But then I heard, ‘Joe’s up at 135th Street.’ I still didn’t take it too seriously. When Joe came out to Mount Morris to play a game against a good team I was on, and I said, ‘We’ll see how you do. You won’t do anything.’

“Now I believe in him. Joe Hammond played that game with seven minutes to go. He had outplayed them. Like everybody had said. Joe was the one

EARL MANICAULT PLAYED AT Benjamin Franklin High School in 1962 and 1963, the last season at Laurinburg Institute, the North Carolina prep school that has steered so many boys toward colleges. Earl never reached college when he returned to Harlem he was the first of his own generation of ballplayers, the idol of the generation that followed. He was a 6-foot 2-inch forward who could outleap men 8 inches taller.

But he was also a very human ghetto boy, with weaknesses and doubts that left him uncertain. Lacking education and motivation, looking at an empty future, he found that basketball was the only thing that kept him going. He took him only so far. Then he became a part of the hellish side of ghetto existence. In his mid-twenties, a dope addict, he spent his days on the playgrounds. Earl was a powerful

A PRAYER FOR THE SELF

by John Berryman

Who am I worthless that You spent such pains
and take my pains again?
I do not understand: but I believe.
Jonquils respond with wit to the teasing breeze.

Induct me down my secrets. Stiffen this heart
to stand their horrifying cries, O cushion
the first the second shocks, will to a halt
in mid-air there demons who would be at me.

May fade before, sweet morning on sweet morning,
I wake my dreams, my fan-mail go astray,
and do me little goods I have not thought of,
ingenious & beneficial Father.

Ease in their passing my beloved friends,
all others too I have cared for in a traveling life.
anyone anywhere indeed. Lift up
sober toward truth a scared self-estimate.

"But it's the most frustrating thing in the world, working with addicts. It's hard to accept the fact that a man who has been burned will go back and touch fire. But they do it. I have countless friends on drugs, and I had many more who have died from drugs. And somehow it's hard to just give up on them and forget that they ever existed. Maybe you would think that only the less talented types would let themselves get hooked—but then you'd see a guy like Earl and you couldn't understand. . . ."

Some people hoped that Earl would be cured that summer. He did so much to help Hunter work with others that people felt he could help himself. Hunter was not as optimistic. "The truth is that nobody is ever going to cure Earl," he said. "The only way he'll be cured is by himself. A lot of people come off drugs only after they've been faced with an extreme crisis. For example, if they come very close to dying and somehow escape, then they might be able to stay away from the fire. But it takes something like that, most of the time."

Earl was not cured, and as the months went on the habit grew more expensive. He broke into a store, and he is now in prison. "Maybe that will be the crisis he needs," Hunter said. "Maybe, just possibly. . . . But when you're talking about addicts, it's very hard to get your hopes too high."

HAROLD ("FUNNY") KITT WENT TO FRANKLIN three years behind Earl Manigault. When Funny finished in 1967, he was rated the best high-school player in the city, largely because he had modeled himself so closely after Earl. "We all idolized Earl in those days," Kitt said. "And when you

idolize somebody, you think of the good, not the bad. As we watched Earl play basketball, we had visions of him going on to different places, becoming the whole world, becoming a great star, and maybe coming back here to see us and talk about it all.

"But he didn't do any of those things. He went into his own strange world, a world I'll never see. I guess there were reasons. There were frustrations that only Earl knew, and I feel sorry for what happened. But when he went into that world, it had an effect on all the young ballplayers. I idolized the man, and he hurt me."

Beyond the hurt, though, Earl left a legacy more. If his career was a small dramatic chapter in the world of Harlem basketball, then he was a full-on protagonist, in his magnitude and his failure, a hero for his time. "Earl was quiet, he was a loner," Jay Vaughn said, "and he handled the pressure of being the star very well. When you're on top, everybody is out to challenge you, to take your own reps by doing something against you. A guy after another wants to take a shot, and the stars react to all that by bragging, or by being aloof from the crowd.

"Earl was different. The game I'll never forget was in the G-Dub (George Washington University) tournament one summer, when the team that I was on was scheduled to play didn't show up. The game was forfeited, and some guys were sitting around for some kind of pickup game, when a guy came low on the team that forfeited came in and said, 'Where's Manigault? I want to play Manigault.'"

"Well, this guy was an unknown and he had no right to talk like that. If he really wanted to challenge a guy like Earl, he should've come out in the parks, building up a rep of his own. But he kept yelling and bragging, and Earl agreed to play him one-on-one. The word got out within minutes, and immediately there was a crowd gathered for the drama.

"Then they started playing. Earl went five feet high and dunked. Then he blocked the other guy's shot. It was obvious that the man had no intention of offering against Earl. But he was really determined to win himself a rep. So he started pushing and fouling. Earl didn't say a word. He kept making his moves and beating the guy. The other guy kept grabbing and jostling him, but Earl wouldn't stop him. It got to the point where it was just a basketball. And suddenly Earl put down the ball and said, 'I don't need this. You're the best.' And he just walked away.

"Well, if Earl had gone on and whipped it up to thirty to nothing, he couldn't have proved more than he did. The other cat just stood there, not knowing what to say. The crowd surrounded him, and some of us said things about the fouling and the shoving. But he didn't say anything. He didn't feel any need to argue or complain. He had everyone's respect and he knew it. That played that day never left anyone who saw it. Earl was a beautiful man."

MOVING MY MIND AT HARVARD

Y FEBRUARY MORNING almost twenty-
s ago I woke up before first light,
el bag and a scruffy suitcase into a
p truck, and went off to college.
nty-one, just discharged from the
to accept the best cerebral gases on
as Tech. I brought as qualifications
ting the U. S. Army's satisfaction
e on its High School Equivalency
viable civilian experience as a cotton
d roustabout, summer postman, and
t a drive-in restaurant. I had less
ars, and not a book or a dress shirt.
st as easily have been heading for
h-dozen small Southwestern schools,
expressed interest in my football
ne exclusion of my scholarly possi-
e Texas Tech because my mother's
only three hours' decent hitchhiking
er of the Athletic Department had
ognized a youngster who might re-
neless flattery and promissory lies.
urse of study in mind. In general
ed to make All-American, write a
ovel, and be forever revered in the
sply coeds. I lasted one and one-
s.

y muggy morning in September of
p before first light in Washington,
ny wife over the cargo limitations
l convertible, and twenty-six impos-
later drove off again to college.
was forty-one and a grandfather.
plied than formerly both in books
rts. A monstrous color TV on the
ounded by electrical appliances, pre-
kers. My experience now included
a newspaper reporter, a decade in
of political Washington, five years
at Manhattan literary cocktail par-
tages, three children, and a satisfy-
nce or two, many of life's routine
ot a few moderately deep cuts. I had
the company of Louis Armstrong,
hanson, Bubba Smith, and Norman
shared a predawn walk in Wash-
arry Truman, and in a moment of
hattan madness had explicitly, if
solicited the affections of Lauren-
nger believed life to be ever-lasting
thout number, had learned that the
always clearly printed in the back

I Texas Tech dropout was going to

Harvard. I had applied for a Nieman Fellowship because I was "old, ignorant, and critically in need of rest"—the language notifying my agent and editors that the reliable old word-machine had slipped its cogs. I wanted, in the words of Adlai Stevenson, "to sit on the sidelines for a while, with a glass of wine in my hand, and watch the people dance."

The Lucius W. Nieman Foundation, established in 1937 by the widow of the late publisher of the *Milwaukee Journal* for the purpose of "elevating the standards of journalism"—an ambition, then and now, pregnant with potential—annually brings to Harvard a dozen American journalists and three or four from abroad. With rare exceptions, all of Harvard's facilities are available. Except for loosely pledging not to write "for commercial purposes" while in attendance, and a requirement to perform all assigned work in one course of his choice for one semester, the Nieman Fellow is free to do what he wishes. One former Nieman ran in the 26-mile Boston Marathon, finishing 586th. Another put together the best-selling sex spoof, *Naked Came the Stranger*. Another committed suicide. Ed Leahy, a legendary member of the original Nieman class, who made at Harvard lifelong friendships with Felix Frankfurter and Archibald MacLeish, probably spoke for many successors when he said he wished he could do it again sober.

I was entertaining my fifteen-year-old daughter and twelve-year-old son at a North Carolina beach resort when word came of my selection—an event inspiring much merriment among the offspring, who had trouble seeing Daddy in school. Nor was one cheered when an old friend wrote another, ostentatiously spreading around carbon copies, "In the matter of King v. Harvard, I will take King and give fifty-two pints." "You at Harvard?" a telegram said. Rumors spread that I would major in astrology and Christian Science. One eventually found himself baited into accepting a bet that he dared not offer for the Harvard football varsity.

When the grandfatherly Nieman Fellow examined the histories of the 1969-70 Fellows, he found little comfort. He was the class elder by anywhere from three to fifteen years* and his *curriculum vitae* was nakedly exposed by Harvard's version of our biographical sketches. "Mr. Montalbano," a typical blurb ran, "holds degrees from Rutgers and Columbia Universities, and was an IAPA Scholar at the Universidad Nacional de Buenos Aires in 1961." "Mr. Smith was graduated from

*His morale would slightly improve upon the appointment of Lou Banks, editor of *Fortune*, fifty-two, as the first Nieman Senior Research Fellow.

From what it represented in one man's private mythology to its present-day realities—the travails of an intruder with a sketchy curriculum vitae.

Larry L. King

BLOWING MY MIND AT HARVARD

Williams College, and attended Oxford University." "Mr. Van Aal has degrees from the Lycée Janson de Sailly, Paris, and the Université de Paris." "Mr. King attended Texas Technological College." "For about thirty minutes," an anonymous admirer scrawled on a *New York Times* clipping.

For years the wannabe scholar had listed his academic deficiencies behind the darkest mendacities, claiming when pressed to be a graduate of this university or that, bestowing high honors or exotic degrees on himself. Not a set of his old applications for employment exist free of their scholastic deceptions, including a former success on file with the U. S. Congress. With experience, one became less inclined to fortify his shoddy academic walls with liar's mortar. There came a time when it seemed advantageous to stress one's lack of formal intellection. Yet for all his boasting of official ignorance, one never knew when Ben Franklin's voice might whisper in the private darkness, *an investment in knowledge always pays the best interest*, or Horace Mann might thunder, *school-houses are the republican line of fortifications*, or Halliburton might suggest, *a college education shows a man how little other people know*.

No matter that for years one had been a voracious reader, half-digesting great lumps of Faulkner, Kafka, Dickens, Ruskin, Twain, James, Turgenev, Bierce, Kipling, Burke, Sandburg, Mencken, Mailer, the Biblical prophets—even taking cautious samples of Euripides, Joyce, Freud, Shakespeare, Gogol, Kierkegaard, Plato, Marx, Céline, Yeats—devouring in wild, undisciplined fury tomes on primitive mythology, spelunking, Machiavellian politics, race relations, public accounting, ancient wars, girls' basketball, sometimes consuming the *Congressional Record*, Sir James George Frazer, Mickey Spillane, Kraft-Ebing, Sears-Roebuck, *Principles of Biology*, and *The Love Capstone*. No matter that libraries—municipal bookshelves with his name on their spines, or that he had disputed Norman Podhoretz's literary word to his face. No matter at all: for he had no scroll with his name affixed, unless he counted his old GI High School *Legionnaire* certificate.

It is hard to resist the lure. He came represented in the mind's private court by those whose capabilities were shaped in the provinces, whose reluctant civilization judged educational institutions by their football successes, whose family tree boasted not a single marginal scholar. To say in the words of former President Charles William Eliot that his institution was "the oldest, the richest, and the freest" of America's academic clusters was simply not enough. "I don't think you understand what it means back in Kansas City to come East to college." I later would hear a young Harvard professor accuse a history honors class, and the fifteen select seniors—predominately Eastern, affluent extensions of Jewish intellectualism—verified the professor's suspicion by their blank expressions.

My father's favorite Talmud had taught that nothing was more useless or contemptible than

"educated fools"—those long on "bookishness" bereft of the "common sense" he judged the world's daily tasks. It was axiomatic that a man who fastidiously used the language never satisfactorily milk a cow. My father bears talked colorfully and well in terms of idioms of adventures among snake-handling religious cults or experiences along the velvet road, and they provided helpful instruction in the art of coon-hunting, blacksmithing, and carpentry. It was not easy, however, to catch them on ideas.

One politician of the McCarthy era made clear that the nation's most dangerous men were Harvard-educated. Snobs were known to be there, as rich as they were arrogant. They were despised, and envied Harvard's sons for their intellectual notions, old money, Eastern breeding, and elegantly effete and snobbish ways. "Bright men like McNamara, Bundy, and Ford were under the influence of his thinking," Sam Houston would complain in *My Brother and I*, because he regarded them as part of an intellectual elite. There was a hint of awe in his attitude toward them. He knew he was basically smarter than they were—smarter in some respect—by way of talking and their whole education on the ground—Harvard, Yale, and all of that—got to him more than it should." When the undergraduate House of Harvard elected a freshman, I had been himself assigned to the House. I was offended by imitations of my Texas accent, and by the fact that my professor had chosen mainly rations of sherry that I never tasted. My choice went near the hatchet-faced, hatefully supercilious Ivy League smartass.

One arrived in Cambridge burned out by academic and regional paranoias, but determined how to preserve his privacy. The fundamentalist Nieman Fellow had a distaste for group activities surpassing all reason. He had never seen a man (preferring, in his youth, to be alone) who enjoyed three touchdowns when he had one. He enjoyed an exceptional night, rather than a series of pluses in which he had performed to only peripheral applause. He had hated the innumerable luncheon airport rallies, fund-raising dinners, identification meetings so necessary to the political life of all those goddamned people, each or all of whom he would push, shove, crowd, hoo-haw: *my name, my name's Jimmy*. There remained, however, the old pleasures he enjoyed, and periodically he recharged his mental juices through three or four nights of unrestrained reveling. As he grew older, however, these diversions became less vital. To live and work as a writer free of all obligations, to escape his compulsive appointments with the typewriter, the more he came to cherish seclusion, his books, his deadlines, and his private life. On arriving in Cambridge he bought a stack of books with which he planned to read and intellectual grace, installed a plug-in telephone, and vowed to contact the outside world only in moments of personal convenience.

ASANTLY ENOUGH in the September
ans and professors honored our in-
cheon in the genteelly shabby old
ty Club. This was intended as a
a Fellows and faculty getting to
ruth it resembled two distinct cele-
an Fellows circled each other war-
sizing up the fraternal competition.
rmed their more sedate circles; one
eaking as Cold War Congressmen
issians: "No one knows what to ex-
ter last spring." "There's a rumble
olding a strategy session tonight."
know if they truly seek to commu-
ly to agitate." The enemy was the
ts. One began to suspect an inter-

occurred immediately after our
a anti-sherry forces seized control
he captive Nieman in a body to
ar on Harvard Square. Here Scotch,
n beer carried the day as we sixteen
our most convivial faces, accepting
at even the hoariest city-room yarns,
ng the other fellow's grinners into
each of us careful to make fluttery
sty when it became necessary to air
capes of personal accomplishment.
ke of what every heart surely had
ot to spend a year with these people,
o discover the fools, charlatans, and
who hoped to meditate in solitude
onnections with anyone who might
he floor at midnight or plot excessive
ary picnics. Those with modest appre-
all children were naturally on guard
who owned several. It was a subtle
knowing and judging, and those who
didn't belong in the league.

runk revealed himself on that first
e and oceans of sherry would be re-
one could name from among his as-
orporate Straight Arrow, The Lover,
ous Fat Man, The Harmless Wry
e Country Cynic, and The Cool Cat.
n became a living advertisement for
ndulging in weepy midday jags, be-
garrulous the closer he approached
never hesitating at seminars to re-
question he had asked fifteen min-
t had simply forgotten in the fog.

originally revealed after telephoning
Fellows' wives to solicit private ap-
en their husbands were in class, be-
public peep show in town as he
rious objects of his abundant affec-
he thought to be cozy corners, there
edroom eyes and whisper his endear-
us to large and appreciative audi-
ness The Corporate Straight Arrow
entrate on the dramatic productions
er because of his compulsion to greet
face was marginally familiar, or
to be well-connected in the faculty

community, was a quick lesson in corporate climb-
ing. To observe The Country Cynic shaking his
head and delightedly saying *sumbitch* as such mortal
exhibitions verified his natural suspicions was
to feel that mankind might yet be uplifted.

Those early days were not bad for the spirit.
This was before the Nieman wives had the oppor-
tunity to think of certain of their counterparts as
bitches or bores, before snow, before one grew
weary of the same old faces. One's ego received
vital refurbishings as he played almost every down
in a 14-12 Nieman football loss to lithe young
Crimson hearties, a foolishness that left him bruised
and bedridden only for three days.* One discov-
ered an impossible number of exciting courses in
the Harvard catalogue. He decided to risk public
exposure, choosing economics, history, the drama,
sociology, American literature, foreign affairs; the
law, astronomy, and the Divinity School tempted
him. The would-be scholar began to cultivate a
knowing air two weeks before classes began. He
skulked around The Coop eyeing Harvard chairs
and crimson sweat shirts, wondering when the
White House might solicit his advice on problems
requiring light touches of culture.

One temporarily spurned an old habit of writing
by night and sleeping by day, rising to stroll about
Harvard Yard or Harvard Square with the early
sun and the morning dew, frisky squirrels and
yawning storekeepers as his incidental companions.
He made an honest effort to acquire the feel of
history by reading chipped gravestones (looking
incongruously like cardboard cutouts from Holly-
wood's notion of Boot Hill memorials) in the Old
Burial Ground near Christ Church, where lay the
Revolutionary soldiers and Harvard's earliest
bloods. Or he quietly contemplated stone memorials,
such as the one off Cambridge Common stating,
rather matter-of-factly, that here, under a certain
large old elm, one night in April of 1775, villagers
gathered to march in defense of Concord against
the British. Other markers reminded him that
Cambridge had been founded in 1630, that Har-
vard began only six years later, that here, in Wads-
worth House, General Washington of the Conti-
nental Army had briefly made his headquarters
before moving over to Vassall House on Brattle
Street.

Yet it was unreal: did not come alive despite
one's dogged efforts to call up thudding hoof-
beats of Revere's mount, the righteous rattle of Co-
lonial muskets, the canings of Harvard's first sons
by its first president. Too many traffic lights in-
truded on the dream, too many subway rumblings,
too many signs advertising pizza, cocktail lounges
with Inez-at-the-keyboard; too many stray beards
slipped up behind the history-seeker to demand
spare coins. He discovered that he dwelt more effi-

"With experience,
one became
less inclined to
fortify his
shoddy aca-
demic walls with
liar's mortar."

*His plan to offer for the Harvard football varsity was
aborted when a humorless functionary of the Athletic De-
partment failed to discern by telephone the intriguing pos-
sibilities. Things went well, after the grandfatherly Nieman
said he had once played at Texas Tech, until he responded
to the matter of when by confessing to 1949.

Larry L. King
BLOWING
MY MIND AT
HARVARD

ciently in imaginary tents of the past when in his native desert Texas, where the sight of rocky foothills, salt domes, and flat brown miles marching unbroken to distant horizons suggested the Ice Age glaciers inching down from Canada, inactivated old seas, the earliest Spanish expeditions: suggested prideful Comanches, who for four hundred years made their murderous pony-back raids into Mexico while dispatching all reciprocating invaders; buffalo herds belly-deep in grasses, the old Butterfield Stage and Judge Roy Bean and prehistoric Midland Man who wandered that desolate land twenty thousand years ago. He knew that Harvard had graduated students two hundred years before settlers stopped killing Indians around Dallas; yet he walked where Washington had stood, and Henry David Thoreau and the earliest of Saltonstalls, by Queen Anne and Tory and old Georgian houses, unaccountably convinced that it had all started here no earlier than 1936.

For by midmorning Harvard Square would be packed by hairy wrecks and bra-less butterballs hawking their wares—Fem Libs, Black Panthers, SDS-ers, Weathermen, nihilists, hedonists, devil-worshippers, and unspecified crazies all proclaiming The Only True Salvation: chanters of *Hare Krishna*—*Hare Krishna*/ *Krishna Krishna*/ *Hare Hare*, wearing their peach-colored togas with shaved heads and rattling tambourines. Agents of bug-eyed spiritualists, peace marches, and coffeehouses thrust their documents into his hand, while teenyboppers from South Boston and juvenile runaways from Indiana made their ersatz Harvard poses. Bell-bottoms and miniskirts. Pot-smokers and panhandlers. Green-eye-shadow gals and anti-cosmetic feminists. Hairy heads suggesting cockleburrs and ticks. Jivers and schemers and round-the-clock dreamers. Merchants posting notices proclaiming ABSOLUTELY NO BARE FEET INSIDE. Through it all wandered occasional gray old faculty heads wearing the tweeds and ties of another day, sometimes muttering to themselves.

Exactly the type of thing, of course—along with student protests and “fuck” appearing frequently in the columns of the *Crimson*—to inspire the old grads of '09 or '53 to write letters threatening to dry up alumni generosity or to point their heirs toward Yale. “The Bright Lexicon of Youth,” wrote Bernard A. Merriman, '09, in a letter to the *Harvard Bulletin*: “Guys, chicks, twerps, latrine, grass, abortion, pregnant, shrink, seduced, hysterics, and nervous breakdowns all needed to describe the life of happy sharing. Harvard College appears ready to diffuse this barnyard culture throughout its Houses. I do not feel obligated to assist.” What triggered B. A. Merriman '09 was an article heralding the arrival of coeducational dorms, making it all the easier for the Radcliffe lamb to lie down with the Harvard lion. Such things happen—may have happened as early as '09 (though surely without community cooperation, which probably only made it all the sweeter). May it comfort Old Grads: some of Harvard's

sons first to bivouac officially in Radcliffe complained of young ladies taking their bathrobes and curlers, while Cliffies complained of Harvard men who regurgitated their appetites and were slow to open doors, carry luggage, and quest dates.

Harvard is not what it used to be. Harvard or the single-wing or McGovern image or the taste of baked sweet potatoes, kids, especially, are not what they were. Presidents who lovingly speak of peace progressively waging war no longer for the fossils who vote to send them to die for Asian governments in the name of democracy, while closing their eyes to acts of violence against the Black Panthers are quickly revealed as frauds. Screwing is better than killing nothing of being ever so much more than the young know this where their fathers' Pot being no worse than alcohol, they know sanity in an alcoholic judge's sending people to jail on the word of a drinking prospector murdering his own liver—while Washington subsidizes tobacco growers and cancer research in the same pocket. They know that Eisenhower about our U-2 spying missions, that Lyndon the Gulf of Tonkin and much to follow, the Pentagon told truths all these years ago: “kill ratios”—seven-to-one; ten-to-one; then the Vietcong would be more severely engaged than we now find it. They know the existing between the claims of institutional advertising and institutional performance, in malignant forms when they attempt Manhattan telephone calls or when they can't secure a loan outside the lairs of the bank or when doorknobs fall off or basements new \$50,000 split-levels and when the streets of faulty automobiles assign private detectives to dig up dirt on Ralph Nader. They know that careless ecological crimes are committed by our industrial kings against the land they proposed to inherit (provided they don't die) on the campus of their personal Kappa. They know that Dr. Billy Graham, the Nixon administration's official moralist, has not provided a major social crisis in twenty years. They let them eat platitudes. They know that Humphrey Bob Hope, Mendel Rivers, and other strikers most publicly proclaim the need for more killing tools, and young men to enthusiastically employ them, have never served a military day in their comfortable fat old lives. They know that Edgar Hoover is a despot, a tyrant, a bureaucratic bureaucrat who runs his G-man corporation daily democracy attending a banquet, and that not a man in Congress, not a man in the House, has guts enough to say so.

MUCH, OF COURSE, IS UNKNOWN to the young. They know nothing of parenthood, the debilitating pressure



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who make sure everyday's menu is delect-
ent.

tor of Entertainment who fills the Queens
duble Room with your applause.

the ship's officers and crew who have in-
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shit bosses, of being locked by age, habit, financial obligations, mean circumstances, or mature cowardice into loveless marriages, dead-end careers, and advancing physical infirmities. They understand little of the Depression's old chills or of the numbing fears of McCarthyism, and they sense practically nothing of what boiling insecurities those events inspired in their elders. They have no viable solutions to many of the problems they rail against; while they will resent its being said, they simply lack the seasoning, judgment, or experience to run the world as efficiently as they presume they would should its care be suddenly thrust upon them. One met young fools at Harvard as well as old.

On their down days, Harvard's sons and Radcliffe's daughters cry many damnations: the most heralded of their professors (whose campus presence may have originally motivated them to Cambridge) are mostly aloof strangers, difficult to communicate with even in their posted office hours, generally content to surrender their charges to obscure teaching fellows while removing themselves to write books, perform distant lectures, or accomplish research. Students often feel they are no more than passing numbers in the institution's scheme, unknown by name or distinguishing characteristics to those who lecture them in lots of two hundred or more, strangers even to their classmates, with little voice in student government (of which Harvard effectively has almost none). They are as impatient with Harvard's varied study commissions as they are with Washington's, seeing fewer reforms than new commissions. Despite Harvard's reputation for excellence, a surprising number of students complain of not being sufficiently challenged: it is impossible, they claim, to fail a course as long as one is not suspended for disciplinary reasons or unless one too vigorously contradicts a professor's favored dogma. "I don't think a Harvard education means what it once did," Frank Rich, an editor of the *Crimson*, said to me. "Many of us at the *Crimson* spend our time and our energies here. I don't know anybody who does all the required reading, or who worries much about attending classes. On the other hand, I don't know anybody who's failing."

Sam (we shall disguise him), a bright young Midwestern junior originally shipped to Harvard because his wealthy parents thought it necessary to be saved from radical elements (and who has learned to smoke dope and who is not entirely without sympathy for the Weathermen), is depressed over joining his innocent parents in Washington for their annual Easter pilgrimage to national shrines. "We visit all the stone monuments," he says; "then we call on the old relics in Congress my father contributes to. Everyone sits around reaffirming mutual prejudices. What they hate most is militant blacks and college students. I remember when they mostly hated Northern Democrats and 'Fifth Amendment Communists.'" Gloria telephoned her wealthy parents' Seaboard home in tears to ask if someone could please make

sense of the campus killings at Kent State call here in hysterics again," her rich father said. "For a minute I thought you were had been busted for pot." Another classmate is hung up by the double life she leads: twenty, a schizophrenic contrast between home and school. "I've practically lived with my father for a year, but when I'm home for Christmas I'm not permitted phone calls after 10:00. My safe old gaffer draws a low draft number in the fishbowl in Washington, a love affair with Ted Kennedy jeopardizes the immediate election, driving not quite all the way across the country to bridge; cops invade Harvard Yard to clear it with billy clubs; there is a sudden rush to LSD—and desperate calls go home. The conflict erupts between friends; suicide is common. Five or six or seven out of ten seek therapy. I shrink. "I don't know anybody happy here," I hear from a significant number of students.

One should remember, of course, that the dramatization comes easily to the young, particularly chic these days to claim more serious disaffections than the next fellow. As God knows (and Nathan Pusey should know) enough to go around. Fred once told me he almost never went to class, seldom did any reading, and did not trouble himself with the extent that his friend Stan did. Stan told the same story—except that he reversed the respective roles.

Of the five or six classes I audited this year, the figures were much more stable and consistent. Higher than the students led me to believe, a large majority of those students who would loudest admit that they probably would not attend Harvard if they had to do it over.

I AGREE THAT FACULTY LIONS generally have minimal student contacts, considering that students little better than necessary need them. At several Cambridge dinner parties I have heard faculty-types discuss—to the exclusion of mentioning their students for good or ill—national politics, their glory days in the past when Camelot reigned, their books or their career frustrations. John Kenneth Galbraith, Harvard Professor of Economics and Harvard's most determined triple-threat man of letters, brought refreshing candor to E. J. Kahn, Jr., author of *Harvard: Through Change and Through Struggle*. "I've never been able to put my mind on any of these problems. The fact that some students are exploring the structure of poverty in the United States or the means of financing the Interstate System doesn't attract me. I've never known anyone give the same standing to someone else's problem that I give my own." Perhaps President Nixon himself establishes the institutional precedent. In his *Ambassador's Journal*, Galbraith described inviting Mr. Pusey to inform him of plans for his return on receiving his appointment as Ambassador to India: "He received the news with great

He hoped it might be early in the morning so there would be a minimum of urbane. The interview, *the only one with him*"—italics supplied—"took notes." The President of Harvard is of course, and one cannot expect him instant interviews or to hunker down rapping with radicals. Particularly Pusey, who can go cold and flinty when who—since calling in police during rising of '69—has become something scold against the rebellious young. grant newspaper or TV interviews the rarest occasion, and I discovered three students who had had a personal

man. I've developed unhealthy suspicions not only of students, but among faculty members. Events of the famous spring when tradition was violated by outwading Harvard Yard, radicalized graduates and polarized the faculty. Time, well-publicized "conservative" caucuses have been held among faculty groups at the slightest provocation uncommon to hear faculty members speak of old friendships brookists betrayed. "We used to meet at Club and talk of our husbands' academics," one faculty wife said to me, "but per of campus politics—or we don't rather suspect it must be the same as in Congress at times." A certain mystification cloaks these fresh wounds, senses the deepest seethings beneath civility. President Pusey has opted for a new element, if that's any clue.

I believe that Harvard students are all tracing their Harvard histories back as the Saltonstalls (of whom nine graduated by the start of the twentieth century). A substantial percentage of sons remain (up to a quarter was normal in World War II, though the figure is a little lower now) but old Crimson blood for as much as it once did. There is less than formerly with social, economic, ethnic mixes; perhaps 60 to 65 per cent of students now come from public schools, but there's been a recent effort to welcome students don't jump off the Cambridge water when they finish in the bottom quarter. The place of rawer democracies than the traditional eating clubs do not matter anymore, or snooty connections, or affecting leather elbows, or button-down and tasteful narrow ties. One night in the House Master, veteran of many a manly meal where his boys appear scrubbed faces and "sirs" on their lips over sherry that coats and ties at ease to be obligatory—remarking, in amazement, that a persistent minority

attempt to claim dining-hall rights in their T-shirts.

Neither believe, however, that barbarians reign triumphant: Harvard currently accepts only one in 5.2 applicants, almost three-fourths of these taking honors. A high percentage spend summer vacations in interesting and useful ways: working with Ralph Nader, doing labor in Israel, writing for newspapers, cutting sugarcane in Cuba, interning in Congress, or hitchhiking through Europe. As a group they are intelligent, articulate, more concerned and serious than their elders suspect. For all the agony smiting the Class of '09, the students are only moderately radical.*

An old head there sees numerous sociological differences between this collegiate generation and his own. Fewer barracks boastings prevail about the astonishing amount of nooky one gets, probably because more youngsters are busy in its efficient harvestings. Where we considered a weekend lost in the absence of getting all vomity drunk, today's youngsters are more likely to content themselves with acid-laced orange juice, marijuana, or mild beer busts. ("They don't drink," a young Harvard professor said. "When I was an undergraduate here seven years ago, we organized our social life around booze. These kids don't really care for it.") Where we stood in fear before professors or other symbols of authority, today's students are quite cavalier, fearless, and not easily intimidated. Where we made a big thing of family pedigrees or finances, social station, personal histories, and introduced ourselves down to our middle initials and hometowns, today's kids say only, "I'm Scott," or, "I'm Frank," or, "I'm Ann." The idea, they explain, is to accept other humans at face value: they don't give a damn what has gone before. This ignoring of the personal past may somehow serve the ideal of a pure democracy, though as a writer obsessed with every man's story and as one who thinks understanding of the past is vital to lessons of the present, it blows my mind.

THE OLD NIEMAN'S RESENTFUL JUICES boiled when he heard undergraduates sneer at their parents' fears of premature pregnancies, or criti-

*Of 4,800 Harvard undergraduates and 1,200 Cliffies, only three hundred participated in the original seizure of University Hall. Of three thousand persons present in Harvard Square for the celebrated post-Cambodian trashings last spring, not nearly all were students and only a small minority participated. Even the hairiest radicals are not wholly devoid of reason: when two hundred of them marched on the campus ROTC building with thoughts of burning it, following the Kent State killings, an equal number circled the building to protect it; after a lengthy debate, rather than fistcuffs, the radicals were successfully persuaded against torching. When fifteen or so Weathermen invaded the Center for International Affairs to attack faculty members and secretaries in a senseless hit-and-run raid, they were denounced by varied SDS factions and, indeed, by almost every organization on campus. From Cambodia's invasion forward, however, one observed a generalizing spread of radicalism.

"...self-dramatization comes easily to the young. It is particularly chic these days to claim more cancerous disaffections than the next fellow."

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cize their fathers for their economic preoccupations, or jeer at the family chaos resulting from a mother's vacation discovery of pot caches, or otherwise speak with contempt of their elders. When a student whose writing seemed mature and perceptive complained in honest outrage of his long-divorced father having cut off his sustaining child-support payments now that the student had turned twenty-one, I found myself cheering the old boy (*Yeah! Go, Dad!*) and then delivering a stiff little lecture telling the young barbarians how many of my own youthful contemporaries were expected, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, to largely make their own ways in the world or at least to pay weekly board into the family coffers. When the Nieman Fellows, publishing a special issue of the *Crimson*, attacked that publication for (1) having no blacks on its staff, (2) paying less than union wages to its back-shop help, and (3) barring press coverage of their annual banquet, I thought the editors' whines and protest unbecom-

ing. One would be drinking beer with *Crimson* staffers, considering himself their calendar equals, and then a bright young Cliffie would remark, "Oh, it happened a long time ago—Kennedy had just been elected President, and I was in about the fourth grade." The old Nieman would recall that his first conversation with John F. Kennedy occurred sixteen years ago, when Kennedy was a junior and very skinny U.S. Senator who appeared ill at ease and who stammered his speeches in a high, reedy voice. In one class I mentioned the execution of the Rosenbergs, an event that seemed to me to have taken place about a week ago Wednesday, and a voice in the back asked, "Who in hell were the Rosenbergs?" "God," one Cliffie said to another as I walked past them, "Sally's hooked on this old guy who teaches school in Providence. He's got to be thirty-two or thirty-three." Dr. Richard ("Kip") Pells, a gifted young professor of history, remarked in the first class I attended, "I was born in the time of Pearl Harbor"—somehow making it sound as if the Zeros had zoomed in only about two hours after Christ fled the tomb.

One evening at a party a young lady remarked on a magazine article revealing my early prejudices against black people. She said that writing it must have required unusual courage. No, I said, because those youthful indiscretions had not been performed by the man who wrote the article: the boy who had held those attitudes died, in effect, about twenty-five years ago: I remembered him well enough, but he simply wasn't with us anymore. A senior I had come to know, a mature young man of serious purposes, followed me to the kitchen bar: "Did you mean that? I mean, I can't imagine ever getting so outside myself I would become another person. How can you become that alienated from yourself?"

My young friend was bright and sincere. He had not lived long enough to understand that just as the body changes in cellular structures, just as

hair falls out and teeth decay, there are change in the mind, the heart, the soul, —so varied, so alternately exhilarating tating, so capable of lighting a dark co brain or permanently bruising some t chic spot that it throbs in the sleeples other decades, that *not* to become som than we once were would constitute the, tion of nature.

He should not (I said) be embarrassed by his former selves. He should welcome them—study them like slide microscope, the better to understand th had come to, the paths by which he h I tried to say that—in future years— young friend had made inevitable jou into his past, old ghosts would reach mand accountings, to defend, to accuse.

Probably I said it badly, halting an there in that Cambridge kitchen in haze, for the young man turned away, more than politely. Later, back in the cle, the host jocularly asked what I had Harvard to date. I was feeling a little used up. I said, "Every snake must sh skins." There was a clumsy silence, th sneaking glances, wondering whether I d a profundity or was just another old drunk in the snowy night. Then a you said, "Groovy." and someone sai groovy," and then somebody else got n vance the rock music's decibel level ju wasn't coming in loud and clear down the Old North Church tower.

IN HIS WINTER OF DISCONTENT th scholar was startled to observe how behavior matched his experience at T As in the earlier time, his mind in the most lecturing voices dreamed and wa a hobo. He stared sightlessly out of w methodically baited his sweet wife as l tempted the mild farmboy who had l fortunate as to draw him for a room al Tech. And, as before, he lived with a o tist guilt that nagged him like a fishy bungled opportunities.

For all his small samplings, the gr Nieman had never been overwhelmi ore of academicians. He judged them breed, saw much in them of account nauts, career civil servants: men of lar ties and little hammers: men who ke on third base and would have shrivele if instructions to steal home. He suspect Milhous Nixon might have prosper prairie school where high marks we for memorizing dates of history and enjoyed pep rallies. He saw them as cialists, untroubled by runaway imagi little concerned with robust fun or the gars of democratic confrontations. I ments, these. Judgments from one w

sely when his old father had preached of "educated fools."

oked to Harvard to repair these mis-
 Instead he had discovered academi-
 ignored his father's definitions. There
 celebrated Harvard law professor (a
 to two Kennedys and a McNamara
 , finishing second in the Nieman semi-
 suddenly shouted *didn't we know who*
 then branded another Harvard profe-
 sin had been to criticize The Insti-
 agreement with the semi-celebrated
 —as "unfit to be a member of the
 ility." There was the biologist who
 a new product fatal to useless in-
 en somebody joshingly asked whether
 tout owned any stock in the miracle-
 cula, why, it developed after some
 at he certainly did. There was an
 e Signet Society when a number of
 statesmen, representing Washington
 r four Presidents, produced three
 at Harry Truman called "gobbledy-
 subject entitled "Difficulties of Inter-
 Communication in Foreign Policy,"
 er dogged listening revealed, how best
 pers from one State Department of-
 r so that the buck remains in a state
 ge. (Dr. John Knowles, denied ap-
 the Nixon Administration as head
 Health Service, thanks to opposition
 rican Medical Association's most re-
 kks, and a fellow visitor, whispered
 several of the more precious com-
 en I confessed that I could not, we
 ass the faculty members taking copi-
 m not certain," the first said. "I'm
 ear on that," a second responded. A
 fully tugging his briar pipe, cleared
 eral times before admitting he was
 ued" by the terminology. "Jesus,"
 pered, "maybe the AMA did me a

er MUST BE SAID, when my Harvard
 What I heard from Huntley-Brink-
 the *Boston Globe* might have been
 another planet, for all the con-
 Nor could I identify with many
 ng in full view: when Harvard's
 remained all night by their radios,
 their draft numbers to be announced,
 I to one who had completed his mil-
 n by the time they were born. One
 me his Domestic Court appearances
 rill as he listened, in Dr. Theodore
 eative-writing class, to a series of
 stories revealing the triangular
 iting campus infatuations. One who
 the organizational climbings of
 ctors was not entertained in observ-
 techniques at the faculty level. One
 uncertain motives in his own mod-

est writings was unlikely to feel rapture in hearing professors authoritatively explain exactly why Céline or Barth or Donleavy had done it this way, and then—as if reciting unimpeachable catechisms—blithely reveal the hidden meanings and deeper secretions of the authors. One who knew the natural agonies of delivering unheralded books cringed while students easily proclaimed *Catcher in the Rye* "irrelevant and juvenile," or damned Bellow, Steinbeck, or Arthur Miller for their "minor themes"; he came near to striking a sophomore who confidently said of *Death of a Salesman*, "Actually, it's just a story about this old guy who was hung up on job security."

One who had for several years enjoyed the luxury of not much caring what folks thought about him, in small matters, anyway, could only enjoy the irrational angers he generated when he thoughtlessly appeared to accept his Certificate of Completion from President Pusey (and to pose for the official class photographs) in knockabout corduroys and a bright orange sweater. When passing undergraduates, spotting the Nieman Fellows stiffly posing on the steps of Widener Library, demanded our identifications, he called out "The New Canaan Chamber of Commerce Committee to Eradicate Potato Bugs," "The Green Bay Packers of 1937," and "Friends of Louise Day Hicks." No, he could not escape the campus quickly enough.

But perhaps, in ways he has not had time to comprehend, the Harvard experience may even have improved the grandfatherly Nieman. He obtained some insights into a world previously unknown to him, and sampled the minds of a new generation. He read a number of books that might have eluded him had he been busy fighting deadlines, and he sat and thought a bit. For all his churlishness, he joined a few new friendships of value. He has warm memories of observing Barlow Herget, the twenty-six-year-old editor of a small daily in Paragould, Arkansas, challenging the word of former Presidential advisers and locked in thumb-wrestling with Norman Mailer. It was good to watch Lou Banks shed fifteen years. There were fine evenings spent happily comparing the latest absurdities with Wally Terry, a colleague from *Time*, and with special young friends from the *Crimson*. The grandfatherly Nieman came to appreciate the fact that while Harvard might not be perfect, she permits the individual to go his way without excessive restrictions or institutional demands.

I cannot imagine that in some future date I will forget the loneliness of Cambridge evenings where the soul was as dark and icy as the February outdoors, coming to speak only of good and glorious times as do Veterans of Foreign Wars convening down at the lodge once their chests have slipped, their hair has thinned, and their shrapnel scars have whitened. It may be, however—come a future November or two—that for the first time I will show some small sneaky personal interest in whether Harvard (if one can believe it) beats Yale.

"One who had observed the organizational climbings of powerful Senators was not entertained in observing the same techniques at the faculty level."

THE EFFECT WAS ONE OF ORDER, but someone always heard the knock, no matter how light a knock it was. There was always someone attuned to hearing the knock. Usually, whoever happened to be around sat Moroccan-style on low cushions around a big rectangle of plywood that served as a table. One time, Ralph inspected the cluttered top of the table and whooped like a prospector. "Wow someone left a big piece of hash there," he said. It was enough to fill two pipes. If you brought something to drink, it would disappear as though it had evaporated, but nobody bothered to remove the empty bottles. Monkey, his fat little rump rising as he crawled over people's knees, teethed on the corks. Someone had given Sven and Viveka a real monkey when they got married but they couldn't get it through customs. The first six months, Viveka carried Monkey in a basket that was shaped like a kayak, with a strap around her neck. She carried him everywhere, in the metro, in cafés, to visit her friend Hank. Hank was a saxophonist who didn't play much anymore. He hung around the Storyville jazz club on the Rue de la Huchette a lot. He had a room in the *cinquième* with a washbasin and a bidet in the corner, concealed by a screen. When Hank and Viveka were in bed, she put Monkey and his kayak on the bidet behind the screen. Viveka had blond hair as fine as floss-thread, with phosphorescent cat's eyes in a round milkmaid face, and she talked with a slight lisp like a baby. Hank was like Sportin' Life in *Porgy and Bess*, always dapper and snappy. Even the beer pot that made his turtleneck sweater bulge as though he had a big egg under it, looked just right. Viveka said about Hank, when he's happy, he's so happy. Sven didn't seem to mind. Once he grumbled that Hank was always around when he came home from work. A lot of other people were around too, smoking and drinking and talking and listening to Sven's hi-fi set. He had built it from components and it had two black speakers as big as suitcases, and an arm with a brush to keep the turntable dust-free. When you listened to a Bach mass on Sven's hi-fi, it was like being in the front pew at Notre Dame cathedral. Hank and his musician friends liked to listen to

You never knew how many people would spend the night. A mattress in a walk-in closet was used for shorter or longer periods of time but he had no other place to go. Bachir, a tall, olive-skinned, loose-jointed cat, had been unemployed for a month. In the afternoon he went out and viewed black artists living in Paris. "I am a series, man, a series," he said. He was weary of childbearing to talk about his work was something he had to deliver himself from great pain. He showed it to everyone who looked at it. One of his interviews, with a man who based his work on Dogon wood carvings, began. "You can tell just by looking at the Temple that he's a genius." Bachir wasn't an Arab name. He was full of information about the Koran. He would tell you that during Ramadan when Moslems aren't allowed to eat between sunrise and sunset, they define the moment when you can no longer distinguish white from a black thread. Bachir had traveled over the Middle East, for more than ten years, and was allowed to go into the mosques to pray. You wondered how he was able to do so much on so little money. When someone asked him one evening, he winked and smiled, showing a gold tooth next to one missing tooth, and said, "my fine ways." Bachir was very quiet and maybe the Koran taught you that, unless you have a few drinks in him, then he got voluble. He talked about this great work he was carrying out, and that he had to deliver himself of it. The following evening the fellow from French Guiana was there. From looking at him, everyone thought he was from Guiana was in Africa, but he said it was in South America. He said it was still a colony under French rule, and the trouble was there were too many of them to revolt, only fifty thousand. L., a Stockholm schoolmate who had left France, said it was a question of will, not numbers. The fellow from French Guiana said he was fighting against colonialism and the oppression.

Fig. 1.

wasn't such a bad place, his brother a Renault, and his father owned his. To one ever starved there, you could jungle and pick all the bananas and could eat. The capital was Cayenne. Used to send the convicts, and the con- work for people to earn some money. "Ite slaves," he said. Harry, a wire- ter based in Paris, said Cayenne was de pepper, but the fellow from French here was no more pepper in Cayenne re tea plantations in England.

THE CONVICTS could help the people find political consciousness. The fel- ench Guiana began talking about his it was the best car on the market. it "orse" Citroën, it could cross Europe of gas, it never had mechanical trou- w the inside of a garage, the engine first turn of the key, he wouldn't trade lac. He said he was trying to get a job f a youth center in Cayenne, but that ents were made in Paris and the only ounted was who you knew. Lilo sat on the floor. She wore a kimono with ese character printed on the back of r of pants with horizontal black and s. Her hair was cropped short. There it under the mirror in her room. She time in front of the mirror, snipping hair. A narrow bandana was tied head, Indian-style. When she moved think of that line of Herrick's. "the of her clothes." Bachir and the fellow Guiana seemed to be stalking Lilo like owing her with their eyes and waiting ble moment. Once when she got up to m Bachir followed her. The next time e fellow from French Guiana followed d he was quitting his engineer's job iveka were going to buy a secondhand camper and drive to Africa and make Ralph arrived and got out the atlas to ow he could drive right down the coast eca, from Tangier to Dakar. Ralph had d face. When he wasn't there you ember what he looked like. Harry said eed a Land Rover because there were ly pistes, and a visa to get through Ralph said you could do it in a VW. it, but what you had to have was a ply of water. You were always running hose cars had broken down and who water. Harry said it had certainly n the days when they would run out slit the camels' humps and drink the liquid inside. When Harry smiled the corners of his eyes bunched up and ny sheaves of wheat. Sven said it was us, and last year some Germans had in a sandstorm. he was tired and was going to sleep

on the floor in Monkey's room. Almost every night, Monkey had a different baby-sitter. Viveka arrived with Hank. "Hey-do," Sven said. Hank was whistling and snapping his fingers, and he put on a Charlie Mingus record. Lilo made a joint with a filter-tip Gitane, lit it, and passed it to Harry. "This place is too much for me," she said. "I've been here less than a week and it feels like a month. They are used to those tough French girls, they don't understand if you are nice to them." Harry had very light lashes that made his eyes look unprotected. He said Lilo looked like she needed some air. Lilo nodded. Harry had to retrieve a book he had loaned Viveka first, and went with her into the hallway. Viveka brushed Harry's reddish cowlick back from his forehead. "I always thought you were so serious," she said. "Maybe I am," he said. "Sven and I are just good friends," she said. "I want to ask you a question. At what age do you think a child can be left by its mother?" Harry was divorced. His three-year-old daughter was in his wife's custody. "Twenty-six," he said. That was Viveka's age. When they got back to the room Sven gave Harry a look through his narrow Scandinavian eyes that were the result of centuries of snow glare. Harry said he was taking Lilo out for a walk. They crossed the Saint-Michel bridge. The black water was mottled with the reflections of street lights. "I don't like to expose myself to situations I can't manage," Lilo said. She had already been through that once in Stockholm in the community sex group, she said. You were supposed to get rid of jealousy and possessiveness and communicate with beautiful people, but finally it didn't help. Harry was interested in the mechanics of it.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for instance, how do you choose your partners?"

"Like dancing partners."

"And you're all in the same room?"

"Yes, but you don't notice the others that much."

"How many of you were there?"

"Ten. We had known each other a long time. We thought it would make our marriages better. Do you think it's awful?"

"I don't know. Some men can't get to first base with their own wives."

"The last time, I wouldn't go with the fellow I was supposed to. It spoiled everything for the others. I tried to explain so I wouldn't hurt his feelings. I had known him for years. I just couldn't. It was his fingers, they had square tips."

"Was that why you left your husband?"

"That was one of the reasons. I had enough of that type of bourgeois existence."

"I thought Sweden was a socialist country."

Her laugh was like the wind bells in Thai temples. "People think it is, but it's not. I want to find out about a revolution."

"I covered several revolutions," Harry said. "It's always the same thing. One bunch makes the revolution. Then another bunch takes it over. Except for Fidel. But it's easier in a small country."

"I went to Albania for two weeks last year," she

said, "And I wanted to go to Cuba. I realized what was important. I used to think a lot about clothes. I went to talk to my mother about it and I told myself, 'My mother will realize I have important feelings once she has got used to my sad eyes.'"

One of the clochards who sleep over the subway gratings in the Châtelet waved his hat in front of them. Harry never gave them anything but now he dipped into his pocket and pulled out a franc. They sat on a bench across from the gilded gates of the Palais de Justice.

Harry said, "Look, I'm leaving for Nice tomorrow on an assignment and if you want, I can give you a ride down and you can have a few quiet days away from the Balubas."

"That's not a nice way to talk. They are wonderful. They have a wonderful intensity."

"I know," Harry said, "when I was in Katanga, ten U.N. soldiers, Swedes as a matter of fact, went into the Baluba camp for a census check, and only eight came out. The next day they paraded the heads of the two others on poles through the camp, with the blue berets still on them. They don't eat heads."

"That sounds like the kind of thing you see in comic books," Lilo said. Then, "What kind of car have you got?"

"A VW."

"Oh, good. I was afraid you'd have one of those big American ones."

"You mean you couldn't ride in one?"

Her neck straightened like a swan's when its head comes out of the water. "I wouldn't feel comfortable."

"Do you know," Harry said, "that last night I took a friend out to dinner and the price of the dinner was seventy dollars?"

"That is more than a week's wages for a worker at the Renault automobile plant," she said.

"I didn't regret it. We had *bécasse flambée*. A maître d, in a black cutaway prepares it in front of you. An artist. He makes a paste of *foie gras* and butter and adds the bird's finely chopped innards. He presents the *bécasces* as though they are precious objects, and at those prices I guess they are. He pours brandy over them in a chafing dish and sets fire to it and then he does a lot of other things, but I lost track. It was too complicated. But it tastes amazing. And he did something to the heads, with those long beaks, so you could eat them too."

"Not like the Swedish soldiers," she said.

"Oh, come on. I wasn't thinking of that. Look, if I invited you to have *bécasse flambée*, would you turn me down?"

She met his eyes with the deep blue of mountain lakes and said very firmly, "Yes."

"Well, you'd probably be the first woman that ever did."

She got up from the bench and walked around it a couple of times, looking like a guest lecturer with her head down and her hands clasped behind her back, and she said, "I think I'd like to come with you tomorrow. I can't stay with Sven and Viveka. Everyone just sits around. The first days I went

job-hunting. I was full of determination. But it made me feel foolish. And now I am bored and sit around too. It's not easy. Maybe there are enough girls in Paris. I feel guilty that I do a little. I wish I could go to Bolivia and see Che Guevara."

"He's dead."

"Oh, I know. I mean the movement. It can be useful. They don't arouse suspicion."

"Just smile at the political police," and they passed one of the roasted-chestnut stands on the sidewalk of the Boulevard Saint-Michel. Harry bought some. The man filled a thin leather measuring cup which he emptied into a paper bag, adding an extra one.

"I was teaching school in Stockholm. I spoke French and English, that's why I have a French accent, you have to teach in Stockholm. Do you mind my English accent?" Harry said. They entered the building they were looking for. "I won't go up with you," Harry said. He went to get a good night's sleep. He'd like to leave at nine. Bring something warm. It can get cold this time of year."

VIVEKA AND HANK WERE DANCING. Harry was in his own orbit, and Sven was nodding. Lilo sat slowly. A chess game had been left unfinished. Bachir sat smoking, with his dark glasses on. The room that was lit with the yellow porcelaine Paris road-repair crews use for night work. Lilo looked in the mirror and thought, "I'm ugly when I'm suffering a little." She crossed the room to reach the door leading to hers, and she said, "I'm sad, real sad." She asked in a low voice, "Because you're leaving." She asked him to know, "You can't fool old Bachir, he's smart enough of us." "I'm just going south for some sun," she said. "It's too gray here, depressing. I'll be back." "No you won't," said.

Harry's watch said exactly nine. He knew and after about a minute of what sound like furniture being moved, Lilo opened the door, instead of standing aside to let him in, she came on the landing. "I have to tell you something," said, "I can't go with you."

"But why," Harry said, "you told me you were trying to get away from that scene."

"Bachir was so awful last night," she said. "He made me cry." Harry wanted to say, "What does it take?" but instead he said, "I see. I've got to get going." He waited in the hallway for her to say something, but she stood there in her striped pants, with her Indian bandana tied around her head. Her slightly parted lips had the pulp of a tropical fruit. Harry tried to think of something he had done wrong. Although he was the one who was leaving, he felt stranded. "I read a book where the author gave you the choice between staying or going," he said. She watched him with cold eyes. "It's too bad we can't have two of you," she said.

IRICANA BY THE ACRE

h
lren's night, lovers' night, a night for taking things at face value,
fd smiling and for spending freely."

OVE to get into the thick of crowds. I
ubway rush hour, the crush at ticket
squeeze of New Year's Eve on Forty-
or the night street market in Boston.
d, recharged by these mob scenes.
I when climbing on a mountainside.
lightness, infectious blitheness, the
sense of unity in which sometimes a
e as a whole seems to improve upon
ure of the parts—this intrigued me.
e other wonders of the world to which
es oneself, instead of feeling smaller.
gger when I was packed into a multi-
ing for granted the potential for may-
s, of which so much has been written.
ed instead by the clear pealing gaiety.
savory relief and regenerative power
s override the anxieties we suffer from
one and let us stand there beaming on
with thirty thousand other people.
er hand, my daydreams at this stage
ved triumphs of solitude, like Law-
Arabia, because great, open, barren.
ce was necessary for any true victory.
nival life attracted me especially, and

part of the allure was on this basis—to be anony-
mous, a traveler through thickets of cities, to be
nearly as alone as if in Arabia and yet surrounded
by huge crowds daily. It was winy to me. I dipped
into the two sensations: the solitude (while I was
working in the circus, quite literally I took care of
the camels), and yet the comradeship of immense
crowds, renewed in every town, crowds which began
forming at 4:00 A.M.—maybe two or three thousand
people right at the railroad yards as we pulled in.

The circus provided universal entertainment for
anyone with eyes to see. First the procession to the
lot, with elephants and painted wagons and carav-
ans of flighty horses: the tents were slowly lifted:
the cookhouse stovepipes started smoking. The Mid-
way was public property, and then with the band
music drifting through the sidewalls, a crowd some-
times almost as large as that inside the Big Top
stood around the rope barriers of the "backyard"
during the hubbub of the night performance. Be-
fore each spectacle, custardy ruffled frosted floats
bearing lighted castles and ballet girls perched in
them were hauled into position. The tumblers prac-
ticed flips, their voices as tense as barks as they
prepared themselves, and horse holders and spear



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lished in January by
Random House.

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carriers run around barking, the teams, adjusting the gaudy-looking carpets on the floats, grinning at the tips and winking late comers a foot up. The elephants arrived, with their imperial howdahs on, galumphing, as ponderous as Hannibal's army but carrying the accumulated grace of twenty centuries. They took hoops in their mouths and more girls sat and swung in these, rocking gently as the beasts walked. The clowns got into line, and the jugglers, the costume mistress dressed as the Queen of Hearts, trained palominos drumming their feet, and several strange stalking ladies who released pigeons on signal. There was the racket of the tractors working, of generator engines: shrill whistles blew; and in the meantime the canvassmen, the cookhouse crew, menagerie men, prop handlers, and ring-stock roustabouts gathered around, wiping the crumbs from supper off their mouths and squinting at the leggy girls as into a spotlight. The splendor and the smells, the wealth and deprivation, the jammed exotic mass islanded in flooding lights, fairy-tale figures leaping to life in plaster masks and sequined frocks (Jack Horner, Goldilocks), and fleshly glamour girls, and pachyderms like African kings in thick brocade, swaying and heralding themselves with French-horn honks and waving trunks—we ragged Bedouin types darting in and out were the connective tissue of all this. Inspired as the

I'd stand as part of that larger than myself, larger than life—and then I'd go to the Midway and mingle with the hordes of people there: the children and the hawkers and the gazing grown-ups who were shoulder to shoulder and pink and ivory in the lights. It was children's night, lovers' night, a night for taking things at face value, a night for smiling and for spending freely. And then, after the crowds had emptied and the performers had gone downtown to their hotels, if we were staying another day, people in my position looked for a pile of straw to make a bed on, under the stars, Bedouin style, or underneath the lions' cage if rain was falling. Of course I loved the lions' roaring—it sauced my dreams—the restless feet over my head. I dreamed adventurously, and because robberies often occurred after midnight among the gang of roughies sleeping along the ground, to lie under the lions' cage was safer than most places: their stringent smell, their paws that eloquently hung out between the bars scared off the thieves.

Gloom and fastidiousness have diluted these pleasures for me. The lions which are left have enough to do just being seen. It would probably be necessary to organize an unbroken line of spectators five abreast shuffling past their cages in every zoo around the world in order to give everybody alive a glimpse of one, and private experiences with them, such as I had, are not so easily obtainable. I wouldn't like to live as a Bedouin now: I haven't got the stomach for it; and I don't go looking for crowds either—I extricate myself from random crushes on the street before I'm pinned, being quite an expert at foreseeing how they will develop, as a former aficionado. Occasionally I do still steep my-

self in the few great incidents of herding, however, because even now there is more in the unexpected exhilaration of being on the vast winding creature buoyed by it than one can account for. The sudden simplicity of joy is still puzzling and we are seldom able to settle on what we want for ourselves, at least we see the way we sometimes head and catch the beat of other people's intentions, queue up with them for the same company, and beam and grin as if we've been born—as if we even find it re-

I WASN'T AT WOODSTOCK or on the Canaveral for the Moonshot: my favorite fest last summer was the Orleans County Fair in north Vermont. But this was a hunk of the phenomenon—exhilarating and exhausting, somewhat of a mystery. Upwards of ten thousand people attended: it's one of the oldest fairs over a century old as a fete and an occasion I got headaches from going to it continually. The week ended, I watched the last truck squinting with relief. Nothing culturally new had happened, nothing that wouldn't have happened before the Second World War, but I'd gazed on Americana by the acre, steeped myself in the biscuity smell of people together, pacing through the dust, celebrating a short north-country summer.

Like other county fairs, the Orleans fair is a way to measure the energy of the local business community, who organize it and reassure everybody, including summer visitors, that this neck of the woods is not just a watered-down vacation package but has its concreteness its own. Although the fair is now some subsidizing now—the Orleans fair gets about \$10,000 from Vermont's racetrack, which only compensates them for the competition more modern diversions provide. As in all the circus acts, hell drivers, and comedians hired: there are trotting races, raffle, livestock competitions, and a carnival. So many events take place that nobody can see them all. The Fair Association's thirty-five members are citizens whose own work usually runs the specialties on the program. Fair Association vice the cattle judging: there are horse shows, horse show, loggers to oversee the ox pulling, a machinery dealer helps out with the truck. The ticket manager is an insurance agent, the state's Harness Racing Commissioner is close by, arranges the racing program, and the grandstand show.

The president of the fair is a contented defatigable auto dealer named Howard Conley, who has pushed operations out of the red for years. Last July, at the dedication of the new Hall, a kind of backlash love-in was held with Vermont's Governor speaking. The *Esquire* magazine had written up Conley as the most successful young man who shot into a Negro's house one night, vigilante-fashion, and

e. The state police are estimated to 2,256 man-hours on the case, mostly the Negro. Conley is a fidgety, thin, pe, bony and acquisitive, and yet pulsively generous—loyal, down-riving, and shrewd. He limps, and le enough, not like a civil-rights vil-rhaps when he laughs, and has a pping wife. The several Confederate s around town, certain writing on telephone booths, and the defensive, his office when I went there to leave ed that the townships had divided and against him, but it was hard to who would admit they were against. bout the episode seemed to have hurt m, nevertheless, and made him hesi-his pride in the fair as it got going. ew into the jobs at hand, seemed an vlication, and at times he was rather

before Opening Day, the miscella-n of vehicles comprising *Smoky Gil-Shows* began to arrive. Humpy, long trailer rigs loaded with num-ed equipment, and camper pickups -trailers with blinds in the windows er license plates pulled onto the lot, oyoys until Smoky got round to as-the drivers dozed. Smoky, whose rong, Maine, is a lumbering, somno-man with a wolf's bright eyes. He the stretch of ground available to off a few distances, calculating where s and games, while munching a Swiss h from the food stand which the ge was setting up. Meanwhile his uts in cowboy hats with Aussie brims with an Alsatian dog which had a eying where they would be living for e. The various Grange ladies were e grounds, and the watchmen and e shoveling mud out of the entrances nd. A bulldozer worked on the road

in front of the barns, filling in potholes: some boys were tossing straw into the stalls. The carnival and grandstand faced the row of barns across the half-mile track. Inside the track was the announcer's tower, the stage platform, and a thriving expanse of grass where the thousands of cars would park.

FOR ME, THE FAIR OFFERED a chance to taste again the delectations of my life of nearly twenty years ago—the uproar and the heat, the loneliness of slipping through a mob, the atmosphere of smothered violence—and yet go home to wife and child and mountain farmhouse in the dusk, leaving the hullabaloo behind. The circus hasn't fared well since when I knew it. Several unions began to menace it with organizing drives, the railroads which transported it started to founder, the public lost the fresh, wide-eyed delight needed for itinerant extravaganzas. Temporary personnel could not be recruited so easily and the way of life came to seem punishing and grueling, even unnatural, to the circus types themselves: living mostly out of doors, traveling nearly every night, performing in a new place the next day with the wind currents jostling them. The pay was bad, the dedication required of a performer was almost monastic: so they preferred at least the comfort of week-long engagements indoors under the auspices of organizations like the Shriners, who guaranteed expenses. But once the tents were put away, more and more circuses folded, and often acts were booked individually for the arena shows. By contrast, a carnival is harder to dismember or to move indoors or subject to efficiency procedures, and carnival "jumps" are leisurely and infrequent compared to the continual peregrinations of a circus. The overhead is low: the show operates twelve hours a day; and the few jobs on the lot need no lifelong outlay of discipline or expertise on the part of anyone.

Usually a carnival is a collection of independent concessionaires who gather each year under the aegis of one energetic man who may own only a few of the rides himself but who does the negoti-

"A carnival is hard to dismember or to move indoors . . . compared to the continual peregrinations of a circus."



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ating for all the rest for a percentage of their take. Smoky was paying the Fair Association about \$11,000 for the privilege of setting up shop during Fair Week, and Conley's group then distributed much of this money among the novelty and thrill performers who had been hired to do two shows a day in front of the grandstand. The carnival depended upon the fair to draw good crowds, in other words, and paid for the service, but the fair itself depended on the circus-style daredevil or variety acts to bring the crowds to the fairgrounds in the first place. The fair charged an admission at the gate and with this other source of income paid for the prizes, raffles and whatnot, breaking even when the state's subsidy came in, as well.

Smoky's show is fairly free of gyp devices, and I noticed that most of the hardies operating the rides were boys who were adventuring, or sturdy knock-about hoboos, not the lunatics and dazed fellows just out of jail and bitter-mouthed bad-luck-histories who work in many carnivals. A circus feeds its personnel, but a carnival is *laissez faire*: every man eats whatever he can get his hands on. Staying longer in each little town, he and his cronies aren't as set apart and self-sufficient as circus men, churning along under their own power: they're linked to New England or the U. S. instead of to a self-contained, tradition-bound, and death-defying fraternity which is rooted in Europe. A circus has a special whirlwind momentum and glory, the craft of a lifetime piled on the craft of previous lifetimes, whereas a carnival does not give performances but provides games and equipment on which the townsfolk may amuse themselves. The carny boys sit on stools beside the tractor engines that drive the machinery, shifting gears and watching for the wallets that are dropped or that fly off centrifugally. In the old days sometimes these boys were so poorly off that they would let themselves be locked into the vendors' wagons to sleep when it was raining. The vendors didn't trust them but they would do them that much of a favor, and if it was slightly creepy to be behind padlocks, at least the boys were dry. Now they can afford to bunk downtown in a hotel and feast on London broil, instead of wolfing leftover pretzels and cream soda. And yet the tales survive of raffish, snake-oil carnies traveling through small towns and playing the hicks for fools. Most of us like to think of the carnies as triumphing—we take the viewpoint of Mark Twain—but up here in Vermont the contest wasn't seen from that angle. As the fair's opening approached, the stories told were just the opposite: of farmhands getting their money back, of young kids ganging up on the carny man in righteous wrath and pulling his tent down.

The girlie shows appeared: "Puss 'n Boots," "The Dancing Dollies," "The French Quarter," and "Casa Kahlua." Each of the four consisted of a truck, a tent, two ladies in residence, and two or three hard-guy young touts to ride shotgun for them.

Guy Gossing drove overnight from Providence with eight tigers in a large moving van. He had a broken hand, a hopping limp, forearms stitched

with scars, a thousand lines in his forehead, a drawn mouth with wind-swept elements behind it, and triangular, fatalistic blue eyes. He was short, blond and burned, and had an old Africa hand, which indeed he was, originally from Belgium. Driving the van was obviously not his idea of fun—he hardly spoke English to ask directions if he had to. He was dismayed and depressed upon arriving and setting up camp chair in a feminine artistic grumpy slouch, on had been built. His wife was cooking a continental lunch, however, and Conley was agreeably chatty and cosmopolitan for a man not rawhide-hillbilly, and set the carpenter

"The Cyclonians," Charlie Van Buskirk also showed up. Buskirk with a sprained knee, sustained at his last gig down in Pennsylvania, looked more like an emperor's footman than a cyclist, being statuesque, with waxed mustache and yet as shuffling and happy-go-lucky as a college dropout, but he said that his uncle had a troupe of unicyclists and had trained him from babyhood. His wife was a former dancer, so their act blended both traditions. A pleasant fellow, Van Buskirk has a rundown farmhouse side Rochester that he gets to about once a year, and says he likes the alternation of life outdoors in the summer and indoors in the winter.

Other performers rolled in, driving freight trucks to the points—the Manuel Del Morales, two tumbler acts who look like the President of Mexico, photographed twice, and the Gutis, small German men with wizened skin, almost dwarflike, with gorillas in costume and enact a bullfight. Impersonal and polished, longtime veterans of circus life. "The Sensational Leighs," acrobats hurried through bad weather from Milwaukee with a temperature of 102, stopping along the way for shots), where they had seen a big tornado next to them in a windstorm. Nodding to the most of them had met before—they slipped the trailer into the covered-wagon protection where everybody parked behind the stage. The man who had booked the groups was on hand, a clever, barberlike man who sat reading the paper when there weren't any little flare-ups of excitement to be smoothed over—he'd risen quickly to Floral Hall, telling jokes softly to the fire, and then withdraw, refusing me a much much like a boxer's cornerman.

TO BE SUCCESSFUL a country fair needs a county to draw on for its events and not a county that is so rural it is empty. That day, when the gates officially opened, the crowds were on the scene and growing. Little children exercised on the racetrack, going for ribbons, shining with well-bred sweat. Judging was under way, a slow, quiet affair with few spectators but a great many animals were being looked at by three men hired from outside the state. A slim cowboy in boots

y, the Anguses and Herefords, and microphone diffidently to explain ("clean in the neck, strength of guses were musely, black, and squat a low center of gravity and square. Herefords looked like orangutans, longer, their bodies blotted with uered as solidly as a large ape's. The uernseys—big pro milkers that feed olchildren—were judged by a tense a kind heart, who practically sang. "She won by her spread of rump, nd that terrific set of legs, her whole r dairy promise, the shapeliness of teat placement, the mammary sys- so very *dairy* with that udder prom-

ings, two-year-olds, mature animals, hls with testicles like udders, and as- tions, the get of one sire or dam. e Watching the gradual fleshing out ie fickle distribution of natural gifts, ng, became like watching the march eath of all creatures, as the contests, iolving older and older classes, went t into the afternoon and the next day, eared overshadowed by the bigger dy breeds, but they were as duntly t same pretty color, and they inter- e they were the cows of my boyhood, eyrshires were judged by a Canadian e a natty white-haired man with a nose, level-eyed and dry in mood, t ort coat and a crew cut. He tilted agnst the sun, and as he studied the ed the owners with brief, somber t them or to line them up in orderly a arch-past, not speaking till the end, ydict, in a low, easy voice: "I'm plac- e over number two because of her k, her flesh, which is neater up front, ntly in the shoulder and the rib, her attachment of her teats." Between rts all night—from here he was going ve, Quebec. Watching him straighten- to see its set, sometimes twitting the e with a significant twist of his wrist, t he enjoyed his work. Whole fami- est, dressed in white milking suits and as, swallowing their smiles, moving ooking nostrils. The father would e he considered his best, his wife the f so on down to their youngest child. ious inspection, the Canadian judge he five-year-old girl's cow over the e papa's astonishment, and give the ther.

ark, you can eat supremely badly if d hot dogs from East St. Louis and ead. I went to the Eureka Grange to n and warm blueberry muffins. The z low during the afternoon, but the whirled round and round. A pinto ipper, and haughty, with a mane so

thick in front of its eyes that it could hardly see. was raffled off. A boy with high-set cheeks won and for the rest of the fair rode around the grounds, seated straight up like a trooper: he was the winner that the pony needed. I went to Floral Hall to check the vegetables: limpid translucent onions and shiny green peppers, speckly cauliflowers, bagged brown potatoes, fat green tomatoes, along with understated boxes of eggs. There were lovely summer vegetables like beets, chicory, and butternut squashes tagged with prize ribbons and heaped together in a kitchen pan as if for supper, and chocolate cakes, canned venison, and maple candy, and soap cakes carved, and afghans, woolen mittens, and rugs woven from baling twine. Also, inevitably, the utility company was pulling its oar with an exhibit: a service club had a tableau advocating motherhood: and among the motor vehicles in the commercial section I was brought up short by a tombstone display.

At the grandstand Don D., the emcee, an indoor-looking man in a cowpoke suit, was trying to lead the crowd in "The Marine's Hymn," with maybe less response than he'd expected—his notions about Vermont were hawkish. Happy Dave, the clown, performing first as Happy Davis, made up in sad-face, talked to his hat, miming explanatory squibs, and had some trouble with his trampoline—said a mock prayer. He tugged off a series of vests and, finally, a bra, and got two legs in one leg of his baggy dungarees before at last stripping down to a striped gym suit and doing somersaults high in the air while puffing a big cigar. Later on, without the bulbous nose, he appeared as Dave Hanson, driving a "1913 Rolls Rotten" which sputtered fire-crackers, seemed to catch fire, and ultimately threw him in one grand explosion right through the roof. He wore a flat hat and overalls with ruby writing on them and was awfully weary of that careful slapstick stuff when he came off the track. He's the tough clown, banging through his routines, pepper-talking like a movie newspaperman, machine-gunning his words, he is a law-and-order buff, a bitter guy, an honorary member of the Pottstown, Pa., police force, with a strong yen to join full time. He talks of car smashups, and the effect a shotgun blast has on its victim. When you look closely, even his makeup breaks down to rat-tat points under the eyes.

The booking agent reminisced about when Ginger Rogers broke into show business. He himself got started with an act in which, using his fingers, he projected shadow figures on the wall. The clown was talking about the flattening impact of .45-caliber gunfire. The emcee left the stage after bullying the audience with his latest sing-along ("The Battle Hymn of the Republic"), making them clap two or three times. He is a sallow lady-killer with pockets underneath his eyes. The strange thing about him is his incongruous voice, all melliflence and volume. When the clown kidded him about the quality of his humor, he said he wasn't going to expend his best stuff on a crowd like this one.

Guy Gossing had driven to the slaughterhouse in Lyndonville for beef hearts for his cats. Now it

"A circus feeds its personnel, but a carnival is laissez-faire: every man eats whatever he can get his hands on."

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was night. The shadows were even more fancifully vivid than the lights—long glamorous amber shadows. The tigers, smelling like ouzo-and-straw, lay on their backs, propping their legs against the bars, their paunches showing, and Gossing woke them up before the act to start them scrapping and roaring. "Allah! Rajah! Bengal!" Mrs. Gossing, a Chinese-faced Belgian housewife, shrieked the names too, to remind them that they were outnumbered. They roared like motorcycles and lunged and slunk, a fine youthful passel of tigers. It's a good fighting act when Gossing chooses to exert himself. He's a journeyman trainer, a fellow, tired of it now, who knows all the jumps and moves, whether or not he ever was able to do the stoutest feats himself. Like any aging professional tired of his work and touring the hinterlands, he's ready to be lackluster if there is no occasion to be more than that, but by hopping quickly to stay off his bad leg, chasing and punching the cats, escalating each spark of resistance on their part, milking every chance for furor, hefting the heavy stools and pretending to fight his way along the bars, he can recapture his old flair. Still, there's a lot of wasted rigamarole with them on their stools, sitting up, or posing in a row on their hind legs leaning against a horizontal pole. He forces one up on top of a ball and has her foot it along a metal track; then has the eight of them roll over and over on the ground in pairs, to wind up lined up close, alert, and gorgeous in an orange mass, with all hands turned toward him. It isn't really very much, and to add action and enthusiasm, he makes the tigers move around, and jogs, and shifts the furniture, and whips the air, evincing modest ferocity. His wife, sluggish but shrill—she's the eyes in back of his head—yells any tiger's name who seems to be stirring. Gossing, wearing a short-sleeved shirt, looks like a sun-burned Congo mercenary, and unless you have no sympathy for aging athletes, you cheer him on.

ALL OF US MEANDERED at the fair, averting collisions as carelessly as if it were part of the mechanism by which we walked. We strolled with many turns and stops, paying little attention to our neighbors but with no object in mind so fixed that it couldn't be abandoned if the path in that direction were blocked. Our whimsy was our freedom.

The carnival, operating with almost equal intricacy, had the same aura about it of participation in a grand design. The Octopus—six angular arms with buckets on the ends—reeled in a circle round and round, each bucket revolving on its own axis as well. The Round-up, a centripetal device, started flat, like a potter's wheel, and then stood up on edge, with the riders pressed hard against the rim. The Scrambler was a thicket of buckets mixing and jibing at great speed. And there were Bumper-cars; a carousel with a small but effective organ—tin-tin, tub-tub—and bleached but convulsive horses; a Tilt-a-whirl, which was a rattling dizzy ride supervised by a broken-nosed movie star in Texas clothes; and my favorite, the Tip Top, a Humpty-Dumpty-like

creation which bounced on cushions an air while playing goofy wheezy nursery turned. The mechanical activity—big All engines pistoning under a subtler, wide the carnival some of the sweeping in steamship which makes shuttle crossings d register its significance by where it's goi as by what's going on within its hub of ch roaring rides, the string of pitch games ing galleries with feathery prizes, the lo naires offering their versions of craps a all amounted to a vast riverboat that w slowly through town. Sometimes the m the men and sometimes the men enjoye minion over the machines, but thou nouncer for the hell drivers apologiz crowd many times for the fact they wen nauts and seemed dejected on account of the shot of a few weeks before, nobody who the carnival felt in the least eclipsed by is

Freak shows are a vanishing item of ne however. The Phineas T. Barnum "all weirdos" was "sculpturistic and pictori" ing to the spiel, meaning that the spec have to make do with plastic models d graphs. You could see "Miss Betty Lo W born to go through life with her baby ster ing out of her stomach, and Zip the Pinl mo the Human Garbage Can, Grace Mc n, Mule-faced Girl, too ugly to go to school Frieda Pushnik, the Living Torso." sea faces are ordinary, homely faces which brought to a tragic apotheosis—there n b fulness in seeing them, in other words. shows are disappearing from carnivals (ca naïveté that gawked at Grace McDaniels, n feited with war and medical science th commonplace neighborly appeals to n smirking sense of mercy and of sadi s W have stayed far away from Vietnam fo he years are nevertheless shell-shocked; a vivors. P. T. Barnum, like Noah Web r, in the public domain, so anything mave under the cover of his name. These pto not wrenched or tragic but simply blud, sented the one kind of gyp Barnum di on the public. He gave people a laugh a but never *nothing* for their money.

Ox pulling is another fading game. On the country, logged, dragged freight won century, and plowed the plains, yet ye at only a few fairs. Judging from the (ea tests, ox pulling is in its final amateur th a sporting event and might be better ce dead. It is a start to see those orname a looking ox yokes actually worn instead over somebody's door: it's like seeing close up. The animals are docile, bla skinned; they seldom seem to act, onl cept for their color they look like wat and have big horns and empty danglin Blocks of cement, each weighing a thous are lifted by forklift onto a sort of met called the "boat," which the competing



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how you interpret Martell, it never loses its meaning. The taste is exquisite. The aroma, and these beautiful qualities come through any way you serve it. The original is for purists - but see for yourself how Martell translates your favorite drink into something eloquent.

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MARTELL THE LARGEST SELLING COGNACS OF THE WORLD

AMERICANA
BY THE ACRE

as far as they can. A measurement is recorded and then a tractor with a winch pulls the boat back again. But the men were rusty at handling the oxen and the oxen seemed to have been hastily trained, as though as a weekend hobby; either the drivers were clumsily embarrassed with them or else angrily agitated and cruel. An oxlike old fellow in green coveralls with vicious-looking X suspenders and glinting eyeglasses bashed the noses of his team incessantly with the butt of his whip with all his strength regardless of whether or not they pulled with a will. Maneuvering them was so difficult, apparently, that I was glad when the contest was over, glad that tractors had been invented. The brutes, who had been munching grass before the action started, stood bushed and bewildered, twisting in their yokes like collared boys.

That evening, the pony pull was quite a different proposition—brisk, jingly, and eventful—like a living Western, and with a partnership between the men and teams. There were many spectators, many young men competing. The dusk, too, lent the scene a romantic flavor, and the ponies' polished harnesses were studded with brass. The ponies responded to the announcer's instructions, taking their places quickly and throwing themselves into the pull. The drivers put their hands on the rumps of the teams and convivially helped them heave. A pony pair weighing a total of 990 pounds pulled 4,000 ("forty hundred") pounds of cement for 16 inches. A team that weighed 1,100 pounds pulled the same load 22 inches and won. The feat is done with a tremendous jerk applied immediately as the hitch is made, and so, because of the nervousness of the ponies, the moment of making the hitch is like the tension around a starting gate—everybody, people and ponies, knowing what is about to happen and anticipating. Whipping is not permitted, whereas the oxen had suffered all the penalties which the world dishes out to the stupid.

On Saturday and Sunday afternoons the full-sized horses pulled—these actual work horses employed for skidding logs out of the woods. Big Percherons, heavily shod, they were called Dan & Tom, Duke & Jim, Dick & Spike, Queen & Molly, and other cheerful names like that. The tourney was "Open to the World," meaning to entries from Canada, and it was very busy, with numerous teams waiting, their handlers rubbing them and running around, maybe not as animated or swift a sight as the pony pulling but more intimate and professional and appealing. Again the teams were classed by weight—up to 3,000 pounds, 3,200 pounds, 3,500 pounds, and the free-for-all, which can include any two horses alive. Indeed, the teams can weigh up to two tons, and for a brief inspired instant may pull up to ten tons. Six tons was the most I saw pulled, but I was astonished that such a rockpile could be moved even a foot. "We're trying to keep our kids on the farm, trying to keep them from running to the city," said Payson Davis, the fair's Entertainment Director, and it seemed that by rights the horse pull ought to help, if anything would. A Dalmatian dashed about, encouraging his master's

team; the husky young drivers pitched in each other, and whooped and smoked as twilight fell. I noticed that although the carnival had wilder hair and cursed often, their faces and those of these farmhands were not different. The poverty of woods life and winter nights beside an old barn had marked some of the local people since

The oxen and the tigers we had watched the path to oblivion—the tigers were strangled just like a doomed building's windows by this tic-like strolling and seethe of human shopping for entertainment—the auto-scheduled hard on the heels of period-pictorializations—were in the current mode.

The hell drivers had driven from Toronto a late performance to play the Orleans Sunday, and they slept across the front of their crash cars, leaving the doors open for space; all morning they were on view, "Champions, stand by! . . . Signal Six, go! . . . Danger takes to the raceway! . . . Starting their cars, they drove through flames and hovers," and hurdled "elevations." Sleazy rangy young men who looked like unsteady mechanics, they limped along the racetrack in torn white pants, and boots, and were a masculine equivalent to the girlies, being much admired and despised.

AGIRLIE IS A GIRL WHO STRIPS, but the emphasis formerly was on her position in going about doing this, now it's on how fast and directly she gets the garments off. She is racing a hundred girlfriends and boy-pickups. While she is in the public eye, at least, she dances in the old-fashioned manner with bumps and grinds, but when the curtains have been segregated inside, away from the husbands and wives and kids, she simply walks to the curtain and proffers her bare body to the boys those close to the stage for five or ten minutes the time is up. Striptease is gone; the girl is fighting against the barriers of human sacrifice. One bites her hard she screams and the entertainment is cut short.

Although Vermont isn't a state where one goes planning to see blue movies, on the other hand, the sort of rural area where night riders can go into a house and not be denied community and the support of the police may not be so conservative in its social customs as it's credited to be. The really cunning girlie shows her "lunch is served"—much stronger spectacles than the skin flicks that city men see—traveling through agricultural towns on the back ridges, the New England or Tennessee. At the Orleans Fair the big drawing card with the Catholics was across the border a few miles away where one could expect to glimpse in these four towns a high attendance at the other part of the fairgrounds partly depended upon their expectations. It didn't seem peculiar

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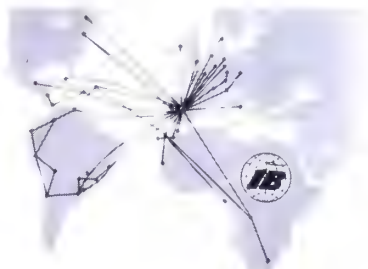
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Two shows were owned by a fellow named Bob, who also managed the other two for an absentee owner. Bob was a New Yorky barker, fast-talking, factual, hard-shelled but fair. He was stocky, in his forties, and enjoyed confiding to the crowd how tough the life was on the girls, a pair of whom were at his side like two leashed mink, dancing in the heat and cold. "Two hard-working girls. They've been working hard all summer and they're going to work hard all fall." Neither was specifically sexy except for the fact they were up there go-going to the Rolling Stones. One had the face of a British shopgirl and one looked like Andy Warhol. They smiled at Bob's jokes glazedly, staring over the up-turned heads. As the night darkened and the Midway crowd grew thick and bold, mostly they worked inside, only reappearing to assure the fellows in the ticket line that "Casa Kahlua" was a live show, and to catch a breath of fresh air and shake the spittle off themselves.

"The Dancing Dollies"—a small china doll with compressed face and a trim giddy short-haired red-head—exercised diligently like majorettes. The red-head seemed sorrowful and abandoned, and looked like girls I knew. The barker was a sailorly beefy native of Maine. "Showtime! Alley oop!" he cried. He had a rug merchant competing with him for lung power (rugs of the Yellowstone and the Last Supper), as well as the traditional hammer-and-bell—three swings for a quarter, and a nickel cigar if you managed to ring the bell. "The Green Hornets," motorcyclists, were at it, stirred up by the sight of the girls; the old man who ran the concession bent humbly next to their brawn.

A STEER NAMED BAR-B-QUE was raffled on a quarter moon. Wednesday had no rain, but the weather: on Thursday high humidity and a cut attendance until sundown: the third day a dry scorcher: the fourth day there was rain, and by the fifth day, Sunday, people were back, though the weather cleared and cooled. A parade, a cavalcade, another display of the march from hell to death, was held: also a parade of still life and snowmobiles. The trotting horses had a gait oddly manlike, an unnatural-looking step corresponding to heel-and-toe. I never saw a six-legged, crab-like, although they still gracefully waved like satin ribbon on the track. But I was only raggedly interested in the events by now. Caressing women looser than us for caressing children later on or it would be some, as in a girlie show, and lately I was sure that even the supposedly Bedouin austerity alone in crowds might not be strengthening the quoin at all—merely lonesome—maybe even old.

I talked with Nancy and Leigh Heing Sensational Leighs." He's a practical young man from Tallahassee, and his w pretty, especially in costume, with girl not really a show person, more like a h He has a fluty voice and struck me as and rather dumb, but he does "wal romping in the air, a spinning, runni spectacle as much as fifty feet high. "Swing," as he calls it, is like two blad mill, each end having a hoop attache

his wife walk as the blades turn so that
ce one another and regulate the rotations,
themselves. She's not as good, and when
weight on the opposing spoke and per-
his own, he rollicks in the air, with music
ons, outdoing himself.

Smoky Gilmore looks like a woman in a
; the widow woman down the block who
centric figure, stomping around, good-
muttering to herself. She wears mud
baggy pants and has hair like tarred, un-
one, but she's her husband's partner: she
centrally located peanut booth where she
the action and what's going on and who
Smoky stays in their trailer, available for
n. He sits near the doorway, leaning
his elbows. He is an Irishy unshaven man
age with a great stomach but sturdy legs.
year-round lumbering business in Maine
the carnival from May to October. The
a better life but the carnival is "a chal-
ing men," he says—other men are always
ke it away from him or pinch his profit
"you're either cut out for it or you're not."
eral attempts to see him before he was
he would have a visitor or he'd be on
ne to Seattle for a replacement part or
wrapping money" with his back to me—
of money to wrap." It's not as rough a
w in terms of whom you hire (many a
etty son is going native just for the sum-
etting any help at all is harder: he must
he old salaries. Also, to take an example,
1,000 in rent to set up at the Lobster Fes-
ckland, Maine, for a skimpy three days,
y's rain hurt him badly. He has fourteen
s to play this year, but although every-
a carnival for old-time's sake, they want
clean—no "controlled" joints, "bucket"
"swing" joints, where the operator de-
wins, and which, along with the rides,
the backbone of a carnival's profits.
ly so many dart-balloons and duck-
you can put in."

started with a balloon joint thirty years
dually amassed a show. Just in the min-
ith him, a woman customer came to re-
e Ferris wheel driver was drunk (un-
hat the cotter on one of the seats had
se and two kids had almost fallen out.
er, the mama from "The French Quarter,"
her big barker to report a fight: a trou-
ed hit them both. A detective appeared
d. Conley stopped by, asking for Smoky's
e week's rent. Smoky didn't want to pay
e he needed bargaining power later on.
said his wife had to cosign and that she
n the Midway. Conley, lanky-looking,
l. He seemed uneasy at my presence,
aid I might be going to pillory him the
ght the *Life* reporter had done. Smoky
y, indicating that I was welcome to stay
Conley did. In fact, though, it was during
des when Conley was trying to deal with

the show-business folk that I liked him best. He was
outclassed and was a kind of hillbilly, and yet he
seemed more tolerant of them than some of the other
local men. His pride at the fair's whirlyburl was
likable, but then you'd see him over in the parking
lot with a bunch of tough young country boys, a
snicker on his mouth.

ON THE LAST NIGHT the broad grounds were il-
luminated with islets of light; a band played
high-pitched hectoring music, the trombones fluff-
fluff-fluffing underneath. "The Cyclonians" prac-
ticed their lifts; they were off to Sherbrooke, Que-
bec, the next day. The vendors caught the excite-
ment of winding up: "Hamburgers with stinky on-
ions! Hamburgers with stinky onions!" "Roll it,
roll it, roll it!" the Ringling Bros. straw bosses used
to yell on nights when there was a teardown. Every-
body's worth was measured by how fast he did his
job. Now each individual package of a stage show
packs up separately, some waiting till the morning
to leave, others, like Happy Davis, who is impatient,
pulling away immediately.

Guy Gossing's tigers, lying in their row of boxes
thirstily, watched Gossing's German shepherd drink.
He watered them and limped about barefoot, doing
housekeeping chores. He was sweating and drinking
Pepsi after the vicissitudes of the last performance.
His father owned a circus in Europe, and now he
has to drive himself between obscure fairgrounds.
Speaking a weighty, accented, staccato speech, sniff-
ing because of the pain that his broken hand caused
him, he said it was easier for the animals than for
him. He said he'd worked with leopards, whose
small faces are difficult to read, but had come to
America with a cheery gang of lions, then sold
them and bought these eight tigers. Mrs. Gossing
was sneezing from the Vermont combination of
cold midnights and August days. The tigers, filling
up their boxes—huge painted-pasteboard faces—had
galvanized themselves, with Gossing's help, into a
headlong send-off show, as if to make this exit
memorable. Gossing had jerked and jumped in the
essential gestures like an old boxer, conveying a
sense, above all, of the labor involved in earning a
living. After dismantling the act cage and cleaning
up, he finished watering Rajah, who was the biggest,
and touched noses with him.

I too used to finish my work at night by giving
water to a tiger called Rajah and touching noses
with him (how many tigers have performed under
that stilted name?), so I felt nostalgic, driving
away. I was relieved that the week of crowds was
over and that the next month would be a quiet one
for me. But I still love crowds, just as I still love
tigers, and I keep going back at convenient occa-
sions to feel the breath of each: neither taste withers
away with age. Since we're all brothers to the tiger,
we will probably find some kind of substitute for
him when he's extinct. And since we're all crowd-
lovers as well as Bedouins, we will continue to mix
delight and despair equally, churning in churning
mobs. □

"Everybody's
worth was meas-
ured by how fast
he did his job."

BOOKS

Great man going down

Islands in the Stream, by Ernest Hemingway. Scribners, \$10.

In Federico Fellini's attractive film *3½* the central figure is a director suffering a crisis of work. He must soon come up with a scenario for a new film, but he has none. He opens his mind to fragments of memory, but he cannot find a way of ordering them into a coherent whole. Then, as if to anticipate and mock his critics, Fellini puts a grubby intellectual into the film who keeps sneering at the director's wish to make something out of his commonplace recollections of childhood. The director, says the intellectual, lacks an idea, by which he means some abstraction that can be linked with Marxism or Catholicism or existentialism.

The director, unstrung, cannot answer. Yet he feels that, while he does indeed lack an idea by means of which to structure his memories, the kind of idea for which he is looking isn't at all what the intellectual keeps jabbering about. At the end of *3½* the director thinks he has finally found what he needs: an idea isn't really necessary, we must simply accept the wastefulness and gratuitousness of our experience and learn thereby to "embrace" the vibrant chaos of our past. On Fellini's part this conclusion is a clever stroke, since it advances a principle of order almost indistinguishable from the material of disorder: but finally it doesn't work. Brilliant as the film often is, it suffers in its entirety from the incoherence that constitutes its theme.

What is it, one wonders upon leaving the theater, that goes to make up an artist's crisis of work? Each fragment the director remembers, and Fellini evokes through flashback, is splendid. The movie collapses in its overall movement and internal connections, that is, in providing some scheme for the arrangement of its parts. Why should one of the director's memories count for more, dramatically and morally, than another? What intimation of causality may help to arrange these memo-

ries into some sequence of meaning? This would be the discipline a work of art gains through structure, and structure, in turn, depends on the shaping power of an idea.

A creative crisis, then, seems to consist not so much in the loss of accumulated craft skills (for instance, the ability to portray a vivid scene) as in the loss of those animating convictions that bind a work together. Anyone who has read the three unfinished romances Hawthorne wrote at the end of his life would probably recognize them as the work of a distinguished writer—but a distinguished writer who has gone to pieces, gripped by some intellectual panic that prevents him from achieving coherence. Hawthorne could not get his stories to move, just as Fellini's director cannot get the fragments of his memory to relate.

It is a similar difficulty that afflicts Ernest Hemingway's posthumous novel, *Islands in the Stream*, a very strange book full of both pleasing and disastrous things. Its very title suggests an awareness on Hemingway's part that he could manage, by now, only ill-connected portions of a narrative—at most, separate panels of representation—and that he must therefore fall back on the plea that the chaos of existence provides a rationale for his inability to achieve a unified work of art.

Islands in the Stream was apparently composed during the 1950s, toward the end of Hemingway's life and soon after the critical failure of his extremely poor novel, *Across the River and into the Trees*. Always thin-skinned, Hemingway had been badly hurt by the rather brutal attacks that book had called out. His troubles, however, went much deeper. At the very peak of his reputation, when he was steadily feeding the public legend of Hemingway the Wise and Aging Swashbuckler ("Papa" to all those publicity-keen sons and daughters), he experienced a loss of confidence, fearing that his powers as a writer and perhaps a man were waning. Nor could he comfort himself with the praise of cronies, journalists, and women whom he needed about him but did not finally respect. The fear that seems to have consumed him was of a rapid creative disintegration, that

"crack-up" his old friend Gerald had experienced. It was the terrors he had struggled with in his youthful work and so brutally rejected through the discipline of later years. Late middle age, peculiarly destined for the recollection of adolescent emotions, both the love and those of self-contempt.

Hemingway, according to the biographer Carlos Baker, worked these years in fits and starts, beginning and then putting aside several scripts, apparently dissatisfied with them. We can now see why. One of these manuscripts has been put into a book by his last wife, Laura, though it contains some beautiful fragments—we are, after all, talking of a master—*Islands in the Stream* is trying to add much to Hemingway's reputation.

The book centers on a disaffected painter, Thomas Hudson, who is wifeless in a beautiful house in England. He has, of course, had many women, but none has remained with him. He looks forward to a visit from his young sons. Extremely fanatical, he has trouble sleeping at night, haunted by memories of battle and fears that he is losing his identity as an artist. In short, our old friend, Ernest Hemingway, is in a transparent disguise.

Almost everything wrong with the book follows from this emotional overlap between author and character. Perhaps because artists are so subject to self-scrutiny than Americans, Hudson doesn't quite come off as a bumptious loudmouth that Cooper does in *Across the River and into the Trees*. It is still hard to take, at least, the narcissistic fondness that Hudson proposes. Hudson does, it is to be expected, the life of complex characters, even if he knows little about them. His middle-aged shakiness is closer to Hemingway himself than anyone in his other novels. As a character, he is a grossly indulgent and pompous fellow, whose glaring limitation is that he reflects his creator yet isn't a

Mr. Howe teaches at the City University of New York and is editor of *Dissent*. His most recent book, published this year, is *Decline of the New*.

One looks through him, Hemingway psyche, but not is a man interesting in his His bouts of pettishness and his fumbling realization ing is missing in his life, at the race calls wisdom; of self-pity followed by a st of courage—all this leads a self-contained imaginary to a series of illicit specula- to an uneasy curiosity ngway's own life; then, to shoes of his earlier books; to wondering once again oyishness of aging Ameri- for the cult of manliness rates this book, though with self-assurance than in his es, is finally a boy's idea. nly compare Hudson-Hem- the middle-aged characters pean masters in order to l that both as an individual ar as he is one, and as a e he is callow, inexperi- unripe. Callow, inexperi- unripe despite his plethora haps because of them. That in Hemingway recognizes extremely touching, a sign s to break past those limi- nd and feeling that marked st brilliant work and be- ous later on.

moves—it doesn't move on two planes: the external interesting for pages at a ne inner life of Hudson. me. Hemingway's evident be his own loss of nerve et away from his encrusted ses sympathy and respect; the time his vanity is too g for his desire to be real- are brought back to the rado, the tight-lipped pos- endless narcissism of his A small yet telling exam- ears of fame Hudson de- of feudal mentality as all y he keeps telling us about yalty of his retainers. How im, how they all care for at warrior-artist of many s even a long section about to be so devoted to Hud- poor creature, in violation laws of cathood, trembles anxiety at the prospect of leave the house. The ef- s is very sad and a little at like that of an aging eeps telling you how "de- l lovers still are.



WHEN FOLKS RETIRE FROM JACK DANIEL'S they find things to keep them busy, but they also manage to keep an eye on the Hollow.



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writes Thomas Lask in the *New York Times* about Katherine Anne Porter's COLLECTED ESSAYS. "Her prose is a nine-day's delight." Critics differ, of course, on their favorites. Hilton Kramer, of the *N. Y. Times Book Review*, praises the selections from her unfinished book on Cotton Mather—"a work that gives every sign of being a masterpiece." Charles Samuels, in the *New Republic*, welcomes "'A Wreath for the Gamekeeper,' which passionately and comically denounces *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and 'The Wooden Umbrella,' a scintillating put-down of Gertrude Stein." Choosing among countless "small masterpieces," the *Chicago Sun-Times* reviewer sums up: "It is all good work, and there can never be enough of it." Much of this material has never before been anthologized; some has never before appeared in print. But the chief merit of the collection remains Miss Porter herself. Carl Bode, in the *Baltimore Evening Sun* concludes: "She weaves an imperishable web."



Robert Phillips

The Collected Essays AND OCCASIONAL WRITINGS OF Katherine Anne Porter

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In "Bimini," the first part of *Islands in the Stream*, we see Hudson in his house, a troubled man who "had exorcised guilt with work insofar as he could" and who now recognizes he has been "undisciplined, selfish, and ruthless." He gets mixed up in a local brawl in which his friend Roger Davis, a failing popular writer who can be taken as a double of Hemingway's inferior side, beats up some rich visitors. What strikes one, in reading these flaccid and rather ugly pages, is how painful it is that the great master of narrative pacing, the Hemingway who could make tightness of phrase into a moral virtue, should now write so slackly, as if he must hang on to an incident for pages of chatter simply because he doesn't quite know what to do next. There follows, nevertheless, a quite charming section in which Hudson's three sons come to visit, and here the talk is bright, the feeling pure, and the action vibrant. But then comes a spoiling visit by a lovely named Audrey Bruce—for that's what women do, they *spoil* the good times of men—and after that, the terrible news that two of Hudson's sons have been killed in an accident in Europe. Shaken but fighting for control, Hudson goes off to Europe. The writing as a whole reminds one of a phrase Hudson uses in regard to his friend Davis: "Some sort of a sureness that he's lost."

Part II, a complete disaster, is set in Cuba during the early years of World War II, with a cloak-and-dagger mystification that could thrill five-year-olds, for Hudson is now commander of a small boat chasing German submarines (based on Hemingway's own work in the Caribbean at this very time). There is a long, dragging bar conversation between Hudson and some cronies which centers on a lady with large hips and heart of gold named Honest Lil. Suddenly an unexpected appearance is made by Hudson's first wife, a still glamorous actress on a mission to entertain the troops. Though Hudson has learned about the death of his oldest son in the European war, he grants himself a few hours of precious love with the boy's mother who, we are steadily reminded, is his own true love. At the end Hudson tells himself, "Get it straight. Your boy you lose. Love you lose. Honor has been gone for a long time. Duty you do." The sad thing about Hemingway in his years of decline is that precisely when he wants to

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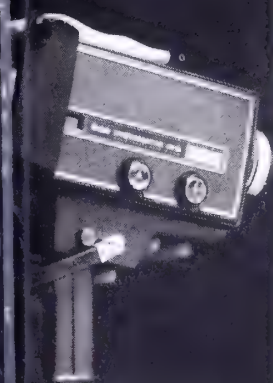
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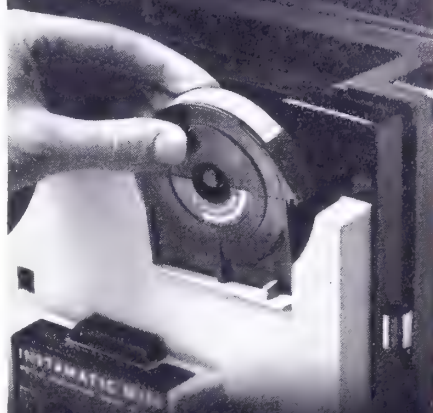
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strike a note of introspection he starts most to swagger.

Part III, "At Sea," constitutes a notable recovery. It is a tense and exciting story in which Hudson, firm beyond grief, commands his boat of American irregulars searching for some stranded U-boat sailors. Hudson is now off liquor, pretty much; free from self-concern, mostly; and devoted to the job at hand, which is to hunt down the Germans without glorifying—one is grateful for this touch—the ugliness of killing. These pages I found myself reading with a happy surrender to primitive suspense, as well as with pleasure at seeing Hemingway once again in command of his material. Yet, gripping as this part is in its steady accumulation of narrative tension, it isn't the kind of writing a great writer can ever content himself with. Certainly it isn't what a Kipling or a Conrad would have contented himself with, though a Stevenson might have. And to his everlasting credit Hemingway knows this. The chase of the German sailors ends in a gun battle; Hudson's crew wins out, though he himself, now a stoical but recovered warrior, is fatally wounded. The more obvious openings to heroics Hemingway resists here, and the grubby little shoot-out at the end of the book yields no unambiguous tribute to any virtue, not even "duty." Because he knows that he must deepen his adventure through an infusion of consciousness, because he sees that no story of battle can ever achieve in its own right the kind of significance a truly ambitious writer aims for, Hemingway keeps returning to the inner life of Hudson. Alas; it is like moving from shiny pebbles to thick mud.

The book does not move, there is no commanding idea—and not the kind of billboard-idea that Fellini's intellectual wants but the kind of emotionally resonant and personal idea that Fellini's director looks for. Nor is the problem of a kind certain academic or formalistic critics might stress: that from Part to Part new sets of characters are introduced and the old ones left to flounder, or that no effort is made dramatically to link the materials of each Part. The problem goes deeper and has to do with perceptions less easy to pin down—with the kind of firm and disciplined vision of life which, for example, pervades every chapter of *The Sun Also Rises* or *The Great Gatsby*. This is what Hemingway lost, this is what he struggled to recover, and this is what he did not find.

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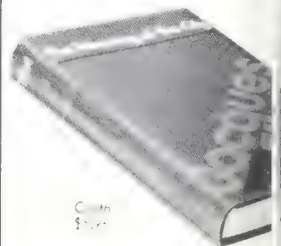
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In his early writing Hemingway had very quickly come to his one abiding subject: panic at the thought of psychic disintegration and then those kinds of inner struggle by which men can find momentary places of survival. He was not so foolish as to suppose that fear can finally be overcome; all his best work is concerned with improvising a truce in our hopeless encounter with fear. But he touched upon something that went beyond this, something that emerged in his fiction as the most personal kind of experience yet also showed the imprint of twentieth-century history. His great subject was the panic that follows upon the dissolution of nihilism into the bloodstream of modern consciousness, the panic that finds unbearable the thought of the next minute and its succession by the minute after that. We all know this experience even if, unlike Jake Barnes in *The Sun Also Rises*, we do find it possible to sleep at night: we know it because it is part of modern life and because Hemingway drove it into our awareness once and for all.

He touched upon the quick of our anxieties, and for the moment of his excellence stood ready to face whatever he saw. The compulsive stylization of his prose was both barrier and principle of contrast to that shapelessness which is panic by definition. Against the terror of the external, the only protection Hemingway could establish through his work, and his characters in their lives, was the principle of stylization. Stylization implies a self-consciousness and then a stiffening of style, its transformation into a code or ritual of mannerism—which means, I think, to forgo the greatest of all styles, the style of transparency. Still, in extreme situations this stylization could be a delicate impediment to chaos, a papery shield between the self and everything beyond it. Stylization became the pomp of the vulnerable, infinitely touching in *The Sun Also Rises*, supremely tragic in "A Clean Well-Lighted Place."

It is a defense that, by its very nature, cannot be long maintained, and that is perhaps one reason Hemingway worked best in short forms. His stories, and even his one great novel, bear more than a casual resemblance to lyric poems. Conceivably he might have persisted in using such forms and have kept turning out fine if increasingly predictable short fictions. But

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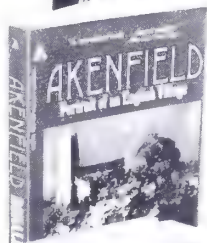
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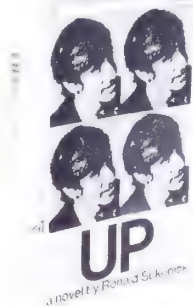
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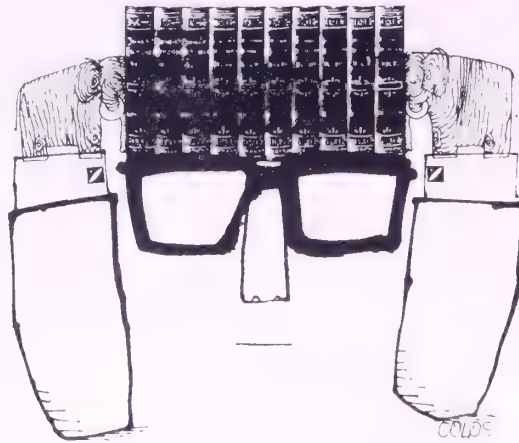
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Nonfiction

Confessions of a Cultist: On the Cinema, 1955-1969, by Andrew Sarris. Simon and Schuster, \$8.95.

I picked up Andrew Sarris's collection of film criticism with some trepidation. He is, after all, the leading practitioner in this country of the *auteur* theory, which too often leads to categorization rather than criticism and which, in any case, is a closed system, under which a director who has been elevated to the pantheon remains there no matter how he subsequently fouls up, while those who are early cast out cannot work their way back in no matter how earnestly (and successfully) they attempt to reform themselves.

After reading him *in extenso*, I more than ever feel Sarris is too intelligent to be caught up in this theory, though it is now obvious that it may have been a necessary intellectual support for a passion that must have been both lonely and strange in the days before movies became intellectually chic. I still think the *politique des auteurs* leads him to defensive rationalization rather than sound criticism of some of the works of men like Chaplin, Ford, Hitchcock, Hawkes, too impatient dismissals of Lean and, perhaps, Kubrick. Still, he is certainly generous with the right people—and very demanding of them, too. Thus, having been wary of Sarris for some time I must now confess that he has made a convert of me; he is undoubtedly one of our best and most serious

critics, a writer whose general soundness and catholicity of taste will have to be reckoned with if anyone should undertake to write an intellectual history of this fevered period in films.

The best thing about him is his understanding that movies must retain their roots in commonality (which is not the same as banality) for, as he remarks, "it is in the tension between self-expression and pleasurable communication that cinema achieves authentic greatness." Equally important, his definition of film avoids parochialism. "Cinema is everything," he writes. "Image, sound, music, speech, color. It may have been born illiterate, but it has learned to speak, and it is time the aestheticians of illiterate images realized that . . . there is no greater spectacle . . . than a man and a woman talking away their share of eternity together." That is very sound thinking in a moment when every moronic youth who can't construct a decent sentence is convinced he can express himself with a camera, despite the fact that he probably has not bothered to gain the cinematic literacy that Sarris so wonderfully commands, doesn't even know about, much less appreciate, the formalism that Sarris so profoundly respects.

In short, he is a conservative as well as a conservator, which means that, among other things, he is perhaps as perceptive a critic as we have on screen acting—a subject most *auteur* critics have nothing to say about. He is also a humane and liberal-minded man, able to find moral as well as artistic truth in unlikely places—in

Petulia, for example, or in *Up the Down Staircase*—maintaining immune to the postmodern trumpetings of the latter. He is self-absorbed spiritual proponent of Bergman at his worst.

I could wish, I suppose, that he were less strained and more playful in style (it goes against his functional scholarly—or at least sober—style) but one must apply to his words he applies to *The Work* which he called "the work of a distinctive talent—warts, cuts, and all." As the books about him threaten to flood the market, this collection of criticism strikes me as one of the few indispensable torrents that has churned up.

The Real Majority: An Exhaustive Examination of the Electorate, by Richard M. and Ben J. Wattenberg. McCann, \$7.95.

The authors of this psephological study (the Greeks voted with stones, hence *psēphos*, stone, and psephology the study of elections) attack the myths cherished by the "leading" and seek to reestablish that the middle American voter, being neither young nor poor nor black, is likely to have his head turned by political zeal. Rather, "Middle Voter" is a 40-year-old housewife from the suburbs of Dayton, O., whose husband is a machinist . . . afraid to walk alone at night . . . her brother is a policeman . . . she does not have the money to move if her neighborhood deteriorates . . . is

but her son is going to a junior college where LSD ad." To know this lady and her, they suggest, "is the heart of contemporary political wisdom: it is not cause for political alarm since this particular Middle East for Humphrey in '68 he was not "perceived" (inescapable word) as soft social issue": crime, drugs, pornography, etc.

Scammon and Wattenberg mine a mountain of Gallup 1969 mayoral elections, all rather convincingly that the voter's heart yet belongs to it, while the social issue is with voters of every class, and educational back-

nately, like so many books demolish one mythology, *Majority* flirts, at least, with the myth that the American process is almost as mind-boggling as Baruch thought the Soviet Union, a phenomenon of the "crowds." One may be pre-emptive, to concede great concern for mass electorate, and yet is told that Eugene McCarthy in New Hampshire in 1964 was mainly a case of misadventure (the Hampshire allegedly more hawkish than the serpent of doubt appears. While refreshing, begins politics without polity, not religion without a god of trenchman exclaimed, "My religion!"

and Wattenberg advise the both parties not to lose Middle America, citing the example of Mayor Lindsay, not find convincing their position that with a slight reduction of liberal rhetoric all will be well. The constant use of the "perceived" (as, for example, "perceived" as a wheeler-dealer, me, finally, the epitome of the limitations of this rather world. In this twilight world, never seen, or grasped, let alone to searching thought—concrete. No wonder, then, that all-oriented science, while it is, sometimes seems the absurdity of the pollster's that at least one offense to the for every two demolitions for followship, not is.

The President Steps Down by George Christian Macmillan \$6.95

It is a hard time for Lyndon Johnson. White House insider circle. But those who relish bloody and Byzantine tales will be unsatisfied by this discreet chronicle of "the transfer of power," which covers LBJ's last months. Reading it, you almost have the feeling that the Johnson White House was a tranquil place, no Florentine palace with a stiletto under every coat and poison hidden in every ring.

A Texan, Mr. Christian signed on as a White House press secretary in the spring of 1966, when press relations were bad to terrible. By his account, at least, he improved them. The President commanded him to sit in on every meeting with more than one person, unless shooed out. Presumably he saw much. But what he saw was a good deal less hectic than one was led to think, or some of the mischief passed right over his head. His account of the mid-election bombing pause and certain of the transition disputes will be of interest to historians; but for the ordinary reader the savor of the book lies in its little asides. To wit: which reporters were on the President's black list (Lippmann, of course, chief among the powers of darkness, and Kraft and Evans and Novak); and which "could see the President on request" (Alsop, of course, Roscoe Drummond, and Kenneth Crawford). We learn that LBJ admired the political savvy of his aide John P. Roche, but had to restrain the alley-fighting instincts of a professor on leave; we learn how the President was "appalled" by a Dean Martin-Robert Mitchum film called *Five Card Stud* and often cited it as a horrible example of "the new morality of the film industry"; we are told that the President lived in such dread of scandal that he shut his door to an old friend for fear he might mention a disputed transpacific-airline-route case. In short, the mild and statesmanlike Lyndon Johnson presented here may startle those who cut their teeth on Eric Goldman, not to mention *Macbird*. —E.Y.

Words for a Deaf Daughter. by Paul West. Harper & Row. \$6.95.

Milton's Samson cries out in his blindness that vision is too important to be governed by two small openings into one's head, but there are circumstances under which it is the sense of hearing whose primacy seems urgent—in the development of language from



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infancy, for example. Mandy West is eight years old, deaf from birth but known to be so from the age of two, "mute" (if the production of unflagging, often ear-splitting utterance as well as of language with a vocabulary of at least a hundred words can be called silence), and diagnosed as perhaps brain-damaged or possibly autistic as well. Her father is a writer and literary scholar, whose wit and extreme linguistic sensitivity, one would think, would be shocked and demoralized at the prospect of a child thus handicapped—more so, perhaps, than the steadfastness and piety of a simpler soul might be. His brilliant and joyful book about Mandy is utterly unlike those accounts of patience and fortitude which frequently constitute pleas for the recognition of the humanity of abnormal or subnormal children. Its rhetorical form addresses Mandy directly, in the second person, throughout: like an archivist of her long infancy ("infant" means, literally, one without speech), Professor West speaks to her in language she cannot yet, and may perhaps never, comprehend. But his language is intense and special, and it is generated in response to her own uniqueness. In many ways it becomes her language as well, and it is used to reveal a character that, aside from the mere reductive "interestingness" of pathology, glows with the self-fulfillment of human language, feeling, and energy at every level.

A good deal of the book, and perhaps its most remarkable part, is devoted to Mandy's words, to their etymology, use, and development. The essential violence of so many of the responses that, apparently, deaf children show must be an unusually wearying barrage for their parents, and we learn of Mandy's sheer personal power through the corresponding poetic vitality of her father's imaginative world. Some of the *Words for a Deaf Daughter* are really poems and fictions that flower in the richness of Mandy's father's awareness of her. Without any of the apocalyptic harrumphing of a writer like R. D. Laing, Professor West makes it clear that the perception of human individuality, in pathological conditions as well as in "normal" instances, is surely a function of the sensibility of the perceiver. (Whether genetically, environmentally, or somehow poetically, Mandy's remarkable-ness is related to her father's.) Professor West delivers a superb rebuke to the fashionable literary theoreticians



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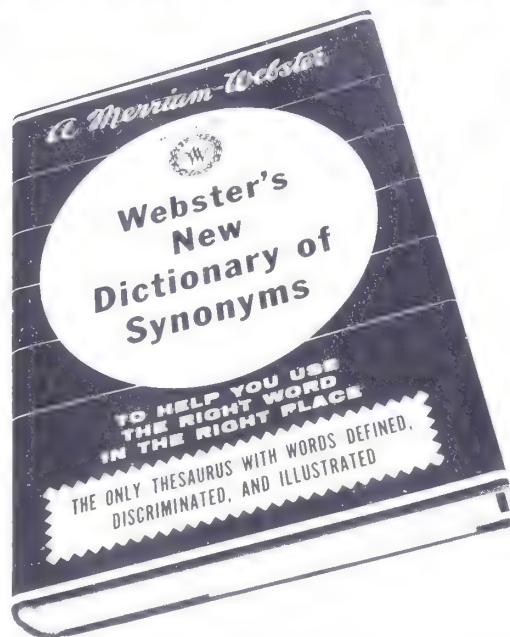
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Miss Cross wants to educate us so we can approach wisely those automatic open-in doors. She feels that food consumers deserve as much protection as possible, and is an advocate of much stronger legislation than we now have—on meat, fish, and poultry inspection, on labeling, on weights and measures, and on fair packaging. She has compiled some of her most valuable information on existing regulations and inspection requirements in the form of appendices, of which there are twelve. Included is a who's who among the chains and manufacturers (the Jolly Green Giants of the industry), breakdowns of operating costs for all sorts of food groups, and definitions of existing U.S. grading marks.

I suspect Miss Cross is something of a gourmet, and prefers her food fresh and unadulterated. This attitude permeates the book and gives it insurance against too rapid dating, although new developments, such as further discoveries of harmful additives, may supersede some of her information. There is a delightful chapter on things to come . . . closed-circuit TV shopping, packages that heat themselves, and labels, for use on avocados, that change color as the fruit ripens, from purple to bright yellow. She doesn't suggest what these innovations might add to the price of the product, but the reader knows she impatiently doubts their value, however small the cost. —S.M.

Hogarth on High Life: The Marriage à la Mode Series from Georg Christoph Lichtenberg's Commentaries. Translated and edited by Arthur S. Wensinger with W. P. Coley. Wesleyan University Press, \$35.

Georg Christoph Lichtenberg (1742-99), scientist, psychologist, moralist, and epigrammatist of genius, visited England in his youth and brought home with him to Germany not only his remarkably lively and perceptive

observations on the English also sets of Hogarth's engraving many notes he had taken was not until the last decade though, that he fully exp notes into a wonderful set taries, glossing, annotating, anecdotalizing, and ph upon the busy masses of le event that crowd Hogarth scenes. The commentaries over the function of fictional quality—Lichtenberg become a novelist, might be kind of premature German Dickens. They have already related in full and previously but the present volume, contains analyses of six of the pla after the *Marriage à la Mode* of paintings, is uniquely vividly presented in order nonscholar to appreciate as well as the intensities of Lichtenberg's discussions.

In a very large, archaic format that is a pleasure to turn the pages of as well as Professors Wensinger and Coley introduced and annotated the comments, accompanying text with introductions, notes, and additional comparative material, but with reproductions of Hogarth paintings, the famous engravings after the paintings (in original size, in fold-out plates, re-engravings that Lichtenberg done by Riepenhausen, in which he invert the mirror image of the engravings and restore the left-right orientation to which the comments refer. In addition, the tails appear throughout in the margins of the text, so that immersion is possible. Some of the digressions start out from the details and wander widely, turning, and one is grateful to have to turn pages to the end at every paragraph. Shortening the eighteenth-century lecture and having him lecture on this seems the best possibility. The commentaries are a skeleton of the culture he was analyzing. They are also many examples of the art of turning direct attention, reminding, sociate, refer back and forth; they also surmise when they joke it is with rather than at the expense of materials. This costly but

beautiful (rather than wastefully and crudely lavish) book presents their virtues splendidly. —J.H.

Fiction

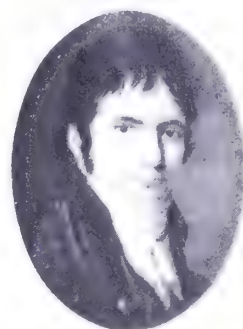
Fergus. by Brian Moore. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$5.95.

This is Mr. Moore's Hollywood novel and from a writer of his formidable sobriety and gift it is a disappointment. Basically, it is your standard novelist-turned-screenwriter-and-hating-it story. Fergus has put behind him a youth in Ireland, a marriage and a literary life in New York, and now, on our farthest shore, is having trouble with his script, his director, his producer, and his predictably much younger girlfriend. He is, as you might suspect, feeling rather guilty about the waste of his life and talent and the distance he has drifted from the solid, if deadening, values of his Irish past. To enliven this unoriginal material, Mr. Moore has adopted a conceit of astonishing heaviness—having the people of Fergus's past materialize and dematerialize in his present surroundings like so many stage leprechauns. They register astonishment over his home furnishings, dismay over his life-style, and disappointment over the loss of his promise. This device is very clumping, the deliberate regression back beyond stream-of-consciousness neither so interesting nor so entertaining as Mr. Moore imagines. Certainly it fails to vivify situations, attitudes that are dismally familiar. A weary wearisome book. —R.S.

Special note

In mid-October, Russell Lynes's handsome new book, *The Art-makers of the Nineteenth Century*, will be published by Atheneum in conjunction with the Metropolitan Museum of Art's centennial celebration. It is a narrative of the American painters, sculptors, and architects of the last century who struggled to carve a place for the arts in a society dominated by commerce and hung over with feelings of cultural provincialism. *The Art-makers* parallels in some ways Mr. Lynes's earlier book, *The Taste-makers*, published in 1954 when he was managing editor of *Harper's*. It is a big book—Charles Willson Peale to Winslow Homer and beyond—illustrated with 220 photographs; priced at \$17.95 before publication and \$20 thereafter.

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MUSIC

Where the classics have gone

CLASSICAL MUSIC: it is giving the record companies the biggest headache since Sebastian bonked Sir Toby Belch on the noggin. The public just is not buying recordings of classical music anymore. As a whole the record industry is thriving, with an estimated \$1.3 billion in overall sales for 1970. But of this sales figure, classical music accounts for only \$75-80 million, about the same as in 1960. "Classical music used to be 18 per cent of our total volume," says Herb Helman of RCA Records. "Now it is about 5 per cent." Helman's statistics are, give one or two percentage points, echoed by executives in all other American record companies.

Everybody in the business has his ideas about what has caused the decline. The Schonberg Telephone Poll came up with something like this: the world situation, the general crunch, the kids aren't buying classical records at all, union problems, the kids like only rock, duplication of the catalogue, the kids are visual-oriented, accelerating costs, the kids aren't brought up to appreciate good music. The kids, the kids, the kids. Always it seems to come down to the kids.

"We're not communicating with the kids," says Helman. "The kids are buying a lot of records, but it certainly isn't classical music," says James Goodfriend of *Stereo Review*. "After Kent State the kids even stopped buying rock," says Peter Davis of *High Fidelity*. "They found they had more important things to do."

Terry McEwen of London Records agrees. "It's a pot culture," he says. "Hell, the whole country's on pot." Marvin Saines, who runs some twenty record stores in college areas around the country, affirms that the kids are

"buying rock like pot." Saines, himself a professional musician (oboist, conductor), says that kids used to buy at the bottom and pyramid up, from pops to classics. "Now there's no apex. Some of the kids like Bach and Beethoven, but they're not turned on by them. Even kids who like the classics no longer buy them. They spend it on rock. This is the pattern of the future. Rock gives the kids a feeling of social involvement. Music as social commentary. Like the Youngbloods: 'Get together.' It is more than herd instinct. This music really turns them on." Tom Frost of Columbia Records sums up the prevalent feeling of the classical divisions of the record companies: "We've lost the younger generation."

And it is true that rock has made an enormous impact on listening habits of the young. One reason for its popularity is that, whatever its musical value (which generally is pretty low), rock is high in symbols that mean everything to intelligent kids today. It is full of alienation symbols, of social protest and social commentary, and has completely departed from the moon-June, love-dove lyrics of a previous generation. It tells the kids what they want to hear; and while the music itself often is cheap, uninventive, and appallingly derivative, the literary and sociological content can be extremely sophisticated.

BUT THAT'S NOT THE WHOLE STORY About the decline of classical music on records. Record companies are not philanthropic organizations. They are in it for the buck; and, like everybody else these days, are caught in the economic crunch. Prices of records have not gone up, but costs have gone out of sight, and the unions have not helped. Some executives put the blame directly on the unions, specifically the

American Federation of Musicians, and charge that American orchestras have been priced out of the market. "The AFM has done more to kill classical recording in the United States," says an editor of *Record Magazine*. "Here is a recording of Say Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra recording a Haydn symphony. They would not pay for the recording, but the entire orchestra would be paid. It's crazy."

"We've just recorded the New York Symphony with Ozawa in contemporary works," says a representative of Capitol Records. "The recording sessions cost us \$25,000 and we'll never make it back." Maynard Ferguson of Vanguard Records says that classical sales have risen so drastically that they are even a point of any classical record company's sales. "Classical sales have quadrupled in the past decade," says an executive, who did not wish to be used, is so pessimistic about the dwindling profit margins, that he is convinced the end has come for classical music. "Classical music has no image anymore. One of the big companies there is asking the question—though they will deny it—about whether or not they should keep their classical catalogues should they go alive." F. Scott Mampe of Columbia Records, though not as pessimistic, says that the expenses of making classical records are not exactly bubbling over. He says that the expenses of making classical records in this country are so high that some kind of subsidy is needed.

And subsidy sometimes comes. Foundations have been supporting contemporary music for years. A few orchestras are so eager to record that their boards are underwriting the recording costs, not even the biggest foundations. They support opera recording in Italy. A three-disc set of an Italian opera—*Aida*, say—would cost about \$150,000 in London and perhaps a little more in Rome. In the United States it would be about \$150,000.

Mr. Schonberg, senior music critic of the New York Times, writes occasionally ad lib in these columns. He is the author of The Great Pianists and other books.

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The quality goes in before the name goes on

THEN THERE IS THE COMBINED problem of catalogue duplication and the relative lack of oncoming musicians who have the charisma to attract a wide public. For years the record companies have been overproducing. "The record industry," says Solomon of Vanguard, "is an industrious meat grinder. It rushes on new trends and saturates them, glutting the market." Duplication of repertory has reached insane lengths. Such popular works as the B-flat minor Piano Concerto of Tchaikovsky are available in as many as twenty-five different versions. To record salesmen, such as Gunter Kossodo of the Sam Goody Record Shop in New York, this does not make sense. Hardly any of those twenty-five performances, he claims, is very interesting, and in effect all are stamped from the same cookie cutter. "There is a lack of personality among the younger artists today," he says. "They all tend to sound alike. So why go out and get two different performances if this is the case? In the old days you had Toscanini, Beecham, Furtwängler, all different, all great. Today conductors A, B, and C—it makes no difference. At least, I can't tell them apart."

Record companies, as well as the

concert business in general, are greatly concerned about the lack of young artists with flaming personality. Everybody plays and conducts well these days, but few lift an audience and carry it away. RCA and Columbia are both looking hard, but admit they have not found a young pianist or conductor with any charisma. They have tried, and have recorded some, and have in some cases exceeded normal advertising budgets for promotion. But the public will not buy.

Contemporary music does not sell at all. "Nobody likes it," says Ward Botsford, now of Caedmon Records, who was a recording director at Vox for many years. "The damn serial movement has meant twenty wasted years." Norman Racusin, the president of RCA Records, has ruefully stated that record companies generally send more free copies to critics than they ultimately sell. What does sell in the classical line? The baroque revival has about spent itself. Romantic music, aside from the hundred or so established masterpieces, does not sell at all, though some small companies are putting their hopes into a romantic revival. Indeed, say the record people, *nothing* outside of the established repertory sells, and now even the estab-

lished repertory is not selling. It looks bad all over.

IT MAY BE THAT home recording has cut into record sales. No, any statistics on this, but the easiest thing in the world is to start an FM program on reel-to-reel or on cassettes. Sales of blank tapes are way up, and nobody believes they are being used to record. It's the first cry. Every big city—all cities are where most classical recordings are sold—has an FM station voted to the best music. Most get the advance programs, then their heart desires, recorded on 3¾ i.p.s. cassettes, and then back through high-price equipment, achieving sound as good as the original source. But many experts who believe this is a main factor in the decline of sales is not the kids, not the crunch, not costs, but the danger of insane duplication of the repertoire to the point where the market becomes supersaturated—and the tedious home recorders, who have to purchase a record.

But whatever the reasons, the American record companies are in trouble with classical music, and there have been major casualties. Even so great a group as the New York Philharmonic Orchestra has been released from its exclusive contract with Columbia (and that was before George Szell's death). John McClure of Columbia is now concentrating on pop and rock discs. Budgets have been slashed, and there will be fewer recordings, and an ever-increasing percentage of classical music on disc will be imported. Those companies which have no affiliations will be in a better position than the largely American ones, such as Mercury and Columbia. Mercury is on the Philips line, London on Decca, Capitol on EMI. Norman Racusin of RCA has gone so far as to hint that American companies are out of the classical business if not an unexpected turn of fortune. "If the repertory is not populated with meaningful material and the audience is not renewed with new recordings, the day will come when record companies will not be able to record classical music." Like some of his colleagues in the industry, Racusin has a pessimistic future and it does not work

ONE MORE TIME by A. R. Ammons

I took my likely schizophrenia in hand
and said if
it must be the high places, let's go to them.
muse how they lie about, see how
the lessening to immateriality occurs,
how the peaks, chipping off, folding in, loft
free to the danger of floating, endure
the falling away, the unneighboring to high isolation:
the essential reductions to form
and to rock, the single substance,
gained, we'll confront puzzling air, from
the strictest consideration to the freest,
and the height made we'll have the choiceless ease
of the single choice, down, and leisure to come on
deepening multiplicity,
trifling, discrete abundance,
bottomless diversity, down into the pines,
morning glories and trout streams
(where the lacewing works the evening marginal air)
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JOHN GURRY: THE POETICS OF STYLE

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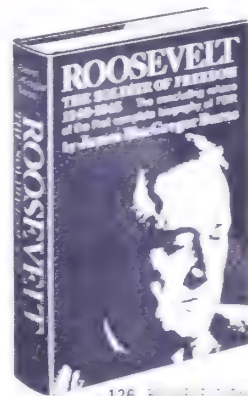
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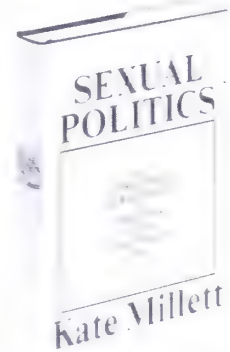
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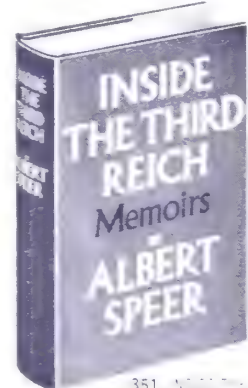
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Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Cass Canfield, Vice Chairman; William S. Blair, President. Subscriptions: \$8.50 one year; \$21.00 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: \$1.50 per year additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc.

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CREDITS: The pictures on pages 79-82 are from Culver.

ABOUT THIS ISSUE



Frank Conroy's remarkable autobiographical book *Stop-time* was published three years ago to a warm critical reception. Eleanor Dienstag wrote in *The New York Times Book Review*: "*Stop-time*, free of rancor, rich with the half-mad, lonely characters who people our times, is one of the finest books about growing up I have ever read."

After his assignment to write about Charles Manson and the Sharon Tate murders (see "Manson Wins!—a fantasy," page 53) Conroy made several trips to Hollywood. "At first I was going to simply report the facts, but as I pondered the events I became more and more aware of the shallowness of most of the interpretations of them filtering through the straight reporting in the newspapers and magazines. My attention wandered from how it had happened to why it had happened. If Manson is guilty, his twenty years in jail were the key.

"I don't suppose it is up to me to decide if there is a place for this kind of writing about real events. Most often I come to an understanding of what I am writing about as I write it (like the lady who doesn't know what she thinks until she says it), and although there are dangers to the approach there is also space, space to discover what you hadn't known, to surprise yourself, to open up. The suppositions shouldn't take over, though, or you have a cart leading a horse.

They should be extrapolations, reasonable extrapolations drawn from facts. It has to be done in good faith. The writer must give up the notion that he knows he is right, which was only an illusion anyway, when he writes style, and content himself with the hope of being right. Since all writing is to one degree or another, like a tense may be important. The stuff—so often wrong—must be less dangerous than a self-fantasy."

Conroy, thirty-four, is a graduate of Haverford. He now lives in New York and is working on fiction and a novel.

Coming in future issues of *TA*: Bill D. Moyers on America in the 1970s; Norman Mailer on William S. Burroughs; David Halberstam on Richard and Barbara Namara and the source of the Vietnam War; Marshall Frady on Israel; James Jones on his father; James Jones on the Clay-Quarry fight; John Updike on clubwomen in Baltimore; and Philip Roth on a Kansas orphanage.

The cover: In the traditional tarot pack of fortune-telling cards, the Hanged Man is suspended from a gallows and has a nimbus over his head. According to *Eden's Tarot Revealed*, his face expresses deep entrancement, and the gesture suggests the reversal of the mind rather than of the body.



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LETTERS

Homosexual status

Joseph Epstein's article [September] is not an analysis of "The Struggle for Sexual Identity," as the title would lead us to believe. It is his account of his own personal trauma in coming to terms with a part of human experience which is, he believes, antithetical to the present intellectual framework of his life. And once we readers discover that Mr. Epstein is really writing about "the love that dares not speak its name," we are introduced to several curious specimens of humanity who have fallen victim to the "curse." . . . There is, for example, the friendly man who stared at the teen-aged Joseph Epstein through the window. Obviously nothing but a child seducer of the old school. Then there is Richard, Mr. Epstein's Army buddy, who turns out to be a "roaring fag" (something akin to the MGM trademark I believe) and who, despite his agreeable qualities, had been deceiving Mr. Epstein all the time, cheating him by hiding "the essential, the number one fact in his life." Then, of course, we have an instance of that plague of plagues—the drunken Southern mayor who goes around embracing government antipoverty workers in men's rooms. Topping the bill is Eliot, the "new" homosexual, remorseless, free-wheeling, and altogether rather intriguing to Mr. Epstein, though still contemptible and deserving pity, poor dear.

Mr. Epstein seems to have begun his life with a predisposed attitude toward sexuality. This became his act of faith. And in an almost zealous manner, he has sought examples in the physical world to reinforce his unfounded, pre-existing concepts. Being intelligent and possessing a critical mind, he expectedly encounters contradictions, and repeatedly he exposes the fallacies of his own illogical situation. The undercurrent of his article is an irresistible tide to new modes of behavior based on a larger interpretation of Man's erotic possibilities, yet Mr. Epstein adamantly refuses to swim with the stream, pre-

ferring instead to battle his way back up to some bank of absoluteness that never really existed. He acknowledges his failure in marriage and he mentions the marital malaise of his friends. Why can't he see the next logical step? If he is reaching for something beyond the bondage of conventional marriage, he can no longer rule out homosexual activity as a taboo resulting from the necessity of compulsive heterosexual attachments. Mr. Epstein has painted himself into a corner from which he can only attack homosexuality as personally detestable, surely for an "intellectual" a weak position. Mr. Epstein's attitudes, not only to homosexuality but to sexuality in general, are very likely linked to his attitudes concerning political and social affairs. He remarks that the burden of the homosexual's condition is that his sexuality is an obsession, a tyrannical, inescapable, possessive mania. Though this statement reveals more about Mr. Epstein's projections than any kind of objective truth, one wonders if Mr. Epstein hasn't peeked into a mass-circulation magazine or watched any hour of commercial television. If he had he might realize that there are merchants, admen, whole corporations, businessmen all the way down the line who assume that *all* their public is obsessed about their sexual capabilities or more precisely making up for their sexual deficiencies. And though this shouldn't be interpreted as a defense for Mr. Epstein's assertion, what he may be observing in his few homosexual acquaintances is simply one wing of a larger, pervading illness.

Mr. Epstein also has a passion for categorization. After thoroughly condemning homosexuality, he then desires a national census to know how many people there are who have gone "that way." Maybe once they can be identified, they could wear yellow armbands or something to make them easily recognizable, especially so that children could avoid them. The nasty thing about homosexuality, though, is its unpredictableness. Even if one could separate all the homosexuals from all the heterosexuals one day, one might find

two nice heterosexual families in love several days later. To Mr. Epstein's discomfort is arbitrarily wants to proscription of the capability of expression, and after once down, separate it, as one grate the white and yolk of an egg, having achieved a seemingly separation in his own life, then defend this rather unbalanced by projecting his own image onto the world, which is that he have a set of aggressive to undermine any way of life as a threat to his, *i.e.*, any living that does not assume racial separation. Hence his not know whether a man with no dealing is homosexual or not. Norman Mailer's comment on a homosexual who has succeeded in pressing his homosexuality as the right not to be called homosexual. This seemingly mild statement drops with revealing prejudices. (For an example where Norman Mailer star-gazed to women and homosexuals, Kate Millett's enlightening *Sexual Politics*. And, having mentioned why doesn't Mr. Epstein condemn male homosexuality? If he is having this curse inflicted on him, how would he feel if he is the victim? Must we divide his life into a double standard once again? Why does he choose to see homosexuality as opposed to and mutually exclusive of heterosexuality? Is it logical to understand both as and frequently alternating, and contact with other humans?

What needs to be so desperately and repeated to Messrs. Epstein and their fellow defenders of a conservative heterosexual life is that, being late for them, it is getting all of us, and if there isn't something in of superegos, something to see where they have imprints, some realigning of attitudes to reflect the actuality of experience and its creative process, then we may all find ourselves



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LETTERS

as parodies of humanity; find ourselves forced to accept and Julie as our personal hero.

JOHN
Gay Lib
Bo

Mr. Epstein's picture of ordinary heterosexual life-styles is strikingly bleak and . . . [and] is redeemed so in fact that homosexuality is to represent something worse. Mr. Epstein is desperately trying to up what he fears is a tottering structure by using the gay minority as a scapegoat.

Clearly it is not easy to be sexual in America—just as it is easy to be black. By a curious unique process of reasoning, he blames not the persecutor, but the persecuted . . . Epstein's ultimate condemnation of homosexuality is descriptive, however, but not an overwhelming personal attack. Such an irrational judgment is countered logically, which grounds prejudice in the workings of revulsion is equally true for racists and anti-Semites.

. . . Epstein seems to assume that social antipathies are immutable (is only less candor about homosexuals), yet much of his work is devoted to what he laments as growing acceptance. In speaking publicly, he clearly is seeking to revitalize old prejudice and . . . A pity which, like Epstein's, from contempt, can easily be turned into persecution. His article is in this direction.

DAVID BERK

In his recent article, Joseph says, "The most affecting of Goodman's love poems are addressed to boys." By and large, with this judgment, though I say "young men," not "boys," is rare. isn't it, for married to be the source of lyrical novels. The premarital and marital are much more likely to be a payoff of art-working, and such affairs have usually been sexual. The ups and downs of love have other ways of working out than by writing. Corresponding to the most passionate of my married love, e.g., "Gavotte" after Rameau," have marriage crises.

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LETTERS

On the author's main theme, the horrors of homosexual acts is back on nearly sixty years of life, I can say only that I have been unhappy, I have had some bad hours making love to men, but many lasting and cumulative pleasures as a husband and father of some shaking calamities. For all kinds of love have been effective, full of obligation. I have no way of estimating how all of this compares to somebody else's coming and I am bemused that Joseph is so certain that he knows how to estimate the comparative value.

Since he asserts that, among consenting adults, "homosexuality is a crime without a victim." I am not sure why Joseph Epstein writes that it can only exacerbate the "problem" of homosexuals that is of, rather than trying to eliminate the prejudice against harmless beings. My own view, let me say, is that no sexual practices whatever, if they are malicious or extremely vicious, do any harm to anyone, including children. Certainly no harm is done by any attempt to suppress, frighten, or denigrate.

PAUL
N. Stratton

There was something so inconclusive (save that he said none of his sons would ever be one) about Mr. Epstein's treatment of homosexuality that I feel I missed some subtlety.... I am a three-year-old wife of two who has led a standard, sheltered, middle-class life, where I might just suspect people are homophobic (like in my case ex-WACs who pinch your bottom) but I think I've done infinitely more objective thinking on the topic than Epstein....

It is very unclear how much sexual preference is traditionally a biologically determined. If homosexuality is anti-baby, and is anti-family-harmony so that it has anciently set up taboos both so that he could procreate and survive. With modern science and knowledge incest has been strengthened against his unfortunate children—but with the explosion the same does not seem true for homosexuality. In fact, there are no good reasons that adults should not select their preferences in an entirely rational

atmosphere, so long as it does not wreak harm on unborn generations (certainly not the case in homosexual relations).

In such a society, if homosexuals continued to be as unhappy and maladjusted as Mr. Epstein believes them *inherently* to be—then he would have a case, of sorts. But for right now his article is disturbingly inflexible. . . .

NAN S. KRAFT
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Many years ago, when I was more innocent than I am today, but also more cocksure, I was serving as a Pharmacist's Mate in a Naval Hospital on Long Island. Working with me was a nurse whom I liked very much. We had a Jewish patient on our ward who was very hard to handle. One day, driven to exasperation by his demands, I let go with a violent attack on Jews. I concluded by saying, "And they're all the same." My nurse friend was visibly shaken. Another friend took me aside and explained that Mildred was Jewish. Well, I lost a lot of my cocksureness that afternoon. (Perhaps my conversion was overdramatic. Within a few days I had switched from reading the old *New York Sun* to read-

ing *PM*, which, to use Joseph Epstein's categories, was an essentially Jewish newspaper.) Since then I have met many Jews who conform to my youthful caricature, but I have learned that there is as much variety in Jews as there is in Gentiles. Epstein's article brought that long-forgotten incident to painful remembrance.

As a case in point, he claims that the general run of heterosexuals are not defined by their sexuality at all, but that homosexuality is a full-time matter, a human status, in other words, that a homosexual is defined by his sexuality. For this he offers no proof. To say that the homosexual is an outlaw only proves that our laws are cruel (as he himself grants). But apparently the proof is supposed to rest in the cases he cites. Most of the homosexuals most of us have noticed probably do correspond to his examples. But, fortunately, many of us have also known homosexuals who bear no resemblance to this caricature. It is as if we were to describe heterosexuals in terms of a Hugh Hefner, with whom sexuality does seem to be a full-time matter, or, at the other end, a Billy Graham—you take your pick in terms of what you want to prove.

I don't say, "Some of my are homosexuals" but neither do I say "Some of my best friends are homosexuals." Sometimes, it is true, I do know a person by his sexuality, color, etc., but this is only when it is a special factor in a particular case. That Epstein automatically defines a homosexual by his sexuality proves only the self-imposed limitations of his experiences.

When he closes on another note, by saying that nothing a homosexual could ever do would make him more than if any of them were to become a homosexual, and thereby belong to niggerdom, I feel real angry. What is it, other than marriage, that condemns some people to niggerdom? I am sad that there is enough prejudice around the world of our people, whether homosexual or something else, that some are condemned to niggerdom. I don't know if homosexuality for my son is a "curse," that is, an injury. But neither do I know of other things for him. What I do know is that he grow up "marrying" and self-giving, productive, humane, and loving. I hope that he could grow up in a

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 ch a society homosexuality
 only be less of a problem,
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me as odd that Mr. Epstein,
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 be one's own business. . . .

DENISE A. DI ANNE
 San Francisco, Calif.

pstein in his absorbing ar-
 "Nobody says, or at least
 r heard anyone say, 'Some
 friends are homosexuals.'"
 ears ago my wife and I
 at used to be an annual
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 e line, "Some of my best
 homosexuals."

ly he had hoped to either
 use this sophisticated Bay
 Instead, there was com-
 from a puzzled audience
 why a man of his stature
 necessary to make such a
 ent.

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SHE
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HP 36NO

Joseph Epstein wrote a book about homosexuality and mentioned a "quaintance for whom the appeal of homosexuality is repelled him, but the homosexual became involved with him."

Appearing as a normal, well-adjusted, and confident young man, I am an individual. The homosexual physical love are indeed to me; however, most of the individuals available for participation are not as tasteful to me. Rarely would I desire a lingering relationship with a member of my Outlaw society. I had joined me in a homosexual relationship.

One can go to a strange place and find a fraternity of homosexuals. The experience has been that the gay community is found in the city baths, and parks not only in London, Munich, Los Angeles, and New York, but also in Boise, Little Rock, and Santa Fe. But this isn't enough. No matter how widely accepted homosexuality may become in the United States,

Hiding my homosexuality and my "straight" side of my life isn't the best thing I can do, but it's the unfulfilling and uninteresting element of my homosexuality that's uncomfortable. Yes, Mr. [redacted] as you think I think too, that he and I are quite literally cursed.

CH's
Studio in

... Of course there are 11 homosexuals—just as there are good and evil heterosexuals. But as directed the Institute for Sex Research (Kinsey) massive study of homosexuals in San Francisco in 1956, I know thousands of homosexuals—including myself—and what it describes as “The Homosexual” to represent only a minute portion of this major minority group in society.

Epstein would have done to our society had he a tongue-in-cheek vocation as being a priest. Indeed the cogent sentence in his whole long and miserable article of ignorance makes me frighten too!

T
San Francisco

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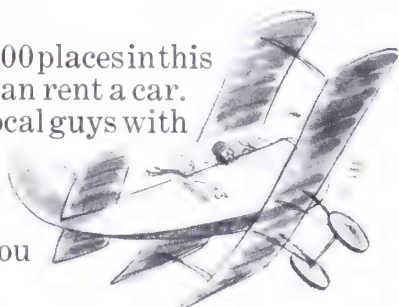
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SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES

LETTERS

cates, a number of animals, including several familiar mammalian species, have been observed displaying sexual responses toward members of the same sex. Among females the most common example is the observation of females in estrus being mounted by other females not in estrus. Among males one may find juveniles or even adults mounting each other when penned together. Additionally, in some species individuals of either sex may use the sexual mounting posture as an expression of dominance over other animals of the same or opposite sex. These behavioral patterns are perfectly natural and are considered species-typical. There is, however, an important difference between this naturally occurring homosexual behavior in animals and the characteristic pattern of human homosexuality—when given a choice, animals do not prefer to copulate with individuals of the same sex. When this does occur it is considered highly maladaptive or abnormal. On the other hand, probably the most distinguishing characteristic of the human homosexual syndrome is the overriding preference for a member of the same sex.

I wish to clarify this matter because the popular interest in animal behavior coupled with Epstein's brief reference to animal homosexuality may mislead some readers into believing that perfectly parallel homosexual patterns occur in both man and animals, and that in animals such behavior is normal.

BENJAMIN L. HART, Assoc. Prof.
School of Veterinary Medicine
University of Calif., Davis

Before anyone forecloses discussion of homosexuality in America, he ought to have concrete evidence of what it is. No such evidence has yet been published, despite a good deal of armchair theorizing both by psychologists and by homosexuals themselves. But one couple, Dr. William Masters and Mrs. Virginia Johnson of St. Louis, *have* done their homework, and appear to have arrived at conclusions about the origin and nature of homosexuality, male and female, startlingly different from those of the psychologists, and from those homosexuals have proposed.

Masters and Johnson long ago completed laboratory studies of how male and female homosexuals physically relate. They are presently engaged in clinical studies to see if homosexuality can be treated among those who wish it treated. I interviewed Masters and



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GROSS
SINCE 184

You don't create a mild sensation. You become one.

iest thing in the world is
e a sensation.

of yelling and screaming,
publicity and lo, you're a
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today, though, and gone
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et out for the long haul.

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But with one difference.

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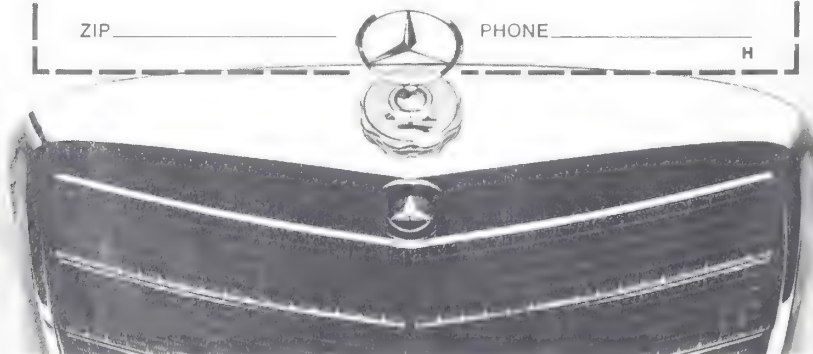
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LETTERS

Johnson last winter in and text. Dr. Masters hinted that ical work had convinced homosexuality, male or female so many other sexual patterns to be, the result not of ar chological predilections but adolescent experience; that ual seduction in adolescence ally the predetermining factor homosexual choice, just as whore or a back-seat scre drive-in is generally the pre ing factor in men who pri ejaculate. Dr. Masters also he is treating homosexuality, cessfully reversing it, and, kr v belief in rapid treatment, he is ably doing so in two weeks of therapy, using the same bi niques of reeducating the ho that he is using to reverse her disability (the techniques decri *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, is clinical text). We won't know b St. Louisans' work until 195. they publish their next bo will deal with this subject. u they do publish, honesty requ all, homo- and or heteros sit tight.

RICHARD
Bonner Springs

JOSEPH EPSTEIN REPLIES:

The above letters, along with that have been addressed to re ally, combine to form such a extraordinary variety of responses to y that the lot conduces to convin the most impressive thing ab sexuality remains the vast of opinion that exist on aln t pects of the subject and th p that these differences can eve

Of the above letters, Mr. Dr raises the most frightening p ss. He suggests that, holding th v do, my speaking out public subject of homosexuality car r to the greater persecution of o uals. This. I would have hope it have gone without saying, a I should despise more than y. But I wonder if it is a true p ss.

To begin with, homosexu ready roundly condemned b the majority of Americans. A sm ber of Americans, the would ated chief among them, ofte to an easy acceptance of ho ity, but, in fact, most of the at least in my experience, ready to put homosexuals private just as strongly as at



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THE BARTENDER'S GUIDE TO PARTY CHEESES...

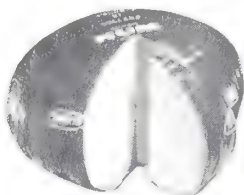
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The problem, I think, is that homosexuality is one of those subjects about which one must necessarily have two views, a public and a private.

Publicly, it seems to me that only one civilized view of homosexuality is possible: that the maximum tolerance ought to be accorded to homosexuals; all barbarous laws now on the books penalizing homosexuality between consenting adults ought to be abolished; and generally no homosexual ought to be made to pay in any public way for the fact of his homosexuality.

The private realm, however, is another matter. Privately, each person, or so it seems to me, must come to terms with homosexuality as best he can. Some people seem to be able to do this best by considering a man's homosexuality as a mere preference on his part, and nothing more. I am afraid I feel this a very shallow view, and certainly one that I cannot accept. It would be very convenient to accept it, to be sure, for then there would be no discrepancy whatsoever between my public and private views of homosexuality. But I can eliminate this discrepancy only through what I feel to be an act of intellectual and emotional dishonesty; and this being the case, I find I prefer to live with the inconvenience of the discrepancy between my public and private views.

Along the same line of reasoning, it strikes me that if I were a homosexual, I should prefer not to be conned about what most people think about my homosexuality. The fact is, all of the intelligent people whom I know have feelings about homosexuality not dissimilar to my own: their public and private views of it are split, they have difficulty coming to private terms with it, and they all think it would be a great sadness if any of their children were to grow up homosexual. In my experience, this is an accurate account of the state of feeling about homosexuality among most people who are not homosexuals. If it offends homosexuals, I am sorry. But if I were a homosexual, I think I should be a good deal less offended by this than by those wonderfully swinging types who are likely to pretend that homosexuality is of no importance whatever and who then go off behind my back to whisper that I am a "fag."

Perhaps someday the discrepancy between public and private views of homosexuality will be eliminated when all our ignorance about the subject is done away with—if it ever is done

away with. On this point, N. writes that we ought to wait and hear from Masters and Johnson's foreclosing discussion on the subject. I shall sit tight, along with N. though with considerably less patience than he seems to have. In my view, such of Masters' and Johnson's writings as I have read is so much physiological—divorcing, a human love from human sexuality—that I find it generally interesting to suppose we must be grateful to Masters and Johnson for giving us, with the aid of their elaborate techniques, a blow-by-blow account of the penis and prostate in action. But it seems to me that they have gone far beyond this to tell us anything of relevance about whole men and their multifaceted conditions. It should be very much surprising if it is to be the last word on homosexuality.

Finally, Paul Goodman, whose books I have greatly enjoyed, and whose overall career is so impressive. First, I am not sure that I agree that married life is less the stuff of art than of science; indeed, W. H. Auden has recently remarked that any marriage, presumably this would include homosexual marriage as well—is infinitely more interesting than any romance or passionate affair. Second, while Mr. Goodman's candor, I presume to be able to comment on qualitative aspects of his work. Yet where he reports, as in *Five Years*, on his homosexual life, during a particularly difficult time in his life, I found it most revealing. I think, judging by the way he writes about it, he himself felt it. But I do not feel so certain as Mr. Goodman apparently thinks I do that I can estimate the comparative value of homosexual and heterosexual life. Clearly I do not feel as certain as Goodman seems to feel when he writes that "no sexual practices were less they are malicious or guilt-ridden, do any harm to the child, including children." What, however, is that it is extremely fortunate that sex should exert no influence over anyone's life; that it should exert such a tyrannical influence on the lives of the vast majority of homosexuals; that to be homosexual is to be a hostage to passion as homosexuality is to thwart one's ability to live as one might for all else that is above and beyond sex.

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THE EASY CHAIR

Can the Nixon Administration be doing something right?

SO FAR, I HAVE BEEN ABLE to keep my enthusiasm for the Nixon Administration under control. The personalities of both the President and Our Spiro fail to charm me. In fact, for the past year I have kept a bottle of Gelusil beside the television set, because my stomach begins to churn automatically whenever either of them makes a speech. Moreover, I am irrationally opposed to many of their policies, from the Southern strategy to the SST. Could be that I am a mite prejudiced.

So it comes hard for me to have to admit that the Administration might be doing something right. Nevertheless it is my duty as a reporter to note that it now is up to something pretty interesting—something which has scarcely been mentioned in the news media. One explanation for this silence is that Nixon & Cohorts have in this case been trying to do good as inconspicuously as possible, for canny reasons. Another is that most Washington newsmen, for causes mentioned here a few months ago, are interested mainly in the noisy pageantry of politics, rather than in the prosaic arts-and-crafts of government.

Still, it seems odd to me that practically nobody has noticed how drastically the Administration is changing the very structure of government. When Truman remodeled the White House porch, the press flew into a tizzy. But when Nixon starts to remodel the framework of the federal system, in ways which may well affect the lives of all of us, hardly anybody twitches an eyebrow.

What is even more curious, some of his purposes seem identical with those of both the New Left and Lyndon Johnson. For example, he is trying to decentralize the bureaucracy—to move a big share of decision-making out of Washington, and closer to local communities. In one significant case he appropriated a scheme which was developed under the Johnson regime, but abandoned because LBJ felt that in his last months in office he did not have enough political clout to get away with

it. Yet Nixon picked up the plan during his first weeks in the White House, and issued orders to put it into operation beginning this fall. Up till now, miraculously, it hasn't provoked an angry murmur—probably because Congressional and other vested interests haven't yet grasped its implications.

IT IS STILL TOO EARLY to tell how this particular reform will work out. At the very least, it seems likely to improve the efficiency of government. At the most it could—over a period of years—develop into a new pattern of government, which was familiar to the ancient Romans but has never been tried in this country. In the latter case, we might wake up on some distant morning to discover the nation divided into ten provinces, each directed by a proconsul responsible to the President, and charged with responsibilities which both the states and Washington previously had been handling badly or not at all. The boundaries of these provinces already have been laid down, their capitals have been established, and this September they began to do business, in a tentative and limited kind of way.

To be sure, everybody connected with the scheme avoids with horror this kind of language, and some of my informants will be provoked with me for using terms which could touch off alarm bells on Capitol Hill. They prefer to speak, not of provinces, but of "federal regions" with "regional headquarters"—familiar names which upset nobody. Moreover, the writ of the "regional councils" and their "directors" does not yet run very far; they are supposed to "coordinate" rather than rule. Maybe it will never come to anything more than that. Perhaps, indeed, the undertaking will bog down in bureaucratic lethargy and confusion, as have so many earlier efforts to "coordinate" the snakes' nest of federal and local agencies.

This time, however, I have a hunch that there is at least a chance that the pressures of necessity and public dis-

content may shove the new regime in the opposite direction—into an evolution toward a significantly peculiarly American, experimental provincial government.

THE ONE THING THAT everybody in this fretfully country seems to agree on is that the government isn't working very well. Probably is the only proposition that could gain the assent of William F. Buckley, John W. Gardner, and Mark Lane. For at all levels, from city hall to the White House, government evidently is incapable of doing the things that the citizens expect. It can't educate the children who need it most. It can't clean up the water we drink and the air we breathe. It can't solve the housing shortage. It can't keep the railroads running smoothly, unsnarl our traffic jams, or control the migration of poor people from the suburbs to overcrowded cities. It can't get the men out of the cities for jobs once they get there. It can't stop the crime rate from climbing like an Apollo rocket, or even build decent jails to lock up the criminals when it catches them. It can't, well, you know the litany, too.

Every day we get plenty of evidence for these failures. Mark Lane, before he disappeared underground, proclaimed that we were witnessing the final collapse of a corrupt imperialistic fascist system. Buckley blames the feckless incompetence of the political Establishment which has been in charge of things (even if it doesn't realize it) for far too long. Nearly everyone, from Spiro and the shrinking remnants of his Noisy Minority, believes that the government is spending too much money on a foreign war, and not enough on the problems in our own kitchen. Edward Brooke of Harvard in his brilliantly readable book, *The Unheavenly City*, argues that we have come to expect the government to do far more than it actually can do—a fact that England, Russia, China, and Cuba are plagued by much the same array of woes, from smog to juvenile delinquency, seems to bear him

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NE WHO INSPECTS the working
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spent, and make sure that
each of it was being wasted

deas, these—or so it seemed

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THE EASY CHAIR

in the beginning. Nearly every community in the country needed nudged into doing better long-range planning, and all too many of them remember Newark?—had leaky purses.

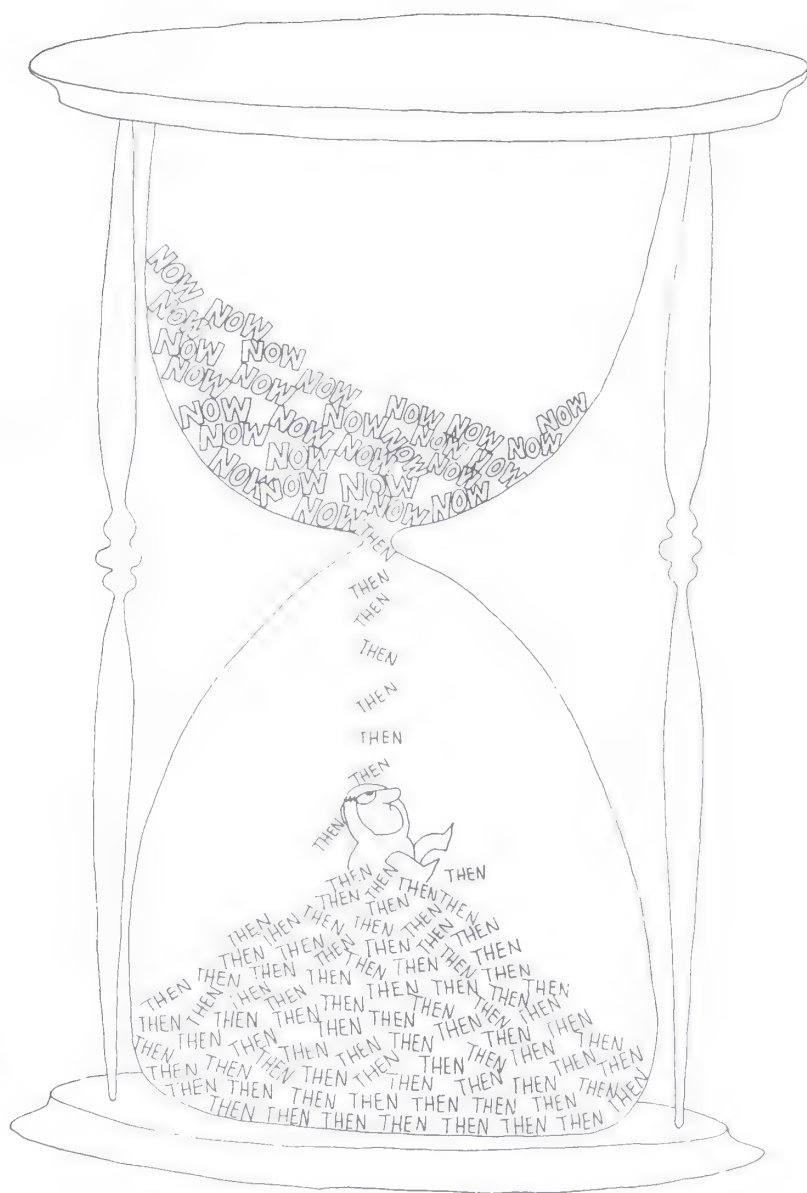
But things did not, to put it work out exactly as intended. Some of these programs had been piecemeal, with no relation to the others, and they were administered by scores of different agencies, not even talking to each other. Some of these tied a separate set of costs on the money it was handing out, demanded different kinds of reports, a bewildering assortment of forms. Often, too, they insisted on different sorts of "comprehensive planning," covering different geographic areas.

To make matters worse, few communities had anybody on the payroll capable of understanding all the general requirements—much less the trained planners needed to carry it out. One result was a great reluctance to hire planners, or consultants, who claimed they knew how to deal with the feds. Anybody with the right credentials in the planning field could and can still today, take his or her jobs all over the country at rather good salaries.

Once a town laid its hands on a planner, of sorts, he usually found the data needed to make a sound plan simply did not exist. Nobody had figures, for instance, on local population trends, or job opportunities for the next ten years, or housing vacancies, or the probable demand for schools in 1980. And it was likely that he had the remotest idea how to make such figures. Consequently, many applications for funds, and projections which went to Washington, were highly imaginative. ("Grounds of fiction," was the way Bob Weaver, former Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, described them to me, a little bitterly.) If a mayor could not find the numbers that those in Washington demanded, he usually made some up and hoped that the feds would never notice.

But they did notice, usually sent the proposals back for revision. The upshot was that an urban renewal project, for example, might take months but years to wend its way in and forth through the dim corridors of bureaucracy. And by the time it got approved, all too often, the money had run out.

In fairness to Lyndon Johnson,



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 into unusable thens.
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As facilities grow, users will find countless new possibilities for Picturephone service.

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This time by showing you what's going on at the other end of it.





Guatemala: World Neighbors' President and Founder, Dr. John L. Peters, congratulates Pedro (center) on his fine chickens. This is part of the Chimaltenango Project, in an area containing 645,000 persons, much of which is open only to foot travel or horseback most of the year.

Will Chickens Save the World?

Well, not exactly. But for Pedro, a few chickens saved *his* world. Pedro has three children, no education, a few acres of ground to farm, barely survives.

Here is what chickens did for Pedro: as a part of our Chimaltenango project, we loaned him the money to buy a flock of chickens, and our field worker patiently taught him how to tend his baby chicks, and later prepare them for marketing.

Soon Pedro will be able to increase his flock. Then with a little money to buy fertilizer and better seed, he will double his crops and try raising rabbits and apples on his once primitive farm.

And—vital to his family—his children are now eating meat and eggs, receiving precious protein . . . and Pedro has *confidence* that he can help himself, thanks to the help of World Neighbors.

In the little community where he lives in Guatemala corn is the main crop—has been for centuries. But the soil is worn out and corn has little protein. So 50% of the children die

before reaching the age of ten, and nearly everyone suffers from protein deficiency.

World Neighbors has been working in such less developed areas since 1952, implanting the self-help desire, not passing out free soup.

Our job is to help a man like Pedro *want* to better himself, and then show him how it can be done through rotating loans, disease control, proper use of fertilizers, diet, sanitation, vaccinations, animal care . . .

Your \$10 or \$100 "invested" in World Neighbors multiplies, works hard . . . as a hand up, not a handout, *implanting the self help incentive*.

Won't you join with a small, but thoughtful number of concerned individuals, who support our work, and receive special reports of projects in 21 countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America?

We probably won't save the world from hunger and poverty, but here and there our workers are turning on lights in dark corners of the globe.

☐ Yes, I want to "invest" in your self-help program.

Here is my contribution of \$_____.

☐ Please send information about your color, sound film, A HAND UP, for an international relations program.

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WORLD NEIGHBORS

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HM 110

must be said that he did make frantic efforts to get the federal programs tracking to James L. Sundquist points recent book, *Making Federal* for a time LBJ was appointed coordinator of the month." But usually named a Cabinet official "ordinate" other Cabinet officials gave him little authority to do anything but appeal to the good jealous coequals, that never. Indeed, all those coordinators cluttered up the scene still further.

Under these circumstances, an exceptionally vigorous governor now and then would try to use the many arms and legs of the government itself, since West Virginia plainly was incapable of doing so. When my friend Ned Breckinridge, Governor of Kentucky, he was a sound and imaginative politician, he juvenate his state. Where was the urgent need for new housing to get the financing from the Department of Housing and Urban Development. Then he would go to the Education, and Welfare for the project would need. And where else to get money for a water supply; at least five agencies, he found, were authorized to help build such facilities, so he went shop around to see where he could get the best deal. From the Labor Department and the Office of Economic Opportunity (remember the Warrenty?) he thought he might get job training for the unskilled people who would live in the project.

Such an undertaking turned out to be a lot more strenuous than he had anticipated. Nearly all the agencies had field offices where he supposed to help state and local in making out applications and requirements. But none of them happened, were in Kentucky to HUD, the Governor had Atlanta. The HEW regional office in Raleigh, North Carolina. Department people he had to go in Chicago. The Small Business Administration office was in Philadelphia and OEO's "field office" for West Virginia was, quaintly, in Washington.

Ned's obvious strategy was to use these regional representatives in one room somewhere, so he could explain his undertaking, reach a common understanding on what was feasible, and get a commitment from each agency on how its piece



*If this were an ordinary gin, we would
have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray*


could be fitted into the jigs. But this proved impossible. men couldn't spare time from paperwork, and besides they were accustomed to gathering, at the behest of a mere governor, to see what could work together.

Before he left office, exhausted, Breathitt did accomplish a good deal for the economic and social development of Kentucky—but nowhere near as much as he had once hoped.

WHEN LYNDON JOHNSON became president, he understood the mess his administration was in, he appointed a special task force to tell him how to reorganize the government from the top down. Its leader was Ben W. Heineman, one of the country's most powerful men, a railway executive, and its members included such high-powered names as McGeorge Bundy, Robert F. Kennedy, Mayor Richard C. La Guardia, and several noted legal experts on administration.

On September 15, 1967, the Heineman group turned in its final report, stamped "Administratively Reorganized." (It has never been released.) I managed to get hold of a copy. I would like to emphasize, for the record, a member of the group.) It was a brilliant work with shrewd analysis of the government's woes, and recommended bold steps to cure them. It told the President to reorganize his Cabinet and the White House staff, how to get a grip on the runaway bureaucracy. Among other things, it urged him to divide the government into ten federal regions, each with a single headquarters, to replace the "haphazard location of regional offices and offices."

The Heineman report also called for "far more decentralization of federal program decisions." What the report should concentrate on making was the President's office, not the departments, beefed up so it could make sure the big policies all pointed in the same direction. But the day-to-day responsibilities for carrying out the policies through the states and local governments, ought to be handled directly by "responsible federal officials who can make decisions and stick to them." When hassles arise among the agencies, they should be settled at the spot—that is, within the ten regions—by "field representatives of the President's Office of Program Coordination." Caesar would have called them proconsuls.



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Testing in the laboratory does not always reveal if

two drug products that are equivalent chemically will react the same way. In fact, more and more recent testing on biological effects shows that for some products key differences in absorption rates and effectiveness do exist.

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All this, and much more in the man report, made eminent sense. It followed the principles of organization used for decades by most of the big businesses. It also included ideas which had been argued—by generations of management experts in the Budget Bureau. Sam Hughes and Dwight D. Eisenhower, I am told, recognized its merits. In the end, he sent the report to the archives and forgot about it. He was preoccupied with Vietnam and rising unrest at home. Perhaps he was already thinking about his departure. He also—according to press reports—White House gossip—didn't like the recommendation that some of the employees should be moved from Washington to a new regional headquarters in Las Vegas.

WHEN NIXON TOOK OFFICE, he did a few things to which he was clearly committed. One was more efficient management of the government. He resurrected the Heineman plan, which he had studied by task force in his own. Much of the recent criticism of the White House staff was based on the key federal agencies showing a family resemblance to the one that originally suggested by the Heineman group.

And on May 21, 1969, he announced the establishment of ten new regions. (See map on page 32.) The boundaries are not precisely the same as those recommended in the Heineman report, but the idea is the same. To the astonishment of many aides, and some key permanent servants, this order provoked little political flak—presumably because he made his move so soon after taking office, and so quietly that the criticism never got organized.

Some harroosh was of course inevitable. Originally Nixon had planned eight regions, rather than ten. The largest would have included all the West Coast states, plus Arizona, Alaska, Hawaii and Guam. But the Californians, Mr. Nixon pointed out, think that Arizona and Nevada are suburbs of Los Angeles. A big one would have covered the Mountain states and much of the west.

Politically, these two super-regions proved nonviable. Senator Magnuson of Washington is one of the most influential men in Congress. He was not about to let his state be



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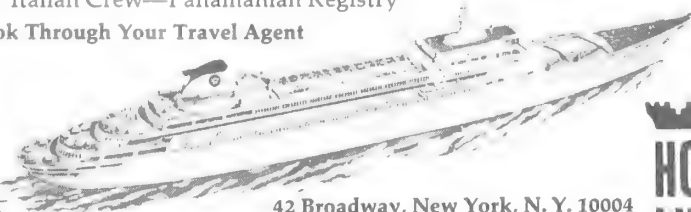
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home town be subordinated eral headquarters in Californi manded, and got, a split u Western region, so that Wain Oregon, Idaho, and Alaska bear separate province, with hea ua in Seattle: it has been nicknan rally, "Maggie's region." Mre under the original plan Kan would have lost a number of offices to Denver, the propos of the Rocky Mountain-Midwe The alert politicians and busi of Missouri descended on Wair and argued persuasively that region would be unwieldy; w four of its states were carve o form a new region with hea-u in Kansas City.

The people in the Budge Bu who worked out the nuts-and-ol the new arrangement don't reg ideal. They would have pre- give a special status to cert metropolitan areas, such as N Philadelphia, Chicago, and S I which sprawl across state-li making them, in effect, the equivalent of the ancient Gik states. Under this kind of desin, Jersey would have been cutn with the northern part att Greater New York and the so Greater Philadelphia. But for et and political reasons, it was prudent to make the provinci baries run along existing state kes day has not yet come, alas, w feasible to vivisection even New a state notoriously ill-goverd when you look at the facts oze porary geography and pou spread, totally uncalled-for.

TO BEGIN WITH, THE NEW system will apply only to departments—HEW, HUD, and a and two agencies—the Office of Economic Opportunity and the Small Business Administration. These are the fits responsible for nearly a welfare and social programs, su handle by far the biggest chunk of the federal budget, after the Dept. of Defense. Eventually other is dealing with economic and ment problems—the Farmer Administration, for instance; Economic Development Admin —are expected to rearrange the operations to conform. It is however, that the provincial s ever embrace all federal op there is no logical reason

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a regional council, made up
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If Ned Breathitt were Gov-
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there is no resident repre-
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But the Budget Bureau does
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Obviously, these incon-
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respective regions, armed with v to issue orders in the name White House. If so, that will be al that provincial government ne of age—even though they ume the panoply of proconsul. at this early date the regional and a few other closely linked in management are beginning results. The most spectacular to cut in half the time it takes ss a local application for fed- ey. In some cases, the speedup a even greater; HUD used to average of 96 days to produce or “no” to a mayor’s request habilitation loan—but now it is make up its collective mind in age of five days.

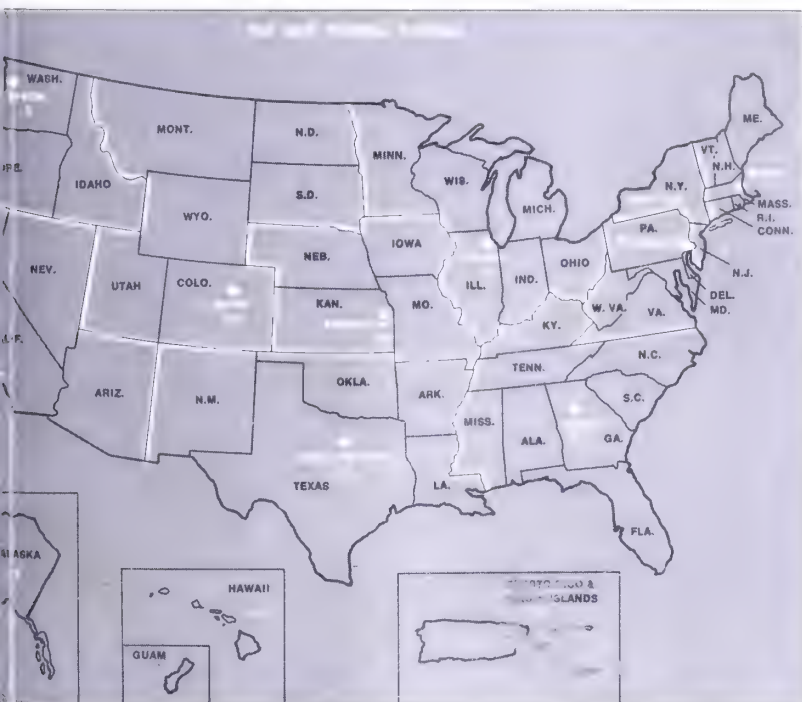
of red tape also have been shorn ough not yet nearly enough. sed to require a city seeking renewal money to submit 286 items of information, many of e didn’t really need and which often could not honestly pro- cutting out 137 of these items, relieved its local applicants of 300,000 pages a year of useless ork. HEW has dropped 14 of ired reports and simplified 18 hus saving 351 man-years of nually. And so on through a of agencies.

achievements may sound pica- a college militant; but in fact e significant steps toward one roclaimed goals—to make gov- more responsive and less in-

human. To a harried mayor, trying desperately to hold his city together, it is a great boon to be able to go to his regional council and get a quick answer to his problems—not merely from one federal agency, but from all of them which might be able to help.

BOOTH IN THIS COUNTRY and in England the traditional job of governments of the left—Liberal, Labor, or Democratic—has been to make innovations. Governments of the right—Tory or Republican—have then come along and tidied up. However bitterly they may despise the latest innovations, whether the income tax or social security, the conservative regimes almost never repeal them. Instead they usually make them work better. They find the flaws which the liberals, in their headlong enthusiasm for change, inevitably overlooked; they patch and tinker and overhaul the clanking machinery of government.

This is natural, for conservatives by temperament are concerned with the arts of management—which the liberals and radicals usually hold in contempt. The managerial reforms which the Nixon Administration is now attempting will never stir up excitement on the campus; indeed, I know of very few professors of government, much less students, who have any interest in them. But they may be about the best we can expect from this Administration. And in the end, they may be far from negligible. □



HARPER'S MAGAZINE/NOVEMBER 1970

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PERFORMING ARTS

A day at the studio—Scott Fitzgerald in Hollywood

AT THE KNOCK ON HER OFFICE door in the Thalberg Building on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, Anita Loos looked up from her typewriter. She was an old friend, but at the same time she was precisely what her frequent visitor was not, a successful screenwriter.

"Come in," Miss Loos said to the man standing in her doorway, making no move to enter.

"No," he said diffidently, "you don't really want me to come in."

"Of course I do," she assured him. "Come in."

"No," he said. "You're just being nice."

"Scott!"

At the beginning of his assault on Hollywood, when he had hoped to be really at home there, even make a home for his daughter there, he had written Scottie about the friends she would have. "I know Freddie Bartholomew will love taking you around to birthday parties in the afternoons," he said, "and you'll find Shirley Temple as good a pal as Peaches and more loyal." But it had not worked out that way. Scottie was still in the East, and it was her father who had needed a "good and loyal pal."

In Hollywood, Fitzgerald dropped by to see Anita Loos often—to reminisce about the old days in New York, to speculate about his future—but all of the visits began the same way, with a knock followed by a self-imposed catechism of self-doubt which made them both uncomfortable, but which became a ritual between them. On one occasion Fitzgerald wrote a poem for his successful friend, a nonsense poem that dealt with a birthday:

*This book tells that Anita Loos
Is a friend of Caesar, a friend of Zeus
Of Samuel Goldwyn, and Mother Goose
Of Balanchine of the Ballet Russe
Of Tillie the Viennese papoose
Of Charlie Mac Arthur on the loose
Of shanks, chiropodist—what's the use?
Of actors who have escaped the noose
Lots of Hollywood beach refuse
Comics covered with Charlotte Russe
Wretched victims of self abuse
Big producers all obtuse
This is my birthday, but what the deuce
Is that sad fact to Anita Loos.*

These office visits never lasted long. After some minutes, Fitzgerald would feel that he had rested as much as he could afford, at which point he would take his leave and head back down the corridor to his own office. On his way he would pass by the doors of other offices and even these would put the author in his place: some actually glittered with success. The Army sews chevrons on sleeves or pins medals to chests, but at MGM the door was the thing. The studio caste system had long ago separated writers and department heads from producers by giving the latter gold name plates. (Some department heads were actually known to take cuts in salary in exchange for the gold-plated status which went with the title "producer.") Fitzgerald would pass these success stories all written out in fourteen karat and finally come to his own door where his own name was typed out on a little square of white paper. He would open the door and go in once again to *Madame Curie* or *Marie Antoinette* or *Three Comrades* or *I Yank at Oxford* as the 1930s were drawing to a close he worked on them all. At one point he even spent several weeks on the big one, *Gone with the Wind*.

On his desk were the inevitable pencils and legal-size pads on which he wrote, impatient scripts in their blue cardboard covers waiting beside the typewriter. On the floor, lined up against the walls, there were the Coca-Cola bottles he collected: an army of them would gather in a row as if on parade. They were his own private Thin Red Line, a line which protected not an empire but a mind: Coke was what Fitzgerald drank to keep from drinking something stronger.

Sometime between noon and one, Fitzgerald would knock off for lunch and start down the third-floor hall for the elevator of the writers' and producers' building. The long, barren hallway belonged as much in a hospital corridor as it did in a place where movies were made up and written down. In fact, the building looked so much like a Krankenhaus that everybody called it "The Iron Lung"—which would have seemed funnier if Fitzgerald

had not been such a sick man. Since the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer empire believed, with considerable justice, that it was under constant siege from hoards of aspiring movie stars, it had built its plant like a fortress. Spiked fences surrounded everything and there were police stationed at every entrance. From the outside looking in, there was the air of the world's most exclusive country club, but from the inside there was the air of a prison camp.

The commissary was wedged between an office building and a theater-size projection room. The author remembered this huge dining hall as being "gay with gypsies and with tizzens and soldiers, with the sidebars and braided coats of the First Empire. From a little distance they were men who lived and walked a hundred years ago. . . ." In this commissary, Fitzgerald would sit down quietly by himself.

Isolated in that crowd—this is what Frances Goodrich Hackett remembers Fitzgerald. Like Anita Loos, Hackett was another successful screenwriter; with her husband, Albert, he had written all kinds of movies for Metro, ranging from the classic *The Wilderness!* to such popular hits as *The Thin Man* series. "The first time I saw Scott," she says, "he was in the commissary sitting alone at a table. He just sat there but he didn't order. What I noticed were his eyes. Never in my life will I forget his eyes. He looked as if he were seeing hell opening before him. He was hugging his briefcase and he had a Coke. Then suddenly he got up to go out. I said to Albert, 'I just saw the strangest man.' He said, 'That's Scott Fitzgerald.'"

Later the Hacketts persuaded Fitzgerald to eat at the writers' table, where he sat down with Ogden Nash, Doris Parker, George Oppenheimer, Sidney Perelman, and a battalion of other writers. Nash remembers Fitzgerald

From the forthcoming book Crazy Sunday by John Aaron Latham. Copyright © 1964 by John Aaron Latham. All rights reserved with the permission of The Viking Press, Inc. Mr. Latham received a Ph.D. from Princeton for his work on Fitzgerald, and is now reporter for the Washington Post.

with his Coca-Cola . . . very indeed but extremely attractive a sweet nature that came through." days Groucho Marx would join writers for lunch and would prove Fitzgerald's exact opposite. Nash says Marx "turned things upside down at you couldn't have a coherent conversation—everything had to be a . . . While Groucho kidded and all of the time, Scott would sit speechless as Harpo, not even laugh. He and Groucho had been neighbors in Great Neck in the Twenties. It was drunk a good deal of the time back then," the comedian remembers "but that didn't distinguish him from anyone else in Great Neck." In the wood, sober now, Fitzgerald described Marx as "a sick old man—not a funny stuff."

the MGM writers' table, which was and sat against the wall of the mess hall, existed in contradistinction—sometimes even in opposition—to what Fitzgerald called "The Big Table." The Big Table meant the producers' table and it sat like a road hog in the middle of the room. Mrs. Hackett presided over the writers who crossed the hall and ate with the producers "an awful lot of finks."

On rare days, Fitzgerald would quit the studio entirely at noontime to lunch outside with his agent, or an editor, or a director. George Cukor, who directed *The Women* and part of *With the Wind*, both of which Fitzgerald worked on, remembers that once he had the author out to his office for lunch. Back in 1926, Cukor also directed Owen Davis's Broadway play version of *The Great Gatsby*, but Fitzgerald had never seen it. He had been in France all the while Jay had been on stage. The author had created Jay and the man who did it had waited over a decade to meet him together, and now as they met in Hollywood it seemed that they had waited too long, that they had almost nothing left to say to one another. Fitzgerald describes a "very grim, very slightly plump" man who "ate quickly." In fact, all that the director remembers of their conversation is their talking about how fast they both ate: "I've only known two people to eat faster than you and I," he told Fitzgerald, "and they are dead now."

After lunch, it would be time again for characters like Marie and Pierre—or Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette—or Rhett Butler and Scarlett

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ara—or whoever it happened to be—day—to begin once again shout inside his head. He would sit down scratching at one of his pads, try to be a screenwriter. Or, pacing up and down his office, he would dictate dialogue to his secretary.

Up above Fitzgerald as he wrote, an Old Testament God, were Louis Mayer and his fourth-floor crowd. Most of them were Jewish but people called them the College of Cardinals. Sometimes Fitzgerald, on the floor above, felt them weighing down heavily as if part of his job was to hold them up. They treated themselves well here, he knew, with masseurs and hot baths. "We used to say," the writers remember, "'You're keeping the wrong people healthy. While the producers are getting rubbed down up here, the writers are going crazy down below.'"

After fighting the good fight with his imaginary people for hours, getting their lines down, it would be time for another break, and that often meant sit to the writers in Hunt Stromberg's unit. Respected as one of Hollywood's most creative producers, Stromberg had gathered under him people like Dorothy Parker, her husband—Norman Campbell—and the Hacketts. In the hall Fitzgerald would come, trying to get away from dialogue for a moment, and he would often walk past Parker and Campbell composing dialogue out loud. Campbell would ask her, "What does Jane say?" and Dorothy Parker would say a word softly so that only her coauthor heard.

"Don't use that word," Campbell would say, and then he would go on to the next question: "What does John say?"

Soft response.

"Don't use that word. What does Jane say?"

Soft response.

"Don't use that word."

ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK FITZGERALD could get away to a saloon built on the Metro lot. The place was called the Trap, so named because management seemed to think it was poaching their workers' time. There Fitzgerald could be seen with one of his omnivorous Coke cups in his hand; and when he would rejoin the clique, Loos, Tracy, Huxley, and the others. His way to make a hit was to say something funny, but true to what had be-

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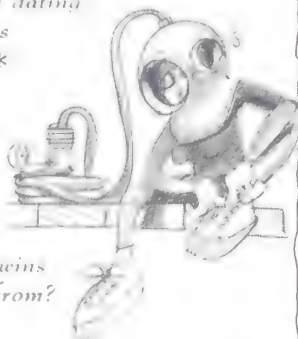
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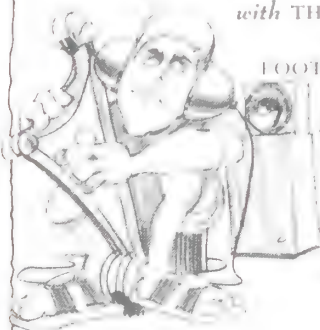
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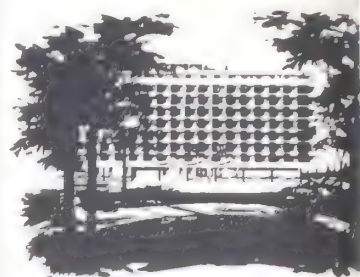
come his style in those days, Fitzgerald rarely said anything at all. The studio day ended, officially, at six o'clock. Having earned \$250 for his day's work, Fitzgerald could go home.

Evening. During the years of his young success, evenings meant to Fitzgerald, as they had to Jay Gatsby, that a party would be starting soon. But Edwin H. Knopf, who was story editor at MGM and one of Fitzgerald's bosses, remembers that the author who had once personified *The Prom*, *The Bonne Fête*, *The Wild Party*, now shied away from large gatherings. "If it was to be a big party," Knopf says, "he didn't want to come."

Knopf worried about Fitzgerald. It was he who had offered the novelist the job at Metro in the first place and gotten him to come to Hollywood. "If he was lonely, he would call me," Knopf says. "I finally trained him to do that." On the lonely days when Fitzgerald did call, he would be invited out to the Knopfs' sprawling home on La Mesa Drive in Santa Monica. The author would drive over, sit and talk and drink a Coke. "He always seemed frightened," Knopf says of those visits. "He didn't want to say anything wrong. But he trusted us to the extent that he didn't think we would hurt him."

It must have seemed to the author that Knopf had everything that he himself did not. To begin with, there was the Knopf home itself with its big entrance, huge dining room, two living rooms, seven bedrooms, and six baths. In one of his screenplays Fitzgerald had a woman wonder aloud, "I never understood what you'd do with a big house unless you had a thousand children." To which the man replied, "Nothing but vanity. Or else sometimes you think you're so much in love that your love could fill the biggest palace conceivable." The Knopfs' love had filled their mansion—filled it with a platoon of kids. Meanwhile Fitzgerald, like Last Tycoon Monroe Stahr, had only "the house he rented" and there "the empty floor stretched around him—the doors with no one sleeping behind." And a man without a house meant, in Fitzgerald's symbol-studded mind, a man without a family—daughter away at school, wife away at the asylum.

There was another big, picture-filled house which Fitzgerald visited regularly. Set in Beverly Hills, it belonged to the author's lunchtime companions, the Hacketts. Once a week the couple gave a dinner party for their studio friends.



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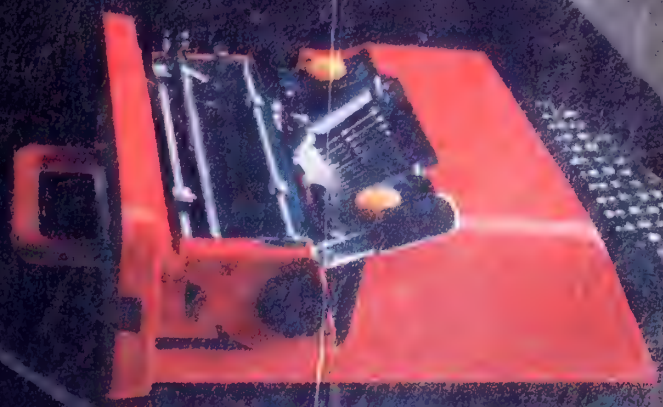
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It was essentially the writers' table picked up and moved to the Hacketts' house—plus a few stars like Joan Blondell who made a pretty centerpiece.

And what did the writers do when they got together for a dinner party? They took a writer's holiday and played writing games. "Scott would pass a paper around," the Hacketts remember, "and we would all try writing jingles in imitation of Ogden." As Fitzgerald reached the end of his life, he still took an almost childlike delight in organizing such contests. In fact, that is how he autographed the Hacketts' copy of *The Great Gatsby*, with a jingle.

*When anyone dances
It's liable to be Frances
While a quiet and malicious racket
Is liable to proceed from Albert Hackett
(Writing this way is rash
In the presence of Ogden Nash)*

There were other contests too. "One night," recall the Hacketts, "Scott was playing some childish game sitting on the stairs with Joan Blondell." No one could quite make out what the rules of the game were, but there on the stairs, moving up and down and around, they looked like two kids playing on a slide.

Sundays Fitzgerald and everyone else went to lunch at Charles and Elizabeth Brackett's. "I think it likely that the Bracketts posed for the words 'lady' and 'gentleman,'" George Oppenheimer says of the author of the picture *The Lost Weekend* and his wife. "Certainly they were two of the most civilized people in Hollywood. . . . They surrounded themselves not only with many of the more intelligent members of the movie colony, but they even invited 'civilians' [non-movie people] to their house for Sunday lunch, an occasion to look forward to . . . and savor, a meeting place of natives and outlanders, a crucible of Western [Hollywood] and Eastern [New York] culture with excellent Bloody Marys."

ONE OF THE OUTLANDERS, OF COURSE, was Fitzgerald; another was Aldous Huxley. One Sunday the author of *The Great Gatsby* looked on as a crowd taught the author of *Brave New World* to play a popular word game. His first time at bat, Huxley took up the letters and spelled out C-O-V-E-N.

"Coven?" someone asked. "Whazat?"

Fitzgerald smiled as Huxley answered, "A congregation of thirteen witches."

The game proceeded smoothly time. After "coven," everyone said Huxley could take care of himself it came to using words. Then someone used three letters to spell out the automatic A-G-O.

"Ah-goo?" asked Huxley politely. "What may I ask is that?"

"Ago," everyone said. "Two hundred years ago England owned America."

"Oh," said Huxley.

There were other kinds of parties too. The author described one unidentified fête as follows: "The dinner party in fact looked just like a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture—except for the lines. Since the actors could not balance the action on their knees like ventriloquists and in their dialogue everything was so flat—[William] Powell was facing without wit—Norma [Shearer] lived without emotion. Selznick snoring."

Then the parties, good and bad, changed for Fitzgerald: he stopped bringing Sheilah Graham. She was twenty-eight when Fitzgerald met her and had spent most of those years living as far away as she could socially, economically, and geographically from her beginnings in the London slums. Edwin Knopf didn't like her and many other people felt the same way. Fitzgerald had escaped from the emptiness of the empty house. "Suddenly he had no attitude left except the sense of the day, at least, was complete," he wrote of his alter ego the young man Stahr. "He had an evening beginning, a middle, and an end. Even in the evenings, however, Fitzgerald could not relax from work completely. The studio was always following him home; once it even followed him to a party at the Hacketts'."

Fitzgerald, like the Hacketts, was working for producer Hunt Stromberg at the time. "We asked Scott and Sheilah Graham to come to dinner," the Hacketts recount. It was to be Graham's debut at the Hacketts' weekly gathering. "The actors were so close to death of her," the hosts remember. After all, the columnist had once written of King Gable: "Clark Gable took back his handsome head and exposed a chin line upon which a thin ridge of fat is beginning to collect"; and of a girl who had come up all the way from San Antonio, to be every school girl's heroine: "If they hadn't said me, 'Miss Graham, we want you to meet Joan Crawford,' I would not have recognized her in this tired, low-faced woman." When Joan Blondell heard that Miss Graham was going

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to be there, she said, "I'm not going to open my mouth."

When the couple arrived, Fitzgerald took the Hacketts aside and explained to them that he had just gotten a call from Stromberg. "As often happened with Stromberg," according to the Hacketts, "he wanted an evening conference. Scott would have to leave Sheila and go." Only he hadn't told her yet. "He didn't dare say he had to go to a conference, he told us. She had gotten her hair all fixed for the party and he didn't want to disappoint her." When the author finally did work up the courage to tell his "Sheilo" that he would have to leave her alone and go talk things out with Stromberg, he broke the news in typical fashion. He wrote an Ogden-Nash-styled poem which explained all about the call and what he would have to do—and then he read it to her. "The conference went on until all hours," the Hacketts remember.

OTHER TIMES THE STUDIO INVADED the privacy of Fitzgerald's evenings in a more subtle and damaging way. There was, for instance, a night when George Oppenheimer drove Fitzgerald home from some Hollywood function, home at that time being one of a group of bungalows known as the Garden of Allah. Since Oppenheimer was a cousin of Edwin Knopf's wife, the conversation soon turned to MGM's head of stories, the man whose great house and great family had always been open to the novelist.

"Eddie Knopf doesn't like me," moaned the man on the car seat beside Oppenheimer.

Oppenheimer assured Fitzgerald that Knopf did like him and liked his work.

No, Fitzgerald would not believe it. The boss had turned on him. What he could not understand was why.

Oppenheimer tried again. Fitzgerald refused once again to be comforted.

And that was while the author still had a job. When MGM fired Fitzgerald, the paranoia got worse.

"Looking at it from a long view," Fitzgerald wrote his agent during the last year of his life, "the essential mystery still remains, and you would be giving me the greatest help of all if you can find out why I am in the doghouse. . . . Once Budd Schulberg told me that, while the story of an official blacklist is a legend, there is a kind of cabal that goes on between producers around a backgammon table, and I

have an idea that some such sinister finger is upon me."

Fitzgerald wondered in his letter if the producer blackballing him might be David Selznick or Edgar Mannix or Bernard Hyman. "Wouldn't it be well when another offer comes up," he suggested, "for you to tell the producer *directly* that certain people don't like me? That I didn't get along with some of the big boys at Metro? And refer them to people who *do* like me like Knopf, Sidney Franklin, and, I think, Jeff Lazarus. . . . In any case, it seems to me to be a necessity to find out what the underground says of me. I don't think we'll get anywhere till we *do* find out, and until you can steer any interested producer away from whoever doesn't believe in me and toward the few friends that I've made. This vague sense of competence unused and abilities unwanted is rather destructive to the morale. It would be much much better for me to give up pictures forever and leave Hollywood. When you've read this letter will you give me a ring and tell me what you think?"

NIGHT: TO HELP THE MAN get through the night there was the woman, Sheila Graham; but it was Fitzgerald's chronic insomnia that stretched those hours and made them unbearable. The author had once written an article called "Sleeping and Waking" about what the dark was like when the voices inside his head hammered:

*I need not have hurt her like that.
Nor said this to him.
Nor broken myself trying to break what was
unbreakable.*

Sometimes it would be hours before the voices died down to a whisper followed by "real sleep, the dear, the cherished one, the lullaby." Now his dreams would carry him back to that same old dream, the one which played over and over again in his sleep like a song in an old jukebox:

*In the fall of '16 in the cool of the
afternoon
I met Caroline under a white moon
There was an orchestra—Bingo-Bango
Playing for us to dance the tango
And the people all clapped as we arose
For her sweet face and my new clothes—*

With the morning, the author would awaken in the Capital of Escapism to find that he could no longer escape. He would pull on a gray suit that he had bought back East some years ago; then,

as he was going out the door, he stuff his head into an old homburg was obviously in no hurry to adjust California's open, sunshine dress manners. He was expected at the studio between nine and ten. When he arrived he would wearily sense what he once jokingly called "the smell of dialogue in the writers' building."

From his office came a polish job. *A Yank at Oxford* (1938), a fairly predictable story about a Yank who began his Oxford career by getting his pants taken off. The picture would make screen history not for what it was but for where it was made, England. It was one of the first "runaway" productions, but the script was prepared at home in Hollywood which meant that it was built on an assembly line. Fitzgerald was asked to rewrite someone else's half-finished script and then when he was finished a whole string of others rewrote what he had written.

After *Yank* came *Three Comrades* (1938) and this time Fitzgerald was rewriting anyone; he got first crack at the script. But after the screenplay was finished, the producer wanted to make some changes. "He wanted Margaret Sullavan to live," Fitzgerald wrote later, remembering one of the many battles fought over the script. "He thought the picture would make more money if Margaret Sullavan lived. He was reminded that Camille had also cost her life away and had made many tunes doing it. He pondered this for a minute; then he said, 'Camille would have made twice as much if Garbo had lived.' 'What about the greatest story of all?' he was asked. 'How about *Romeo and Juliet*—you wouldn't want Juliet to live, would you?' 'That's just it,' said the producer. '*Romeo and Juliet* [a 1936 Metro picture] didn't make a cent.'" The writer and the producer quarreled bitterly but nevertheless managed to put together a sound script and their movie was selected by the *New York Times* as one of the best of the year.

The novelist-turned-screenwriter got off to a good start; his salary was raised from \$1,000 to \$1,250 a week. Then suddenly, just as the apprenticeship was ending and Fitzgerald was beginning to write his best scripts, work stopped reaching the cameras. Explicitly, his chance to conquer Hollywood was already behind him, somewhere in the vast obscurity of the Hollywood machine. After *Comrades* Fitzgerald wrote *Infidelity* (1939), his best script yet; it was an original



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...everyday, when looked back at his luxurious New York apartments, fashionable Long Island estates, and Gatsby had loved a woman and to life. But the industry cornered the film because infidelity simply not allowed in the movie houses. Thirties. The studio changed the to *Fidelity* hoping that no one would come out against that, but the did not work and the picture was made.

Fitzgerald's next assignment was to write a screen adaptation of Booth's finger-nail sharp comedy *Woman* (1939). As he worked on the project, he began to toy with the idea of a new kind of heroine, someone more exciting than a warmed-over super. But again he began to quarrel with his producer, a man whose original genius had been blunted by time. After completing two drafts of the script, he was moved to another picture, *Madame Curie*.

In *Madame Curie* (1939), Fitzgerald found his modern heroine. In a letter to his daughter Scott said, "The more I read about the woman the more I think about her as one of the most admirable people of our time. I hope we can get a little of that into the story." Fitzgerald's bosses, however, thought that there were too many test tubes and not enough romance in his screenplay: the author was fired from the studio.

For several months he moved about like a traveling salesman from one studio to another, working on *Winning Carnival*, *Air Raid*, *Raffles*, and other great one, *Gone with the Wind*. Then he got a job with an independent producer adapting his own short story "Babylon Revisited" for the screen. Fitzgerald called his screenplay *Metropolitan* and it was quite simply the best script he ever wrote. But the producer whom the producer wanted to pay asked too high a price, so Fitzgerald's best screenplay took its place alongside his other trophies, the pads never won in a game, the overseas cap never won overseas, the movie never shown on screen.

Fitzgerald died in Hollywood shortly after two o'clock on a winter afternoon in December 1940. He had arrived in Los Angeles just three and a half years before. He had come a long way from this sprawling Western city and could hardly wait to get down to work. He already had some ideas for the college film they wanted him to do.

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Rick Conroy

ANSON WINS!

Fantasy

I WAS ON THE PORCH of my rented Nantucket house. The Carson show was over and I started eating the Triscuits, cheese, iced-tea pitcher, to put back in the kitchen. My arms full, I bent down to turn off the little Sony with my elbow, suddenly stopped. The news. What was he saying? What? There was a special tone to the newscaster's voice, a kind of excited gravity, as if he were describing something of immense personal importance. He seemed to have been fragmented into several selves held together by nothing more than the fact that he was speaking. As he announced his tone swept through various modes—reasonable, horrified, uninvolved, breathless, firm, serious, stunned—all of them compounded into the voice of a man pleased to be where he was. He paused, but pleased to report the murders. He was unaware of the fact that he was pleased.

As I sat down, a series of images of the house grounds in Benedict Canyon came on the screen. Confusion. Moving figures. A lot of people and an automobile in which someone—a boy—had been shot to death. People reaching into the car, bringing something out, something that wasn't supposed to be there. Suddenly the figures lurched back and they held the extricated corpse in the air. The car had angled him out, and he was high in the air. I blinked involuntarily, in a sort of minimal disbelief, as I saw the boy's arm—straight, stiff, locked in death—waving against the sky like the mast of a sailboat. I watched the rest in a daze. I heard names, saw the mysterious white shrouded coffins being carried to the ambulance, assimilated the blood writing on the door, and noted those details of hoods, ritualism, ropes, positions and concerns of death the police had seen fit to release. I turned off the TV set, cleaned up the room, and went upstairs. The darkness was comforting. I lay down through it thoughtlessly, undressing and hanging my clothes on a chair I could not see

but knew was there. In bed, I lay still for some time. My heart was making a lot of noise. Taking several deep breaths I made a conscious effort to relax and discovered that my sphincter was clamped tight, my stomach clenched, and that I had a tick in my foot. I stuck my arm up in the air and tried to imagine what rigor mortis did to the muscles. I turned on the light and went into the bathroom.

As I came back my wife stirred.

"Wake up for a second."

She raised her head, loopy with sleep. "What?"

"Are you awake?"

"Yes."

"There was some bad stuff on the news." I swallowed two yellow Valium and got into bed. "Sharon Tate and a lot of people in her house were killed. Weird stuff with ropes and hoods."

"What?"

"Every single person there was killed."

She didn't move.

"It sounds like there was torture," I said. As the words left my mouth I knew there was no need to say them. They were perhaps false, yet I had said them, to frighten her into believing that she needed me, for protection. It was uncomfortable to discover how quickly I had begun to use the murders, how rapidly my assimilation of them had mixed with my use of them. I was excited by the killings, as one is excited by catastrophe on a grand scale, as one is alert to pre-echoes of unknown changes, hints of unrevealed secrets, rumblings of chaos—and my excitement saddened me. Is this what happens?

"There was writing on the door. The word *Pig*, written in blood."

"Pig."

"As in policeman. A false clue, probably."

I closed my eyes into silence, waiting for my sleep of pills. It was best not to mention that one of the victims had been Abigail Folger, whom my wife's

Reflections on
the most garish
crime of the
decade

sister had known years ago as Gibby Folger. She could find that out tomorrow.

HOW MALLEABLE WE ARE. How easily we are led to think what we want to think. The La-Bianca murders were presented as copycat murders to prevent panic, which seems intelligent in retrospect. What is amazing is that people believed it. Certainly even those with blind faith in the efficacy of justice (blind because so many murderers are never caught) were terrified at the idea of a daily series of quick, random killings moving farther and farther ahead of the stately pace of traditional police investigatory procedures. If the killers killed at random, darting in and out of any houses at all in spacious, vulnerable Los Angeles, no one could sustain the illusion of safety.

But there were no more killings. Americans went about their business with fear still in them, buried inside. It was a time of consciousness of secrecy, a time when things were left unsaid. Secretly, the police would do their work and, secretly, Americans would pick over their fears, examining the contours of their emotions as they would pick with the tips of their tongues, tenderly, at small sores in their mouths.

There was the suggestion that people like Sharon Tate lived nomadic lives, moving from expensive house to expensive house, never getting to know the neighbors, never committing themselves to anything more meaningful than the pursuit of their glittering and presumably empty destinies. There were suggestions of drug and sex orgies in the Tate home. Frykowski was said to be a drug dealer with Mafia connections. Sebring was rumored to be a homosexual with a taste for rough trade. Slanders, exaggerations, and lies were passed with enormous eagerness by ordinarily circumspect people who undoubtedly felt that in the absence of any hard news, truth was on holiday. In the void, anyone could say anything. A pattern emerged in the stories—in all of them was the idea that Tate, and the people around her, had somehow brought death upon themselves. Death had come as the result of their life-styles. Hence the eagerness with which these stories were repeated. If death came as the result of bad behavior then the virtuous were safe, and the rest had only to mend their ways.

Then the dark stories, more fictions. Severed penises stuffed in mouths, Tate's fetus ripped from the womb, parts of bodies distributed in unlikely places. A breast in the glove compartment of the car. An entire hand under a lampshade, fingers clamped on the switch. Eyeballs in ashtrays. If the imagination could absorb in advance whatever horrors might be revealed, or, better, if it could create something even more horrible than the reality, then fear could be held at bay, dealt with at one's own tempo. By creating the widest possible (most grotesque) boundaries, the dark-story people imagined they had delineated that of which they were most afraid—the unknown.

It is hard to remember how afraid we all were—each in his own way—because the fear was mostly healed, but people were scared, and not so much self-preoccupied, intent on defense. The buried fear was moving around inside the throat, a furry fear, gently rubbing the bottom of the throat.

In Westchester, Mrs. A. walks out the kitchen door at 9:30 P.M. and takes the winding road down to the garage. She has plenty of time to wait for the train. Her glasses are in the car, and in the darkness she steps carefully, feeling the edge of the driveway with her outstretched hand for guidance. The house, the grounds, are new still, and she wishes she was back in Tucson, but she's not ever going to tell Sam. Lights must be installed, she thinks, groping along—this is ridiculous. Suddenly the garage looms, enormous and black and directly in front of her. She finds the button, presses it, and the electric door groans and rattles upward. She stares into the deeper darkness. She is even more frightened at being unable to enter the garage than she is of what might be inside the garage. She stands frozen, listening to her own breathing.

George B. walks smartly along the promenade across the Brooklyn Bridge, as he does every morning, keeping up the pace. The bridge is empty except for two figures approaching from the Manhattan side. George moves gradually to the left side of the boardwalk and watches the Staten Island Ferry a mile away over the water. The cables slip past his vision and his foot gives a clip in the still air. He glances quickly at the two figures—blacks in matching light-blue windbreakers. He studies the ferry and then abruptly looks at the other side, at a barge coming out onto the East River. A glimpse of the blacks coming out of the center of the walkway. He feels a slight sensation of lightness in his gut. Were they veering a bit toward his side? He watches the barge. Brooklyn is a half-mile behind him, Manhattan a half-mile ahead. He becomes conscious of his own body, as if it had materialized out of thin air. Suddenly he was inside it. Anything can happen up here, he thinks—up here there is only the mutual understanding of civilized men. The blacks advance implacably and his legs move toward him closer to the moment of meeting as if of their own accord. Closer. Fear rises in him like a shooting up the scale. The two men pass him with a glance. Afraid to look back, he walks on, imagining a blade slipping into his back just above the waist, where the flesh is soft. Later, in his office, he looks unbelievably at his hands trembling as they hold a cup of coffee. George B. flew through missions in a B-24 and his hands never trembled.

Max D. stops his tractor in the middle of the field, climbs down, and runs across the furrows toward the meadow. He can see his house under the trees on the far side. He is convinced something terrible is happening there.

to drugs: People were at the point where they were taking anything. It was insane. But they won't go back now. Booze and pot, but no more of the big, brutal stuff. All the LSD in Hollywood went into the sewer system the next day." The newspapers had picked up an earlier version of his remark and given it wide circulation. But whatever protective rituals people enacted, they were nevertheless still scared. At a small dinner in a house in the Hollywood hills a noise from outside was enough to stop conversation. "Ah, yes," said our host, "the killers have come to call." It was a shaky moment.

The police were polite, but close mouthed. They were going to have to come up with something, and if they couldn't find the truth there was the possibility of a fabricated case. The Garrison episode was fresh in one's memory.

CONSIDER A FATHER, WHO COULD NOT abide the waiting, as he shucks off his middle-class life, becomes outwardly a hippie and slips, like a bottle into the sea, into the huge currents of nomadic youth swirling over the face of this country, in search of his child's killer. Strengthened by experience in undercover work, sustained by icy resolve (revenge is a dish best eaten cold, says Norman Mailer), this man must have taken an extraordinary trip indeed. He apparently learned nothing about the killings, but it would be fascinating to know what he did learn, about his time and his country. Did he hold them collectively to blame and hate them all? Or did he come to understand them? However sentimental his idea of personal victory, however naïve his belief that the kids of America are a heterogeneous underground, however stained his heart by simple blood lust, I wish it had been he, rather than Kasabian, breaking the case.

I did not believe Kasabian at first. A girl in jail, under another charge, presumably desperate, spills the beans to her cellmate. She has every reason to. Her last hope is to make a deal with the police and with the State, exchanging information for immunity. Information from such sources is notoriously suspect. The police can reveal the sort of testimony they want, or the informant can figure it out. The informant is in custody, which allows for plenty of time to work out details. Pressure can be brought to bear, favors given, deals made, and brains washed. As more information was revealed, my uncertainty increased. One dubious witness. Where was the hard evidence? Were the creepy-crawly clothes the TV reporters found the same clothes that were supposed to have been thrown out of the escape car? Was it not very much in their own interest to find them? Was there any outside corroboration of Kasabian's story? Unless the State was holding back some bombshells, it appeared to be in possession of a weak case. But the State, after so much time, was happy to have any case at all. To a relieved public it seemed impossible that the police could have taken Kasabian under their wing and concocted a

case against her group—the most spaced-out and helpless bunch of hippies available—but it did not seem so to me.

On the other hand, it seemed reasonable to assume that if the police were fabricating a case they would have made it simpler. All those defendants. Would not a prepared case have been stronger, less complex, and better focused than the one we were witnessing? And what policeman or DA could possibly have come up with something as wild as Kasabian's story?

It was far from clear that Manson and his gang were guilty: nevertheless guilt was immediately assumed because it stopped the furry fear. A quick paperback hit the stands, telling, presumably, the whole story, *Life* presented its Rasputin cover of Charlie, and the newspapers printed everything they could discover, overhear, or invent. A dangerous media orgy took place, irrevocably tainting the air.

A joke went around literary New York at the time, about bickering over the size of the advance a writer would receive for a book about killing someone. Fifty grand for Frank Sinatra, a hundred for Howard Hughes, a quarter of a million for Jane Fonda. If the murder took place in an unprosperous state, like West Virginia, it was argued, the writer could bring more money to the trial than the prosecution, win an acquittal, and then publish that all-important first book, and move on to more serious work. At the present moment Manson's banal music has been recorded (not doing too well, latest reports indicate), Kasabian reportedly demands five thousand for a TV interview and will get an unspecified amount for her cooperation in a book to be written by one of the most brilliant young women in America, corporations have been set up by the defendants (they may face suits from the murderers' families, but there will be money for everyone—the lawyers first, of course), and everywhere the clanging of cash registers is heard. Why this country does not follow the example of England, where most of its law comes from anyway, and simply forbid the media to do any more than announce the charge and the names of the people charged until the trial begins remains a mystery. There is no way to prevent money from being made afterwards, but it is relatively simple to protect the trial procedure itself from pre-trial prejudice, and keep trials cheap for both sides.

As Kasabian testified, day after day, keeping on through the outrageous antics of a feckless cross-examiner intent on breaking her down, I came to believe that she may have been telling the truth, not the entire truth, perhaps, but most of what she knew. She was occasionally incoherent, sometimes inconsistent, and frequently dull—but she seemed to be telling her own story. Her emotions were appropriate—the ambivalence toward Manson, the curious passivity of her switch in allegiances, the intimations of the dead, burnt-out quality of her inner self. It also fit that she, who allegedly had not taken direct part in the killings, would be the one

ll the tale. Without the brainwashing experi-
of the bloodbath in the house, without that ir-
able break with the past, she would be the
one to retain any small part of herself, the
one with a continuous identity arching from
ast. over the killings, and into the future. (In
tscinating book *The Battle for the Mind*, Brit-
eurologist William Sargeant points out that at
ents of great stress a sort of neurological
can occur, a special time during which past
rns in the brain can be wiped out and new
rns instilled. Working with hysterically par-
d shell-shock cases in World War II, he would
out what specific combat situation a man was
afraid of, which interestingly enough usually
no relation to the actual paralyzing trauma,
nce him through hypnosis and chemotherapy
he was experiencing that particular situation,
wipe out the paralysis patterns before the man
a heart attack. He also describes the snake-
ling cults of the American South, Christian
in which the members drape poisonous snakes
themselves, listen to the exhortations of the
her, and at the moment of greatest fear, in a
endo of fear, see God.)
do not know whether Kasabian told the truth
hether Manson *et al* are guilty. If they are
y, why did it happen? What follows is a fic-
It is not intended to represent actuality. It is
antasy of how and why such events could have
red.

ANSON HAS SPENT TWENTY of his thirty-five
years in jail. He grew up in jail and became
he is in jail. The time outside, however
packed with events, must be considered against
ontext of all that time inside. Inside was real-
outside was something unknown, something
his dreams. He must have assumed he was go-
back to jail eventually (back home), he per-
even wanted to, although he might have quib-
about exactly when. He states, in a *Rolling*
e interview, that prison life doesn't bother
I believe him. His whole personality is best
rstood as an elaborate device for doing time—
is all there is to him. He must be a fantast and
have become one in order to survive captiv-
The inner freedom, the deep dive into his own
l which he attempts to dress up as a quasi-
ious, contemplative mysticism, is the freedom
ne man with his penis in his hand to dream
ever dream he pleases.* Beating off for twenty
s, from Boys Town to the Los Angeles County
That is the inner freedom he prizes, the source
rength in which he has such confidence. Not
sex was all he ever thought about, but that
was the route to fantasy, and fantasy the route
nnipotence.

iven his manic energy and twenty years to
deeper and deeper, ordinary men can p

You spend 20 years in jail playing with yourself, a
an becomes almost an unbelievable thing to you."

—Manson, interviewed in *Rolling Stone*, June 25, 1970

haps barely imagine the extent of Manson's inner
world, the depth and breadth of that vast terrain
over which he was absolute master. What visions!
What Elysian vistas must have opened, to be pop-
ulated by whom he chose, animated by his whim,
lighted by his own light. He was God, king of his
own creation. The dull rhythms of prison life rolled
on, needing little attention. All that was real oc-
curred without any effort from him. He would
occasionally rouse himself to gain some small ad-
vantage, some worthwhile rearrangement of his
surroundings, but never with his whole self. Years
and years and years of dreaming. Techniques to
strengthen control in the dream world. Auto-hyp-
nosis. Three, four, five ejaculations a day, per-
haps, some with sex fantasies but some with other
fantasies. His penis was the engine to get him to
the inner world, the light switch to illuminate an
alternative reality.

Released into the outside world, his state of
mind must have resembled that of a sailor on shore
leave. The fantasies he would act out were more
complex, certainly, but like the sailor's, his world
was most important as a stage upon which to play
his play. Formed in captivity, he could not perceive
the dimensions of freedom, the true potential of it.
Freedom was only the chance to act out what he
had thought about in jail. In a sense he never left
jail.

What a world he found! Soft, mind-blown chil-
dren drifting through time like sea anemones in
shallow, sunlit water. Thoughtless, powerless, ut-

"... he must
have assumed
he was going
back to jail
eventually
(back home),
he even wanted
to, although he
might have
quibbled about
exactly when."



The Tower means the
overthrow of materi-
alism, of existing modes
seen catastrophies.
When the card is re-
sion, imprisonment.

terly passive human beings, half-formed, swathed in baby fat, blowing with the wind. He scooped them up effortlessly and they stayed with him because he was the strongest man they had seen. They had tested drugs and they knew about the inner world, they celebrated the inner world, but none of them had mastered it like Charlie. Charlie was strong, they thought, Charlie was holy. Ignorant children, they absorbed his enthusiasm for the fascist dreamworld of Heinlein's *Strangers in a Strange Land*, or the authoritarian trash of L. Ron Hubbard, monocrat of Scientology. They listened when he spoke of God or Satan or Buddha. They swallowed pills which had the effect of making everything the same, of subsuming all under an enormous, overweening *one*. Manson went about collecting human beings, discarding the smart, the active, and the independent—keeping the weak. He created his group, and he was in charge.

Now, perhaps, he could see some of the simpler dreams. Everybody fucks everybody else—the whole rococo architecture of polymorphous perversity. A significant achievement for Charles Manson, but did it equal the strength of his own technicolor prison-cell productions? The sex games must have become, inevitably, a subdivision of the power games. It must have been telling people what to do and having them do it that was the kick, not so much what they actually did. Each enactment gratified a part of him, it would appear, but another part was disappointed, a part the kids knew nothing about, a very deep part that was on a search for something in reality that would be better than fantasy. With each achievement Manson was forced further out into the world, into larger arenas, and it made him nervous. Still, the pace was exciting. There was a gradually increasing tempo to events that resembled other rhythms he knew well.

Oh, to be a Beatle. Manson trundled his few chords and cryptic lyrics all over Hollywood. He started meeting people, people who didn't pay much attention to his music but thought he himself was a gas. Somehow he got on the party circuit. He was brought in as a decorative freak and displayed to important people. It seems he went to a lot of parties people have conveniently forgotten. A young hippie film director took Manson to gatherings in the homes of the rich and the powerful and introduced him as God. Manson developed a party number, a party shtik, to turn people on, and he could always invite people back for a quick roll with the girl of their choice. But nothing coalesced. The Establishment was amused, but distant. Manson's energy, techniques, plots, and religious balderdash, which had gained him his "family," could not gain him a recording contract. When he began to discern the possibility that to the Establishment he was no more than a short clown, his rage must have been enormous. He held himself together, nevertheless. Overt rage was not his style. He was more at home with secrecy. He repaired to his family.

Manson was in a curious situation. As a fantast

he was used to working things out in his imagination. Angry at the world, he would muse on ce wars, and the like. He would think about death, and within the family he talked about death. The family listened. At some point (perhaps even before the Tate-LaBianca events) he may have included that certain members would actually kill if he told them to, and his revenge dreams were clouded by the practical considerations of remaining leader of his group. A subtle, dangerous nature. They could not, after all, get ahead of him. The popular notion that Manson hypnotized the group to go out and wreak his will is less convincing than the idea of a sort of push-pull situation in which Manson, in the midst of a daydream, realized that he was riding a tiger. His overblown fantasies were being taken seriously.

The girls were prepared to kill in order to kill Manson in, forever, as their leader. Their passivity carried with it the need for a strong man at the top. They thought the killings would bind Manson to them, and, equally important, make him strong.

Human sacrifice has existed as long as man himself, Frazer tells us. From the beginning of time we see man ritualistically killing man, not commonly as part of ceremonies having to do with the planting of crops. H. G. Wells theorizes about placating the gods, sacrificing in order to receive, etc., but in the end throws up his hands in despair. An understandable gesture, certainly. But one thing is clear, from the forests of early Europe to the Aztec altars, ritual murder is a seal, an official stamp like the King's ring in wax, to authenticate something. The girls wanted to authenticate Manson. Manson wanted to authenticate Manson.

I IMAGINE MYSELF THERE. They entered the grounds and killed someone almost immediately. Steven Parent died and the drama had begun. They walked now in an entirely new world, every word, every thought, every action without precedent. They were, in a sense, reborn as they entered the house. The killers themselves were flying, and each will have his own memories. Blooded, they improvised the play. Frykowski, strong and resourceful man, must have given them the most trouble, drugged though he was. He was shot four times, stabbed fifty-one times, and beaten on the head. Now the demons were being loosed, the wild, screaming anger that had been there all the time under the passivity. Moving with speed, observing all with clear, fresh, newborn eyes, they immobilized those victims they could and killed the others outright. The hood. The rope. Time to take a breath, to walk around in the new light, to experience their new selves, to see the blood, to *see it!* They stabbed Sebring to death talking among themselves all the time. Someone pulled the rope, hauling Sharon into the air and the others went at her with their knives, slicing past her arms to her chest, moving all around her getting her from all sides. When it was over they were giddy, high, full of life—but they remem-

1 to write what Charlie wanted. They hadn't
otten Charlie.

certain kind of mind, it is suggested, doped
1 and again on LSD, finally loses touch with
re. All moral sense disappears and the or-
ism simply responds to phenomena, floating
sensation to sensation without pattern or
unable to relate different sets of experiences,
le to see the forest for the trees or, if you will,
rees for the forest. Drugs played an indirect
ortive role, along with group sex, in the crea-
of the family. It was a kind of family sacra-
, and if they did kill, what made them kill was
SD, but the need to strengthen the family and
enticate Manson.

d Charlie own the girls or did the girls own
lie? A less than courageous man (remember
hiding in the cabinet, all folded up, hoping
ops would overlook him?), he was forced
action. As he set off into the city was he lead-
or being pushed? Picking a house, he seemed
e stalling. It took some time for him to settle
ne LaBiancas'. He entered, prepared the vic-
and came out again. He did not take part in
actual killings—he waved his people inside
told them not to let the victims know they
going to die. (That was the right way. The
the Nazis did it when they led the Jews, all
grant, into the showers.) A cagey man, he
d have been out of place in the midst of the
y. Once again, his kick was in having them
hat they were told to do. The girls went wild
n—stabbing, swimming in blood. Laughing,
king witches at play, they were drunk with
u. They left the eloquent fork, and more mes-
s. War. Helter Skelter. Charlie's words.

nd then they stopped. They watched TV. They
the papers. The girls didn't want any more—
aps because at the LaBiancas' they had gotten
ar out. They may have sensed something new
at what had begun as murders to strengthen
lie had become something else. Little fright-
z flashes, as they hacked and stabbed, that it
Charlie they were killing.

WE ARE PRESENTED WITH MANSON as Rasputin
—a figure of great power and psychic force.
newspapers created him in that image as a
ic service, to offset the furry fear. Manson
ot be presented as what he is: if he is to con-
our fear he must be large. He must be a mon-
of horror-film dimensions in order that we not
e shamed of our fear. It was only our fear,
y, that we were ever concerned with. As it
les, the newspapers and magazines will present
versions of Manson. Versions will slip into
ons as writers and editors cast around for
the public will like best once the public is no
er afraid. Games will be played. An insane
of the radical press is already telling us that
son is a guerrilla against the Establishment.
rt of Hollywood Guevara fighting the good
2. (They are attempting to blackmail us, to
test more Mansons, to keep the fear alive and

use it to their own political ends.) Only on TV, “He has spent
in a brief clip of the man talking to the press do we
get a hint, as he whines, wheedles, and slides along,
of what an utter creep he may be.

I do not fancy Manson as an Ahab, or a Mar-
quis de Sade, or a man of vision of any sort. Guilty
or innocent he is most likely a manic fool, a
speed reader of comic books, an empty head with a
huge, freaky, meaningless antenna for picking up
other people's vibrations.

What a farce is his desert hideaway with its
gun-mounted dune buggies, escape routes, redoubts,
and caches. How crude it all is, as if he'd mail-
ordered it from the back of some weird hot-rod
mag. How familiar and dull his fear of Negroes.
He more resembles the cretins of the American
boondocks with their burning crosses, or beer-bel-
lied Commie-haters playing with their war-surplus
bazookas, or the illiterate black fascists arguing
over who gets to be General and who gets to be
Captain, than he resembles Satan. How unoriginal,
how derivative and garbled is his attempt at a
fashionable mysticism. How silly he is. Yet because
of the charge of murder, because of his infantile
fantasies interacting with the emptiness of the peo-
ple around him, we allow ourselves to be con-
vinced he is a person of moment.

The girls are more mysterious, with their stun-
ning vacuity, the suggestion of their monstrous
swings from sleepers to killers. Three empty souls
gathering together as one person under Charlie,
with Charlie. Was it Atkins who moved her lips,
silently, as Charlie talked, movement for move-
ment, thought for thought? Or was it Krenwinkel
or Van Houten? Does it make any difference?
Whatever they were when they started they are
now beyond change, beyond time.

So it ends. Manson is back home in jail with
significantly more power than before. Despite the
uncertainties of the State's case he may be found
guilty. His jailers and fellow inmates will treat him
with more respect. His standard of living will go
up. He'll probably never have to share a cell again.
He'll have some money, which is useful in jail,
and with which he can keep adjudication going on
forever. The trial is amusing for him, more so
since the remote threat of the gas chamber, which
might have been specially reopened for him, is
nonexistent after President Nixon's thoughtless re-
marks. (What a coup that was—the President of
the United States so jealous of Charlie's press that
he comes in for a piece of it himself, forever link-
ing them together. Just like the dreams! Just like
the twenty years of dreams!) He went out into
the candy store and got himself a lot of candy, and
when the noise has died down, when the long voy-
age is over, he'll be safe in his cell. He'll reach
down under the blankets, close his eyes, and live
it all over again—neatening it up, rounding off the
edges till it drops, like a jigsaw puzzle piece, into
the real world, the only one that counts, the vast
—did interior universe he has spent all his life
creating. I imagine him dying of old age, with his
prick in his hand.

“He has spent
twenty of his
thirty-five
years in jail.
The time
outside . . .
must be
considered
against the
context of all
that time
inside.”



John Corry

THE POLITICS OF STYLE

We are learning
that radical culture
only reflects the
conventional one
and, like the new
pornography or
the new alienation,
it will end up
by boring us to
death.

IT HAPPENED SOMETIME IN THE EARLY 1960s, and although no one can say exactly when it may all have begun in that magic moment when Robert Frost, who always looked marvelous, with silver hair, and deep, deep lines in his face, read a poem at the inauguration of John F. Kennedy, and then went on to tell him afterwards that he ought to be more Irish than Harvard, which was something that sounded a lot better than it actually was. Hardly a man today remembers the poem, which was indifferent, anyway, but nearly everyone remembers Frost, or at least the sight of him at the lectern, which was perhaps the first sign that from then on it would not matter so much what you said, but how you said it. When the arts arrive in politics this way, surely neither style, nor show business, can be far behind, and if the Left must now suffer John Wayne, then the rest of us must put up with Jane Fonda, and the high keening sound you hear over the landscape is the sound of anguish, which is our newest form of artistic and political expression. My own favorite publication in keeping track of these things is *The Village Voice*, which is a prosperous weekly put out in New York, and also a prominent example of advocacy journalism. As a practical matter in advocacy journalism, the most important thing is neither how well you write, nor how well you report, but what your position in life is, and a good many people at the *Voice* write mostly about themselves, although sometimes they write about each other, and about how they all feel about things. One way or another this can be wonderfully entertaining, even if a political writer at

the *Voice* may sometimes sound as if he has been greatly influenced by *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, and even if when he is deepest in his anguish he suffers from what Martin Luther would have called the sin of pride. The best thing about the *Voice*, though, is that it not only reports what the cultural and political radicals are doing, it also popularizes it, and it does it better than its less intelligent imitators, who are legion around the country. A good argument for reading the *Voice*, in fact, is to read it not only for what it says, but for what it is, and for what this can tell you about our own slow return to the Dark Ages.

The *Voice*, for example, is good at keeping you up on things like Women's Liberation and the Black Panthers, and even though the Panthers think of Women's Lib as a distraction, and of its members as unfit for a serious revolution, which makes the Women's Lib ladies a little mad, the two organizations have more in common than is ordinarily supposed. For one thing, the members of both tantrum a lot. For another, neither the Panthers, nor the ladies, care much for themselves and they both have great doubts about whether or not they can make it in life. They wear oppression like both a badge and an excuse, and they do not seem to be seriously engaged in anything other than being oppressed, and in telling everyone else about it. Being oppressed, sad-assed and sorry can be a way of life, just like any other and just like anyone else the Panthers and the Women's Lib ladies will fight hard to keep their way of life. This may not matter much with the

John Corry was a national reporter for the New York Times before joining Harper's as a contributing editor in 1968. He is a New Yorker and the author of *The Manchester Affair*.

is, but the Panthers are something else again. They are black Stalinists who wear funny clothes, nasty, and scare the hell out of the Justice Department. Even in the best of times, Washington trembled easily, and now the Panthers really being oppressed, and this makes it tough on all rest of us. (One of the dreary things we must with now is the quality of both the oppressed the oppressor in America. John Mitchell has no , but then neither do some of the people he dislikes. The only correct response to the ago conspiracy trial was to send \$10 to the ndants' defense fund, and then to hope that y Rubin and Abbie Hoffman would be hit ly by a passing truck.)

One way or another, white America will try to the blacks into song and dance men, and one or another some blacks will respond. The c Muslims, despite their nuttiness, got on to pretty early, and elected to wear suits and ties, note middle-class virtues, and leave the white als alone. The Panthers did not, becoming the song and dance men, and furnishing a great of entertainment for the white radicals, who me the new crackers. The radicals, and the als who find diversion in the Panthers, are g the Panthers that they really are not good gh to make it, and that they will never be much at being anything other than oppressed. "We have our manhood even if we have to level the of the earth," Huey Newton told the Panther ention, and this is not so much inflammatory as ad, a confession that the Panthers do not have thing that the other boys in town take for ed. The new patronage toward the blacks is ree when the militants say that the world is ly too much for them, and neither the Pan-, nor their supporters, would ever suggest that nther could become, say, a doctor. (Similarly, nale supporters of Women's Lib cannot see a girl who has just crashed a men's bar, or vn her bra away in an exquisite gesture of st, and then marched down Fifth Avenue to s about it, can ever be anything but a mem- of Women's Lib. Neither, though, can I.) The aners are the natural sons of Stepin Fetchit, was never thought of as being able to be any- or anything else, either, and they are not the to Nat Turner, which is what they keep tell- s they are. The new patronage demands that y something about black rage, and this is not removed from saying, Man, they really do a sense of rhythm. Either concept can rob a of his humanity, and there are blacks all America who think the Panthers are a mar- s joke on the whites, but they wouldn't want daughter to marry one, either. *Soul on Ice* y was not a very good book, and Cleaver nothing in it that his betters hadn't been say- or years, and more intelligently, too. Frederick lass said it all more than one hundred years and then later there was Richard Wright, Du Ellison, and a whole lot of other people who ot read as much now as they ought to be.

MY FAVORITE ANALYST AT THE VOICE on these and Mother matters is Jack Newfield, a New Left columnist and speaker, who is also one of the finer deadpan humorists of our time. In a recent story, Newfield disclosed that the Liberal party of New York was really a machine, and that it had a boss, and that it had done things that it ought not to have done. A great many people in New York had suspected this for some time, but Newfield's great contribution was his mock outrage, and the absolutely wonderful way he got you to share his sense of discovery, never once tipping his mitt that he was not going to say anything new at all. Somewhere in the story he wrote that "the Liberal party was fathered twenty-six years ago by that most conservative of passions—anti-Communism," and this was a marvelously funny thing for a political analyst to say, too, probably getting big fat chuckles from Koestler, and the shades of Richard Wright and Silone. Newfield does this kind of thing quite often, and as comic masterpieces there has been nothing quite like them since the time Calvin Coolidge was putting on Sioux war bonnets, and staring inscrutably into the silent cameras. In a literary sense, however, Newfield sometimes dilutes his comic gifts by going in rather heavily for soul. This is all right for some people, but Newfield has an unfortunate tendency to write about his favorite politicians in approximately the same terms that Louisa May Alcott wrote about Beth, and sometimes he can sound a little sappy. Still, the old comic genius does come through from time to time, as it did, for example, in this wonderful passage from a recent eulogy he did on Robert Kennedy: "And then, later that night, Kennedy would tell me and David Halberstam how much he loved people who worked hard with their hands, how much he preferred the white poor of West Virginia and Gary to the Manhattan intellectuals 'who spend their time worrying about why they haven't been invited to some party.'" Newfield's audacity here is staggering. At great risk, he goes for a chuckle, and as an old ironist he pulls it off, simply by reminding us of just how much poor white trash, and how many smart Manhattan folks the Senator actually did hang around with. Newfield's talents, considerable as they are, however, do not travel well to other publications. In a story in *New York* magazine in which he nominates Ramsey Clark for President, Newfield spends an intolerable amount of time saying he doesn't feel well, mentioning his friends, and then wondering aloud if he should take the assignment and write the story. As a way of building suspense this is not much, and it is hardly any surprise when Newfield decides on page 3 that he will go ahead and do the story, anyway. Then, after comparing Clark to Gary Cooper, Will Rogers, Lincoln, and St. Francis, and giving him all the better of it, too, Newfield decides that he would make a hell of a President, but that the country may not deserve him. With that kind of promotion, a politician hardly needs any enemies at all.

At bottom, Newfield is a moralist, which is

"Being oppressed, sad-
assed, and
sorry can be a
way of life,
just like any
other."

John Corry
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also what so many young people are today, and moralists, who are not necessarily idealists, have always been hell on the rest of us. A moralist refers everything back to himself, and that is what makes the young, particularly the young radicals, so stupefyingly dull, when they are not being simply unpleasant. Politics needs not be a demanding profession, which is one reason it attracts the people it does, and the moralists among the politicians usually have been found on the Right. Strom Thurmond, for example, is uncluttered with either ideas, or a sense of ambiguity, but he has a high sense of purpose, and he is a moralist. The liberals, however grievous their other faults, are more cynical about things, and they lack that high sense of purpose, which makes them easier to get along with. It is chilling to think of the radicals forming a third party, although the suggestion is much put about these days, because the radicals might easily capture and dominate the liberal Democrats, and then go on to bury us all in righteousness, snobbery, and bad manners. Those prudent persons who have never hoped for much from politics, anyway, except perhaps a little less noise, and some decent kind of socialism, would be left with nowhere to turn to at all. This is a good reason for the liberals to become honest men, and to save us before it is too late.

IF YOU WERE FORTUNATE ENOUGH to have had something like the flu on Moratorium Day last year, which would have freed you from the necessity of attending any of its demonstrations, you could have lain in bed all day watching a succession of speakers on television, nearly all of whom said this was the wrong war in the wrong place, and so on, and some of whom offered plans for withdrawal. These were liberals, speaking at length. The radicals said this was a sick society, which was true, although probably not for the reasons they thought. (No one mentioned that Nixon was doing pretty much what Kennedy and McCarthy had proposed the year before.) All that any public person could decently have done on Moratorium Day, however, would have been to rise, say that we must leave Vietnam now, and then sit down.

No one did, and no one expected it, because this is a time of involvement, and of the awful need to convince others of our involvement. What is more dreadful, we must prove it, too, which is an absolutely sure way of obscuring any issue, and of letting loose wild aberrations on the land. For the liberals, involvement is a matter of style, and not necessarily of commitment. For the radicals, involvement is a matter of position. That is, the question on the Left will not be whether one Panther knocked off another Panther, the question will be, Do you or do you not support the Panthers? The question will not be whether or not the Democratic process is at work in Cuba, the question will be, Are you in favor of the people? It is all very vexing, and it means that if you do

not support the Panthers you are a racist, and if you have reservations about Fidel you are an imperialist.

People who write letters to the *Voice* catch on to this, and if they are going to question something that Cleaver, say, or Huey Newton, has said, they customarily begin by disclaiming any racism on their own part. This is the kind of attitude that spreads, and now we can show our interest in equal rights for women only by paying careful attention to some of the marvelously empty-headed chicks in Women's Lib. It is what the moralists have led us to, and it is better to beware of them. There are still some of us who feel discomfort when an artist believes he must drape his canvas in black to show he is against Vietnam, or racism, or Agnew, and there are those of us who weep, without knowing exactly why, that prominent people would wail privately, and not publicly, about whatever injustice is bothering them. The politics of protest and anguish is virtually mindless, requiring very little of a person, and it is practiced by some very great charlatans. Most of all, however, it is the amateurs who give it a bad name, and the worst amateurs of all are the fancy people, and the people in the arts. When the arts and politics join, the one debases the other, and radical politics debases worst of all.

Moralists look at life in a simple way, what artists ought not to do, and along the Left, in general, and among advocacy journalists, in particular, simplicity is a very great virtue indeed. Consequently, for every oppressed, the Left must find an oppressor, the problem being that in real life it is not always easy to settle on which one is truly the bastard. In the Nigerian-Biafran war, the moralists on the Left said it was Nigeria, deciding not to recognize that for every relief shipment that the Nigerians kept out of Biafra, the Biafrans turned one back, too. (The publicists of the Right jumped all over Nigeria, a rare instance of moralists who ordinarily are far apart in everything coming together on something. Biafra had a very clever public-relations operation.) Then there were the Young Lords, an organization of Puerto Rican militants, much beloved by the *Voice*, who seized the First Spanish Methodist Church in East Harlem. Religion, you understand, is the oppressor unresponsive to the needs of the community, an arm of the Establishment, and so on, and the Young Lords went about the work of the Revolution by sitting in, and seizing, the First Spanish Methodist Church. Nothing much happened, of course; it was the Young Lords' style that counted and their style was sufficient to ensure their standing among the radicals, and to send little tingles along the liberals' spines. Not many of the people who tingled, however, had ever been in a Protestant church in East Harlem, and there was something marvelous about the Revolution taking over this church, which was the kind of beleaguered place where the parishioners would gather together and debate the wisdom of saving their money, and buying a coffee urn for the church basement. The

you must understand about advocates of the Revolution, and of liberal causes, in general is that their warmth toward the Revolution, in causes, increases in proportion to the distance they are removed from them. (The South, of course, has been telling the North this for years.) The parishioners of the First Spanish Methodist Church, who were poor and Latin, were noticeably enthusiastic about having their church taken over, and it would have been wonderfully entertaining for all of us if the Young Lords had occupied a Reform Democratic club, on the beaches of East Hampton in August, or, in *The Village Voice* itself.

Nevertheless, the Young Lords, being Puerto Rican, have a chance of keeping their revolution fresh and intact in a way that the Black Panthers do not. The liberals and radicals hardly ever see the Puerto Ricans at all, being mostly accustomed to seeing them as busboys, doormen, and errand boys, and these are not roles that easily lend themselves to romantic visions. Moreover, many Puerto Ricans have a reputation of being positively jolly, and their rage and suffering have not yet intruded themselves into the popular imagination. Consequently, the Young Lords are more likely to be left alone, and are more or less free to do what they want to be. This is a great break for them, although there is still the danger that, having made it in *The Village Voice*, the Young Lords will now make it into *Vogue*, or *Harper's Bazaar*, which are something like uptown *Village Voice*es, and therefore well worth looking at from time to time. They teach you something about style, and about how it can reach out and diminish ugliness, and something about politics, too. It is not that Arthur Schlesinger reviews movies for *Vogue*, which gives both him and the magazine a certain cachet; neither would have alone, it is also that *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* are always searching for something, anything, new and then writing a few little paragraphs about it. If Gauguin were living in Tahiti today, *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar* would almost certainly come upon him, imagining as they do on things that should be most interesting, and offering them up without a hint of loneliness, pain, and commitment that actually go with them.

It is the way it is with politics, too, and when *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar* touch on things political or sociological, they will always be things that are in the liberal's interest. With the exception of William Buckley, who is apparently a monarchist, liberals and conservatives and their causes have no real leader. John Lindsay is sometimes proposed as a possible leader of a new coalition of liberals and conservatives for no apparent reason other than his name, as if he ought to be the leader. Ramsey Clark, who has no particular style, which is good, but certainly will have one invented for him. In the way things work now, and Clark's style would be made up of innocence, detachment, and a willingness to go in for politics, all of which are qualities that would make him a disaster as a President. Eugene

McCarthy went through the primary campaign like a dyspeptic Jesuit, which captivated a great many people, and neatly hid the fact that he never said very much. This, of course, put him one up on most politicians, who say too much, but McCarthy blew his moral superiority by being uppity. None of this mattered, however, because he had style. "Muskie reminds me of Ed Sullivan," Newfield writes in the *Voice*, "relaxed, pleasant, and totally hollow and conventional." Here Newfield gives it all away, saying that Muskie has no style, and so therefore he has no character, either. This is the kind of elegant contempt for people that is exercised by *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, and it is what unites them with the moralists on the Left, and it is what sometimes sends very fashionable people to drift about in the radicals' world. If the fashion magazines were to do something on a dragger fisherman in Maine he would have to have a Barcelona chair on his poop deck, and if they were to do something on a carpenter in Oregon he would have to have a Giacometti by his workbench. Their message is that you must have something extra going for you, or else you do not matter much. In other words, you must have style, which means you must be something other than yourself.

The fashion magazines themselves are prominent exemplars of this. For one thing, the clothes they show are remarkably ugly, and excruciatingly self-conscious, and a woman who wears them will not look like a woman, and in fact she may hardly look like a person. She will, however, be full of style, which is presumably the only reason that anyone would buy things of such consummate ugliness. Just so, there is a plague of ideologies and therapies being visited on us these days, and, like the ladies' clothes, they compete in telling us that we can, and should, be something other than what we are. They are offered to us as part of the pursuit of happiness, and they will cheat us if we forget that a mild state of pain is our most natural state, and that some of the deficiencies we are trying to overcome are deficiencies in what long ago was called the human condition. The junkiest of the ideologies and therapies begin as idle people's toys, and then they become stylish, which is what makes them attractive, and sends our poor shriveled selves lusting after them, and then confuses us as to what they are really all about. It is like the girls in Women's Lib who talk about their distaste at being thought of as sex objects, which is really a conceit on their part, and then go on to raise this into an ideology, having serious debates all the way along about the propriety of sleeping with a man. There is not much new in this, and for years perfectly nice, ordinary American girls have been telling one another that they would never go to bed with anyone who didn't love them, without ever giving much thought to turning the notion into a national movement. In these dark days, however, people join gangs, and what once were private pleasures, and private pains, are now public pastimes.

"For the liberals, involvement is a matter of style, and not necessarily of commitment."

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CONSEQUENTLY, THERE IS ESALEN, and sensitivity training, and mass therapies, and other group gropes beyond number, and they are all getting to be bloody bores. The *Voice* is filled with paid notices put in by swamis and yogis who are at loose ends, and there are elaborate advertisements that offer the services of computers to help you find a date. This is the old lonely-hearts thing dressed up by IBM, and the people who subscribe to it must be not so much horny as they are helpless. The cry heard most often is a cry for help, or, more likely, a snivel, and where it will end nobody knows, and there is not the slightest indication that it ever will. Letting it all hang out is supposed to be good for you, but the privilege is being abused, and most people's sensibilities are not that interesting, anyway. Masters and Johnson, and Dr. David Rubin are spreading themselves thin across the land, Masters and Johnson all technical and dull, Dr. Rubin all smarmy and smirky, and they are picked up by people who have had perfectly nice sex lives, never even having heard of fellatio, but now absolutely certain that they can't go on without it. This is the other side of the consumer society, and it means that there are no end of ways in which Americans can be manipulated, and made to feel there is something wrong, and that whatever it is can be solved by something, or someone other than themselves.

This impoverishes us, and we are being intruded upon, and things that were once private and worthwhile are being pushed out into the open, where they can do nothing but shrivel and die, or at least leave us wondering what it was that we once saw in them. It is like the new pornography in the movies, serving up breasts and buttocks like heaps of pasta, and excising eroticism and its pleasures more neatly than any missionary who ever served God by draping a Mother Hubbard over some poor girl in the Fijis. We lose our freedom to be ourselves, to be whatever it was we decided to be in our most secret depths, and we lose our capacity for finding salvation in the small forms of kinky behavior that at least were our own. Whatever we were before is no longer good enough, and we seem to be afraid to be alone. As sorry a thing as buggery, which two honest men might once have sanctified by committing decently and privately, is now being flaunted, and the homosexuals are forming liberation leagues. The politics of protest and anguish slops over into our private lives, and it is worth noting that Women's Lib got its big impetus not from Betty Friedan, but from the girls of SDS, who, politics failing, were determined to nibble us to death in other ways.

When the moralists on the Left talk about alienation, they are talking about emptiness, which is hardly ever an interesting phenomenon, even though it is now considered to be a weapon in the cultural and political revolution. Alienation, in fact, is getting passed into the popular culture as something of a virtue, and this may be the most dreadful thing of all because now we are beginning to celebrate it. *Easy Rider*, in its simple-

minded way, was about alienation, and its heroes were two monosyllabic junkies who were welded to their motorcycles. The critics loved it. They loved *Diary of a Mad Housewife* even more, and this was about three nitwits, any one of whom would have suffered a collapse if ever faced with a real problem. The housewife herself was an emptier vessel than even Scarlett O'Hara, although the movie seemed to be saying that she was a human being, full of true pain, who had fallen a victim to circumstance. She was, however, much more than a twerp.

Alienation, or emptiness, was once a solitary preoccupation, which at least gave it some dignity, but now it is practiced by whole groups and classes of people. We may all bore one another to death this way, and the young, who are the most self-conscious about their alienation, can be the most boring of all. They are narcissistic, some of the time withdrawing all of the way into their own and each other's heads, and all of the time fluctuating indecently between acceptance and rejection of all the rest of us. In warm weather in Washington, Georgetown is beset by clouds of hippies. They clog the sidewalks, and sell underground newspapers, and sometimes they strike out for freedom by chalking something about the Vietnam Cong on a garage wall. Mostly, however, they stand about, mumble to one another, and drive a people in Georgetown nuts. If the hippies have a sense of history, or of irony, they could entertain themselves hugely doing this, knowing that they were bringing to Georgetown some of the world that its resident politicians had helped to create. The hippies do not know this, however, and they come to Georgetown because of its charm, which is the charm that comes only from affluence. That is something depressing, and even offensive about this. The hippies represent a culture that pretends to deliver us from the malfeasances of affluence, but it does not, and the hippies are enchanted by nothing so much as the charm and grace that they find in Georgetown. Nevertheless, if they stay there they will destroy it. First there are the head shops, and then the tourists, and then the crumpling mills. The radical culture is still only a reflection of the conventional one, and somewhere that there ought to be a lesson for all of us.

Meanwhile, there is no sign that the radical culture will disappear, and radical politics will stay with us forever, getting carried along, as it always has been, on its own tide of dogma, righteousness and fervor. This generation of radicals may end up being distinguished from other generations of radicals only by its style, and by its marriage with the world of fashion, which is a thought that makes it worthwhile to return one last time now to *The Village Voice*. Carter Burden, a City Councilman in New York, was once apotheosized by *Vogue* as one of the "Beautiful Burdens," the other beautiful Burden being his wife. This ought to be a stigma for any politician, but Burden persevering, and this year he acquired the controlling interest in *The Village Voice*.

MR. NIXON'S SENSE OF HISTORY

compiled by Jeff Greenfield

"Yesterday, for the first time in history, a man occupying the office of President of the United States visited a session of the House of Commons."

England, February 26, 1969

"... As I stand here today before this Parliament, this is the first time that I, as President of the United States, have appeared before any legislative body in the whole world."

Bundestag, February 26, 1969

"... I have had the privilege of visiting more African countries than any man who has been President of the United States."

*Organization of African Unity,
May 25, 1969*

"... you were the first state visitor to the United States from the American family to the South."

*Visit of Colombian President
Lleras, June 12, 1969*

"No visitor to this house has a greater historical significance than your visit to the White House again..."

"I am the fourth President of the United States to have the honor of receiving you here in the White House as an official state visitor. In the whole history of the United States, over 190 years, this has not been the case with any official visitor. You broke the record today."

*State Dinner for Emperor
Haile Selassie I, July 3, 1969*

"... this certainly has to be the most historic telephone call ever made from the White House."

*Talking to Astronauts on
the Moon, July 20, 1969*

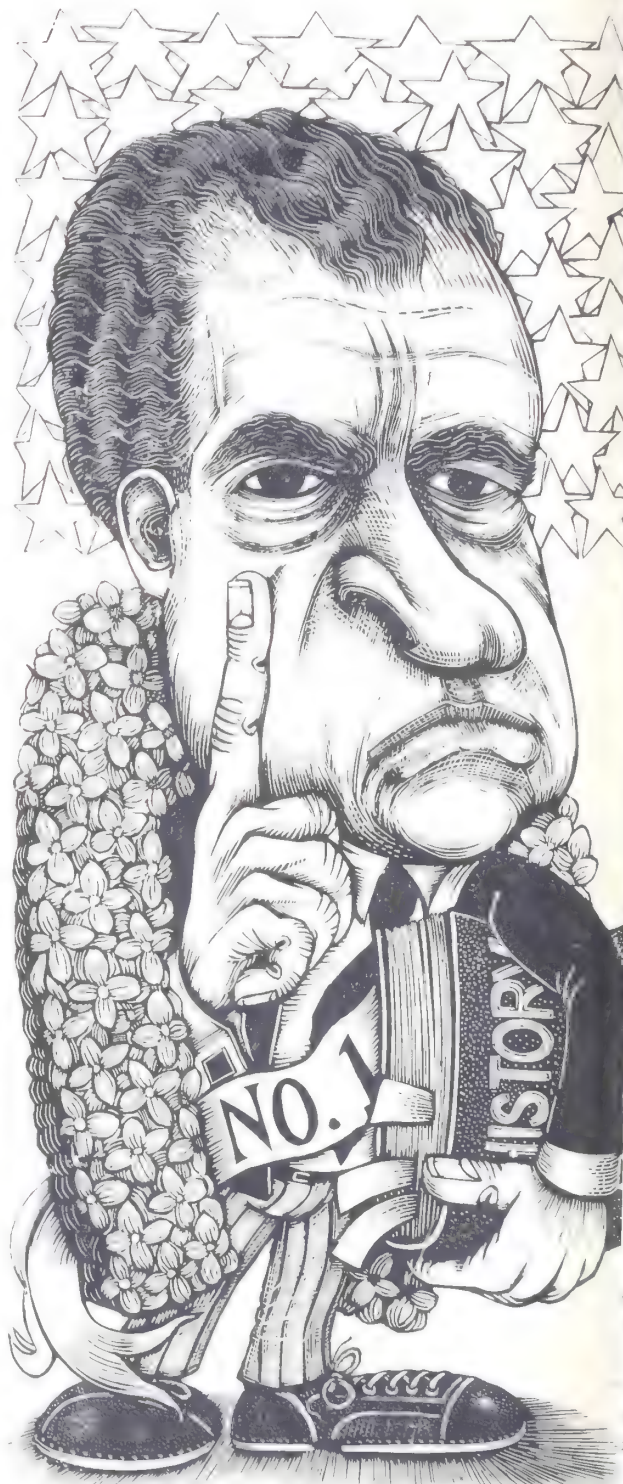
"I think it is significant to note that the first world capital that I am visiting after having greeted the first men to have set foot on the moon, was Manila, capital of the Philippines. Also, the first Asian capital that I am visiting on this trip that takes me around the world is Manila, and the country is the Philippines."

Manila, July 26, 1969

"Now, as I stand here today, I realize for the first time in history a President of the United States of America is visiting Indonesia."

—Djakarta, July 27, 1969

H. L. Mencken once said that Warren Harding had listened to too many Chautauqua revivalists, that their rhetorical excesses were locked into his mind. In Mr. Nixon's case, the President has heard the voices of too many baseball announcers imparting historic significance to every fly ball.



JAMES GRASHOW

is the first time that I have ever said goodbye to the of this country."

—*Departure from Djakarta, July 28, 1969*

is an historic occasion. While this is not my first visit to this country, it is the first visit of a President of the States to Romania, the first state visit by an American President to a socialist country or to this region of the continent of Europe."

—*Bucharest, August 2, 1969*

is the first visit of the Chancellor of the Federal Republic to this country since the new Administration came into office. It also, incidentally, is the first time that the new Justice of the United States has ever attended a state dinner as Chief Justice." (*Author's note: last time he came was as Chief Justice.*)

—*State Dinner for Chancellor Kiesinger, August 7, 1969*

proud that, as President of the United States, the first American President to a head of state outside of Washington, D.C. is in the state of California."

—*Welcoming Korean President Chung Hee Park, August 21, 1969*

the first chance I have had to be in Humboldt County in even years . . ."

—*Redwood National Park, August 27, 1969*

is happens to be the first visit that I have paid as President of the United States to any of the countries in Central America."

—*Luncheon with Mexican President Diaz Ordaz, September 8, 1969*

know, this is the worst storm that has been recorded in the hundred years of recording storms in the United States and that means that it is probably the worst in terms of damage, physically, that any state in any area has ever experienced."

—*Gulfport, Mississippi, September 8, 1969*

the first time in this Administration we have had the honor to receive the head of government of another state . . . so a woman."

—*State Dinner for Golda Meir, September 25, 1969*

course, is not the first time that His Majesty has visited the United States, but you will be interested to note that he is one of the great leaders of the world who has been a guest in this room as a guest of President Truman, and then President Eisenhower, and then President Kennedy, and then President Johnson and now, tonight, as our guest."

—*State Dinner for the Shah of Iran, October 21, 1969*

"This is the first time in history that a President of the United States has ever spoken in Morris County."

—*Governor Morris Inn, October 29, 1969*

"I have learned that this is the first occasion in which remarks of the President of any one of the American nations has been carried and is being carried live by Telstar to all of the nations in the hemisphere."

—*Inter-American Press Association, October 31, 1969*

"This is really a very historic occasion for this hour . . . this is the biggest dinner that has been held in the White House since this Administration came to office."

—*Thanksgiving Dinner for Senior Citizens, November 27, 1969*

"And I think all of you are aware of the fact that this is an evening that is a first . . . this is the first evening dinner that has been held in this room since I have been President of the United States."

—*Boys' Club Dinner, December 1, 1969*

"This is the first occasion at which we have hosted the Governors and their wives."

—*December 3, 1969*

"This is the first time in White House history that we have what is in effect an opportunity to see a dress rehearsal."

—*Bob Hope Dinner, December 14, 1969*

"We are very honored, for the first time in this house since we have been in the office that I presently occupy, to welcome the Prime Minister of Great Britain."

—*January 27, 1970*

"This will be my first tour of this kind of facility."

—*Remarks prior to Presidential inspection of the Hanover, Illinois, sewage treatment plant, February 6, 1970*

"This is the first time you have visited our country, and it is the first state visit of the President of France to the United States since President de Gaulle was here ten years ago."

—*Welcoming French President Pompidou, February 24, 1970*

"There is one reason why I trust that each of you who is interested in history will keep [your] program, because there will probably never be another one like it. . . . Ladies and gentlemen, in the 190-year history of this country . . . tonight, here in the Waldorf-Astoria, March 2, 1970, this is the first time in the history of the United States of America that the President has substituted for the Vice President of the United States."

—*Dinner honoring Pompidou, March 2, 1970*



Around Ontario's Lake of the Woods, on canoe portages and lonely forest trails, Arnold Olsen crusades for conservation—in one of the world's last and largest natural paradises.

Northern Ontario.

Its resources read like a roll-call of riches: gold and silver; uranium; nickel, copper, iron and lead. From its booming cities, pulp mills, mines and smelters, it's a short, easy hop to elemental isolation by universal workhorse-cum-taxicab floatplane. Here's your idea for a *different* vacation experience.

Northern Ontario.

Of its lakes you lose count after you pass a hundred thousand,

each set like a jewel in the Canadian Shield. Of spectacular rock, sky and forest panoramas—enough to have several for your very own. And, on the wild wave-swept Lake Superior north shore, on quiet Quetico canoe routes, or in the white-water gorges of the Kaministiquia, you can almost hear the paddle songs of long-gone voyageurs.

The unique satisfactions of a Great Ontario Adventure Vacation, such as few of your friends have ever enjoyed, will be described for you when you write:

Arnold Olsen, c/o Department of Tourism & Information,
Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Photo by Karsh of Ottawa

ONTARIO



Canada

Friendly, Familiar, Foreign & Near



LONGHORNS AND LONGHAIRS

The setting is Texas. The issue is football, blacks, and hippies.

PERHAPS LIKE NORTHEASTERNS OF EVERY SORT, I have always held a special place in my mythology for Texans—bolder and larger than the rest of us. If I have harbored as an antidote to the romantic fantasy an easy image of Texas crudeness and cultural retardation, I can hardly deny the awe I feel, the intuition that in their presumed recklessness and physicality, in their contempt for compulsive cerebration and life indoors, they have found a better way and place to live.

But the metaphor for this way of life is not murder, its legends not Jack Ruby and Charles Whitman or even Clyde Burrow and the Texas Kid, but rather a form of violence more stylized, more graceful and condensed: football, its personifications Clyde Littlefield and Doak Walker, Bobby Layne and Darrell Royal, coach of the UT Longhorns. If football has displaced baseball as the national pastime erasing otherwise inviolable lines of region, race, and class, it has remained especially a Texas obsession: not so much an athletic contest in that state as a testing ground for anyone with eyes to becoming a hero or a man. In recent months, however, the national press has made much of new movements, a new temper in Texas, particularly in its capital city: conflicts between regents and academy, proliferation of drugs, student riots, racial shifts. So what holds special interest to the Northern intruder is not alone the traditional myth but also the indications that scrutiny would reveal the need for modifications in that myth, modifications reflecting the change that is reconstituting universities in other parts of the country and redefining the tone of national life. The imminent appearance of the first Negro in a Longhorn varsity game suggests a reasonable point of departure.

WHEN I ARRIVE IN AUSTIN, it is close to midnight, but I am met at the airport by Larry Goodwyn, a writer and student of Southern history, and taken to a bar to talk with a group of black players, some still in segregated high schools, others part of a small minority on recently integrated university teams like Houston and Texas Tech. It is to be the first in a series of remarkably gracious efforts at providing every convenience for a visiting journalist, attributable in part to a pervasive (and, to a New Yorker, incredible) sense of hospitality and trust, of seeing the stranger as guest.

"Nothing in return," Goodwyn says when I suggest not knowing how to repay such impositions.

"Only one thing in this case: don't mention any of these guys by name in your article. You'll write them if you do."

"I won't. Warming is quick, and there is much laughter, a fair share of it directed at the nigger tokenism that is giving each Southwest Conference school its athletic spades. Why, I want to know, is UT lagging? Why, only after SMU, Rice, Baylor, Houston, and Tech have made their move is the most enlightened Austin campus taking the shot? Five voices, volleying, pick up on the question, each convinced.

"No favors, boy. When they're recruiting a white boy, he's got a new car, an allowance, a nice place for his folks. They're *thankin'* him for coming their way. When a black cat's hit on, he's offering nothin'. He's supposed to be thrilled they're just inviting him."

"Frank Erwin," another says, "the chairman of the Board of Regents. He don't like black folks and he *loves* that Texas football team; so he wants to keep it lily white. And he can do it, too, because he's the man that can pressure the coach out and hire a new one. The coach will be doin' whatever Erwin wants him to."

"The players," says a third. "You get a cat like the star running back who went to high school in Bridge City, the whitest town in Texas, and I said, 'I'll never play football with a nigger.' What wants teammates like that? Better to go to a worse school or out of state."

"Darrell Royal. He's the man. Darrell Royal is *the Man*. He could be Governor of this state tomorrow if he wanted. He don't have no use for no nigger. He wants a 'colored' boy. A proper Christian, a Boy Scout. And you won't find many of them around anymore, even in Texas. They might not be smokin' yet, but they been lit. Royal has a fine dude called E. A. Curry suiting up a couple of years ago; on talent he should have been a starter but he was his own man so he never got into one minute of any game and—dig this—never even had his picture or his name in the program. How's that for an attitude!"

Why, then, now? Why Julius Whittier (line backer, 207, 5-10, 20, 7-7-50, Soph-Fr, Gen. Bus. Fr Starter, San Antonio Highlands), listed, photographed in *Texas 1970 Football*? Why ready now to play, perhaps—according to the handbook—even to start? Why, especially, since Julius Whittier complained only last spring, publicly, that his freshman teammates might ask him to come along

hamburger but wouldn't dare ask him to go with girls?

ou watch, friend. Julius will play Royal's or he won't last a week. Royal got Julius' *ma* down on him for that remark and you bet your bottom buck you won't hear any like it."

rry Goodwyn has been listening, now comes quietly, addressing me: "Darrell Royal's no t. At least no more than the Northern liberals lf-liberals who also claim not to be. He's sub- to a lot of pressures. Quiet pressures. Some e who hold power in the university don't fig- here's any reason for having a black player the team's winning all the time. If they were nd eight instead of ten and nothing, they'd be different mind. On the other hand, Royal has of friends, teachers among them, who drop at cocktail parties, who ask him about that five boy SMU's got or about the Bubba is and Gene Washingtons who run out of every year and become stars at Northern or ern schools."

nd you know what he'll say?" a black player in. "He'll say they're too dumb, they can't get heir SAT scores are too low. I'd like to get a of the SAT scores of some of those white ns he carries every year."

ight on, brother. And there's another thing. doesn't want no black *stars* on his team. A cat's got to be *better* than a white cat to get en break but he can't be *too* good. He doesn't any black boy *dominating* the game. It's part e whole attitude. You ask Royal why he doesn't tle Houston. You know why? Because he's d Houston would whip his ass and Houston is oy Texas with black cats carryin' the team! be humiliated. It would bust his whole white- emacy thing. You just ask him!"

nd the other one comes back: "Yah! See, if look at other sports—basketball, pro football, g—where black players are about even nu- ally, you find they're ruling them, they're est. Why do you think the National League is uch better than the American League in base- every year? One simple reason: they got more rs."

from the beginning I have taken with me a e to meet Darrell Royal, the edge is now even er, fresh off this bile (anonymous from fear) ack athletes. Driving back to the Villa Capri, e I am to stay, Goodwyn gives me a warning: p listening. Don't understand anybody down too quickly. Don't judge us. What's easy to r do in the North might require great courage e South—for blacks and whites. If we're in w- p to our chins and you're in only up to your s, don't get too cocky. It's the same swamp."

S THE NEXT NIGHT that the complexity of the ation in Texas (as at other campuses), the acies and inventions of direction, start com- clear. Bud Shrake, a native of Austin, former

football columnist for the *Dallas Times Herald* and presently associate editor of *Sports Illustrated*, invites me to his new club, Armadillo World Headquarters. Imagine a random segment of two thousand Woodstock Festival freaks cut off and transposed into a vast, dark, rectangular auditorium, lying flat in clusters on long, colored mats or dancing, flailing without reserve (or, often, rhythm) to deafeningly amplified acid rock sounds from a live band. Imagine further a prominent sign forbidding the transportation of any drug across Headquarters lines and, then, the irony of such a sign, given the irrelevance of carrying in your pocket what you have already—for days or weeks or months—been carrying in the cells of your brain.

As I walk around, shuffling between arms and legs, bouncing over faces staring at the ceiling, mouths tracing every lyric, I am aware of an incongruity; place it, finally, in the bodies, in the muscular shoulders and chests of the boys in dyed tank-top T-shirts and in the healthy straight blond hair of the girls, tight waists, finely toned legs. They are, simply, football players and cheerleaders. Not now, of course, not anymore, not perhaps for a year or years, but *here* is a high-school quarterback, the prime object of last year's recruiters; here—neck growing straight down from the ears—a tackle; here, in jeans cut below the knee, calves two huge hard bulbs—a kicker; and there, gyrating ecstatically, her hair in her face, without costume, without baton, the nine-seven flanker's girl.

I mention it to Shrake, and hear corroboration: "The whole approach they're into now is antipodal to football: to its competitiveness, its strict regulations, and its violence. They're trying to be gentle, communal, passive. They're after more *authentic* experience. Drugs are definitely playing a role in the change, maybe a major role. I talked to a pro lineman last year who said that he had to give up getting high on Saturdays and Sundays because if he didn't he'd have no head at all for football. He'd take his blows, feel the blood pouring out of his nose and think, 'What the hell am I *doing* this for? I don't want to get hurt and I don't want to hurt anybody else. It's insane.'"

The main hall of the auditorium gives onto several smaller rooms, one for corn, yogurt, and soda pop, one for souvenirs and underground newspapers (like *Dallas Notes*—25¢ in Texas, 30¢ in rest of world), one a nursery. It is assumed that if childlike openness and simplicity represent the most enviable state of mind, then one's children—of three, four, five—ought to be one's regular companions, visitors to the same shrines. Indeed, on stage, where Shiva's Head Band is wailing, the lead singer's four-year-old daughter, Sativa, is jumping around blissfully with her mommy and daddy.

Later, outside, Shrake mentions that although he anticipates no difficulties with his Headquarters, there's a tough place next door, the Skating Palace. Frequently, after closing time, chain fights and brick throwing spread from its front through the area around it. The Skating Palace is filled entirely with blacks; ten feet away, at the Armadillo,

"Some people who hold power in the university don't figure there's any reason for having a black player when the team's winning all the time."

there hasn't been one. Each has been "open" to the patrons of the other; it is simply that no one has chosen to come.

DARRELL ROYAL IS WARM TO THE IDEA of an interview. He picks me up at the hotel and drives me to Trini's, one of a national chain of Mexican restaurants he owns with Trini Lopez. He is a clean, healthy-looking man who breathes evenly through the nose, thin lips tight, neat black hair of the sort that is pictured in the windows of barber shops. He smiles easily with even white teeth, blue eyes shining steadily and with intelligence. He is courteous, almost courtly, in manner. His early responses are guarded: he can't understand why more Negroes don't want to come to Texas to play for him, an effort has certainly been made to recruit them: everyone is treated the same on his team, everyone is given his break. I tell him that the black players I talked to feel they weren't offered the special inducements white players were, and his reserve loosens.

"The idea that Texas offers these inducements to *anyone* is simply untrue. It's illegal and the penalties are severe. Even if we believed in that kind of thing, we wouldn't like the chance. Maybe other schools do it and these black players get the impression that we do, too. But we don't and if they don't want to believe me, that's their business."

"They also feel," I say, "that you don't want them because they're better athletes than whites and, if talent were all that counted, they'd soon be dominating your team." I add the theory about not scheduling Houston.

"Bullshit, bullshit!" His face reddens. "Look, I can see people who haven't made it becoming bitter, using all kinds of excuses to explain away their mediocrity. They're really better but people are scared of them so they don't get a fair chance—lines like that. Okay. I understand that kind of thinking although I think it's both wrong and unfortunate. But Houston's not in the Conference and that's all there is to it. Do you think that just because Notre Dame had Negroes I'd have been any madder last year at having lost to them than I would have been at having lost to Arkansas which was all white? It's ridiculous!"

I wait. We eat. The headwaiter brings over menus to him to autograph. When he finishes, he looks up and says, "This whole race question is very complicated. A bunch of Negro boys came to me a while ago and said I could solve all possible difficulties by hiring a black coach. Now that would be fine for them but I've got to look at the other side. I'd have a whole lot of white boys on the team coming to me saying they couldn't play for a black coach. The family atmosphere of the team would be destroyed. And don't kid yourself. A lot of these Northern teams—professional and college, in all sports—that brag about their integration aren't getting along at all. Once the club harmony and spirit begin to deteriorate, I don't care what kind of talent you have, you won't win."

"Is it important to you that you have Negro players on the team?"

"No."

I wait again.

"Listen, I know a lot of black people think I'm a racist. But what am I supposed to do, run around denying it? That's incriminating in itself."

"Like the famous LBJ story," I say, "the one in which he admires the tactics of the candidate running for sheriff who accuses his opponent of lying to fuck pigs, and when his campaign manager says, 'You know he doesn't do that,' he answers, 'I do, but I'd love to hear him deny it.'"

Royal finishes the last line with me, roars with delight. "Exactly. That's just the point. Hell, we've got no feelings about color one way or the other. If a boy's clean and neat and works hard and can do the job and obeys all the rules, he's mad as hell like the fellow I have playing this year—Jimmie Whittier. But if he's not, I don't want him—black or white. Now you—" he points at me, smiling, "for example, couldn't play football for me. I tell you, you're a nice-looking fellow, and you might be a damn good player, but your sideburns go down a full inch below your earlobes and I've got a rule about that: they've got to end where the earlobes do. Now if you've got earlobes like my friend LBJ, you're in business—you can grow 'em down to your neck. But if you've got short locks, well, it's just too bad, boy."

I use hair to connect to hippies, tell him about the Armadillo, don't finish before he cuts in, excited. "You've hit on a crucial question here. I'd like to see anything to throw a net over every hippie in Austin, find out just how many of them are actually at the university, and how many are dropouts and hangers-on. I'd bet that damn few are really studying at the school. They don't have the discipline. But it's a real problem, this drug and hippie thing. I know they'd like nothing better than to turn on my football players, get them to quit the game and go over to their side. You know why? Because football is the last bastion of traditional American values. It's the last institution where you have rules to obey—in bed at ten, lights out at eleven, breakfast at seven. Hell, it's no *fun* living a Spartan life, but if you want the rewards, the eight thousand fans cheering for you, the glory, the money, the satisfaction of achievement, you've got to do the hard things first. You think I like everything I have to do? I'd say forty per cent of my job is a pain in the ass. But in order to get to sixty per cent, the joy, the sense of fulfillment, I've got to put myself through the mill. That's the kind of thinking the hippies are trying to pull away from. They're promising one hundred per cent for nothing. But in the end the only thing that will get you is nothing."

A reaction to Royal's views in terms like authoritarianism and myopia would be, at best, misleading and, at worst, dishonest. For what is his regimen for athletes, the strictness of discipline upon which he insists, but the logical extension of the self-control and self-denial that inform the thought

pursuits of just about every one of us who not yet gone all the way to Armadillo? Not I as a writer, and Bud Shrake as an editor, novelist, and entrepreneur, but also the blackers who resent him so deeply, are finally, by own deeds and goals, paying homage to his

ON A NATIONAL LEVEL SPIRO AGNEW'S is the vice symbolically associated with polarizing North and South, young and old, rich and poor, black and white, athlete and hippie, conservative radical, then Frank Erwin—patron and friend of LBJ and former Governor John Connally, wealthy landowner, driver of an orange Cadillac, chairman of the Board of Regents—is the university of Texas Agnew. Among other things, Erwin's outstanding deans and encourages distinguished professors to resign. In the office of Andy Yemma, former sportswriter and now editor of *Daily Texan*, there is a photograph of Erwin with Mickey Mouse ears drawn across the top of his head.

If he hadn't been responsible for so much trouble, he would be comical," Yemma says. "His idea that Texas should be is football, and anything that doesn't fit that image is foreign and evil. Last year, when a large group of students and teachers and a few hippies congregated to protest the demolition of a park area where an additional section of the football stadium was going to be built, Erwin ordered them away. When they didn't move (some even climbed in the trees), he directed bulldozers, fire trucks, and lawmen to remove them with force. Twenty-seven people were arrested, mostly students. You know what he said? 'Arrest all the people you have to. Once the trees are down, they won't have anything to protest.'"

"Can you believe it?" says John Watkins, a graduate student, also a former *Texan* sportswriter. "He is a raving madman."

A few weeks later," Yemma continues, "Bob Mace, the D.A., ordered an investigation of the Chuck Wagon, the university cafeteria. He said there were a lot of undesirables hanging around it, prostitutes, hippies. As a result, the university board of directors closed it down. So a mass of students—and some from outside the school—gathered together and occupied it to protest. The cops were sent in, Mace was used, there were a lot of beatings, and twenty-one people were arrested, half of them students."

"But tell him about the rest!" Watkins cries. "The instigator of the occupation was a guy called Duke, a hippie with long black hair and sideburns and a limp and it turns out he's an underground agent. The whole thing was a setup so they could bust it."

"You want to read the best writing that was about all this?" Yemma asks. "It was in the underground paper. We don't go along with all their stuff, but we printed this piece as an

editorial because it sums up the problem down here beautifully."

The article, written just after the victory over Arkansas, refers to the 25,000 people who went wild on Guadalupe Street to celebrate, to the property damaged, to the tie-up of the whole city. It refers to the official approval of the celebration, to the avoidance of the word "riot" when alluding to it, to the absence of harassment and arrests. And it calls not for a reversal of such tolerance but rather for an extension of it to other expressions of dance, communal ecstasy, and united will. We can all have fun, it says, concluding with a slogan: FREE THE CHUCK WAGON 21 / BEAT NOTRE DAME.

NEXT TO THE HOTEL POOL, I am getting my last rays of sweet, clear Texas sun. A man from Bridge City, in Austin for a Lutheran teachers' convention, starts a conversation, wants to know what my work is. I tell him, dwell on the bitterness of the black athletes, the Armadillo scene, Royal, the *Texan* editors' views of Erwin, and student dissent. He listens impassively through most of it, occasionally asking me to repeat a phrase, occasionally shaking his head in dismay. When I finish, he excuses himself and goes off to get a cigar.

I dive into the pool, swim a few laps, then, from the far end, see him waiting for me. I drop underwater, swim the length, come up, and find him leaning down over me.

"I imagine the things you've been telling me about are pretty widespread these days. Wouldn't even be surprised if some of our football players are getting mixed up in them. But I'll leave you with a piece of advice I gave my son some years ago. You'd better not try walking until you've learned how to crawl; and you'd better not try running until you've learned to walk. Smart people don't reach too far because they know who's got the guns. It's the same people that's always had them and always will. You pass that on, you hear." He winks at me, turns, and walks away.

For the first time I am shaken. I realize that the friendliness, the suggestion of fresh adventure, the nice tension that to this moment have informed my responses have all worked to cultivate in some corner of my imagination the possibility that some day this city, this state, will be my home. Larry Goodwyn had said in a telephone farewell that the ultimate distance of the South from the North, of Texas from New York, is that in the former it is still possible to get shot in the back on the street, turn around, and see the uniform of the law. At the time it seemed an inflated observation; now I believe him. But the Lutheran teacher with the cigar and veiled threat is old, his voice something close to a parody of itself; and it is even money that the son to whom he once gave similar warning is today at his own Armadillo, or perhaps playing for his own Darrell Royal. It is the dilemmas and choices of direction facing this son, not his father, that will constitute the real battles for Texas and for the country in the years to come. □

THE WORD TO GO

for Lydia

THIS HERE BELONGED TO MOMMA. She had it made right after she was married. By Mr. Nardone, who had the store on White Plains Road. Across from the precinct. You remember the old man. Some of you. He was a wonderful carver. Look at the claws on the table legs. That's his work. I can't believe none of you wants it—"

Millie was talking too fast, talking to her relatives, trying to talk *them* into what they should be grabbing for—the special furniture pieces of their mother and father, from the house in the Bronx where they had gone to live *forever* in '31, but all of it shipped to Westchester after the death of Mr. DiMarco when the change started in the neighborhood. It was as if the death of the fathers, one by one, allowed the small corner lots to be sold to apartment-house builders and then city projects, and permitted what was called "the new element" to come moving in. These were the people who went to Immediato's pork store, his window flashing with fresh, just-made sausage, and asked for ham hocks and cuts he never heard of.

No one wanted the double bed with headboard and footboard in shining inlaid wood or the chiffonade with carved doors or the two long tables with ivory in the tops. It was stuff that didn't go in White Plains.

Millie understood this, but she could not leave the country knowing the pieces would be thrown out. "I just can't give it to the Salvation Army," she said again and again. "And you can't even find handmade stuff like this today. They're getting big prices for it."

Millie was continually seeing the pieces exposed somewhere on a street, in a store window covered with filth, or destroyed, just as she thought of her parents' graves in Good Shepherd, unattended because she was leaving for good.

And most of them kept saying she shouldn't go. Which made it all the harder. And her friends said, *Oh don't worry, you'll be back in a year.* But *how*, if they sold the *house*? Mario would have social security and what they had saved, plus the cost of the house. They were signed up for a place outside Padova, but Millie had nightly dreams of floating in the air and calling and nobody around on the ground to help bring her down.

As long as she floated she swelled up, and once she got too big she would explode and die. At sixty-five, the dream of dying was worse than ever.

That's why she was talking like a salesman. "None of this is Ludwig Baumann stuff," she said as if angry. "All that Hundred Forty-ninth Street crap we got sold and threw away when we moved up here. This is handmade stuff, and even the Protestants know how expensive it is. I bet Larry could tell you. God rest his soul."

The memory stopped Millie, of her oldest brother, gone before his time at fifty-three from a heart attack, his wife living out in Huntington with two sisters, only heard from at Christmas with a card and a few snapshots. What could she use the furniture for, three old widows in a little house packed to the walls with their own stuff. When Millie visited them she saw that they had almost everything in triplicate: couches and tables—the rooms seemed to be giving birth to tables—and three TVs, three toasters, broilers, electric fans—like a store.

Jack's wife Emma felt the mention of Larry connected to her own feelings of loss for Jack, her husband, and the second brother to go. Emma knew that Jack would have taken some of the pieces: he had so loved them and everything about the old Bronx house, always remembering the sweet, peaceful days, summers when he stain and waxed that furniture. But Emma had sold the house, too, and was living with her daughter Noreen and family, in an upstairs apartment with hills of stuff trucked from her own house, furniture and lamps that nobody wanted to buy; she understood Millie now.

"Throw it all away. The hell with it!" It was Billy. Billy was really disgusting. Emma looked across at him as if he were somebody's waste.

"Why?" Emma said to him. "Don't you think they're worth it. Your mother's stuff?"

Billy looked at her, in shock for a moment because she did not speak this way. But she was a widow now and had to speak for herself. "Emma," he said. "I *know* it's good stuff. But if it's an anchor, if it's going to stop them from leaving, then Millie won't go because of some damn wood."

"So maybe something is saying she should



Emma said. "Did you ever think of that? Maybe she doesn't want to leave her own place. Did your crazy head ever tell you that?" Emma's face was in her hands, trying to handle tears and the breathing.

They all knew she had become very nervous about Jack's death, because he was too young, the shock was too great, though Jack had weighed eighty-five and smoked three packs of Camels a day.

But Billy always got her. Jack had told her a year ago that Billy was a Socialist, the one brother who went to CCNY where they come from. Commies.

"It's up to her," Billy said. "I agree with you. I'm only talking about not making these things happen to her life."

Her life, her life. A couple more visits you could make up here and see her life and how it is." Emma had surfaced again, spoken, then lowered her head.

MILLIE WATCHED HER BROTHER carefully: Billy had been born when she was fifteen and had been like her own child. She had kept him in her room when Momma was shopping or cooking. And he stood in the center of the room, with no hair on his head, with wrinkles around his eyes. He could not take it; his was the one aging face that shocked her, as if what time did to the others was understandable. But not in Billy, who had been an old man in a week.

His baldness had happened like the rest, a short time after coming back from the war. Momma had blamed the hair loss on the steel helmets pressing on the hair muscles, but Millie had heard the stories of the islands where they burned out Japs in caves and sat smelling burning flesh for days and then even found their own men chopped up like pigs. She could never think of bamboo without getting sick, as if knives were going through her.

"I'm not going to change my mind now," she said quietly as possible, to avoid hurting Emma. "I'm coming to side with Billy. "But me and Mario, we talked about this for over a year. Over and over. It wasn't no easy thing."

Emma had stopped crying but was reacting to Billy's tone by feeling the slow depression that came over her these days. She couldn't shop when she opened, couldn't watch TV, couldn't talk to anyone for more than a few minutes without feeling like throwing up. She was living on Donnatal and Telazine. It was coming on and she was turning pale, feeling the expectation of something, as if she would begin to shrink.

Her daughter Noreen moved close to her, recognizing the mood, and held her hand. Late afternoon light began to hit the room and the furniture turned red. It was the rich, steady light of dusk, transient but looking like it could stay forever. Billy loved Millie, who had no children because of late marriage, and had named her first daughter

for Millie. Noreen had asked her husband about the furniture, but he had explained it was perfect stuff for a country house, if they could only afford one.

Noreen looked up at Millie, sensing that she was going to speak, and Millie caught her attention, smiling before she started. "Look, we all know what it is here now. I mean, why not get out of here? We don't breathe anymore. We live inside chimneys. The streets of Manhattan, the East Side, no less. You can't walk without getting attacked. Dope addicts own the sidewalks. Mario calls it the city of dogs. The streets are just filth, people with dogs doing their duty all over the whole place. When he makes a delivery of plants—you can't believe it. Did you know they can't grow lichens down there anymore. That's right. In those penthouse gardens. Lichens can't exist anymore in that city."

Noreen was nodding. "Maybe you and Mario should buy a country place. Like New Hampshire. We could all chip in and maybe run a hotel up there."

"Oh we saw it up there," Millie said. "And how about the food all frozen and cotton bread and one TV channel and cheese inside paper. Winter maybe nine months a year. People who don't talk to each other. And you think they want us." Millie looked at the room again. "Mario wants to rest. And with his own people around. The family is so nice there. We don't feel strange there. Remember, I got a pretty dark complexion."

Billy laughed, but not the others, who did not like such comparisons and never thought of them. "Get out," Billy said. "I don't blame anybody for getting out right now. We're a country of bomb throwers. Jailers. We're going to start putting everybody away. Because everybody you don't like is a Chinese Commie."

Millie did not like this kind of talk, even in joking. Billy was always knocking the country, but he had never lived anywhere else, nor even traveled to see what she had seen last summer, the police department making everybody register. Mario's people had to keep identity cards.

But she had to admit that they were always together, brothers and sisters and cousins, always seeing each other, always making little trips, picnics up in the mountains and fresh fish from the rivers. There had never been the loneliness of White Plains, people too busy to see each other, the cold weather locking them all in, and hopeless for anyone who had never learned to drive, like herself.

"Don't look at me like that," Billy was saying. "You all see the head-breaking in the streets. Kids getting shot. The big shots letting us die in our poisoned air. Some say twenty years and New York will have only poison air. We'll all be dead."

Millie believed some of this. Mario, who had spent most of his life in Italy, saw it too but accepted without comment. He did not attack America; it was only a dirty factory to him, where one came to earn money. And now his head was full



Joseph Papaleo is working on a collection of stories called *The Bronx Book of the Dead, His second novel*. *Out of Place*, will be published this month by Little, Brown. He teaches at Sarah Lawrence College.

"I don't make it up," Billy said. "I read it in the papers. The same paper you can buy for a dime. You don't even know that they're yelling, that people get silenced. Thank God, we're Italians. We don't yell about nothing. We swallow all the bullshit they hand out from upstairs. Love it or

"Joan understands. We'll find a good place for



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it. I got stuff I wanted to throw away. And I'll pay you. You can use the money over there. And get things for your new place."

"This is not for money. It's all our property. I just want it safe. In a place it can stay."

Joan came in with Billy's coat and together they said goodbye and went to the car on the quiet street. Billy changed after he had driven a block, the concentration of the driving chasing off his

ON THE EXPRESSWAY HE STARTED talking again, out of his thoughts. "I wish I could just turn the car around and drive someplace. Way far away."

"It's the winters that get you," Joan said.

"The winters. Joan. It is the end, you know. When I think of Millie going back, it's like the end of the whole thing. No one would dream of going back. Italy was only like a playland in the heads of our mothers and fathers."

"But he's a special case." Joan turned to face him. "Mario has family over there, as you know. And that's a different thing."

"The best way is *don't* consider it at all. Sure. Just like the rest of them. But I'm telling you something. We moved into emptiness and it's inside us now. I just want to get away from that."

"How? Just say how. You can't get a job there. And nobody I heard of ever ran back there."

"But Millie's going back."

"Yes, I know she's going back. And I know she's got no kids. And she gets social security. And they got relatives waiting. Mario's father has a business."

Billy nodded and was silent. Then he said, "A business. I got people come into my store who left Hungary with nothing. They made it. They're okay right now."

"People are coming *here*," Joan said. "There's all that Communism over there. You have to admit that. People run away all the time. Cuba. Everyplace."

"Don't give me that Commie crap. That's what they give me when I say anything. If I say we got more generals than garbage men. What do I care about Communism? *They* aren't killing me. It all reminds me of a man who gets handed a glass of poison by a priest, and you tell him, don't drink that, it's poison. And he says to you, you don't want me to insult the Church, do you?"

Joan grappled with the illustration: there *was* something wrong with it, but her mind was obscured by her irritation at Billy's insults. "How could *you* ever live in Italy if you talk like that. They'd arrest you in a day."

"Arrest me?" Billy was getting an echo of the heavy feelings, as if he had done bad things.

"Yes, Billy. It's a Catholic country over there." Joan paused. "There's only one country like this where you can speak what you want."

"I speak all the time and nobody even stays in the same room." Billy felt he might cry; then the

mood turned to anger. "Anything you tell people that cuts into profit is bad bad bad. If they should lose a buck! Their balls would fall off. Take my kid, but don't touch my car. Oh, I don't care. I just don't give a shit!" Joan turned quickly to his cracking voice. "So the end comes, Joan. The road goes one way and then the road goes back."

"And you are telling me *you* want to go there, too. You really want us to go."

"If I had something left inside. Maybe I could get out. But that store has a lock on me. A five-year-old man is a pail full of payments. And that's the way it is." He was silent for a while as he drove along. Then he put his right hand on Joan's lap and drove with one hand. "Maybe I could swing it," he said, "if I didn't get so mixed up. My head's got furniture inside."

Joan did not answer and held his hand and let his mind rest as they drove the rest of the way home. The Yonkers streets were wet and empty at night. The lights of the Caffè Puglie were lit, and two men on the sidewalk were looking up at the sky while they talked.

Billy parked the car and locked it while Joan waited. The lights in the front rooms were lit as they walked to the porch. Billy turned around to look at the sky. "Joan. Look. There's a moon coming up over the church."

She stepped back and looked up as the moonlight grew strong and the clouds separated. After a few minutes the cold drove them inside. Joan went upstairs while Billy paced through the house, unable to do anything or find his thoughts. Finally, he phoned Millie. "Mario came in a minute ago," she said. "And he thanks you. He couldn't get shipping all that stuff over there."

"Then you're set," Billy said. "You can go."

"There's so much to do. How can I do it while Mario goes on working? We'll have to wait till he sells the business and he can make some decisions with me."

"Just take one day at a time—"

"And suppose I want to come back, Billy. And what if we couldn't. And they took our citizenship."

"Stop talking like that. You're not going into the jungles."

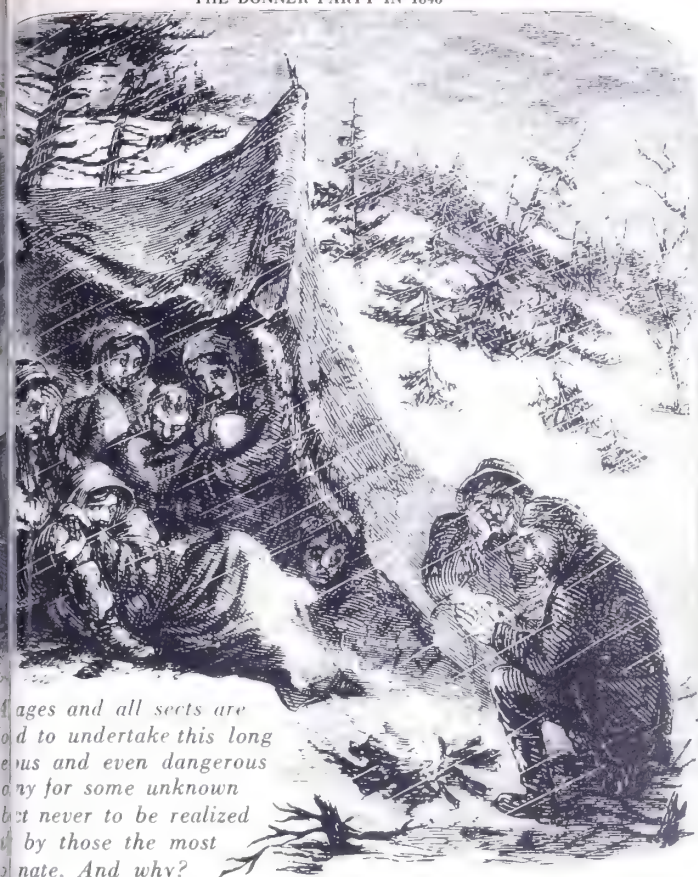
"Why does it have to fall apart here, *now*?" Millie was talking to herself. "It didn't used to be like this. What happened?"

"Maybe it was always falling apart," Billy said.

"I never heard of a time when the world could end in two days. Really, you have to be a monster to exist here today. Mario says, in private, isn't strong enough to live here. He's got to have some peace. And he's the only husband I got."

"That's right," Billy said.

"So we got to keep going, pack up what we can. If I can just keep remembering how nice it was over there. I take out the pictures we took last summer every night now. And remember the times we had. And that keeps me going a while. I just have to believe it's *real*, over there. And not forget how good it was. Then I'll make it."



ages and all sects are
d to undertake this long
ous and even dangerous
ny for some unknown
t never to be realized
by those the most
nate. And why?
e use the human mind can never be satisfied never at rest always
he strech for something new some strange novelty. . . .

—James Clyman

"ALWAYS ON THE STRECH" A WESTERN VOYAGE

American family retraces the steps of the pioneer wagon party who met death
e Donner Pass by starvation and cannibalism more than a hundred years ago.

JES CLYMAN, A MAN AT HOME in the Western
lderness before any map maker charted it,
the ironic and tender words into his journal
sitting beside a fresh grave in Kansas in the
ter of 1846. The grave held the body of an
y woman who had come down by wagon
Illinois bound for California. Clyman had
er son-in-law farther west, at Fort Laramie,
d friend who fought with him and with
Lincoln in the Black Hawk War, James Fra-
teed. Of Scottish and Polish descent and only
r earlier a prosperous Chicago businessman,
had sold out his business interests, commis-
d a huge two-story wagon his daughter Patty
rened the "Prairie Parlor Car," and with his
and children and mother-in-law and team-
set out for California. In Independence he
up with the wagons of George and Jacob
er, two Illinois farmers, and with other
as going west, to make a train. Some then
it the Donner-Reed Party; the Donner
r, we call it now.

Clyman could not have known, as he wrote
the grave in Kansas, the horrors that the
er Party would meet at the barricade of the
Nevada (could not have known that of 83

who reached the mountains just as the first bliz-
zard of Sierra winter broke only 48 would survive,
that Reed would kill a man and be banished and
out of the banishment build an army of rescue
to save those who banished him, that some among
the Party would descend to cannibalism to spare
themselves certain starvation, or that the Donners
would give their name to the great Pass of Cali-
fornia emigration), but he knew his own danger-
ous journeys through the mountains and knew
his own restless searching for strange novelties
and knew the American temper. Today's Inter-
state 80, straightened somewhat, still follows the
Donner trail from Salt Lake City to Sacramento.
So does the flight by jet. We are still emigrants
west on the long trail, still unsettled, still explor-
ing. Only two generations, 124 years, separate us
from the Donner Party's excursion of 1846, and
one generation more, seventy years, returns us to
the American Revolution. Some among the Don-
ner Party were children on our first Fourth of
July. One of the Donner Party's grandchildren is
alive today. Once a year she visits Sutter's Fort
to see the doll that her mother, Patty Reed, car-
ried secretly down from the death camp in the
Sierra.

by
Richard Rhodes

Richard Rhodes's book, The Inland Ground: An Evocation of the American Middle West, has just been brought out by Atheneum. This piece is part of his current work on a novel about the Donner Party.

Richard Rhodes

"ALWAYS ON THE STRECH"

Clyman's generic, *always on the stretch*, became Thoreau's specific. "Eastward I go only by force," the isolate New Englander wrote in *Walden*, "but westward I go free." He thought his forests extended to the setting sun, but larger landscapes lay west. Ten thousand years before a New England pond became our metaphor for life lived in the natural world, a great lake covered western Utah, southern Idaho, and eastern Nevada, and the land that is now Salt Lake City bubbled 1,000 feet below the surface of the water. Then the level of the lake's water fell below the level of its outlet and it began to dry up, leaving, today, salty Utah Lake and the Great Salt Lake to preserve its bitter dress. The shoreline of Lake Bonneville, as it came to be called, still runs for hundreds of miles high up in the mountainsides. Emigrants used that shoreline in places for a natural road. Early explorers mistook Lake Bonneville's salty remains for an inland extension of the Pacific Ocean, and searched in vain for a salt river flowing west. They found none, did not for years comprehend that west of Utah rivers do not flow, as rivers ought, to the sea, but spread out into alkaline sinks where their waters evaporate into the desert air. Clyman knew, another strange novelty.

And earlier still, a massive faulting of the earth's crust forced the edge of Nevada down below California and thrust up the Sierra Nevada, sheerest of mountain ranges. Gabriel might have raised it there, barricade before Paradise. Who today would walk across those mountains? Yet farmers and businessmen did, and so did the children, only a child and a grandchild ago.

Old geology. It should remind us of where we are, and how recently we came here, and how tentatively we have settled. The astronauts' clever photographs are deceiving: from any near vantage, our planet isn't small. We live on its surface as ants might live in a penthouse garden, relying on its first six feet of soil to sustain us, tunneling not much further down for our minerals and oils. We live on the broad floors of old seas, or crowd together on shores worn away from ancient hills, or watch the sun rise late and set early among high mountains that are yet mere cracks in the earth's thick mantle, and below that mantle churns an ocean of oceans of basal magma and molten iron. Oozing up from cracks deep in the floors of our seas, those heavy liquids move our continents around as easily as flowing water moves autumn leaves, on a scale of time that we can measure but cannot, short of memory as we are, comprehend. The earth was here before us, and will remain after we are gone. We are not poisoning it: we are only poisoning that part of it which sustains us on its surface. For some unknown object never to be realized even by those the most fortunate.

JOSEPH SMITH OF NEW YORK DISCOVERED America, a place of latter-day saints. He could not believe so rich a continent had no human past. The

visions came easy, the visits with the angel, the stone box half buried on a hillside, the plates of gold and brass. Easy to record them, even tedious as they crowded on. The history of a people from B.C. 600 to A.D. 421. How they left Jerusalem, wandered the wilderness, built a boat, sailed to America, founded cities and nations. How Christ came here and showed the people his wounds and delivered again his parables, his Sermon on the Mount. The people straying again from grace and destroying their great cities and roads and fairs. The plates sealed up in the box on the hillside. A few of the people surviving, forgetting their knowledge of iron and the wheel, becoming savages, becoming Indians. Their traces in the lower continent, the Aztecs, the Incas. An entire human history in the New World sprung from Smith's visions and then the evidence concealed, God flinging a city to the bottom of the ocean or underground a mountain with a flourish of Smith's pen. It is as if William Blake sat in upstate New York envisioning his Prophetic Books, but Blake had no church rich in property and followers grown to honor him. It needed Americans to believe such visions, to become Latter-day Saints. It needed a history of the land they would occupy large as the land itself and Jesus brought over on a thunderbolt to bless it.

The Saints marched into Utah on a trail the Donner Party cut. Cut, twenty able-bodied men, swearing and sore, through the Wasatch Mountains, and gave up cutting three miles before they were through, forced their oxen and their wagons up a steep canyonside rather than cut more. The Saints came over the mountains to a desolate valley where one lone tree grew beside a lake of salt, a valley desolate enough, Brigham Young hoped, that no one would ever bother them again. Smith murdered in Missouri in the Carthage jail, riots in Independence, riots in Illinois. The Saints made the desert green, a fertile hideout.

A pall of smoke suspended on the cold lake covers the Great Salt Lake, waste from the smelting stacks of the Kennecott Copper Corporation dug like an amphitheater for giants into the hill at the lake's south shore, waste from the stacks of a steel mill twenty miles down the road, waste from automobiles moving steadily up and down the valley. The guide at the beach says no one can touch Kennecott Copper, the state's biggest taxpayer. Not the steel mill, apparently. You could buy this state for a million dollars, an attorney in Salt Lake City says, gone dreamy on Coors beer. The lone tree the Saints found in the valley, a businesswoman says was chopped up and sold in pieces to raise funds. Her son will be a missionary for two years, carrying the story of the Saints to the Gentiles beyond the valley. Kennecott Copper's two stacks could be filtered for less than twenty million dollars.

The peaks of the Wasatch gleam with snow, landscape of glory for the city socketed into the foothills, fine houses on the foothills, a golden temple in the heart of the city. *This is the place*



JOSEPH SMITH OF NEW YORK
THE CANNIBAL

and Young sold when he saw it, fresh from a net with Jim Bridger. Fish from the mountain die in the Salt Lake and wash up on its shores, rotless. *Whitefish*—some live in the thousands of tons seined out annually and shipped up to make tropical-fish food for America's world. The Donner Party camped on the south shore by twenty curious wells, holes in the ground filled to the brim with fresh water that came up again when you dipped water from them. *From California and the Party to cross the straight instead of going around. The coming over the next year, crossed no desolate east of it and made their portion green. Ore is sold at the beach of the Great Salt Lake and jars of perfectly spherical sand, and islands of salt. On an island in the lake a pleasure place sits empty and rotting, its great roller coaster long ago burned down, and on another buffalo and antelope forage on the edge of the range water. In the city, on a weekend, a lot of married couples getting away from home children check in at our motel and lie long hours beside the blue pool eating pizza and drinking beer. We ask one of the couples to dinner in a room, order hors d'oeuvres, and some unimpeachable chef, bored on a Sunday night in Salt Lake City, makes up a mammoth tray of shrimp and scallops and rolled ham and cheese and fresh salads, as inner enough, and the talk is good of Saints and sinners. Beside the gray and turgid lake you can get salt from the back of your hand and find no fish on the shore. Its salinity reached its maximum in 1958. It is fresher now, a little fresher. The McCott Copper muzzles in the earth, throwing mounds of black slag. On a holiday they close their stores in Salt Lake City. The Wasatch Mountains in the valley, keep the golf courses green, on the eastern flank. Moroni and Mormon. Americans now become angels, keep watch. Christ will come again in glory and lay the scales low.*

THE ONLY SALT FLATS, lakes of our imagination floated above the black highway and across the white salt to our north and west. On the Great Salt Desert. William Eddy of the Donner Party saw twenty William Eddys riding before him on the second day, and the wheels broke through the salt crust to the bituminous waters of the sinks. They knew then, the people of the Donner Party, must have known, knew that was in store for them. They crossed the desert in September, following the Californian's winding trail, and saw their two-day forced march stretch into three and then into four. James W. Wadsworth lost his Prairie Parlor Car and all his goods and most of his oxen. The shoreline of Lake Bonneville looked ironically down. At a new rest station the salt flats two highway engineers who knew their history well pointed out Pilot's Peak, the peak toward which the Donner Party had driven, then walked, then stumbled and run,

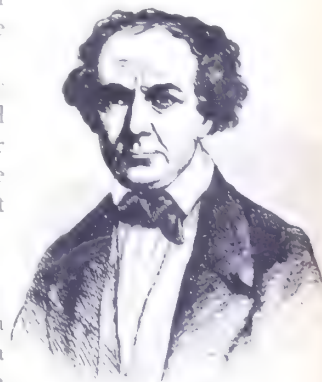
knowing at last that water was even farther from them than the mountains and salt flats. The desert spreads inviolate beyond the high Sierras. The mountains are still, and it is in their antique ruts. It is a giant bone, the earth's skull scalped and bleached by the Indian sun, and the air above it shimmers with the hallucinations a dying skull might bleed. It humbles men now: once it broke them, revealed to them, earnest of the crossing, the crouching animal inside their own skulls.

To leave that landscape, to drive up into treeless and sage-covered hills, and to encounter then, at the Nevada line, a flourishing casino, was to see again how we perch, birds on a twittering machine, atop the surface of the earth. In a land of endless sun we found people pale as cave dwellers pulling and pulling on the tireless and cynical levers of chromed machines. Children hang so on their mothers' arms, receiving as irregularly a coin or two of quiet. We ate quickly and drove ahead, crossing most of Nevada the same day. The highway rolls out straight as a wire until it approaches a mountain, curves then around it in a faultless curve, and runs straight again to the next mountain. Ground squirrels, nothing better to do, fling themselves at your car, and occasionally a small town exits off the Interstate. Painted cattle-herds patrol the deserts, but the state can be seen with eyes sleep only the way across the red mountains that serrate the state, the mountains around which the Donner Party wandered desperate and dry for half of October while the nights grew cold. In Nevada small towns paint their names gigantically on mountainsides, the Interstate narrows to two lanes and creeps through the centers of towns to sustain the trade, and outside the towns there is land to burn if anyone cared to burn it. The Sierra, the continent's western barricade, robs Nevada of water and robs it thus of life. And since Americans live there, they respond by winning at the slot-machine machines that supply Nevada with its greatest natural resource, gambled coin. Nevada maintains its perfect highways because they lead to only two places, to Las Vegas and to Reno, both sited just below the Sierra to entice Californians eastward over the mountains again. By such craft the state has achieved what few other states in the Union have even dared to consider: it has preserved much of itself as a natural wilderness, free even today from the heavy taint of man.

We watered at Winnemucca. My daughter bought an Indian headdress, we ate, we slept, and then we went on, soon to meet the Truckee River east of Reno, a silver lathstring hung out all the way from Lake Tahoe to guide us, if the great wire of the highway weren't enough.

THE TRUCKEE WINDS AND TWISTS AND TURNS, a rush of clear water descending to arid Nevada from Lake Tahoe, that sample Bonneville high in the Sierra. In the Donners' day, explorers thought

"No American ever went west to visit; he went west to find a wilderness of his own."



WILLIAM EDDY

Richard Rhodes
 "ALWAYS ON
 THE STRECH"

the river was outlet to what was then called Truckee Lake, the lake to which the Donners later gave their name and around which they camped that fatal winter of 1846. Truckee, kindly Indian chief, one of Nevada's original settlers, told parties of emigrants to follow the river to the high lake; beyond the lake rose the Pass over which thousands of Americans would cross to California. Now the river is Truckee and the little logging town just east of the lake is Truckee, and the lake is Donner and the Pass is Donner, though it might as well be Gold or Silver or Emigrants' for all the history it has seen. Tragedy has its reward, poor enough pay for the suffering the Donner Party endured. Truckee Meadows, where the Party camped too long so that they could recruit their hungry oxen, is now Reno, and hardly a blade of grass in sight but, higher up, the older landscape remains much as it was a hundred years ago, altered only by the broad fills and cuts of the Interstate. Beside the highway, at a point three miles west of Truckee, rest still the remains of one cabin's worth of Donner emigrants, a little hatch of a bronze marker clamped down over their heads, and the cars and trucks speed by. So we live, in layers, never having been a people to fool with skulls, *memento mori*, on the mantelpiece.

We stayed at Lake Tahoe, in a pleasant cabin with an electric blue roof, all but alone at the end of the winter off-season. The lake exacts its tributes, a body of water nearly 1,000 feet deep, so clear and blue that you can see the Sierra's granite boulders 30 feet below the surface in the sloping bottom off the shore. A Sierra lake is no child's wading pool, certainly not this huge one filled up from the base of the mountains. Fifty years ago, entrepreneurs carted two oceangoing steamships up the mountainside and assembled them at Lake Tahoe. Both now lie sunk at the bottom of the lake, oceangoing or not. One imagines Tahoe in wintertime, gray and chill while the Sierra snowstorms batter it and pile fifteen feet of snow on its shores, its waters a frigid 39 degrees. The Donners were wise not to have visited it: with their luck they would have fallen in. But in early summer it blooms into beauty, its shores yellow with pine pollen. On one of its beaches my children built a city of miniature rivers and houses and cars, a water-soluble imitation of what developers with the best of intentions and an eye for harmonious design are doing to Tahoe's North Shore now that the South Shore is a meretricious wasteland of casinos and bars. The North Shore outran its sewage-treatment capacity a year ago and has lately held up building permits until new plants can be installed. In ten more years it will be a rim of condominiums, another American place sacrificed to our urge to get away from it all.

In the meantime, Tahoe contends with its hippies, the avant-garde of the away-from-it-all. They linger by the roadsides, their bedrolls on their backs, listlessly thumbing rides they do not expect to get from automobiles they only formally

disavow: they could hardly wander without their unaccustomed to the work of walking. They sit there in the cold mountains, most forlorn, acting out guerrilla theater on the roads and beaches, skirmishing at the safe edges of an invisible war, the boy shuffling down the middle of the road, grudgingly moving to the grade to let a car pass by, the boy sticking out his tongue next to a restaurant window at the businessman glaring at him from inside, the teen-age girls bravely following their older men and bearing because they must the angry or lustful stares of the middle-aged men who pass them on the sidewalks. They live as they live because it is possible to live that way in America today, despite their rhetoric of revolution. There is no revolution but a marginal retreat, a simple and old-fashioned pulling of fat off the continent's incredible bounty. Their sadness, their despair, their lack not only of power but even of the knowledge of how to achieve it or of interest in the achieving, testify to their acceptance of the world as it is. They exist in a state of psychic hibernation, awaiting some better age.

Each day I drove over a mountain from Tahoe to Truckee and beyond Truckee to Donner State Park, wondering, as I have wondered since I began thinking of the Donner Party as some archetypal America in a minor mode, what led this experienced group of prosperous farmers and businessmen to brave so terrible a journey. California's fertility could not have been enough; they lived in fertile Illinois and Missouri to begin with.

Then I paced off the distance between the cabins. The Donner Party reached Truckee Lake in the first hours of a snowstorm that would bury the Pass in thirty feet of snow, and the group around the lake in fifteen. They found a cabin left behind by young Moses Shallenberger two years before when he had been forced by similar snow to camp at the lake for two lonely months. They built, as quickly as they could, an additional cabin that cabin and two other cabins nearby. They picked: they knew their doom; they huddled together there on the mountainside. Yet two of the three cabins at the lake are spaced more than seven hundred feet apart, and the third more than a mile from its nearest neighbor.

But assume for the sake of argument that the families who built those cabins so far apart did so from motives of distrust. George and Jacob Donner, two brothers who had lived and worked side by side all their lives, certainly had no reason to distrust each other. Forced to halt a few miles away from the other families, at Alder Creek, with no time to build cabins, they chose to set up their tents more than four hundred feet apart across the creek. They could have gathered wood for only one fire, could have cooked one common meal, could have shared the work of nursing. They chose not to, driven even in their extremity to put distance between themselves. It makes no sense unless their need for

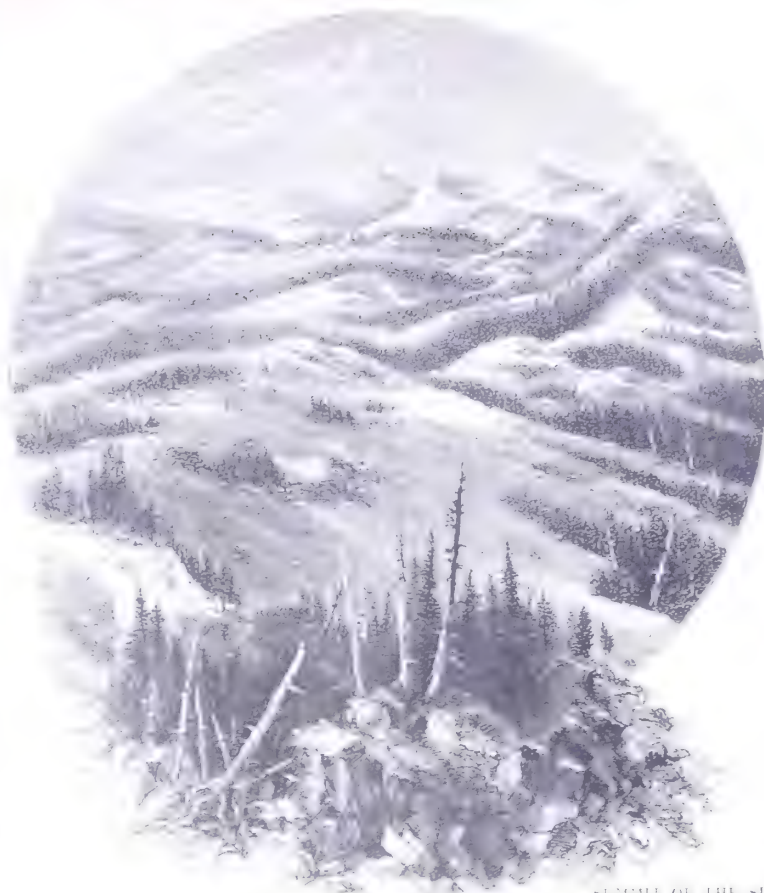


THE SHOEMAKER

y was vaster than ours, and if you accept the
 ntion then you must also accept the assump-
 that some subtle process of erosion, some
 ymous compulsion of nerve and blood and in-
 bility, has released us from their need for ter-
 y and enabled us to live in crowded cities and
 he poisoned air and jostle each other almost
 nd endurance. And taught us to prefer it.
 or can the process be reversed (though it
 t be modified) even if the people in our cit-
 ready knew the lifetime of skills necessary
 e off the land. Having been, as a child, some-
 of an amateur pyromaniac, I have liked
 to daydream of a benevolent nationwide
 migration, government sponsored and approv-
 here we all get together and burn down our
 and start over.* But we couldn't make it, if
 because we have completely polluted our na-
 water supply.

ad the advantage of the fishermen and cam-
 who go to Donner State Park, for I had vis-
 t before, in books, when no polite ranger
 ed its gate, and I could people it with
 es: Moses Shallenberger trying manfully to
 oyote and giving up in disgust; Patty Reed
 aing with her doll and eating strips of rancid
 pulled off the fire rug; Louis Keseberg, dark
 rian, growling in his cave of a cabin mum-
 human bones; Patrick Breen coldly refusing
 o others and noting the progress of madness
 eath like a recording angel; and over them
 e white burial of the Sierra snow. Oh, they
 modern enough, people who decided, having
 a book and heard a story or two, to go to
 erna, a journey they undertook as casually
 e might say, let's go to the lake, or let's go
 own, when in fact they might have said let's
 Tibet or the Amazon, they were that inno-
 of what such a journey entailed, that con-
 el that God in his wisdom would preserve
 e American by birth or American by choice
 harm. And on the way they bickered, they
 led, they accepted bad advice because the
 e of the advice had a necktie on, they—
 of them—refused to share with each other
 e the need was upon them, and so half of
 died most horribly of exposure and starva-
 Yet they were also not modern, revealed
 arse soil of their birth, the toughness of the
 tradition in which most of them grew up:
 8 people, half of them children, 41 dead be-
 e they achieved the winter passage, none com-
 suicide: preferred slow death by starvation
 ide, preferred cannibalism to suicide. That
 one must stagger us today with its implica-
 of strength and of trust in the ultimate be-
 nce of life. There is no reason to believe we
 hat strength and trust today, though we
 have to dig for it. We may well need it be-
 e are through.

imilar vision, it seems, animates the Japanese
 t Kenzo Tange, whose new master plan for Tokyo,
 of some 12 million souls, proposes tearing the en-
 ing down and building a new one.



SUMMIT OF THE SIERRAS

IN SAN FRANCISCO, COME DOWN FROM the moun-
 tains late on a Wednesday morning, we checked
 into a motel at the edge of Chinatown and, as soon
 as we could, boarded a cable car for Fisherman's
 Wharf. The afternoon was to be the children's,
 but it became ours also. Even in early June, the
 Wharf was crowded with tourists come to eat
 shrimp and crab and to play in that adult play-
 ground. On the sidewalks, protected by wooden
 roofs, vendors sold paper cups of shrimp and dis-
 played pale coral crabs. Green lobsters struggled
 to find footing on beds of shaved ice, and over
 it all blew the air of the salt and iodine sea. Be-
 hind the row of restaurants, on the wharf itself,
 fishermen coiled their lines in wicker baskets.
 Near the launch ramp, where a dredge worked to
 deepen the channel, a charter boat loaded long-
 haired Indians for the ride to Alcatraz, the island
 they had claimed and temporarily occupied. An
 outdoor stand on the wharf behind them expelled
 gusts of garlic, so that they seemed launched on
 an aromatic breeze to their labor of reclamation.
 "Did you see the Indians?" asked our Italian
 waiter at Alioto's, as any Westerner might have
 asked any stranger come into town a hundred
 years ago. Yes, said the children, gravely coiling
 spaghetti onto soup spoons, we did. They seemed
 disappointed that Alcatraz's free occupants had
 no feathered headdresses on, an oversight in their
 education I have worked to correct.

After lunch we boarded—receiving ticket stubs
 from a bearded sailor—the *Balclutha*, a nine-
 teenth-century iron square-rigger now permanent-
 ly docked at the Wharf. She whaled; she traded;

Richard Rhodes
"ALWAYS ON
THE STRECH"

she gained: she fought her way around Cape Horn; she made the Alaska run and carried tall timber to the shipyards of New England; she ran aground off the Alaskan coast; finally the San Francisco Maritime Association fitted her out as a floating museum. My Midwestern children, who had never been aboard anything larger than a 12-foot sailboat before, made her their own. They rang the ship's bells, pulled the great wheel, winched the anchor winch, and clattered through the decks to the hold, still stocked with wooden crates and ballast barrels. The *Balclutha* shone with varnished railings and hand-pegged floors and smelled of pitch and brass and hemp and iron. She must have been a fine ship for sailors, built in Scotland after that country's forests were gone, her great iron mainmast buried like a challenge thrown down from heaven to the very basilica of the hull. Melville's massive blubber hooks hung on one deck, and a once-obscene bas-relief from naughty San Francisco leaned nearby, a nymph and satyr disporting sans genitalia, their mutilation decreed by a decency committee long ago. Whatever their public image, the Victorians of America and of Europe were in some ways far less prudish than we. Which of us could cut up a whale, or live at night with the smell of our own urine and night soil urging up from under our beds? They lived—the sailors, the fishermen, the drivers of oxen and dealers in trade—harder than we, and did it younger. Their portraits—the *Balclutha* displayed many—they took seriously, men in black with moustaches and beards grown early to hide their youthfulness, frowning as manfully as they could muster out at the varnished wooden box of the camera. If they seem larger than life now, it is because they tried to be larger than life then, braving the deserts and mountains and seas they crossed, braving the loss of their young to any disease that casualed by, braving surgery without anesthesia and love driven through a convention of last names between even man and wife. Yet the *Balclutha* would have given them security within her iron hull: she floats today, docked next to the feeble tin machines parked on the street, as a monument to a time when a few things at least were built to last.

We left her reluctantly, my wife and I, both of us in love with the sea. The children raced down the ramp under the baleful eye of the salty ticket taker, and after more sidewalk touring we stopped to drink at a German bar where a black myna predictably named Blackie perched in a cage above the smoke whistling at the patrons and obviously convinced that he was in charge, since after all he hung high above the rest of us, Father Mapple in ecclesiastical black with a sermon or two in his craw. An entertainer in lederhosen played an electronic accordion, and standing at the bar a young German, blond and blue-eyed and muscular, put his dimpled chin in the air and closed his eyes and not so much heard as smelled, breathed, the polkas and edelweiss and Danubes

the accordion evoked. He might have been standing in an Alpine ski lodge in 1938 savoring the pipe. Along the way to the bar the children had acquired monumental all-day suckers; they licked them gravely and looked around to eyes that honored their sun-bleached hair. Most of the people in the bar were heavy, filling the narrow chairs and barstools to overflowing, yet the heaviness implied muscle as much as fat, and who among these people transplanted from Bavaria to San Francisco drinking deeply of the Old Country on a sunny Wednesday afternoon? If Fisherman's Wharf were in Disneyland they would have been animated plastic Germans with coloring too bright along the cheeks and a tendency to practical jokes, but this was San Francisco and the people were real.

On then, on this tour of people's museums at the Wax Museum, with figures courtesy Madame Tussaud's. We might have visited many uplifting places in San Francisco, I know, but we were savoring the vernacular this trip.

Whatever recent judgment the outside world has rendered, in the museum you may still see Jack and Jackie, Jack standing there next to George Washington looking like Peter Mars delivering a Senate prayer, Jackie plain in black suit, white gloves in hand, her hemline fashionably below the knee. Eleanor bravely behind Franklin seated in a chair, and in the light, between the flags of the Presidency and the nation, Lyndon Baines Johnson. Nixon, so far as Madame Tussaud is concerned, hasn't yet arrived. One wonders what expression his anonymous creator will choose to give him. Lync looks oriental, and surprisingly without guile—a very good likeness, all in all.

And the other saints of the people's pantheon: Brigitte holding up a towel to her naked frock; her wax butt peeking behind from a mirror; Lincoln looking fifteen years younger and not half as glorious as she looks today, in the time of his time, seated with her five husbands resurrected around her, all holding uncharacteristically empty champagne glasses; Einstein and Freud, Mussolini and Hitler, Willie Mays and Joe DiMaggio; Al Capone and a federal agent dressed like Humphrey Bogart; Winston Churchill staring out at us (then they come alive, when their glass eyes look at you directly, and they slip in and out of existence in the space of a blink like those optical illusions we all found in comics and schoolbooks as children, and you catch your breath and for a moment believe that Winnie really is alive behind the glass). We, the people, we worship size, the space a man or a woman takes up in the universe, fair or foul. Let the children enjoy their Lone John Silvers and Sleeping Beauties: grown, we invent giants and monsters and princesses too whatever claims we may have made, these recent modern years, to sophistication and maturity and even to ennui.

The museum has its basement, just as we do, just as the Donner Party did, that place where

**THEY'RE BEGINNING TO CALL US
SUPER RUM.
NOT BECAUSE WE'RE MIGHTIER.
WE JUST MAKE A DAIQUIRI TASTE
BETTER THAN IT HAS ANY RIGHT TO.
RONRICO. SUPER RUM.**



Richard Rhodes
"ALWAYS ON
THE STRECH"

must understand what wilderness once was, in California and in America. John Muir, knowing that it was already behind him, described one version of it:

When California was wild, it was one sweet bee-garden throughout its entire length. . . . zones of polleny forests, zones of flowery chaparral, stream tangles of rubus and wild rose, sheets of golden compositae, beds of violets, beds of mint, beds of bryanthus and clover, and so on, certain species blooming somewhere all the year round. . . . The Great Central Plain of California, during the months of March, April, and May, was one smooth, continuous bed of honey bloom, so marvelously rich that, in walking from one end of it to the other, a distance of more than four hundred miles, your foot would press about a hundred flowers at every step.

This is one wilderness today, one wilderness 1970, where at last we came: Punta de los Lobos Marineros, point of the sea wolves: Point Lobos, a state reserve just south of Carmel-by-the-Sea on the Monterey Peninsula down the coast from San Francisco: 1,250 acres that one literate visitor called "the greatest meeting of land and water in the world." You drive through a simple entrance into pines. The cool air forces your windows down. A ranger takes your car fee and gives you a brochure. You drive a shaded road, slowly, thinking yourself in an ordinary park, and then a wary but unfrightened doe stands suddenly in the road before you, looks back over her fawn shoulder at your car, nuzzles the dust of the roadway, casually moves on. At a circle of gravel you park, get out, take a foot trail toward the point. Wildflowers grow so thick that you cannot see the ground and the surf crashes through narrow caves and canyons to break before you far from the shore. Sea otters bark from their island off the point, and at some seasons, the brochure says, you may watch gray whales glide past you to a union far to the south, a union that is no concern of yours. The blue sky races mirages of sail overhead, puffs angling on a fleecy tack. Ground squirrels feed from your hand. The rare Monterey cypresses, gnarled by ocean storm, black out fantastic shapes against the sky, a man erect dancing with three naiads, a lust of matted hair, skeinings of branches, gray-bleached skeletons of tangled limbs. Red rock layered with charcoal, the strata of dried oceans rise up to remind you of the planet's age, carvings of rock subtler and bolder in their random creation than the boldest and most subtle carvings of men, and breaking against them, carvings of water, the spume flashing in the sun, that humble you with their indifference to permanence, their casual indifference to passing time.

You leave the rocky point and return to the path, and realize then that in this wilderness of 1970 you are bound within wire-edged walkways, pledged not to pick one flower or disturb one

stone, to harm no creature, to smoke no cigarette, hardly to breathe if you can help it. And realizing that we are now what we always were: creatures who should not be allowed to touch a wilderness because, having touched it, we will destroy it if we possibly can. So we are not of the wilderness however much you, I, all of us may yearn for it. We are not Indians gliding through the forests. We are, whatever the evolutionists may say, some yet unexplained separate creation, most bloody in origin until recently most unbowed. The Indians whom Sutter sent out to help the Donner Party across the mountains, Luis and Salvador, drew arrows from the Forlorn Hope, the first gang of pioneers to cross the Winter Pass, when they saw the Hope eating each other; could not comprehend a race of people who would sink even in starvation to what the Indians thought such depravity; not for their gentle qualification Luis and Salvador were shot and eaten in their turn.

And wired away now from our wildernesses realizing as a murderer must realize after the act of murder how completely we have destroyed what we most deeply loved, we decide that the time has come for the destroying to stop. Because we are the Donners all, we understand that we are destroying the one creature who really matters: ourselves. We are eating each other, the man or woman or child or child we love. The water is full of mercury and arsenic, the air of monoxide and lead. DDT builds up in our bones, and radioactive iodine in the glands of our children. And the wilderness is guarded by wires.

And now that we know we are truly destroying ourselves, the images all go to green, having been red before as a night battlefield flared by shells. Now we go to green, become conservationists, docile and humane. Now we are signatories of the whole earth. It has got to be the iron end all ironies, this docile greenness lately sprung among our consciences. Our very teeth, incisors and canines and bovine molars, attest our amoral valence. Why, we are the Vietcong of the Western world, tooth and fang lately bared for quietude. The Donners didn't brave the Sierra for brave sakes, nor for glory's; they merely thought it their natural right to ride into wild California and make farms and factories where there had been only farms and factories before. They strike terror into us even today because they didn't, as we have done two hundred years routinely done, merely rape the wilderness that spraddled before them, but sufficed it like animals.

Whatever the Sierra Club says, the wilderness won't save us, is not the preservation of the world, is something to love and protect as we do our other pets, but won't preserve us. We will make the continent a garden, not a wilderness, or we will make it nothing at all. Because we want to get on with facing the real wilderness, the one that has ever challenged us, the wilderness of our own brains. That is the one that is always on the stretch. It promises Sierras that beggar imagination.

A KID CAN LOOK RETARDED, ACT RETARDED, AND ONLY NEED A PAIR OF GLASSES.

When a child is retarded, it's bad enough.

When a normal child is labeled retarded, it's tragic.

Yet it happens all too often.

A 7-year-old who couldn't read the alphabet was thought to be retarded.

Somebody took a closer look and found that the kid only needed glasses; not a team of psychiatrists.

A 9-year-old girl in Philadelphia was diagnosed as retarded and sent to a state institution.

Somebody there took a closer look and found she was only hard of hearing.

More than 5 million kids in our schools have learning disorders that vary in degree but impair their ability to learn.

If your child has difficulty learning, he may be one of them.

For the name of the school, clinic or institution in your area that can help, write:

CLOSER LOOK 

Box 1492, Washington, D. C. 20013



If it's worth a second glance it should be in magazine



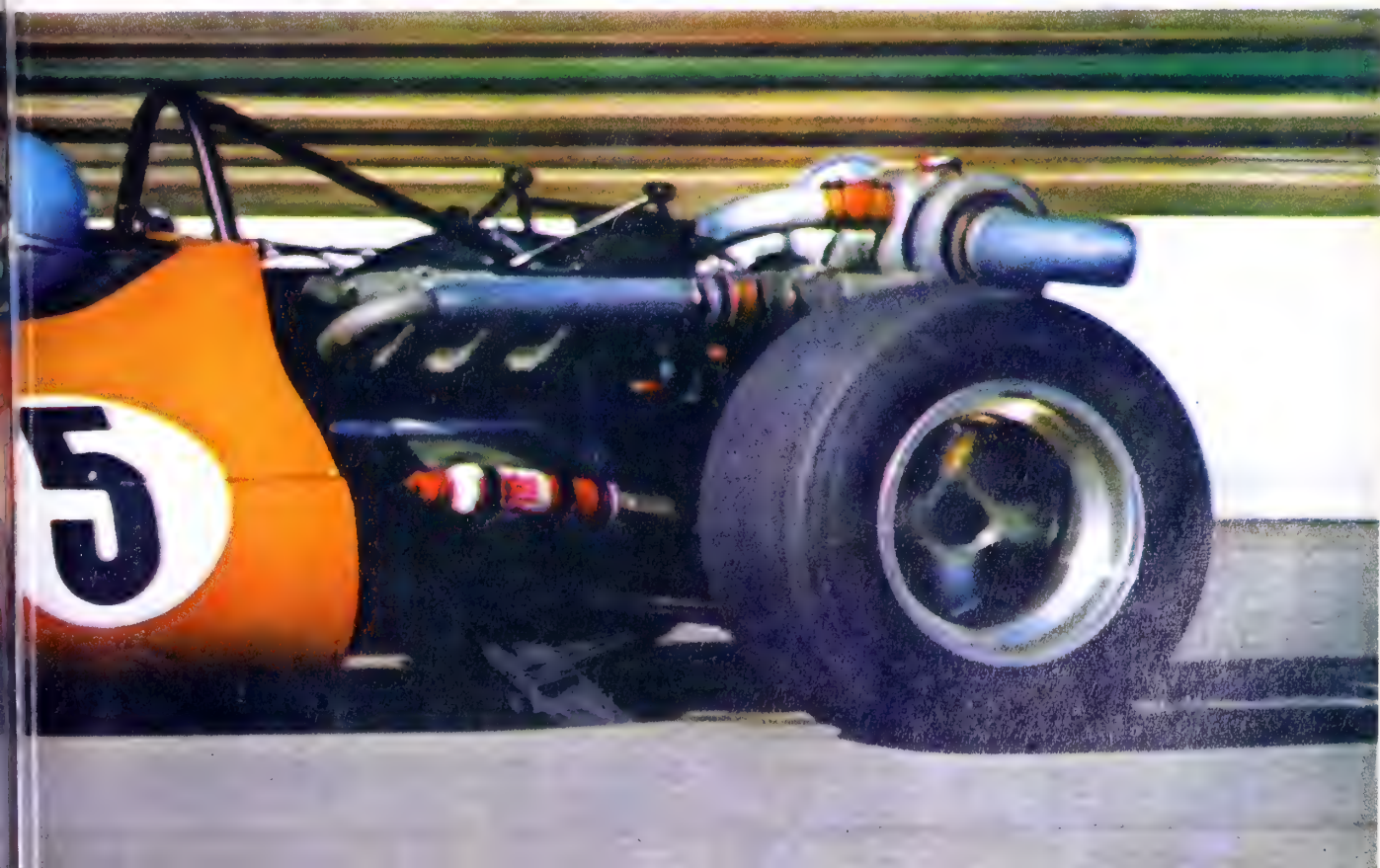


oving image is like real life. It comes and it goes in
kering of an eye.
trouble is, there are a lot of things you can't absorb
lickering of an eye. A race car ghosting past at 200
one obvious example.
, the beauty of a piece of art...the coverage of a
vent...the detail of a new product.

For thoughtful understanding, you need a second glance.
And for that, you need magazines with their second-glance
strengths. (Ask Zenith, ask Eastman Kodak, ask Bell &
Howell, ask Westinghouse if *that* isn't true.)

Magazines freeze the world. Magazines are where a split
second lasts as long as you want.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE



If you told these people The Peace Corps
the hypocritical extension of an imperialist
establishment's military industrial complex, they
would think you were crazy.

And you would be.



DICTIONARY FOR THE DISENCHANTED

Union of All Classes A Utopian long cherished by Marxists have now lived to see it fulfilled ademia.



Age of Trust By tradition, the thirtieth birthday. Now, er, Jerry Rubin, as his follicles shen, demands that the level be to forty. Faction fights devel- over this issue, but differences ing resolved in a tacit agree- between Black Panther and leaders. Several heads concur r judgment that kindergarten n represent a rising wave of atled insurrectionists.

Ah A merry fellowship of ic Middle Eastern pacifists, ibly attractive to American las (of either Jewish or Gentile sion) for their gaiety, camara- pride of craft, and the stoicism hich they dispatch airline

ters.

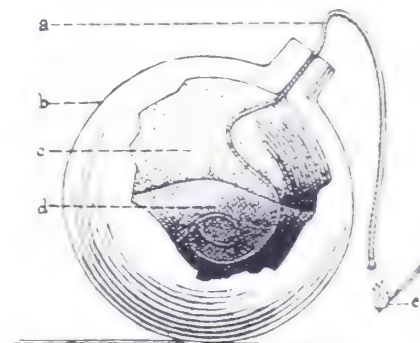
Optic Vision A clear pic- impending doom best per- by those who do their utmost n its onset.

To have promiscuous sex- course presumably involving male genitalia.

Be-In A gathering of juvenile tribes, and their elder associates, in which naked children roll joints while adults touch, feel, and make contact with oblivion, all in a state of blissful detumescence and without benefit of sensitivity training.

Blacks A non-chromatic reference to the strident minority of militants, previously known as Negroes by those who respected people with dark skin, and as Blacks by those who did not.

Black Studies A unique area of vocational training designed to instill pride in non-white students which, if rigorously pursued, should compen- sate for a principled refusal to master such skills as might dangerously increase their employability.



Bomb A relatively harmless instru- ment of persuasion which, if it does not work, could provoke recourse to extreme methods.

Bomb Factory A small non-union shop organized for the production of defective weapons by untrained workmen, who, if injured, are unfairly deprived of state compensa- tion. This type of factory is found in old-law tenements and opulent town houses slated for accidental demolition.

Bring the War Home A battle cry derived from the earlier somewhat more pacific, "Bring the Boys Home!" and synthesized with it to read, "Bring the boys home so that they can bring the war home." In other words, establish the Stateside Demilitarized Zone as a national epicenter of armed action and turn the U.S. into a continental free-fire zone where counterinsurgents can subdue native insurgents with the same dazzling success they have enjoyed abroad.

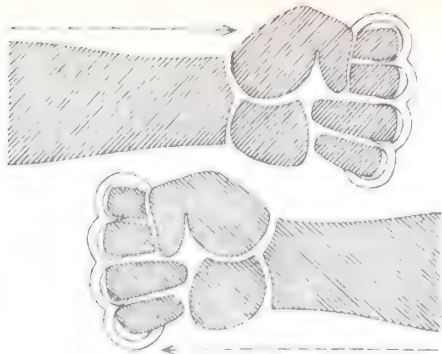
Che Lives Meaning, there is no hero like a dead hero. By the same token, Ho lives: Malcolm lives: for many, Bobby lives: for some, Nikolai lives. For a few, Adolf lives.

Civility An objectively counter- revolutionary attitude that insidiously elicits good manners, good humor, and peaceful intercourse: therefore, a powerful fulcrum of the status quo: and, in the basic existential or phenomenological sense, an assault on everyone's dignity.

College President An awesome figure occupying a seat he will soon be asked to vacate: generally regarded as unsatisfactory even before his installation. A man with options: per- mitted to preside over the liquidation of academic freedom by choosing to be repressive or benign, by calling the cops or not calling them, by capit- ulating or by resisting.

Community Control Control of a community, preferably a school dis- trict or a slum neighborhood, achieved by transferring power, money, and exploitation from a large number of outsiders to a small number of insiders.

Bernard Rosenberg is teaching this year at the University of Chicago. He is coauthor of The Real Tinsel, just published by Macmillan.



Confrontation A creative interaction which pits good revolutionary violence against bad counterrevolutionary violence.

Consumerism The contemptible acquisition of *things*. Revolting in itself as well as by virtue of the capitalist manipulation and materialist philosophy which underlie it. To be rebelled against by the massive purchase or theft of such austere objects as fast cars, elaborate motorcycles, love beads, Indian bands, parkas, ponchos, handcrafted sandals, ornate boots, mod suits, skirts and unisex pants, leather jackets, jade necklaces, stereo sets, Apple records, guns, skis, snorkels, fancy wigs, tonsorial equipment, bongo drums, original Picassos, binoculars, eight-track tape recorders, strobe lights, German cameras, aphrodisiacs, Tarot cards, gourmet meals and/or health foods, and cut but not cut-rate narcotics.

Co-optation An odious attempt to seduce the proletariat by the distribution of higher education and good jobs for good pay to more poor people. If left unchecked, co-optation could materially reduce poverty and hunger, and thereby render an ineluctable revolution more eluctable.

Counter-Culture A humanistic protest against the "plastic" culture that surrounds us; eloquently articulated in Acid Rock as performed by "real" people with names like The Doors, The Monkees, The Animals, The Fish, The Jefferson Airplane, The Union Gap, The Rolling Stones, The Beatles, Canned Heat, Steppenwolf, and The Grateful Dead.

Curriculum Unstructured classes in Raga-Rock, Zen Buddhism, Magic, Astrology, Karate, McLuhanism, and Drugs, punctuated at irregular intervals by choral recitation from *The Little Red Book*.

Custerism A suggested procedure for running amok that is scorned by finicky ideologues who believe they know better ways to commit suicide.

Dialogue A raucous monologue which, raised to the proper pitch, makes it impossible even for those who shout to hear that what they are demanding is nonnegotiable.

Doing Your Own Thing Insulating yourself from the perverted adult world by submitting slavishly to the tyranny of your peers.

Do It! Subtitled "Scenarios for the Revolution," and written by Jerry Rubin, this is one of the countless subversive books that reactionary publishers and public censors have ruthlessly suppressed by distributing through every retail outlet in the land.

Establishment The powers-that-be, antonym to Anti-Establishment, or the powers-that-ought-to-be.

Evacuation Withdrawal from a building which is, or is rumored to be, filled with explosives placed therein by revolutionaries who might otherwise be preparing to occupy it.

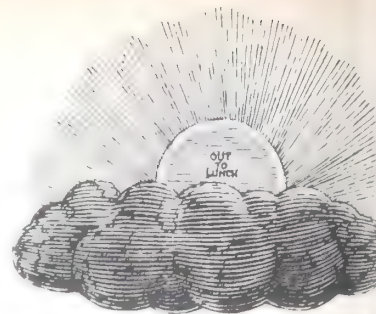
Existentialism A fashionable school of philosophy, especially groovy when set forth with the elegance of Professor Paul Ricoeur who asks:

Where else but in the tension between the positing of the in-itself-identical and the transauthentic simultaneity of its negating at the heart of the existential word is it that the deep tragicity manifests itself within the subjectivity of the non-understanding of the incomprehensible?

Fink A radical of some other denomination.

Gay Liberation Odd man in and on top of everybody.

Generation Gap A chasm, amorphously situated in time and space, that separates those who have already grown up absurd from those who will, with luck, grow up absurd.



God Is Dead Nietzsche's chestnut reheated in the crucible of Crisis Theology. In some quarters a source of despair, and yet not everywhere we learn from a topical graffiti that goes: "God is dead, but don't worry. Mary's pregnant again."

The Great Cultural Revolution A recent outburst of gorgeous preadolescent Chinese Communist exuberance; youthful spontaneity controlled and directed by the state, a somewhat circular event, in which hitherto irreproachable Party functionaries were therapeutically taunted, beaten, humiliated, decapitated, or otherwise deposed by better, *viz.* younger, Marxist-Leninist-Maoists, who, however, were frequently superseded by their wiser and older predecessors. Considered to be not just exemplary but directly applicable to the United States, where millions of peasants stand in bitter readiness for every Great Change that awakes them.

Integration The latest indignity concocted by Machiavellian liberals, tirelessly pursuing their sinister campaign to create racial harmony. Luckily, their plot has been thwarted by the combined and heroic efforts of Black Nationalists, White Citizens Councils, Afro-American chauvinists, and Southern Klansmen awaiting appointment to the Supreme Court.

Let It All Hang Out An injunction to conceal everything but one's private parts.

Mainliner Formerly, a Philadelphia gentleman. Now, potentially anyone's son or daughter.

National Liberation An excharade of local tyrants for foreign masters; the first step to sanguinary civil war; Balkanization, or a redrawing of frontiers so that the Third World can be retribalized and *then*, pulverized.

Hegelian Marxism A modification of nineteenth-century German mysticism which, with an infusion of Freud's *Body* by Dr. Norman Mailer, has been fully eroticized and acidified, that is, repressively repressed, by Herbert Marcuse.

Really The handiest answer to personal questions such as: "Are you a pacifist? Do you believe in God? In socialism? Do you love your mother and father? Do you like tripping? Anything?"

Professionals Uncredentialed incompetents who assist certified incompetents in various educational, social, and occupational programs to alleviate no one's distress except their own.

Repressiveness The parental apathy which fosters free and unrestrained growth in youngsters who become campus rebels. By contrast, as studies show, firmness and discipline in an authoritarian family will fashion model children who become campus rebels.

Repression A condition found so enjoyable by privileged youth that many students actually take up residence in sh-and-rat-infested tenements, surrounded by rough garbage pails, and panhandlers—some fewer persisting in this condition even after remittance checks from their parents have stopped.

Realism A distinctively American philosophy whose only failing is that it does not work.

Repressor (1) A small businessman who is the letterhead of a large university; (2) an informer who deceives revolutionary students for his own ends; (3) a student immobilized by the absence of clear-cut directives; (4) a reactionary, prepared to clobber student radicals unless they come to power—which case will support their whims and whims; (5) a liberal, middle-class man, on his way to bleeding to death from neural disorders, coronaries, or professional, early retirement, or premature death.

Relevance A demand to establish new pragmatically oriented types of higher education that prepare students for the real world—by abandoning totally the present pragmatically oriented types of higher education that prepare students for the real world.

Remediation A Sisyphean task, at which academics labor assiduously, whose significance was early prophesied by Robert Maynard Hutchins when he anticipated that the Three R's, Reading, Riting and Rithmetic, would be replaced by the Six R's, Remedial Reading, Remedial Riting, and Remedial Rithmetic. Not even he, however, foresaw that these specialties would reach up and envelop candidates for the Ph.D.

Repression The highly desirable outcome of all conflict between established authority and rebels young and old, according to the theory of which revolutionary electoral preferences point to such candidates as Ronald Reagan and George Wallace. The extreme usefulness of this theory was first illustrated in Weimar when the German Communist party assured its own glorious future by contributing to the success of Adolf Hitler.

Revolution The happy condition desired by such citizens as Yuppies immediately and "for the hell of it." If they fail fascism follows; if they succeed, ditto.

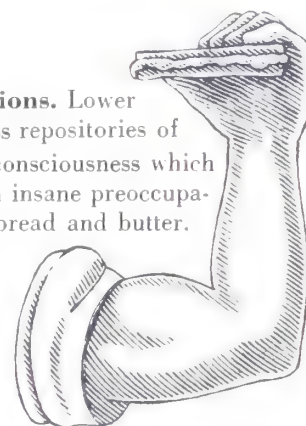
Scholarship An anachronistic pastime suffused with the false and harmful values of "learning" and "cultivation of the mind"—against whose practitioners as well as products certain salutary measures have now been devised (see: "Trashing").

The Sexual Revolution Conquest of the last frontier, involving the efficient management and manipulation of reproductive organs for the purpose of establishing the New Puritanism.

Sociology An academic discipline in which radical activists, realizing its scientific pretensions are laughable and its political implications reprehensible, enroll in unprecedented numbers.

Speed Ball Mixture of heroin and cocaine—snorted through the nostrils, administered hypodermically, or inserted into the anus—a proper dose of which induces simultaneous depression and elation, thereby producing a new species of political hero and only occasionally resulting in death.

Straight (adj.) Sober, rational, heterosexual, tolerant—*i.e.* obnoxious.



Trade Unions. Lower middle-class repositories of that false consciousness which leads to an insane preoccupation with bread and butter.

Trashing An earnest effort to improve the ecological balance of academic or contiguous environment by the smashing of windows, desks, doors, typewriters, bookstores, or flower shops and the setting of one, two, three, or more small fires.

Up Against the Wall Etymologists disagree about the origins of this popular phrase: according to some, it derives from police orders to potential victims of porcine brutality, whereas others maintain it comes from the Cuban socialist paradise where *Al paredón* (To the execution wall!) vies with *Patria o Muerte* (Fatherland or Death!) as a friendly salutation.

Where It's At A grammatical and syntactical improvement upon the obsolete form, "Where It Is." "Where It's At" parallels "Where the Action Is"—not yet successfully prepositionalized—meaning, roughly: where the firebombs go off, where the Molotov cocktails explode, where the dynamite is detonated.

Work According to the eminent lexicographer Abbie Hoffman, "the only dirty four-letter word in the English language."

WESTMORELAND APPRAISED: QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Could he have
won in Vietnam?
Could anyone?

THERE IS NO MILITARY SOLUTION to this problem of Vietnam," said General William C. Westmoreland to me. "The solution has to be one hundred per cent political." This was in August 1964 in Saigon. He had by then been COMUSMACV, the chief U.S. military adviser, for about six months. There were six months to go yet before Tonkin Gulf and Pleiku; and then there would be another three and a half years when he was, at the behest of his President, charged with the direction of that very "military solution."

When I next saw him, in November 1969, I asked him how he felt now about his remark to me in Saigon. He answered that he saw no reason to change his original judgment but that a lot had happened after that.

Just what did happen in Vietnam in the years from 1964 to the present, how it happened, who was responsible and to what extent, are questions that promise to trouble American society for decades. For his part, they trouble William C. Westmoreland in a particularly immediate way. It seems more than likely that history will come to the simple conclusion that we lost the Vietnam war, just as all great powers before us have lost wars. Westmoreland, now Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army, broods on the possibility of such a decision and on his role in it: could he have won? What kept him from winning? Given the constraints under which he labored, could anyone have done better? In fact, it is said by some in Washington that he is so taken up with the problem of the past—his past and the Army's in Vietnam—that he has failed (or perhaps feared) to become a strong, commanding Chief of Staff, as were George Marshall or Dwight Eisenhower or Maxwell Taylor. And such self-questioning as he has been given to is no doubt only intensified by the current fashion among many of his former associates in the foreign and military policy establishments—now safely ensconced in law firms and universities and foundations—to retreat into a blissfully forgetful state of civilian innocence and let him share the blame with their former Commander in Chief.

If nature had destined William C. Westmoreland to be a man who must work under serious constraints and suffer the hindsight wisdom and second-guessing of others in silence, she cast him well for the role. In appearance he is classically military: square jaw, jutting chin, a ramrod carriage. Along his left cheek there is a deep four-inch scar, which was left him by an auto accident when he

was eleven: though often exposed to hostility he has never been wounded. The voice is so like the parade-ground tones of command are yet nevertheless audible, buried in polite speech. The accent has Southern overtones (which is said to have reassured LBJ) but it has, after all those broadcasts, all those commands and contacts, been homogenized into middle American. In short, the picture of the Eagle Scout from Spartanburg County, South Carolina, achiever and confidant is now fully realized as a self-disciplined man turned to command. Finally, however, there is something puzzled about his look, not as if he were uncertain about where his authority comes from but as if he were wondering where it leads to, how far it goes.

At the Harvard Business School advanced management course, where he spent three months in 1954, a classmate said you would never know he was a soldier, that he might be any corporate vice-president. In this, too, he was perhaps approaching the perfection of a new classic style of generaldom. For though he was deeply impressed by the world of corporate decision he glimpsed at Harvard, it was not this but his modern general background itself that must have made him so indistinguishable from his Business School classmates. After all, 1954 was only six years away from the time when the hand, the commanding and cost-effectivizing hand, of Robert McNamara was to fall upon the Pentagon. In any case Westmoreland was ready for McNamara's Army. At Fort Campbell, Kentucky, where he began his stint at Harvard he was commanding the 1st Airborne Division, he actually instituted a program of "productivity" goals and claimed that "Operation Overdrive" had raised post "production" by 18 per cent in a year. (One of his methods of doing this was to call in some classmates from the Business School to advise him, and then executives, from GE or Union Carbide, etc., to the conclusion that spit-and-polish Army was a great source of inefficiency.)

During "Engine Charlie" Wilson's sharp rebuffs in ground forces, based on the theory of "bigger bang for a buck," he had suffered along with the rest of the military professionals when the U.S.-U.S.S.R. nuclear stalemate undercut Dulles's doctrine of massive retaliation and the idea of a military force properly balanced between nuclear and conventional capability came into fashion. Westmoreland had the figure to prove that his was an efficient command. He was comfortable with statistics and was no doubt

Blair Clark served five years in the Army during World War II, rising from private to captain and ending up as Deputy Historian of the Third Army. He has been a newspaper reporter and publisher, and general manager of CBS News, and was Eugene McCarthy's campaign manager in 1968.

ed to take for granted their suitability and even in their monstrous appearance in as "pacification" tables and "kill-ratios." moreland the soldier seems to have grown ter naturalness out of his South Carolina lass background. He was not in fact an rat, but his father, a successful textile-plant e in Spartanburg, had attended The Cit- outh Carolina's West Point, and, as an yal alumnus, headed its trustees. One of William's Sunday school teachers was F. Byrnes, who later, as a Congressman, him get his appointment to West Point. demic rank in the Academy was a gentle- 1212th in a class of 276; but he did make aptain, the school's high mark for leader- ouglas MacArthur, President Roosevelt, eneral Pershing were commencement speak- ing his stay there, and the chief tactical at his yearling summer camp was Omar . His classmates (class of '36) regarded a marked man: certain of them used to him as "Chief." It is said that he made a s decision to dedicate himself wholly to ary arts and not get married for ten years. e did marry, he picked an Army brat called e Van Deusen—"Kitsy"—under whose e he was serving at Schofield Barracks in when he first saw her as a pig-tailed little horseback. They were married in May / which time he had transferred from the to the airborne and, a major about to be d, was commanding the 504th Airborne Regiment.

mediate and more rapid than that of anyone else in his class—alternating between command and staff duty and attending service schools, including Command and General Staff and the Army War College. In this process he missed most of the fighting in Korea. But in July 1952 he assumed command of the 187th Regimental Combat Team and in November became a general officer (brigadier). Finally, now in the heart of the Eisenhower doldrums, he returned to the General Staff under Maxwell Taylor as its secretary for four years. Then in 1958, he went back to troops once more, this time as commander of the 101st Airborne Division, which was part of the strategic reserve, stationed in Kentucky. Here his major responsibility was to train the unit and keep it on its toes, and his triumphs resided in such achievements as reducing the time needed to prepare aircraft loading manifests from two hours to four minutes (by replacing typewriters with business machines).

With this, he is the man sent to lead a command of 16,000 which grew to over 500,000. He was sent, moreover, with orders hardly more specific than "save this country for the Free World." He was made America's first great proconsul, at whose ultimate disposal was placed more than \$125 billion and half a million American lives, and told of his mission merely, "Do it."

"... within the Army he tends to be a figure more popular than feared."

Blair Clark
QUESTIONS
AND
ANSWERS

responsible for the safety of American troops in combat—even as it would for the entire chain of command all the way back through Hawaii (CINCPAC) to the Pentagon and the White House.

The mission as he conducted it went its well-known course, of escalation and further escalation, policies replaced by new policies—"search and destroy," "pacification"—all carried out within the terms of the most management-conscious, statisticized, computed warfare in history. The escalation from what might have been a series of small actions into something like conventional warfare he believes was inevitable, given the definition of the problem he was to deal with and the demoralization and weakness of his South Vietnamese client.

One of the striking elements in the story of the Vietnam war was the deep, and mutual, loyalty that ran between Westmoreland and his Commander in Chief Lyndon Johnson. Johnson, says Westmoreland, was "very kind" to him. Apparently never, even in the worst of times, did the President consider relieving him of his command. It would not have been so very difficult, if Johnson had wanted to, to make Westmoreland the scapegoat for the failure of our policy. And on his side COMUSMACV went along, uncomplaining and unquestioning, with his Commander in Chief. "The armed services," as he puts it, "were not about to go to the Commander in Chief and say that we were not up to carrying out his instructions—as a matter of service pride." Nor, in April 1967, when he was called back from Saigon to address the Congress, did he seem to resent being put to what was so obviously Johnson's political use. In that speech he laid special stress on the problem that had always been the key to his own concern about the possibility of successfully pursuing our policy in Vietnam—that is, the "resolve" of the "home front." "I was aware," he now says, "of

the fact that this was apt to be a long war. I had some concern as to whether or not our governmental structure, our body politic, was adequate to the stresses and strains of a long commitment."

In the November following his appearance before Congress, Westmoreland had a most extraordinary conversation with Johnson and was given a piece of information which was at that time, most, if not absolutely, his alone—that Johnson did not "plan" to run for reelection in 1968. He chose to confide these intentions to Westmoreland because he needed to be assured that his decision not to run would not be seen by American troops in Vietnam as his abandoning them and therefore do harm to their morale. Westmoreland responded by saying he was sure the troops in his command would not see Johnson's failure to run as a desertion of the colors, that they would "understand." Probably no field commander in our history has ever been presented such an opportunity to influence American politics as Westmoreland at that moment—would it be possible to imagine Douglas MacArthur, say, passing up a similar chance to get his hands on the nation's destiny?—He confined himself to a proper soldier's answer.

Proper old soldier or not with respect to domestic politics, Westmoreland was highly sensitive to the political dimension of his own operations. It was perfectly clear from the beginning that the U. S. mission in Vietnam, however defined, could have no success unless there were at least a certain measure of political stability in Saigon. In his first months there, following on the heels of his appearance by assassination of Diem, when General Khanh followed General Minh, just about every corps and division commander in the South Vietnamese Army was dreaming of making a coup. Some of them tried. Westmoreland's exact role in this turbulence is hard to trace. As he tells it, his function was mainly to persuade members of the South Vietnamese officers corps, most of whom were judged to be politically incompetent, to sit tight. In one case, it is said, the American adviser to a disgruntled general got his client drunk at a critical moment so that his temporarily leaderless troops were kept from an attempted takeover. Throughout the period, in Westmoreland's view, when the U.S. had its last chance to withdraw "graciously." That is, if we had not lent our weight to the establishment of the "stable" and ultimately "constitutional" Thieu-Ky government, a regime might have come into being which would have asked us to leave. But since part of the United States' definition of stability was the presence in Saigon of a regime both allied to us and anxious to stay, Westmoreland's proposition here is somewhat peculiar—if not downright dizzying.

In any case, everyone in his command was given a 3½ x 5-inch index card on which was inscribed his "Nine Rules" for American conduct. The first rule reads, "Remember we are guests here and make no demands and seek no special treatment." It is followed by, "Join with the people! . . ." and "Treat women with politeness and respect."



NINE RULES

FOR PERSONNEL OF US MILITARY
ASSISTANCE COMMAND, VIETNAM

The Vietnamese have paid a heavy price in suffering for their long fight against the communists. We military men are in Vietnam now because their government has asked us to help its soldiers and people in winning their struggle. The Viet Cong will attempt to turn the Vietnamese people against you. You can defeat them at every turn by the strength, understanding, and generosity you display with the people. Here are nine simple rules:

DISTRIBUTION — 1 to each member of the
United States Armed Forces in Vietnam

ere also exhorted to give Vietnamese the of way, to avoid attracting attention "by rude, or unusual behavior," and to avoid ating yourself from the people by a dis- f wealth or privilege" (Vietnam produced st lavish PX system in history). This was owever, a war that could easily be com- ded by officers, let alone by the troops their command. We brought to bear in jungles and rice paddies the weight of the nstrument of a great industrial power. The e of bombs dropped on this small country of which was, in theory anyway, allied to on cumulatively surpassing that with which tened Hitler in Europe; the "Free Fire in which everyone in sight was an indis- tated target: the lack of a "front" or of spe- ritorial objectives: these were the qualities baffling war.

THE WAR HE ACTUALLY DID WAGE, perhaps e most cogent critic is Sir Robert Thomp- ose *No Exit from Vietnam* was published . In Thompson's words, "The American ough a separate war which ignored its l and other aspects, and were not on a a course with the Vietcong and North ese, who therefore had a free run in the r." The use of massive firepower "to save an lives" in his opinion probably *cost* the long run: the effort to make our ns look more successful in relation to the resulted in an escalation of the Commu- jectives; the numerical approach of the nd-destroy mission (body counts, kill ra- pons lost *vs.* weapons captured) was both ical and a military monstrosity. "The net herefore," Thompson harshly but justly ut, "of the 'search-and-destroy' strategy, ed with a fixation on the infiltration routes, d disperse American forces in a positional of a mobile role all over the mainly ated areas of the Vietnamese map. The ns were strategically outmaneuvered and rs were left wide open for the Tet of- Thompson, who has been consulted by on, believes that, for reasons of grand the U.S. cannot abandon Vietnam. He ating in his criticism of Westmoreland's of the war but dismisses him in the book ootnote.

moreland theoretically, and often actually, to Admiral Ulysses S. Grant Sharp, ronymically as CINCPAC or "Command- ef, Pacific," with headquarters in Hawaii, ngement which reflected the theory that was merely part of our overall mission Pacific. Sharp's main tactical responsi- as for the air campaign against North . For this bombing he had an enthusiasm tly exceeded Westmoreland's. As a mat- et, though he was subsequently to change , Westmoreland was extremely dubious

about the effect of the bombing when it became a live issue, in 1965, and actually opposed it in the Mission Council in Saigon. His objections were based on considerations of military prudence. He no doubt had Korea in mind and feared that the Chinese might be provoked by the bombing of the North into direct military intervention when American forces were still weak on the ground. And, indeed, it has been charged, as Westmoreland seemed to fear in 1965, that the intensive bombing of North Vietnam at times deprived him of the tactical support his troops needed in the South. There apparently ensued an interservice contest over who had first call on air power, and Westmoreland won. He himself will say no more than that he "straightened this matter out" with McNamara, that he was given "first call" on the fighter-bombers, and that he even had a "pre-emptive" command, meaning that he could divert planes from Sharp's air command to targets in the South of his choice, and inform Sharp of his action later.

Naturally, this was only one of numerous command problems in Vietnam, and, as they do in every war, they took up inordinate amounts of the brass's time with wrangling about priorities and coordination. What Westmoreland wanted, of course, was a unified command in Southeast Asia under him, reporting directly to the Joint Chiefs: and expert military consensus now is that he should have had it. McNamara, however, was never quite able either to solve or to somehow get around the problem of interservice rivalry. Furthermore, from a purely operational point of view, there should also have been a single tactical command under U.S. direction for both the South Vietnamese and American forces. But such an arrangement would have blown the United States cover as a mere assisting ally sky-high; Vietnam

"He is keenly aware that he is the one blamed for our failures."

NINE RULES

1. [Faint text]
2. [Faint text] cases from their language and honor their [Faint text]
3. [Faint text]
4. [Faint text] common people
5. [Faint text]
6. [Faint text]
7. [Faint text] sual behavior
8. [Faint text]
9. [Faint text] U.S. [Faint text]

Blair Clark
QUESTIONS
AND
ANSWERS

would then openly have been "America's war." Thus the Saigon command mechanism was forced to continue with a clumsy and badly functioning system of coordination among all the various separate forces.

THIS IS THE QUESTION, THEN, that seems to be weighing on Westmoreland's mind to the exclusion of most others these days. Apart from both the wisdom and morality of the United States undertaking in Vietnam—problems, after all, far less in the purview of a field general than of the civilian officialdom he serves: could *any* combination of arms and men, strategy and tactics possibly have accomplished the mission laid down by the United States government? He is keenly aware that he is the one blamed, particularly by the middle-echelon civilian leadership of Johnson's Pentagon, for our failures. Now, in military operations, the accomplishment of the assigned mission can finally be the only measure of success or failure. In Westmoreland's case, however, it must be remembered that his mission was not in the first place a fixed and clear one: the escalation that took place in Vietnam was not only one of combat level and troop strength, but an escalation of Washington's objectives as well. What ostensibly began as a military commitment in the early sixties to help the South Vietnamese quash a guerrilla insurrection in their midst became an operation to secure the permanence and stability of a particular South Vietnamese regime.

When we ceased "advising" and started fighting in Vietnam, the objective was simply to help the demoralized South Vietnamese prevent the Vietcong from cutting the country in two in the northern highlands and to threaten with a foretaste of our military weight by bombing. In order to bomb, however, we had to protect the airfields; and such was the first tactical mission of the ground forces. It was then, we must remember, the general view of our military and civilian leaders that bombing would do the job and win the war. Westmoreland's skepticism about the effectiveness of pure air power—which his detractors would say stemmed from his being a ground-forces man—was carried into the debates about the usefulness of bombing the North for at least a year after that gigantic effort began. Whatever its motive, there is scarcely anyone, even in the military, who would now not concede that that skepticism was more than vindicated. And in the failure of our air war, and the subsequent escalation of our ground forces, the other side escalated as well. Thus Vietnam became in large part a conventional war, with some "main-force" actions engaging units of divisional size on both sides. It is for the very conventionality of his tactics in this war, and the use, for instance, of such futile measurements of success as "pacification" and "kill ratios," that Westmoreland has been most severely criticized. In some of his own speeches he used "attrition" to characterize his

operation, thereby resurrecting a term of useless slaughters of the first world war decades discredited. Despite these criticisms, however, both Westmoreland's policies and tactics probably constituted a far truer reflection of intentions in the war than most of the euphoric ones his critics found more acceptable. "Attrition," credited or not, was probably the most realistic word. We *were* trying to grind down the enemy, to weaken his will to resist, meanwhile dangling the remote carrot of negotiations (on our terms) as the way to end it. Westmoreland in all his conventionality never ceased being realistic, particularly really, about what he was doing and its likely outcome. Unlike so many of his civilian critics, he was a slow man with predictions of a quick end to the fighting. Under intense pressure to join the yea-sayers, nevertheless it was more than two years after American troops were committed that he agreed to slake them a bit with the cautious word that it was possible to imagine the start of American troop withdrawals two years later, in 1969, if other things remained relatively equal and if the buildup of ARVN went to the forecast.

This realistic sense of the problems confronted as COMUSMACV extended to the United States as well. Political sensibility is not something that receives any very fine honing in a successful military career. Yet there is a sense in which he was to be instinctively better aware of the dramatic implications of the war than the old politician who was his Commander in Chief. It was his insistence, at his insistence that Vietnam was a one-year stint. Westmoreland went to Vietnam with one extraordinary gap in his information: he simply did not know, he says, that college students had an automatic draft exemption, that he was only in Saigon that he learned he was fighting with an Army made up of professionals on the one hand and the poor or deprived on the other. In 1965, he suggested, conscious of the importance to the prosecution of the war, that the American public be educated to the magnitude of the task its government was undertaking. It will among many other things one day have decided whether Lyndon Johnson was noble or glib in his refusal, as he put it, "to whoop it up." In any case, Washington's repeated promises of quick success only succeeded finally in undermining what was at best a very shaky engagement of the national lives, fortune, and sacredness in the future of Vietnam. Westmoreland stood beforehand—what Johnson only learned of his great pain in 1968—that a patient and optimistic spirit in the American people would be dispensable to such a large undertaking. Westmoreland thus now judges the political manager of the society he is entrusted to defend with arms and is going to fight a difficult and complex war "cheap." He would not say that this time the country had even distinguished itself in the procurement of arms; he recalls the long delays in getting such essential equipment as M-16 rifles.

whatever had been Westmoreland's inhibitions about predicting victory, they seem to have faded after the shock of Tet in '68. His claims of terrible casualties we inflicted on the enemy that offensive constituted the basis for paralytic paralysis in Washington that Tet had finally brought great victory for us. From this grew yet a claim that it was now time for us to assume an aggressive posture: the enemy having built up his forces on a knockout attempt, we should do the same.

Westmoreland is particularly sensitive to the criticism against him on the score of the numbers of American troop commitments to Vietnam. John McVie denounced the position, first privately and then publicly, that Westmoreland would be given whatever he needed." From this it was assumed that the general was forever crying "more, more." The most notorious case of this came after the Tet offensive, when Clark Clifford's Pentagon aides went to the press the figure of 206,000 as the one demanded by the generals. He was exonerated from particular charge by no less an authority than Lyndon B. Johnson, who said in one of his famous interviews that "it was the President who initiated his request [for the 206,000]." In his defense, Westmoreland explains that he and Arthur H. Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, argued the figure on the basis of a series of lessons about the war and how to end it laid down by his superiors. In any case, he says the request was all highly qualified and in essence constituted a "demand" for more troops.

ALL MILITARY MEN WHO REACH high rank, Westmoreland has had to consider basic questions about the nature of war and the relation of the military to the society it is sworn to defend. These considerations are a function of leadership level; indoctrination is part of command. In Westmoreland's case, there is not the least question about his strict adherence to the American tradition of obedience to the civil authority. He said in a speech at Kansas State University in April 1969, and has repeated countless times, "We must meticulously avoid actions which challenge the doctrine of civilian supremacy. It must be remembered, however, that he was in high command in a period when substantial changes in military doctrine were taking place. The "retaliation" of the Eisenhower-Dulles era had been superseded by the concept of "flexible response" advocated by General Maxwell D. Taylor, Kennedy's favorite general and a sponsor of Westmoreland through most of his career. Even more changes than this were in the air. Kennedy was in line with the idea of counterinsurgency as a substitute for direct big-power confrontation, and counterinsurgency is a policy which presupposes a very new kind of tough, politically sophisticated military leadership. Thus our failures in Vietnam call something more into question than the wisdom of our policy with respect to that par-

ticular country. They call into question—especially for the military, and most especially for Westmoreland himself—the very nature of an effective posture for the United States.

Now all military thinkers tend to find their bearings in relation to Clausewitz, and Westmoreland is no exception. To the Honolulu Press Club in 1966 he said that while it was true, as the German philosopher of all-out war said, that war is an extension of politics, it is also true that politics is an extension of war (by which he meant to describe the role of Hanoi in the insurgency of the Vietcong). That other famous dictum about the nature of war, Clemenceau's, to the effect that war is too important to be left to the generals, brings from him the response that "it is also too technical to be left exclusively to the statesmen." Here he is thinking of LBJ's personally selecting the targets for bombing in North Vietnam and the Pentagon's overruling his own request to bomb the Russian SAM sites when they first appeared. That mistake—if such it was: in his view it was—resulted from the classic error of basing an action on an estimate of the enemy's intentions instead of his capabilities. In the case of the SAMs, Assistant Defense Secretary McNaughton thought the Russians would simply emplace the anti-aircraft missiles and not use them, as they did.

What will become of Westmoreland when he has finished his two more years as Army Chief of Staff and is only fifty-eight years old? He is energetic, he is fascinated by the corporate world, and he is very much management-minded. It is hard to imagine Westmoreland puttering around home in a sports shirt near one of those Army posts where retired officers gather and reminisce. It would seem that he could contribute something to some enterprise—far more than General MacArthur did, say, to Sperry Rand with that famous combination of reputation and rhetoric. He has also received certain political overtures, both state (South Carolina) and national ("Win with Westy"), but now he calls them "absurd."

A famous political figure and war leader said about his generals even before he had a chance to use them that they were "blind to the new, the surprising things," and "imprisoned in the coils of their technical knowledge." (That was Hitler, in 1932.) Then there is the devastating remark Liddell Hart made about Clausewitz: he "reduced the art of war to the mechanics of mass slaughter." We did lose the war, and it *was* a slaughter, and yet it is impossible to believe that our own statesmen and military historians of the future can fit Westmoreland quite so neatly or so epigrammatically into their summations of Vietnam.

Perhaps the days of the great captains are over. The technology of the super-arms and the pervasiveness of political and social considerations in the use of force have made it that way. And so Westmoreland may at last be judged as just one of the technicians who had a part in the failure of a whole national policy, and not as the general who led in the first war the United States "lost."

"... he learned he would be fighting with an Army made up of professionals on the one hand and the poor or deprived on the other."

*Every authentic work is conceived in a sacred moment,
created in a blessed one....The painter must present not
only what he sees before him, but what he sees within.*

*Otherwise his pictures will resemble screens behind which
may be found only invalids or even corpses.*

Caspar David Friedrich



EISDEFELSEN AUF RÜGEN
Caspar David Friedrich (1744-1840)

THE CHALK CLIFFS OF RÜGEN

Richard Howard

is the largest Prussian island.
 which we have spent the day:
 and Walther, and of course Franz.
 are ferry connections at Bug.
 could we desire to return.
 inz across the Baltic, were it
 tune to extend an outing
 o a real excursion.
 stronghold of Germanic tribes
 (Lugii), fell to the Slavs or Scyths
 old, and as recently
 immer, when our Grand Duke came here
 e first Goethe-Jubiläum
 ck-nick and Recitation.
 ronzes would wash up the tide-strewn shore.
 the disheveled seaweed dyes the sea.
 its indeed," Walther explained.
 of a horse-culture which carved
 idles with combat-signs." To which
 Duke replied that the place
 er like Paestum without the temples.
 ach as passive as any stone
 ired to wine libations.
 such beauties imparted to it
 enity and an elegance
 dly to be found elsewhere.
 reover jealous of his spiritual
 ments, as of his spiritual
 erties, muttered he found
 itants here but time, ever
 ishing in silence. The phrase,
 e recalls, is Marmontel's.
 r, Walther, a true lawyer, resumed.
 llustrating the obvious.
 plaining the evident.
 Grand Duke generally uttered
 re than "Ha," his convenient
 pensive expression, or
 as if laughter could kill and he knew it.
 ng of an enemy. Whereas
 anz—three days out of the week
 absurd, three days mediocre.
 ne day sublime. So much for that.
 e are not at Bug now, but above
 cliffs at Putbus: before us lie
 ured spaces of the sea, fields
 light without a focus.
 onceive our enchantment, you must
 ne to yourself how a pearl
 ight appear in a burning-glass . . .
 he Hiddensee, as it is called.
 ling beyond the turreted V
 chalk cliffs plunging from high
 to far below. Already, Franz
 es at having this time reached
 perch without the Grand Duke.
 aison with Frau Korn, he grumbles.
 more than a macabre copy
 Lord Byron's career but
 d with one woman, on a less grand
 and in slower motion. One
 ng about Franz, evident
 nds, bare-headed, staring out to sea:
 gan of Destructiveness is large.
 Combative Lobe pronounced.

Ottillie clings to an alder-stump, pointing
 down to where the orifice widens
 in thunders of white silence
 against the singing sea. Franz had begged her
 to accept the cloth—a red casheen—
 for her new riding-habit
 (Scarpelain swore it was the true Parisian
gorge de pigeon so fashionable
 this season), but now the brute
 will not so much as deign to glance across
 the gully to where she sits, merely
 folding his arms and squinting
 against the sun. "Little islands are all
 large prisons," he announces, and when
 Ottillie pouts and assumes
 (one lovelock carefully loosened) what she calls
 a Récamier attitude, Franz inveighs
 against David: "Loathsome work—
 he seems to have formed his mind from three sources—
 the scaffold, the sick-room, the brothel—
 it is all so laborious."
 he declares, "so tasteless—"—"but plausible."
 Walther puts in, "his foliage being
 of the Single Leaf, and that
 chiefly laurel, grape and bell-vine." "Devil
 take ten-thousand of them!" Franz will have
 nothing neo-classic: "Let us hear
 earth's voices as they are, and the water's
 lovely dishabille—I would see that!"
 Ottillie shifts her pose, and
 staring past the white ramparts to the sea,
 calmly remarks, "I shall live always
 —that is for me: I am living
 here, at Rügen, eighteen-hundred twenty
 —that is for you. All is given us.
 Herr Fuessli says, and we have
 nothing to ask for." Walther is kneeling
 now, at the brink, parting the grass-stems:
 who can tell if he follows
 Ottillie's finger down where the cliffs fall,
 weightless, to the surf, or merely hunts
 for more relics in the turf?
 Why has he cast away his hat and stick?
 For answer he merely murmurs on
 in that absent drone of his.
 "It is no naïve illusion which makes men,
 and you too, my dear, seek eternal
 life. A limited future
 makes our past unbearable. Nothing consoles,
 for nothing replaces . . ."
 There are two boats
 on the Hiddensee. The sun,
 hewing the cliffs, is mighty now. Perhaps
 we have discovered what their shape, sharp
 against the water beyond,
 reminds us of: it is a womb, a birth,
 a spanning of the earth no longer
 just a grave, delivering
 Ottillie splayed against her alder-stump,
 and Walther sprawled at the verge, and Franz
 under his birch. So we are
 born, each alone, in chaos while that waiting
 silence glows.
 And you will never know
 which of us has told you this.

Richard Howard won the Pulitzer Prize this spring for *Untitled Subjects*, his third volume of poems. It was published by Atheneum. He is also a critic and the translator of many French writers. Born in Cleveland, he studied at Columbia and the Sorbonne.

ON JORDAN'S BANKS

An American Innocent in the Middle East. Part II

*On Jordan's stormy
banks I stand,
and cast a wishful eye*

*To Canaan's fair
and happy land, where
my possessions lie. . .*

*—Old Southern
Protestant hymn*

NOW, ON THE MEAGER MOUNTAIN ROAD from the airport into Amman, he passed through a countryside which had the oddly vacant and forsaken look of a no-man's-land—empty Biblical hills with rubbled traces of tidy stone walls, high ridges ragged with rocks across which dandelions were blowing in a chill afternoon wind. There was only a solitary Bedouin tent here and there like a bat's wing, patched together with fluttering scraps close to the flank of a hill, and an occasional herdsman or two following the slow rippling of his goats down some steep nibbled slope. Entering Amman, he found it no more than a small mountain town of biscuit-colored stone, constructed low to the hill-sides under dwarfish evergreens. After the sweltering impact of Egypt's cities, he felt curiously refreshed: there was something immediately comfortable and reassuring about arriving in a small sovereignty, moving among authorities and enclosures and spaces designed on a more demure scale, tailored to easy human reach.

But he soon became aware of a dark presence everywhere around him—a whole dislodged and tattered people who had been encamped in this windblown country for over twenty years. At nightfall, he sat on a balcony overlooking a cramped back street with two Palestinians, both of whom had flourished respectably in Jordan, one of them a television newscaster and the other a professor of political science at Amman's university. Suddenly the professor lunged up, loomed over the American, a dim heavy shape with his arms shaking against the stars: "Yes, and I will tell you something, my friend. The Americans think we will just go away, we are of no real concern. Well, let the Americans think whatever they want and do whatever they want—it makes absolutely no difference to the situation. Because the Zionists, those murderers over there, will be gone someday. I promise you this, my dear fellow—if I fail, if my children fail, if my grandchildren fail, my *great-grandchildren* will drive them out of that land. . . ."

Being a Southerner, he was not unacquainted himself with the dark glammers of irreconcilability. His own land had long had a talent for it. He knew, for instance, of certain shabby little settlements in several wild corners of Brazil which were founded over a century ago by expatriate Southern families who, out of a simple blank refusal to accept the machinations of history, fled the South with their slaves after Appomattox. Now, after one hundred years, there remain in these settlements

semblances of that old doomed order—shepherds, Sir Walter Scott under the old flags and bayonets, preaching and fried chicken every Sunday, even a slow languid drawl in speech. But even a few years there were deviations in breeding, both among the descendants of the slaves and the surrendered natives, and also, perhaps as a defense against the pressures among close relatives, and the communities, for the most part have dwindled away into a few old ladies and vague old men—prisoners of war, were, of their ancestors' indomitable intransigence. This same profound incapacity to accede to change had also endured in the land those few families had left, had continued to haunt its streets with a mien and regalia of elegiac romance. In truth, he was no stranger to the mood. But what he discovered in Jordan was an irreconcilability of a different sort. A sheer unflagging integrity left him with persistent aversions to all romances of aggrievement. Moreover, the speculation was beginning to gain ground in the United States that the expiation and atonement for one monstrous two-thousand-year crime might have been purchased, quietly, at the price of another. Whatever, he found before him people living a life which was itself the very epitome of a mortal refusal to forget and to relin-

HE HAD SEEN THE FIRST ONE as he was walking in at the Jordan Intercontinental Hotel. He was a youth with an undernourished toothy grin, like that portrait of Billy the Kid lounging with a calm murderousness in an old faded daguer-type—strolling across the lobby in the camouflage suit of the fedayeen with a bandolier and a Makarov submachine gun slung over his shoulder. His head wrapped bandit-like in a *hatta*: a scorching figure who looked as if he had just casually wandered out of some violent inferno, whose quiet incidental appearance in the lobby caused no more than a few idle glances from the waiters behind the glass wall of the bar.

Finally, on a blowing dusty afternoon, he was taken by Al Fatah—the Establishment organization among the Palestinian commandos—to a refugee camp a few miles outside Amman, he was escorted by a Fatah escort riding in a panel truck driven by a wolfish and withdrawn youth with a neglected beard on his cheeks, a submachine gun on his seat beside him as he furiously geared the truck through Amman, on out into wide battered streets, the wind hauling out of the bright immense

THE AMERICAN IN THE MIDDLE EAST
BY MARSHALL FRADY
Illustrations by
JAMES H. HAMILTON
New York: Basic Books, Inc.,
1971. Pp. 256. \$12.95.
Press in 1971.

of the afternoon, with scraps of paper skidding pinwheeling across the road. Presently before him an entire valley of tents and tin no larger than chicken coops numberless into distance, with a Palestinian flag, one single color, flickering from a hut on a hill. Stopped at this hut, they got out of the truck into gales of dust, and proceeded down a slope to the camp, past grassless dirt lanes where children in white rubber rainboots were playing with weeds in motor-oil cans, a few women—some of them heavily pregnant—trudging to the drums wrapped like mummies against the heat. At last came in crazy scurries around corners, washing lashed and plunged from string and there was the sound here and there of a thin inextinguishable crying under the mind-popping of a tent side, tinny music dreaming from a radio playing somewhere in waning sunlight. It somehow evoked an Oklahoma town from that pause between America's world wars. Most of those in this camp, his informant informed him, had been country people, farmers suddenly translated from their fields to shacks on the other side of the Jordan into a hell of shadeless dust and rags and tinny music, and he noticed beside some of the shacks small plots of onions and tomatoes—his guide, pointing toward them, smiled, "You see? They still remember the land. . . ."

He reached at last a cement hut atop a hill on the other side of the camp, where he found five Palestinian men, their weathered faces swathed in white, sitting quietly in a circle just inside the door. On the floor behind them, a youth was sitting, cleaning a blanket the disassembled parts of a Kalashnikov with rags and kerosene from a broken cocktail. One of them—an older man who was whittling a walking stick with both hands between his knees—told the American, "I had in Jericho a small shop, a coffee shop. When the fighting is starting in '67, I leave for Jordan. Then, after some many months, I come back to my house in Jericho and I am captured and put in prison by the Israelis. 'Why did you come back from Amman?' they ask me, and I say, 'What do you mean? This is my home. Why did I not come back to my home?' So they say, 'This is not your home now. This all belong to the Israelis. They keep me in prison three, four months, on hunger strike, you know. So they release me. They take me to the bridge, and when I cross, you know, start across, they kick me—first with the boot, kick me, and say, 'Stay, now. Never go back across again.''" One hand released the stick to gesture, the palm glimmering with sweat, his voice was hoarse and urgent: "You ask me—the hostilities we feel now, they cannot be described. Look out there, what do you see? What the Palestinians do, to merit this punishment? What crime did we commit to be treated like this?"

There was a silence. Outside in the bleak flare of the afternoon, the wind was still barging dustily,

buffeting against the boarded windows of the room. Another man sitting beside the doorway abruptly swung his long houndlike face toward the American: "We know that America is using Israel as a base for the protection of the American interests, we realize the real enemy of the Arab people is America. This is made clear to us every day when we see the American tanks and Phantoms hitting our people, killing our children. We know that without the help of America, we would not be in this camp now, none of this would have happened to us. We would still be back in our lands and our homes. So now, every difficulty of our life, each day here reminds us of America. The bad weather comes, that is America. Wind blows the dust in our faces, that is America. We are cold in the winter, there is mud everywhere, our children cry around us—we think again upon America. All this—" he flourished his cap toward the door, "—America. No, we do not forget America. We remember her every day. . . ."

Several days later he went with the Fatah guide to another camp, to a kind of makeshift tabernacle where a political revival meeting was under way. A ragged crowd was gathered outside in the bare yard, listening to a high thin strumming voice which, he saw when he finally managed to get a glimpse inside, came from a taut reedy young man standing in a sweltering room filled with men sitting cross-legged on the floor: "Before 1967, we were waiting for others to deliver us. But now, we know we must deliver ourselves. We have taken it into our own hands. The way of Islam says, 'Never rely on others for your own hopes. The way of Islam is self-dependence. For we must separate between the Western and the Eastern Arab countries. Since the Zionists, the Arab people have always been divided. The Western world has continuously worked against the people of Muh-hamm-mut—" the name was uttered in a kind of long broken moan. "—but it was in Muh-hamm-mut! that the Arab peoples created a great empire. We were masters then, while now we are slaves and servants. But, brethren, we are still the children of Muh-hamm-mut! The way is clear. It is armed struggle for the liberation of our Palestine. The time is coming, brethren. The time is near. . . ."

As the voice rang on like the dronings of a tuning fork in the hot afternoon, the American, standing outside with the crowd in a hum of flies, writing in the damp pages of his notebook while his guide translated for him in a low mumble, became aware he was covered with a chill film of sweat. He looked up into the stares from the men in the yard. *My God*, he thought, *do I look that strange? Could it be I'm about to faint?* Stuffing his notebook back in his hip pocket, he motioned to his guide, and they walked back down the hill to the car. Tumbling into the back seat and clapping the door shut and then leaning back, he realized he was panting, his heart hammering with a furious lightness. As they drove away, the voice from the shed rang on in the afternoon, toneless, ecstatic, continuous, fading and faint and then gone.

"... trying to find any geopolitical morality through the perspective of history here is like gazing down an interminable hall of mirrors."

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LET US SAY YOU HAVE BEEN LIVING in a house," a Fatah officer told him several days later, "and you decide to allow this family which has no place to stay to live in one of your rooms. Soon you discover they have moved in more members of their family, they have taken over two more of your rooms. All of a sudden you find it has been arranged, by powerful parties outside your neighborhood, that they will take over your entire house, and so you are evicted and simply told to find a place elsewhere, you must board with your neighbors so this family can have your house. Afterward, people come by the house and say, 'Why, look how beautiful the lawn is kept,' and they go inside and tell each other, 'Why, look at these lovely paintings on the wall—what a pleasant place they have made of this house.' But what they forget is that the gardens and the paintings are not the central issue about this house. The central and relevant issue is: whose house is it?"

Actually, in this dispute over the legitimate tenants of Palestine, it is frequently maintained, not only by Israelis but by other political academicians, that there are no true native Palestinian folk, that most Palestinians are descended from fathers and grandfathers who arrived in the land around the turn of the century when the first Zionist settlements began to be answered by deliberate counter-migrations from Syria, Iraq, Lebanon. But trying to trace any single thread of legitimacy back through the caverns of this region's chronology, trying to find any geopolitical morality through the perspective of history here is like gazing down an interminable hall of mirrors; even those days in 1948, of Israel's annunciation and the flight of the Palestinians, amount, finally, to a blind welter of mutual provocation and intimidation in which morality becomes finally mute.

For any proper historical answer, one would have to grope on back through the centuries all the way to the last ultimate question: where are the Canaanites? Across the plains of this worn and oldest earth, ever since Sumer and Abraham, warfares and momentary imperial splendors have gusted like tides of locusts; the first guttering candles of history—mosaics excavated from the royal cemeteries of Ur, the 4,700-year-old stele of Naram-Sin, King of Akkad—find men already rapidly engaged here in a fitful grappling for each other's lands: Amalekites, Amorites, Hittites, Assyrians, Babylonians, Philistines, Persians blundering after each other with periodic expeditions by Egypt, empires trampling back and forth in a compulsive bloody enterprise of appropriation and dispossession, and undistracted by any U. N. resolutions, any global attentiveness or conscience, any restraints or constrictions exerted by the abstract interests of two remote and massive powers. (Something touchingly innocent, some provincial joy and affection he silently celebrated as he listened one evening to an American professor—a gawky figure with a boyish sun-pinked face—carefully resolving the whole difficulty of Palestine with a glad wholesome earnestness, constructing in a hotel-roof res-

taurant high over Jordan's ancient earth of un-berless unremembered battles, a sensible structure of reason with a Midwestern architect's decency and goodwill.)

But however dubious the historical certification in effect Palestine does exist now. An Israeli intellectual was to muse some weeks later in Tel Aviv: "It's quite likely, of course, that we ourselves began with 1948, then in 1956, but certainly with 1967—we ourselves, Israel, created them authentically as a nation." One Jordanian government minister acknowledged, "It's always been considered, all over the Arab world, that no one is more like the Jews than the Palestinians, certainly in the Arab world, they're closest to the Jews in terms of business enterprise, ambition for their children, competitiveness. It may be so because they have lived in such close conjunction with them, but the feeling of many Arabs has been that the Palestinians are more like the Jews than they are the Arabs; they are even called sometimes the Arab Jews."

For Israel, probably the gravest complication of the 1967 victory was the new implacability introduced among the Palestinians themselves. A Palestinian girl married to a Jordanian doctor studying in Atlanta told the American there one afternoon before he left, "Those days before the June 7th, you know, we would hear on the radio about the Arab armies massing, it was the maximum, it was down and everything would be over within a few days. I was a student then in Lebanon—she reminisced in a soft voice, a delicate smile on her face, "—and after classes, my friends and I would gather around a radio listening to the announcements, and we would tell each other, 'Look, Israel. What are we going to be able to do with them afterward? How will we take care of them all?' That's true—for all our lives, we'd never really had the feeling of belonging anywhere, but now when it seemed for the first time ever we were actually close, finally so close to returning to our land, having a home again, all we talked about was how we would care for the Jews, making these plans about taking in different Jewish families. I remember we felt so *sorry* for them, listening to the radio in our rooms those afternoons one girl even began crying once. And even the second day of the war, the third day, we still had no idea. Then suddenly Israel was on the radio, Canal, Nasser was resigning. . . . After that day ever since, you know, there has been a different feeling. I mean, just no one cares what happens to them anymore, whatever it may have to be, whether they are all driven into the sea or not. It is a strange thing, I know, to feel this way, but we cannot help it."

But as a political fact, Palestine still remains a kind of violent abeyance, diffused thinly throughout Israel, more thickly and indigestibly in the occupied territories like Gaza, but most conspicuously in Jordan in the form of a bewildering array of military and political cadres—a relic of the reorganization of the Middle East after World War



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IT'S SOME BACKYARD

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with a name that could have been lifted out of a Biblical fairy tale: The Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. More or less a political abstraction scantily populated by nomads and ruled over by a royal house from Saudi Arabia, there is still a certain spiffy British look to its bantam military, and to its Sandhurst-educated sovereign, King Hussein (one Israeli editor later said, "Such a proper little Englishman, he is"), a tidy diminutive figure, precise and exquisitely polite, with meltingly amiable eyes and a thin boyish neck which gives him a peculiarly vulnerable look. As if to compensate for the political dubiousness of his state, the American found everywhere in Amman pictures of him smiling hospitably in an endless variety of royal and military uniforms—until finally the American got the impression that Hussein's principal exercise of authority consisted of posing for official portraits. But there seemed about this sovereign something of the uneasy air of a captive host—a decent beleaguered little prince who as a boy saw his grandfather, a moderate and placable realist regarding Israel, assassinated with a knife by a Palestinian as the two of them were praying in a mosque, and who was living now in the uncertainty of whether his kingdom existed only at the sufferance of these same refugees it is harboring.

Indeed, the American moved in Jordan through indefinite cross-eddyings of separate authorities: both Palestinian and Royal Jordanian roadblocks, dual clearances from both government ministries and guerrilla offices. The result was a sense in this country of some curious political irresolution, a lack of any final political validity and substance. He came across what seemed lapses of concentration: one evening in the restaurant atop the Jordan Intercontinental, he paused with his fork in midair as he heard the dinner-hour combo begin the theme from *Exodus*, and abruptly paused again with half-lifted glass as they began playing a Jewish wedding march.

"The truth is," one Jordanian professor declared, "there is no government in this country." And in this limbo of authority, the American found himself in the midst of a casual flourishing of weapons along sidewalks, at hotel luncheon counters, in cabs, that gave Amman rather the look of some Western frontier town like Tombstone, Arizona, or Virginia City before the arrival of marshals and judges. After a while, he discovered he was growing accustomed to their simple adjacency—his elbow bumping a submachine-gun barrel, a muzzle pointing from the front seat of a car directly at the back of Trues in his shirt pocket.

FINALLY, THOUGH, IT SEEMED THEY WERE the orphans of the Arab world, suspended not only in an alienation inside Jordan, but in a certain estrangement from the whole Arab community and ethos. "I would have to say," one Palestinian leader said, "that the celebrated classic Arab intoxication with God simply isn't relevant to this new generation of Palestinians. This struggle could never

become a holy war for them—it's larger than that." Indeed, with the Palestinian intellectuals—doctors, attorneys, professors—who suddenly materialized from far points after the 1967 war to give the movement a political articulation, it was to aspire more to some new Algeria or Spain, with the special complication of having to be governed by a remote control outside the land. Lack of an elementary physical stage-drop, it suggested, that a labor something like an abstract play with actors alone feverishly conjuring life out of a spot of darkness surrounded by darkness. Anyway, the idea of Palestine now, it was pointed out, was a potential one: it was an existential nation.

Visiting in Amman, he asked a Fatah spokesman one evening if, in the end, his vision of "liberated homeland with a democratic Palestinian society where all will live in equal participation" did not mean the inevitability of an awesome "flow of blood, and he was answered by an expression of mild wistfulness. The official had been a professor of political science in London who had taken the name of Abu Omar when he joined Fatah—a Jewish young man with a certain clean-shaven, antiseptic look, horn-rim glasses, and flat-top hair: "Yes, of course, there will have to be a great deal of blood, very much blood, I'm afraid. But you must understand, it's not as though we have suddenly impatiently reverted to armed struggle. We waited for twenty years, you know. I just hope that there is simply nothing left for it now but blood." He seemed to maintain a vegetarian's of relentless abstentiousness, pleasantly declining another journalist's invitation for a drink with a light smile: "If you wish me to talk further about these matters—but for just a social chat, to me, I do thank you, but I'm afraid we are not going to take time out for such things. . . ."

About his own life before 1967, Omar shrugged. "My personal life is not important. One sacrifices private life now, no private self. It is a price we have to pay. You subdue the individual to the common struggle, and what you find is that, in submitting yourself to the common struggle, you actually enhance yourself, you are enlarged, you are reborn. Is there not a passage in your New Testament?—'Whosoever would save his life shall lose it, but whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.' That is the way it is with all of us. In deed, it seemed they had all consigned themselves to a scrupulously cultivated anonymity, in losing their only identity again—their only resurrection—lay in death. "In our movement now," a Fatah spokesman told him in a tense and reverent, worshipful murmur, "the only men who are photographed, the only ones who are spoken of, are the dead ones: the martyrs"—pronounced with a word like a soft fondling, "mar-tears." It was actually as if they were all engaged in some romance of death, dwelling dreamily in the near imminence of that final exalting event.

Finally, though, the American suspected a mystique which provided the only meaning for their lives: having existed pointlessly in cam-

urs, at the least it was something—mo-
on, exertion, however desperate—to live
s, in fact, life. In one bare fallow little
talked with a group of “militia girls”
been assembled for him by his Fatah
of them teen-agers engaged in guerrilla
ho had not seen their parents since 1967,
w in a circle of chairs before him like a
of Campfire Girls, a bit fluttery at first
avy soldiers’ uniforms, their faces fresh
t with, already, the dark lavish eyes of
en. One profession of faith, gravely of-
a somewhat hefty and grim-lipped girl,
turned out in translation, rather less than
“I found in the movement the opportu-
rid of the tensions I lived in, for I was
very conservative circumstances. My par-
l not even let me go out of the house. Now,
nent has become the first step to a new
life.”

they continued explaining their commit-
in a unanimous manner of unrelenting
earnestness, the session began to assume
of the quality of a Pentecostal youth-re-
monial meeting. Each of their declara-
interpreted by his Fatah guide in a quiet
at his elbow, as if he were not so much
g them as actually secretly describing
he says that she differentiates between her
ad her enemies by the weapons that are
st her people, that she saw three brothers
napalm from Phantoms. The Zionists use
ican weapons while her people use the
weapons, and her right and her hope of
is like the sun: it rises in the East,” while
ed toward him with a flushing urgency
damp boiled glare of the light bulb, vi-
ir faces almost imploring, but removed
at one lapsed gap of the translation be-
n, their thin intent voices uttering unintel-
inds, sibilances, warblings: “She says that
e has been spent in a camp, ever since
l the Arabs would always say, ‘Look at
agees, how they are living,’ so that her
nd self-respect were damaged, she faced
any questions about herself. When she
ld, there was no one to take care of her,
direct her, and her life was without pur-
now with the movement there have come
o can direct her life and emotions, and
er knowledge. She has found her place.
eneration was confused, but the new gen-
nows the way is paved now, all things are
hem and they are organized. The change
much in more personal freedoms, but in
ce and commitment to the revolution, so
is growing up knowing her role and her
e is feeling the same now with the Viet-
the Black Panthers, and Che Guevara and
tung, who led China from a very lazy

in and wispy child who seemed to huddle
ide the bulky wrappings of her guerrilla
small feet just brushing the floor, told the

Fatah translator in a barely audible voice, “She is
waiting for the chance now to give herself com-
pletely to the revolution as a full commando, so
that she may actively fight. It is all she is living for
now, for that time. Her heroes, the people she be-
lieves in, are the mar-tears of our struggle.” And he
gazed, vaguely incredulous at their softly blooming
faces as the translator muttered on at his elbow,
“. . . she wants to be like those mar-tears who have
exploded themselves with enemy tanks, those who
can overcome anything and who put barbed wire
around themselves—” and suddenly he realized
they were all like young nuns, novitiates, plucked
in the first unconscious blurring luster of life into
a fierce and amorous piety, a discipline whose dry
irrelevancies were all their entranced tongues
knew: only, they were not unravished brides of
God; they were in love with death—“She says she
most admires the Arabic woman who once lost
three sons in a battle, and who received the news
of their deaths, not with sadness and despair, but
with happiness and rejoicing, as if she had re-
ceived news of their weddings. . . .”

He spent one morning at a school on the out-
skirts of Amman maintained by Fatah for the
daughters of commandos slain in operations against
Israel, and managed by a brisk pleasant dumpling
of a woman with hair drawn back in a bun. She
explained, “After a fighter is killed in battle, right
away we visit his family. At first, of course, some
of them cannot accept giving up their girls to the
revolution, they think it means they will lose them
forever, but we explain to them that families visit
the girls twice a month, and they are allowed to
spend three weeks together every summer in the
camps.” Strolling along the school’s drab corri-
dors, with scrubbed linoleum floors and chill radi-
ators set against gray walls, she continued, “We
have schoolwork from seven-thirty in the morning
until one in the afternoon, with exercises and mili-
tary drills after lunch. Three times a week there
are Hebrew lessons. We must know their language
for the future. We are in need of a strong new gen-
eration to accomplish the liberation of Palestine.
and we are preparing them for that long effort,
and for the return home.”

In the prefab school sheds outside, he found an
English classroom whose plyboard walls were dec-
orated with pictures scissored from American fash-
ion magazines: one sentence, “This is Mummy,”
illustrated by what looked like a Clairol shampoo
ad—a glad young blond creature, with a com-
mercial prettiness, laughing and swinging her hair like
a waxen American angel in a golden ambience:
“I am a Man,” illustrated by a bronzed skier lean-
ing forward with a grin in the crystal sunshine of
some snowy Alpine slopes. Showing the modest
rooms of the dormitory building—with scatterings
of dolls over simple bunks fashioned from gray
pipe, and military uniforms hanging alongside
small frocks in the closets—the head mistress
pointed out: “We call all the rooms after cities and
towns in Palestine, you notice. We keep them al-
ways in touch with the revolution—we remind

“The truth is,”
one Jordanian
professor
declared,
“there is no
government in
this country.”

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them, 'What town once again did your family come from in Palestine? And your father—in what battle, now, did he die?' We tell them that our people were living in Palestine in peace with the Jews, we were all friends until the Zionists began coming to establish a state which would spread from the Euphrates to the Nile, and the British and other imperialist countries helped them do this. It is very hard for them, of course, to remember the difference between the Jews and the Zionists," and she paused now in the hall to note, "It seems hard for children to understand distinctions. My own daughter was only two years old when the June War broke out in 1967—we were living in Nablus, which was then in Jordan, and with all the shooting and exploding, the bombs, she was clinging to me all the time, she never wanted to leave the house, and whenever we had to go into the streets she wanted me to hold her all the time, she would keep her face buried in my shoulder everywhere we went, until we were back in our house again. Then we came to Jordan, and the first time she saw some Jordanian soldiers on the street, she came running to me crying. I tried to tell her, 'No, no—those are Arabs, these are our people, you must not be afraid of them,' but she couldn't be comforted—'They are the same ones we saw in Nablus,' she kept saying, 'They are the same ones. They are here, too. . . .'"

He lingered in the doorway of one room where, on a lower bunk by an open window, he saw the slight nestled form of a small girl sleeping—a child not more than two years old, fashioned, it seemed, out of an old Victorian sentimentality, with Botticellian curls which damply fligreed cheeks touched with the palest stain of strawberry wisps of hair brushed back from one fragile ear, a light blanket pulled up around her shoulders and one small plump hand curled with a soft delicacy beside her slightly parted lips. "Her father was killed in the June War, before she was born," the headmistress whispered. "There was no one to look after her, so we took her in. Her mother remarried someone in the camp here, a difficult man who did not like having this child of the other man with them—a very sad, very unfortunate situation." Outside the open window by her bed, from the courtyard between the corrugated-tin classrooms, there was the quiet steady thumping of a volleyball, a light glittering of voices in the morning, where the other older girls were playing in gray pinstriped jumpers around a flower bed of yellow daisies and petunias with a small flagpole in the center from which there slowly coiled a Palestinian flag. Then, abruptly, someone began clanging a hand-bell, and the soft bright sounds of their play ceased in the morning air, there was a brief scuffling as they collected themselves in the gravel yard into the precise stenciled pattern of military ranks under the continuous imperious brisk clangor of the bell—but with that sudden brazen summons, the child on the bed stirred only briefly, vaguely, as if the morning breeze passing through the window over her cuddled still form had car-

ried to her some dim uneasy fleeting dream of some far furious telling reaching through the deep leagues of her quiet and sleep, momentary, faint, and not quite hear-

SHORTLY BEFORE HE LEFT JORDAN—on the anniversary of Israel's official inauguration of a state, twenty-two years now since those epileptic convulsions which had left these people littered refugees along the shores of surrounding countries—they gathered out of the camps into the street in Amman for a march down to the Greco-Roman amphitheater where a rally was to be held. When at last they began moving, it was like the slow terrific slippage of a landslide, a sudden issue of huge shouts up and down the street, formations—the streets filled with multitudes clapping, dull chants like Gregorian laments. This morning was accompanied this morning by another functionary, a somewhat famished-looking official with a dull yellow pallor like a nicotine stain and moist black eyes: "They are saying, their hands are shaking the gun," he reported with a grin, "only living their guns can they restore themselves. They are saying, our unity is through blood, we offer ourselves to the martyrs. . . ." They moved massed down the hill—formations of Lion Cubs, copper-hued boys in guerrilla uniforms, standing fiercely, bearing floral wreaths behind their backs, bristling with submachine guns. "This is our last chance, you see," his Fatah guide told him. "We have already had three chances—in 1948, '56, and '67. If we lose this chance, there will never be another one. This time, we either win, or we will keep going until there is nothing—it will be destroyed." It seemed to the American that there was something abandoned and berserk loose in the air. Stepping down from the corner into the crowd, he became aware that the Fatah guide was reaching for his hand—no doubt a simple unconscious solicitude—but he instantly, in some incountable contraction of dread, snatched his hand away from the touch.

At last the procession reached the amphitheater, entered it like a sudden rapid spreading suffusion of inky shadows across the antique blind of white stones in the sunlight—a lost begrimed burnt army abruptly arrived out of some holocaust under a violent swimming of flags, faces muffled by hattas, milling over the stumps of ruined columns, pedestals still dimly fluted and scrolled from a vanished age of forgotten poetries, pipings, Greek tragedies—Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Seneca—which were once enacted here as formal ceremonies translating the old chaotic fury of man's condition into a religious lyric music, when the Greek morning and Roman noontide of that age came to its final enormous twilight, that was left of those original sacramental tragedies was the simple savagery again, the brutal mental furies. And now, as if drawn by some instinct, some unarticulated memory back to the old site where those ancients gathered for sa-

bservances of grief and fury and death, continued swarming in as loudspeakers rang ically over the stones, the canyon of graven eats rising at a dizzy tilt up to a high ridge d with barbed wire against a fierce blue d sky, a crest prowled now by the dark s figures of guerrilla sentries in vigilant cus- appropriation of this old theater, this temple ir own ceremonies of anguish and ven- *But maybe the gods have just changed thought, maybe the engines of history and on have become the fates. . . .*

American suddenly found himself on the f the theater, moving through a glut of fedayeen chieftains, and then he realized stinian guide had finally fastened onto his tartled, it seemed to him for an astonished t that he was totally captured in that half- tal clasp, a grip like some sudden chill the beginning of some final assimilation; ly, gently, he tried to tug away, and finally quick wrench freed himself. The Palestinian back at him with a brief half-smile of puz- , and then merely motioned him on with a d of his head. . . .

when he got back to his hotel room, it to him he still felt on his hand a faint resi- m the Palestinian's grasp. He spent several at his bathroom sink, scrubbing his hands ap under the water from the faucet.

WAS TO BE CARRIED THE NEXT MORNING—his day in Jordan—to a fedayeen post in the or a guerrilla operation on the other side river, and that night as he sat in his hotel finally came to him that he might possibly d. It was the first time the notion had ever y entered his head. With some fascination, e elaborately explored this prospect, and th mild disbelief, he realized he actually n begun to take notes on this intimate un- now—he stared at the careful tidy tran- n in his notebook, and with a deep shiver notebook and pen across the room, into a ner. *What the hell am I really doing here, urs away from leaving for a Palestinian ndo raid? There's no need to do this thing.* as not even, this time, the personal invest- f urgent escape, self-melodrama, that back e was seventeen, his unrealized aborted ad- of joining Castro's mountain irregulars ave been. Now, thirteen years later, he was o enter at last a brief approximation of that erience, but this time it was as a journalist, h a detachment, a kind of amorality, that ly seemed to make the danger all the more e. In truth, he was probably indulging in y ponderous alarms: in all likelihood, the uld pass innocuously. But the day was not t, indeed seemed years distant, and he was ow in a suspension of timeless night an- with probabilities in which anything appen, thinking, *Maybe this is even when*

the day itself is decided, maybe each day's small destinies are conceived and fashioned in the chaos of night out of which it is born, thinking, Damn, is it worth it now? I've got to decide now if this thing is really worth it . . . even while the dismal queasiness, the suspicion began to gather that he had spent his life for so long in gestures, poses, imagination, artifice, abstract glammers and moral- ities, that he didn't know—he couldn't tell. He found himself, as it were, delivered into a crisis of abstractions and conceits, largely made up, he sus- pected, of Hemingway, Camus, Wolfe, the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, not to mention Faulkner, and the line of his, "Those who can, do, and those who cannot and suffer enough because they can't, write about it." Peculiarly enough he discovered himself grappling back through it all for the old sturdy anchoring definitions in the Scrip- tures, holding on for a moment to a passage from Jeremiah: "The heart is deceitful above all things . . . who can know it?" He did not want to go. He wanted to be home. But he gradually realized— with the lamp burning in the room with that faintly haloed glare of three o'clock in the morning—that he was captured in that trap of abstractions any- way. Because however artificial and histrionic the demand for this extension seemed in the desperate rationality of this hour, he also knew that in the hallucinations of his spirit again in the weeks that followed, he would not be able to bear not having done it, could not afford now not to go—perhaps, in the end, for the same reason that, engaged in that boyhood play called Making Leaps, crouched on one tree limb to jump to another he would always fin- ally sling himself on across that intervening space of emptiness which he had been contemplating for long moments with dusty mouth, walloping heart, and an exquisite revulsion. Indeed, as later, on into the next day, he would actually be blindly in- sisting to the young fedayeen leader that they drive on to the river even though Israeli planes were bombing the road, and then again when they reached the river insist urgently against all their cautions that he cross on over with them. Though now as he sat in the close unblinking glare of his lamp with its thin light hum of burning electricity filling the hushed room, sipping the last warm Scotch splashed into an iceless uncellophaned hotel glass, with a feeling of being filmed in some dingy moisture like the glistening gauze of a snail's pas- sage, he found he was simply yearning now for the first dim shadowing of gray light in the closed cur- tains of his balcony doors, for the plain dull peace- ful certainty of day when it would be beyond him at last, the calm inevitable machinery of circum- stances would begin and it might actually turn out that, having committed himself, now he would not have to go after all, they would say it was all off, he might actually be back here in his room in just a few hours getting into bed to finally sleep. com- pletely, dreamlessly.

But at seven o'clock, when he left his room and started down the hall, one of the Palestinian room attendants waiting by the elevator door grinned

"The reality of Palestine now was an existential one: it was an existential nation."

Marshall Frady
ON JORDAN'S
BANKS

and gave him a light startling wink, like a signal announcing an irrevocable judgment: "You go to Irbid today, eh? Be with the commandos? . . ."

THIS DRIVER, ABDULLAH, WAS WAITING for him in the lobby—a small crisp man, his shirt-sleeves always doubled back from his wrists, whose agate eyes twinkled with a chipper smile which glinted with two gold teeth under a patch of a moustache. He was himself a Palestinian whose family had owned farmlands and orchards around Jerusalem before 1967: "We had then food to eat from our fields," he had reminisced one afternoon driving back to the hotel. "We grew ourselves the vegetables and the fruit, but here now I have nothing—no land, no house that is mine, no cash in the bank, my wife is sue-ing all the clo-thes. I am sick, I work anyway. Yes, is true. Cash for everything here, yes—" he briefly scrubbed his fingertips together, "—even for the mints in the tea." But although two of his six sons were members of the Lion Cubs, Abdullah himself maintained a cheerful neutrality among the array of Palestinian commando groups in Amman. "I find out about them all first, listen to what each one have to say so then I am able to decide in my mind which one the best, yes?" His research, so far, had been under way for over three years. But now, on the way to the fedayeen office in Amman where they would get clearance to go on to Irbid, he mentioned hurriedly, almost in a vague embarrassment, "Is better you not cross with them, yes. From the bank, you see everything—true, yes, no need to cross." And the American wondered, *What has he sniffed? Damn, doesn't he trust this thing either?*

Then they were climbing the steep slopes north out of Amman—an abrupt breathtaking disclosure now, like a map rapidly unfolded before them, of high hills, vast windy spaces—while the car radio played Palestinian propaganda hymns ethereally sung by a children's chorus. At midmorning, they stopped for lemonade at Jeresh, sitting on the open porch of a café that overlooked a weedy field of Roman ruins, a monumental rubble of bleak stones in broomsage and muffling heat: everywhere in the Middle East, it seemed, this litter of prodigious past presences, and each time astonishing, that there was once such rapt enterprise and ambition in such heat. Then they reached a sweeping plateau of tawny fields under an immense sky, and finally he saw in the distance the faint thin clutter of a town: Irbid.

Reaching the outskirts, they turned off the road and pulled up at a meager concrete house, plopped down isolate and shadeless in the center of a mangy yard of oil-stained dirt scattered with rusting motor parts, axles, and mufflers, with several jeeps and small trucks parked about at peculiar tilts and slumps. Suddenly a fedayin stepped around a corner from the rear of the house, his submachine gun leveled at them—*Here? So quickly, trivially?*—and Abdullah with a casual alacrity opened the door and got out while simultaneously engaging

the fedayin in a barking exchange. The fedayin finally nodded, and lowered his submachine gun. They followed him around the back to a cement room, where more of them were gathered slouched low in their chairs, regarding the faces of Abdullah and the American with only incidental glances. An older man sitting behind one of the desks was describing with a grinning leer to the counter with Jordanian troops the night he had been talking to a woman among them whom the American had seen once before in the organization's office in Amman, she announcing to him that she was a Belgian journalist, a Trotskyite, and that her husband was a government minister back in Belgium. She was a gangling figure with a long drooping face, pale and tallow and chaste of manner, and large square teeth suggestive of a diet of turnips and radishes. Outfitted now in guerrilla garb with a canteen belt and heavy yellow boots, she listened, leaning slightly forward with a ludicrously alert expression on her face, as the fedayin told her, "They said to us we could not cross the border because there was shelling. This captain, he said, 'I do not care who you are, we are letting you go through.' In a very sharp voice, you know, he said, 'I have much authority. I said to him, 'Be more polite.' We will take your weapons as we did before. Be more polite.'" With this, the woman who drew her knees together with a peculiarly awkward feminine delicacy and slapped them with her flat hands: "Oh, but they are so *timid*. I can't believe it. What can you do with such an attitude? They will not *engage*. They are absolutely *useless*. . . ."

Abdullah had found himself a chair in a corner where he was leisurely chatting now, but when the fedayeen around him, the American began to feel he had simply been noticed and then listened, until Abdullah abruptly turned to him, showing the faces of the others in the room unanimously turning with his, regarding the American now with bemused gazes while Abdullah told him, "The Israeli planes bombing all this morning, we wait a little while, is too dangerous now." Then, that, the woman peered at him and brayed, "You didn't bring any equipment? You must at least take a gun, you know. I never go on these missions unarmed." For some reason, he sensed she was assuming some custodial air toward him. He said, "I'm just a journalist, I don't—" and she sniffed, "Well, they always take very good care of you, anyway. But I assure you, you would be better off with at least a side arm. I take always a Kalashnikov myself, and I have had to use it a number of times, believe me."

Another fedayin entered the room with a box under his arm—a squat stout youth with a whorled ducktail and sideburns in the old or Southern hillbilly honky-tonk style. He crossed the room to a chair onto which he precipitously dropped himself, leaning awkwardly forward with humped shoulders and hung head, which, after a deep breath, slowly swung back to the others with a shy smile, the box clutched

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What kind of window glass in the work-break rooms of our new film manufacturing plant on the Front Range of the Rockies will least affect ability of the eyes to readjust to the darkroom after break?

Marshall Frady
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BANKS

under his arm. "Ah, this one now," the woman muttered to the American, "this one is the sniper—their sharpshooter. He's only just gotten out of the hospital, he was wounded in the stomach. . . ." The youth, realizing she was talking about him, looked at her sweetly and witlessly as she murmured on to the American, "He has an almost Sephardic face, don't you think?" She suddenly got up and moved across the room to stand over him, he now gazing up at her happily as she gave his cheek a soft pinch and said, "Your wound, let us see—your *wound*, your—" and she manfully slapped her own flat brass-buckled stomach until he finally understood her and, glancing around at his comrades with a furtive grin, pulled up his shirt to reveal a stale, sour bandage wrapped around his belly. "My God," the woman trilled, "but why don't you *clean* it? You can't just go on leaving it like that, don't you realize?" He merely swiped his knuckles under his nose, across his grin, blinking up at her and nodding vaguely. "All of them," she boomed to the American, "they're just like children, they simply have no idea how to take proper care of themselves," and there was a general exchange of grins in the room as she went over to her knapsack, rummaged out a comb, returned to the youth, and began fiercely combing his hair back from his forehead, one large hand fluttering after each vicious pull, while he simply looked around at his comrades in submissive delight. "Look at this, just coated with dust," she burred: "doesn't he ever wash it? Like the coat of a mongrel, I tell you. Oh—" and gave it up, tapping his neck with the comb, "impossible!" She plopped back down in her chair, blowing a limp thread of hair from her cheek, and then, her voice tripping again back down to low confidential register, informed the American, "I think fourteen, fifteen he has gotten. Incredible marksman. But of course, they never talk about that business, it's not a matter of heroics or anything for them. It is just what they have to do, like a job. They are marvelously natural about it all. . . ."

A moment later, the youth left with the white box under his arm, and after a few minutes returned, attired now in an iridescent blue shirt, patterned in diamonds, with white buttons sewn to the fold of the short sleeves, to the flaps of the pockets, and to the flaring collar tips. He was instantly greeted with yowls, yodels, hoots, whistles, and he plunged down sideways into the nearest chair, his grin paling a little bit, becoming a halfhearted semblance of the delight of a moment before, and finally vanished altogether; even after the bedlam had subsided, he continued to sit with a faint bewildered sulk, his eyes dulled.

"Poor thing," the woman whispered to the American. "But it is a rather gorgeous shirt for a sniper, isn't it? Of course, he has a job in the daytime where he has to work very close to the river and the Israelis, so he has to have something to wear other than his commando uniform. If they had any idea of who he was and how many of them he has killed—perhaps fourteen of them. But

wait, would you like to know exactly the number? Let me ask—" The youth merely looked vacantly after her question, and then turned to the fedayin beside him for translation. Then, after the translation, he shrugged, delivered a long, metallic answer, and turned and gazed out the window while his answer was relayed: "He says he does not know, he cannot remember the number of times—maybe two, three, four, he is not sure no more than that. Anyway, he says, he is not like all of us, only fighting to liberate Palestine and to make for a just society in Palestine. It is not that he is wanting to kill persons, it is important how many there may have been, and if one hates the Jews, it is a war against Zionism and imperialism. . . ." But even when the translation was finished, the youth continued gazing out the window, leaning forward with one hand propped on his knee, his face absolutely empty. "You know how modest they all are about it?" the woman said to the American. "He has gotten at least two or three." There was a long silence in the room. Finally someone spoke, and there was a shifting of the chairs, a slight laughter, and the youth turned at last from the window. But he did not look at anyone, hunched forward to the edge of his chair and gazing at the floor. He was abruptly detached, sunk in some profound reverie, from which he only glimpsed up now and then as someone laughed. And eventually, without a word, he got up and left the room.

Here, then, the American waited, hearing the distant crowing of a rooster, as the morning mellowed into noon. Once there was a shout from outside, and everyone instantly crowded up and scattered out into the yard where the guerrillas were arate and motionless, they stood looking up at the sky while two fedayeen in a nearby foxhole crawled and wheeled an anti-aircraft gun's muzzle toward some unfound final point. But all he could detect was a faint keening in the sky, perhaps a small light distant bumps: nothing more—a faint murmur that shortly vanished again into the prevailing stillness. Then, from a nearby rusted oil drum of smoldering ashes into which someone had thrown a handful of small-caliber shells, there came a popping, and he thought, *For God's sake, there come six thousand miles to be assassinated by a trashcan? . . .*

They lingered for a while in the yard, the guerrillas throwing his arm around the American and telling him something as he nodded at the woman who was standing with them, and he watched her as his friend translated: "He says he wants to know if you have a girlfriend, you could maybe fix him up for a date maybe—" and the woman placed her hands on her hips, put on a forward, and glanced away from them: "Now, that is very nice. How wonderful . . ." continued wagging her head up and down at the corners of her mouth pulled down in genuine grievement: "What am I supposed to be, a bureau for everybody here?" At that the

ange of elbowed nudges, good-natured guff-
rich did not seem to reassure her, and she
kept staring off at nothing in particular,
g in that slouch with her hands on her hips.

INSIDE THE ROOM, THE HOURS passed on
sporadic locker-room play and banter. One
drowsy-eyed youth came in and was im-
mely goosed by a comrade sitting by the door
reeled with a quick hopping jig and simply
the wall as someone else leaned forward
bed, he wheeling again with that frenzied
slapping a table; this ritual continuing—
p-slam! jab, hop-slam!—to inexhaustible
laughter on into the afternoon. Then, for
they idly pitched pistols back and forth
ection, flipping out the chambers, then
desk drawers and scrabbling out fistfuls
s which they carefully snicked, their mouths
pursing, into each socket. Pulling out one
someone came across a framed picture
as passed to the American—a dim photo-
f a rumpled youth leaning with a squinting
gainst a tree in some pale illumination
ing, indeed, oddly familiar and evocative
(at blank white glare), who, not quite two
fter this photographed instant of his oblig-
n in the sunshine, was dead, a landmine
blown off both his feet. His picture, en-
ow in a white plastic dime-store frame, was
ly passed on around the room, each of
lding it for a long solemn gaze, and then
urned to the desk drawer.

brought him something to eat, setting it
edge of a desk beside him: large flat flaps
l and a tin bowl in which there was heaped
of chicken hash cooked in water, the bristly
d beaked head of a rooster lying atop it.
as Abdullah noticed it, he stood up and
o the fedayin in charge of the office, a thin
py youth named Nadia, and began talking
in a low mutter, with that sober glaze on
again of negotiating uneasy balances, and
urned to the American: "I tell him this not
for your stomach, you have been having
with your stomach so I take you into town,
nothing for you there. He says is all right,
rstand." The youth, Nadia, then stood and
his hand lightly on the American's shoul-
ght his eyes in a peculiar tender gaze, with a
nile showing a stumpy row of yellow tarred
Done worry. Done worry. Is okay. . . ."
denly he seemed to sense some gentle and
sweet solicitude around him, some elabo-
lied deference that had been proceeding,
all through the morning—puzzling and
ortable. Even Abdullah seemed to conspire
ceremonious politeness now, seemed to be
g him from some deliberate and melan-
stance. At the restaurant in town, Abdullah
tely arranged for a bottle of arak to be
to him in a brown paper bag for that
ard pinch in his stomach which had be-

come now a small abiding fact of his condition
through each day, and when the meal was set be-
fore them, Abdullah inquired softly, "Is maybe the
fan blowing too strong?"

"No, it's all right. It feels fine."

"But maybe you don't like so strong a breezes
while you eat. I will turn it just some little bit, you
tell me if that is better. . . ."

But when they returned to the fedayeen office and
Abdullah, after a short conversation with Nadia,
turned to tell him the planes were still bombing
the road to the river, "Is too dangerous to go yet,
we wait here for a time and then see," the Ameri-
can heard himself suddenly insisting, "Look, it
doesn't matter to me. I'm not worried if they're
not. They can't spare me risks they take themselves.
I didn't come here for that. Why don't we go on,
now?" Nadia, with a slightly harried smile, said,
"No, no. Is not safe now, we wait. You must be
easy. . . ." After a moment, one of the fedayeen be-
gan talking to the woman. She nodded, then looked
at the American: "He was asking me if you have
any political opinions, if you are one of them?"

Both the fedayin and the woman were watching
him now with an almost ravenous expectancy.
"You told him I was a journalist?" he said at last.
"Yes, of course, he knows that. But he asked if
you had any political opinions, if you are also
Marxist-Leninist, and I told him I didn't know,
that I would ask you. . . ." He felt a vague diz-
ziness; had again that uneasy sensation of some-
thing reaching for his hand. "Tell him—tell him
I am not necessarily Marxist-Leninist—I mean,
that no dogma, I don't necessarily belong to any
orthodoxy, but—tell him I understand that his
people suffer, I understand their anger, I am—I
am sympathetic, tell him that. But I am a writer,
I believe that life is larger than any particular
political system, so my opinions are not of any
particular doctrine. . . ." He dangled a moment
longer, then simply leaned back. The woman trans-
lated, and the fedayin listened, hunched low over
a desk, now and then looking at the American.
When she finished, he paused a moment and then
said something else to her. She turned to the
American: "But he wants to know if you are with
them." *Hellfire*, he thought, *what is going on here?*
He said, "It's not—I'm not here like that. I am
certainly not here against the Palestinians, you
can tell him that. But I am here as a writer," and
he waited as she translated this, swiping at a buzz
of flies in front of his face. This time the fedayin
did not look at him. When she had finished, he
merely slapped his hand on the table, and began
talking to the others in the room, his voice sud-
denly loud and hearty.

An hour later, someone came in and announced
the driver had arrived to take them to the river.
As he got up to leave, gathering in a deep breath,
he looked back at Abdullah, who was sitting quietly
in a chair against a far wall, turned sideways with
his legs crossed and his arm slung over the back.
"Look, Abdullah, why don't you come on with us?"
he said, and Abdullah seemed to flush slightly.

"Tell him I
understand
that his people
suffer, I under-
stand their
anger. But I am a
writer, I believe
that life is
larger than any
particular
political system,
so my opinions
are not of any
particular
doctrine."

"No, no," he answered hurriedly, grinning and tapping two fingers against his temple as he cast amiable glances around at the others in the room, "I be afraid, I stay here. I wait for you at hotel in town. You get back tonight, I drive you on to Amman, yes, or you wait until the morning, whichever you want. I stay here, be ready to take you back, yes. Is best."

AS THEY SET OUT NOW IN THE DUSK, he felt a sensation of release. The woman—her head wrapped in a kerchief and her voice a little brittle and tinkling—was sitting in the back seat of the Land Rover between him and the fedayin who had earlier performed the solemn jigs at his comrades' pokings, with Nadia up front beside the driver. They battered on through Irbid, passing evening sidewalks filled with people, Nadia and the fellow in the back seat holding their Kalashnikovs as they wheeled urgently around the square before the stares of townfolk under the soft white sky of dusk—*Ah. So they will know we are going to the river*—Nadia flinging salutes to friends who grinned and shouted to them from a café and chairs in front of the opened doors of garages, girls at corners—*Well, damn, it really isn't a bad life, what else have they ever had to replace moments like this?*—and finally on out into the open darkening fields of the evening with solitary glimmers of light under a huge lonesome sky—stopping briefly at a small crossroads store, the loping sleepy-eyed fellow in the back getting out and then quickly returning with a paper bag, clambering back in the Land Rover with a jubilant hoot, "We got beer now. Okay?" and placing the bag on the floorboard between his feet as the Land Rover churned back onto the road. Passing now through wind-flushes of warmth and chill, the American realized in his throat a dumb involuntary exhilaration. The fedayin in the back seat began withdrawing from the bag large green quart bottles of Petra beer, offering one to the woman—she received it a bit gingerly, foam spilling down her hand, as her other hand clutched the bar across the front seat, a certain quietness having settled over her now, only chirping thinly as they spanked over a dip in the road, "Oh . . . my . . ." After the beer, the fedayin produced oranges, distributing them around as they began plunging down looping curves, with the night's inhaled scents now subtly nipped with that brief dry ammonial muskiness of a desert at night, that tang of dust touched by dew.

Nadia suddenly withdrew his pistol at one curve with a cry, "Look! That bridge!" aiming it hastily at a viaduct on a moonlit slope beneath them: the crack! crack! instantly sucked away without echo by the wind. "When I get out of that office," Nadia shouted into the back seat, "I am always glad. . . ." The American turned and, above the uptilting bottle of the fedayin in the back seat, discovered the sudden appearance of the moon. Turning in the front seat, Nadia looked up: "Ah, good moon. Good moon." He took a bite out of his

orange, and grinned. "I finish eating, then I . . . A moment later, he pointed over the windshield the Land Rover to the dark shape of a mountain ahead—"Star of the Wind, that mountain"—and suddenly, beyond the mountain, the American saw in the distance, scattered drifts of lights like distinct glimmerings of pollen. "And there kibbutzim!" Nadia announced, but with an enthusiasm like a tourist guide pointing out a feature of strange interest.

Reaching the floor of the valley, only some yards now from the Jordan River, their voices sank to whispers as the Land Rover eased its lights out along a dirt road between willow patches and canebrakes through a violet oppressive night. Then, rounding a curve, the American saw on a slope ahead of them a Moslem village, hidden soundless and lightless under the moon, and they slowly pulled into one of its streets, where covered it was absolutely empty of inhabitants, a ghost village filled with rubble under the noiseless swoop and flutter of bats. The Land Rover stopped, and Nadia left with his Kalashnikov to look around. "Do you suppose there are any of them here?" the woman asked, sitting motionless now in the back seat with her two hands clumped the bar in front of her. "We were supposed to get here this morning, you know. I think I should decide something. Why has he left me stranded here in this jeep in full—" But Nadia was standing above them in the dirt, waving them after him. They walked for some minutes through the town, past windows through which the American saw moonlight spilling on fallen ceilings, and then along a narrow passage between two toppled walls—and he sensed before he actually discerned, a soft scampering of figures around them. They stopped finally in a small courtyard between four houses, and now the figures began emerging from the dark doorways around them, submachine guns slung over their shoulders, gathering around the American, looking at the woman as Nadia quietly talked to one of them, and bringing with them a different whiff of the night, close and metallic and rank, like sweat and rusting iron. One of them, standing directly in front of the American, struck a match in his cupped hands to light a cigarette, and as he did he looked the American in a sudden imperious stare, steady and glaring and spectral like some furious, beckon, invitation of rage, and then he returned to Nadia was talking to him, ". . . not going to stay here tonight . . .," watching the face now dimming before him as the match flame diminished, sinking back into itself, the face dully receding again into the dark as Nadia continued, ". . . So no action. Same with everybody. Not tonight."

So they drove instead down the road along the river, and now the American took a bottle of beer and lifted it in long deep tepid gulps, the rattling his teeth, his hand finally wet and ping, as they passed continuing successions of forsaken blind-windowed Moslem villages, headlights still extinguished and the woman

once, "Now what? You mean we're just to drive along like this for the rest of the night and then subsiding into a rigid silence. Just be careful," Nadia said from the front seat. "We might have accidents with Jordanian soldiers. They had a very serious accident just here last night—" and the woman confided with a low voice, "an accident, yes. That's their euphemism for a fatality, you know. Accidents like dashing the car off the road at night with no lights on in full view of the enemy just across the river, accidents like that you don't count. Incredible."

The car was stopped only once at a Jordanian checkpoint; the soldier peered for a moment at the American in the back seat and then said something, and the American answered with a curious expression of elation, "I'll tell you, I don't speak a word of Arabic. I don't know one bloody syllable of it." On down the road, Nadia turned and told the American she always wanted to know how we have morale, and what he asked her, if you have morale, they passed occasional figures on the side of the road, and finally were waved over by three soldiers in berets who, after a short conversation with Nadia, jumped into the rear of the Land Rover. "Al Saqai," explained Nadia, "from Syria. We have someones on the other side now, need a driver again—" and shortly they came to a bulance that was parked on a narrow trail off down toward the river, with a man sitting beside it in a white smock, smoking a cigarette. The Land Rover heaved to a stop, and the Al Saqai commandos leaped out, Nadia told them as they talked to the man, who kept blowing puffs from his cigarette as he gesticulated toward the river. Nadia then returned to the Land Rover, and as it lurched on down the road she said, "He is a doctor, he says two commandos still across the river for several hours now, very worried, you could see. . . ."

A sleepy-eyed youth on the other side of the road now began pressing her to take a swig from a canteen. At last, she accepted, one fastidious sip, and promptly returned it to him, resuming her erect pose, her back not quite touching the seat behind her, staring wordlessly straight ahead with her kerchief still tied futilely over her curly blown hair, both hands grimly grasping the seat before her. Presently they came to a col- at had apparently happened only moments before. Two upended and crumpled trucks lying side by side yards apart on the same side of the road. The Land Rover slowed to a stop, Nadia and her comrades quickly scrambling out. "What now?" the woman chirped, "what are they doing?" From a ditch by one of the trucks, she heard the American could hear subdued shouting. "Where we sit," the woman muttered, "right in the middle of the road, absolutely motionless. Used. Oh, wonderful. See how rational they are. Absolutely fantastic. Can you believe they are going to make a revolution? Incredible. Absolute discipline—an accident, everybody gets killed. No planning, they don't know what they're

doing from one minute to the next. Impossible, I tell you. . . ." Finally, two Jordanian soldiers brought to the Land Rover large plastic bags containing something heavy and shapeless, unrecognizable, hefting the bags up into the rear and then climbing in to sit beside them. With a single glance back over her shoulder, the woman muttered, "Oh, my God. Those are the bodies I suppose," and then merely fixed her stare straight ahead again, only tilted further forward now. As the Land Rover set off down the road, the American found his own nostrils involuntarily dreading but seeking an alien whiff from behind him, but there were only the dusty hints of sagebrush. The soldiers, with their loads, were deposited at a crossroads, and the woman then asked in a somewhat faltering voice, "Nadia. I suppose those were the bodies, weren't they?" and Nadia turned with a grin, "No, no, just weapons. Weapons from the crash. . . ." But the American found himself not altogether certain.

Then, as they were making their way back down the road, the Land Rover suddenly careened, and the American saw another jeep looming in front of them, an instant now of slow terrific motion, the other jeep seeming to drift for a moment inches off their fender, and he heard the woman emitting beside him a sound like a dull disconsolate lowing as the Land Rover continued to swerve with a kind of sluggish deliberation, laboring, and they missed—skidding wildly to a stop some fifteen yards apart. Immediately, Nadia grabbed his Kalashnikov and leaped from the front seat into the middle of the road, his feet spraddled and one arm gesturing in the moonlight as he howled at the jeep; the American called to him, "Now, wait a minute, Nadia. Come on, you don't want to be starting something here twenty yards from the river, with your own fellows. . . ."

With a last flourish of his arm, Nadia returned to the Land Rover, and after a few moments, as they were proceeding on down the road, the woman merely murmured, "They are unbelievable. Unbelievable." Then the Land Rover began to sputter, faltered, and at last expired, and the sleepy-eyed youth alighted, threw up the hood, and performed some unseen ministrations until the motor clattered back to at least a semblance of its former energy. But after another half-mile, it again gagged, both the youth and the driver now gathering under its raised hood for a muffled consultation. From that point on, it proceeded uncertainly, like a wound toy, from one mechanical administration to the next, and the woman pronounced with a small light laugh, her head tossing with each halting hiccup of the engine. "There you—God!—are. Even their machines—God!—are irrational. . . ."

All the while, across the river confronting this blunderous hectic pratfalling slapstick plunging back and forth, there continued the innocent twinkling of the kibbutzim lights, as remote and alien, it seemed now, as if they were from another century, another continent. The American remembered the expression on the Jordanian soldier's face that morning at the bridge, only several days

"They brought him something to eat . . . large flat flaps of bread and a tin bowl in which there was heaped a kind of chicken hash cooked in water, the bristly neck and beaked head of a rooster lying atop it."

Marshall Frady
ON JORDAN'S
BANKS

ago, when he had seen the man, the last prisoner released by the Israelis; it was before the man appeared, while the other prisoners were still coming across—a Jordanian guard, standing off by himself along the bridge's railing, watched the Israeli officers pacing jauntily back and forth with a bounce from their toes, his face lost in a glower of sullen impotent rage, finally taking his cigarette from his mouth and flinging it, with a savage lash of his hand, into the river.

HE HAD FINISHED NOW ANOTHER BEER, but still a dreariness hung over his spirit. The dull pinch in his innards that had accompanied him ever since Egypt had now become a vivid burning, and gradually he began to imagine it the pangs of some inner mayhem, some interior violence worked by the psychic violation of having come too close, out of a whimsical and superficial lust, to partaking deeply of a violence, an experience to which he didn't belong—trying to negotiate some feat of ultimate detachment. He began to suspect this as the secret dread in his hotel room through that long night before: indeed as the premonitory nausea at each small tug and invocation of that romance of death since he had been in Jordan—from the professor towering over him against the stars his first night in the city, then his hand suddenly snatched on the stage of the amphitheater, the wink of the attendant in the hotel corridor when he had left that morning, the ritualistic glasses of hot sweet tea, Nadia's solicitous smile and lingering hand on his shoulder, that sudden cordial but vaguely appropriative curiosity in the fedayeen office at the end of the afternoon, "You are with us?" all the way up to that moment in the village along the river, the final instant of that carnivorous gaze in the match glow. . . .

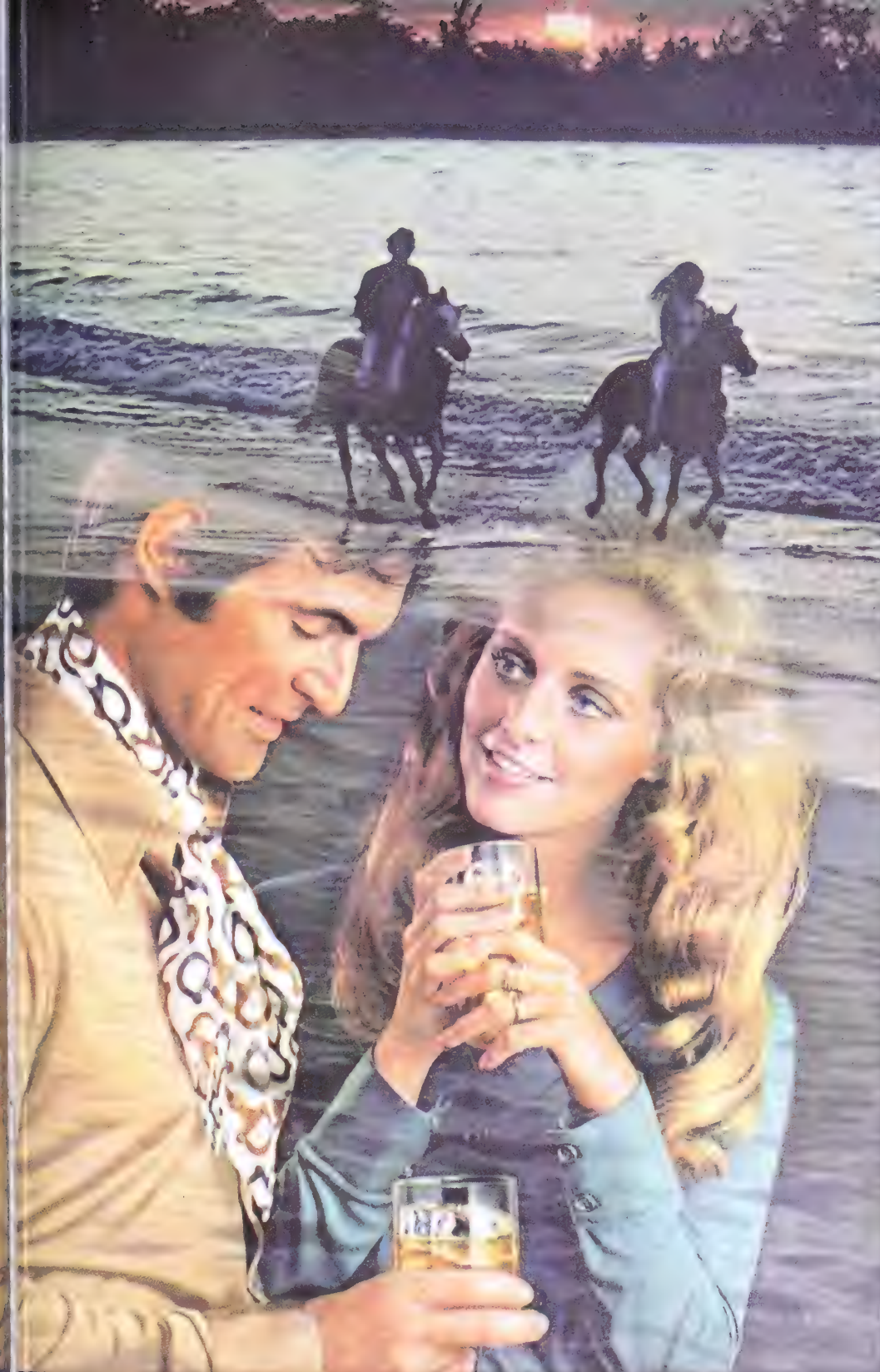
At last, they were passing back through Irbid, its streets shuttered now in the dim milky wash of the streetlights, finally reaching the concrete house on the other outskirts, the only room lit now in the early morning the office where he had passed the day waiting. He stayed outside in the yard, in the dark, as Nadia went in to inquire about Abdullah. Presently Nadia returned to report, "He went somewhere to hotel in town, but nobody knows which one. We call hotels now, you come in and wait." Following Nadia on inside to the office, the American discovered, standing in the exact center of the room under its unshaded light bulb, a hulking and shabby vagabond, bald save for a tuft of pale hair on the top of his head, and eyebrowless, with pale lashes over small pale eyes: a huge materialization out of these dark plains, sandaled, with soft heavy arms like those of a *sumo* wrestler, monumentally impassive, but with some air of absolute authority. While the few fedayeen who were still in the office watched him, he slowly unscrewed the cap to his canteen—and then spoke, in his voice some sourceless accent, Viennese or Slavic or possibly Finnish: "On the

bottom is Damascus water. Above that, I water. And on the top is—let's see—" he up the canteen and took a long deliberate sip—"ah—Amman water." *He must be some ing Marxist commissar*, he thought, *some i adventurer without nationality*, and then the stole over him out of the deep pit of the night. *So here he is. This is him. The son of a bitch self—Death, disguised as a knapsacked v revolutionary. . . .*

"We have to go look for your driver," told him. "We try the hotels, nobody answers, want maybe, you can sleep with us, here, then find him in the morning. Or maybe operation tomorrow, and you can come the American was already on his feet; his pulsion now was to withdraw as quickly as possible—bodily, emotionally, totally—from the land. To leave. Then, as Nadia started the Land and turned it toward the highway, he heard behind them a loud honking, and looked back at the woman standing now alone in the middle of the dark yard, calling after them, "Hal-loo. Oh, Nadia—" her voice gallantly robust against only the slightest crack of uncertainty in its hail, "—hal-loo, Nadia. Where are you? What is supposed to happen to me now? . . ."

They found Abdullah's car parked on the street. Mounting a flight of stairs, he and the American roused the night deskman, who stood swayed a little with his nightshirt stuffed into belt loops while Nadia asked him to awaken Abdullah. Nadia turned to the American and extended her hand to say farewell, and with a brief dim clatter of footsteps down the stairs, was gone. The American sat now on a bench against the wall of a long wainscoted room like the lobby of some frontier Dodge City boarding house, and huddled in a silence, the emptiness and stillness of the hours of night from the other side of the river. After a while, there was a mumbling from the other side where. The night clerk reappeared and told him his voice echoing up and down the length of the room, "Your driver, come now. Say wait a minute." Behind his desk again, he watched the American for several minutes, and observed a smile, "Back to Amman, eh?" The American merely nodded at him. Abdullah appeared dressed with his shirt-sleeves doubled neat from his wrists, but still somewhat stumbly with sleep, struggling to muster some measure of alertness again, "Okay, ready, no, fine, all right. Two, three hours' sleep, I'm fine now. You go across, much more wise, yes. So we go to Amman. . . ."

And as they descended down through the stairs, the American stretched out on the balcony with his arms over his eyes. In a few hours it would be day again, that simple peaceful certainty deep out of dark limbo and chaos, and he would be leaving, flying to that other side, that other side that he had seen across the river. The pair's midsection now was only a little duller, but he slept.



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BOOKS

Away from it all

Living the Good Life. How to Live Sanely and Simply in a Troubled World. by Helen and Scott Nearing. Schocken. \$4.95.

The Netsilik Eskimo. by Asen Balikci. Doubleday. \$8.95.

Again, then—there is still talk of a time as there must have been in the Twenties, or in the Brook Farm days of the 1840s, among the articulate and "sophisticated," our feathers in the breeze of culture. It is a breeze which may be only their own hot air but still it is a kind of augury.

Hippie communes attract the foot-loose young. Half gossip, half headlines: we hear how some sober family of our acquaintance is packing off to Florence quite in earnest to save the children from the dangers and decadence of Cambridge, Massachusetts; another sedate and serious couple tries to figure out how to live in England; novelists once more remove themselves to France. We read how sturdy pioneers, having loaded the American West with their 1911 guns, have set sail for the unfenced outback of Australia.

To be sure, we have been reminded that we are all descendants of people who chose to run away from their problems rather than to stay and work on them: so perhaps some pilgrim gene urges us from time to time just to walk away from our own mess. Most of us will never get further than alcohol and the weekend place, but even that emigration has its charms. And real emigration too. For there are times and places to get out. I never felt much gratitude to my grandparents for uprooting themselves from Norway until at last I visited the old home. Then I understood the madness Ibsen and Munch described, and why one would have to get out of that land of endless pine trees, rock piles, herring, dour repression, where the old Viking fires of rapine and pillage have burned down to cold small clinkers of quotidian greed. From some faded stereotype of ethnic prejudice, it seemed strange at first to be cheated regularly by tall

handsome blue-eyed people with yellow hair. . . . Anyhow, they got away from it, my grandparents, away to America where there was farmland and freedom. And they never looked back.

Each of us can make his own list of today's discontents. ". . . Power failures, transit strikes, epidemics of heroin overdose, water shortage," so Paul Goodman lists a few of them in his Introduction to Helen and Scott Nearing's *Living the Good Life. How to Live Sanely and Simply in a Troubled World*: "air pollution, crashing aeroplanes. . . ." This book, reissued now from its first publication in 1954, is one that many of us may soon be reading as we take our furthest excursion, our flight into armchair fantasies of living sanely and simply in our troubled world. Such books have always been popular. *Walden* is the greatest. *Robinson Crusoe* is a prototype: akin to them are those more complex and darker studies of small isolated societies making do in a state of nature. *The Tempest*, and Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*; seed catalogues; and the Utopias of our anthropologists. One of these, *The Netsilik Eskimo*, will be considered here.

The Nearings left New York City in 1932 for a farm in the Green Mountains of Vermont.

"In 1911, we were young people, full of passion and unemployment, falling a prey to fascism, on the verge of another world-wide military free-for-all; and entered a pre-industrial, rural community. The society from which we moved had rejected in practice and in principle our pacifism, our vegetarianism and our collectivism. So thorough was this rejection that, holding such views, we could not teach in the schools, write in the press, or speak over the radio, and were denied our part in public education."

Today, few of us hold any such views with so imperiled a conviction, and our world is one of glut rather than scarcity: but these qualifications

do not affect the substance of *Living the Good Life*. They are allied to other qualities that must occur to us, I believe. But in the meantime this life itself is so strong and cranky, absorbing that it can give anyone muscles a sympathetic cramp in his armchair.

The Nearings bought for \$400 and a mortgage of \$800 a barren farm in a land then as barren as the deepest ravaged Appalachians. (Now, forty years later, it is a vacationland summer and winter.) On this rocky, rough, depleted soil they planned their own food and get such little as they needed by selling timber in adjacent woodlands they bought for three dollars an acre. Instead, they found a cash crop in maple syrup. The timberlands years later became a small fortune, but true to their principles they refused to profit from it. They sold the land for an increment and deeded the money to their Town. Thus sugaring solved their problem, how to finance *Living the Good Life*.

So they planned to set up an economy independent so far as possible from the American economy. They would raise their own food where they could, use only the wood for fuel, put up their own shavings of their own stone, have a minimum of tools, making as many as they could: they would be self-sufficient. They would trade or give away all surplus, keep no animals (except animals are slaves and enslaved keepers). They would work for a day at "bread labor," reserve the rest of the day for intellectual and creative—playing the violin, of course. And when there was no more in bin, larder, and cellar for them they would quit work altogether. That was their ten-year plan.

They went at this with such zeal and system as to appall the

Mr. Thompson, who teaches English at the State University of New York, is a poet, critic, and writer.

o were in the eyes of the Near-
how a shiftless lot who worked
ey felt like it, left their tools
to rot and rust, and wasted
n luxuries like a powered ce-
ker, when to mix by hand was
ating."

rocess is fascinating, here in
armchair. They build their
rock and hand-hewn timbers,
a sort of Frank Lloyd Wright
with no nonsense of running
ou could build a house, I sup-
m this detailed account, if you
muscles. They make a splen-
en of this hopeless soil. using
anic vegetable and mineral fer-
his too is told us in prescrip-
il: compost heap, just so big,
materials, just such manage-
ant just this, mulch it just so,
t thus, store it by these meth-
y even tell us what to eat, in
summer, autumn, and winter—
"organic" foods—and how to
so there is little cooking or
ing: such foodstuffs as are
suited for fingers alone are
om wooden bowls with chop-

ole raw apple or cherry, raw
corn, a whole raw carrot,
dish or turnip, a raw aspara-
oot, a leaf of lettuce, cress,
n, endive, chicory, a ripe rasp-
r tomato is more delectable
unperverted taste than any
of the most elaborate food
ing.

verted: they have many guests
ors and they allow on the
is no liquor, tobacco, or coffee.
aring is today eighty-seven
l, and by the photos looks
e the Pablo Picasso of twenty
s, only stronger. These days,
eans elsewhere, he spends
he traveling: this spring in
t, returning from Europe and
walked his three miles every
ugh our distressing streets, to
he public library.
or breakfast.

nets among us dipped whole
in honey and then in wheat
quarter sections of apples were
in the same way, or spread
anut butter. . . . Breakfast
nded out by a handful of
er seeds, herb tea sweetened
ey, or a tablespoon of black-
lasses in hot water.



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hotel, the Maxwell House, in
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whiskey, Mr. Jack wouldn't cater
to change. He insisted on charcoal
mellowing every drop. He was
too good a whiskey man to
alter that, no matter what the
occasion.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

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Soup and cereal for lunch; salad and vegetables for dinner.

With the community, they had their troubles. The natives resisted their plans for forming cooperatives to harvest and market local produce; their forum group collapsed, the community house was abandoned. Vermonters are atomistic, separatist, isolationist. There is no group spirit or neighborhood discipline. Still, the Nearings found their Good Life. "The most harmonious life is one in which theory and practice are unified." Yes, they would do it all again.

Quite properly, the Nearings do not record in this book just what the activities were for which they gained time by their "bread labor." We could live their life without any compulsion to their particular ideologies. It is not even necessary to know these—except, as I said earlier, possibly in some final querulous wonder about this kind of Good Life. Scott Nearing for seventy years has been a force in American radical movements, was dismissed from teaching posts, first in 1915 for fighting child labor and then again in 1917 for his pacifism. He joined the Communist party in 1926, and resigned in 1929 when Moscow disapproved a manuscript of his. The library card in-

dex of his books and pamphlets is two inches thick. Today he writes regularly for the "independent Marxist" journal, *Monthly Review*. In these pages this rugged individualist, tireless debater and speaker, full of his fruit and his nuts, his honey and turnips and figs, can blandly deem that civil liberties and freedom of speech are simply not necessary in "the Socialist countries." In these lands—the Soviet Union and East European socialist states, China, North Korea, North Vietnam, Outer Mongolia, Cuba, lands which give "dignity and status to the heretofore underprivileged"—the leaders will decree liberties when it seems advisable.

"The most harmonious life is one in which theory and practice are unified." Is it invidious to drag these weird politics in at the end of a brief discussion of the brave and cranky Vermont achievement? But when does a crank lose touch with humanity? All is not necessarily well because of a wooden plank table, lettuce hearts, escarole, endive, dandelion and spinach leaves.

The Eskimos: a society of Crusoes, they roamed the most inhospitable places of our globe with no more equip-

ment than a man could pick up and carry, smiling broadly in halos of fur. In their snug igloos they sat on furs by the blubber lamp, and with their moon-faced babies they know no wars, no trade, they have no kings, no sheriffs, no rich, and no poor. When Nanook spears a walrus in a tiny village shares in it. And they lend out their wives, such is their decent hospitality. . . .

The Netsilik Eskimo curdles these illusions. Noble these Eskimos may be in many ways, of incredible courage and endurance, but happy they are not—they were not. Asen Balikci, now Professor of Anthropology at the University of Montreal, has a vision of a restoration of the life of this tribe as it was before the white man came. It is a story of a human being in the most extreme conditions, pushed into a corner that makes a man's hut a Hilton suite. And in this corner, has its marvels of resourcefulness of muscle and brain as we marvel at the resourcefulness of the Nearings in their primitive reliance. But life is life. To be able to survive and raise one's family in the bleakest Arctic conditions with only one's own skills to count on is still not to escape the inner conflict of life.

Balikci starts with a presentation of the Netsilik technology as it existed before the introduction of firearms, tools, imported clothing and so on. These people—two or three hundred all—lived above the Arctic Circle in the bleakest possible lands, where the temperature is often forty below in winter and usually less than that above in the warmest season. They were caribou, bears, musk oxen, salmon trout, and other fish. They provided all there was, and for them was an endless, unremitting, necessarily obsessive task.

Snow and ice themselves were the first materials of the Netsilik. They provided their winter building materials, furniture, and other objects. They were used in buildings, too, and for runners, and for glue. For each of these materials they had highly specialized tools.

Skins provided clothing and blankets, thongs, summer tents. Each kind of skin and fur had a virtue requiring a special technique and special tools.

Bone provided most tools and weapons. Again, each bone, tooth, claw had special properties, for

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dzies, knives, spears, saws, har-
bows, fishhooks, ladles, forks,
pounders, marrow extractors.
stone provided lamps and pots.
at was just about that. Little
f driftwood might be found for
or pegs.

the game moved around sea-
the Netsilik had constantly to
he move too: inland in sum-
caribou and river fish, out
e ice in winter for seals. The
ies of these hunts, described in
nd with illustrations, are quite
to ensure the armchair observer
would starve or die of fright
fore he could master them.
scribing the ferocious and ex-
dangerous fight that ensued
polar bear was sighted, Balikci
,"The Netsilik never withdrew
bear hunt. Bear meat was
valued and was shared by all
ters, while the man who gave
the fatal thrust kept the skin."
ound of the year went, seldom
an a few days from starvation.
ough, whole families starved

little band of hunters, the kin-
re so complicated we have no
or many of the relationships
gnized. In addition to the net-
f blood, there were clusters of
in the social sphere: meat-
partnerships (a man addressed
r in daily speech by that part
ved, as, *okpatiga*, my hind
): wife-lending partnerships;
rtnerships, wrestling partner-
d so on. All this and the role
person in relation to the other
bed here in ways that make
life of these people very vivid

ng partnerships were frequent-
with wife exchange. Song fel-
oreet, belonged mostly to dif-
umps. When they met in the
ter settlement, they held drum
n the ceremonial igloo. First,
g fellow had to compose a new
th text and melody, and teach
wife. When the wives had fin-
ning their husbands' songs,
met with the camp people
d.

song fellows stood in the mid-
ding each other by the waist,
at the audience, and crying
" as a sign of joy and friend-
they rubbed noses, called each
peatedly idluarjuga (my song
and then one of the wives
singing, with the refrain re-

peated by a group of women behind
her. Her husband danced at a slow
pace, beat the drum and shouted, "I,
at, ai." . . . Very frequently the two
fellows were so closely associated
that whenever they wished, they ex-
changed wives. . . . The wives were
usually consulted. . . .

How happy! But there was a side of
it as dark as the sunless Polar winter.
Female infanticide was practiced to such
an extreme that there were never enough
women to go around, and even the sur-
vival of the little band was threatened
by this. No traveler with his wife—an
Eskimo's most valuable property—was
ever safe. Capricious murder also
seemed commonplace, as was rape and
the seduction of small children. In this
little Netsilik tribe, there was an aver-
age of one suicide successful or at-
tempted every year, and most were suc-
cessful. For all their cooperation in
hunt and in camp, rivalry often led to
prolonged bouts of jealousy and to
fights. "He killed Amarualik because
the latter was constantly making fun of
him." Murder could be done by mag-
ic, too. Everyone lived in dread of sor-
cery. Insane persons could be executed,
and dangerous witches. Spirits were
everywhere, the shamans could only

partly control them. The human soul
was immortal, and some animal souls
too, but they could easily be put in
peril, and could put other souls in
peril. Dwarfs and monsters in many
forms, who might be bloodthirsty and
dangerous, abounded in mountain crev-
ices, on ice fields, often invisible. . . .
Sickness was always caused by evil
ghosts and spirits, usually angered by
a breach of one of the elaborate taboos
that hedged in all activities of hunting,
eating, building, sex. . . . Cannibalism
was a recognized last resort when hunt-
ing failed.

Oh to break away from civilization
and its complicated discontents!
Power failures, transit strikes, epidem-
ics of heroin overdoses, air pollution,
crashing airplanes. . . . Yes, these we
can escape from, but is it not the old-
est knowledge of all, that we cannot
escape from the human condition? Per-
haps a quiet weekend is all we should
really try for. It is possible that we
could get too far away from the com-
plications, could get deeper than we
may care to venture into the condi-
tion itself. □

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/NOVEMBER 1970

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Nothing But a Fine Tooth Comb: Essays in Social Criticism, 1944-1969, by David T. Bazelon. Simon and Schuster, cloth, \$9.95; paper, \$2.95.

Extraordinary books deserve extraordinary critical receptions, but the reception that has greeted David Bazelon's collection of a quarter-century's worth of brilliant social commentary is only extraordinary for its nonexistence. Truly amazing, especially when one considers that, through the years, Mr. Bazelon has appeared in all the best places; that he has worked near the center of the New York Jewish intellectual community; that his book constitutes a convenient summary (and often a devastating critique) of that influential group's preoccupations, bemusements, complaints, and quarrels; that with its revealing introduction and lacerating, often hilarious headnotes to every piece, it is a self-transcending work—a collection of pieces that becomes a unique effort in autobiography.

Moreover, it appears at a moment when, half-crazed by the need to redefine ourselves and the new American reality, we accord the status of revelation to the pronouncements of Maoist film directors, hysteric adolescents, shrieking feminists, and aging homosexuals compelled to politicalize their romantic feelings toward youth or to dismiss as a falling Rome a society that has failed to meet their standards of elegance. In this gabble one might have thought at least a few voices would murmur welcome to the book of a man whose lifetime effort has been to apply gift and grounding to the analysis of the American condition.

Appearances to the contrary, of course, such an attempt is not very fashionable at the moment. Mr. Bazelon himself manages to state very neatly the problem of getting people to think straight about our situation: "The confusion of personal and social policy considerations is now, among us, at an exquisite height: I know women who cannot be diverted from imagining themselves as mothers of napalmed babies long enough to give substantial attention to their own affluent children." The problem, as he sees it, is

that we can only resolve the conflict between our ideals and guilt-inducing but hard-to-abandon prosperity by willed plunges into radical oversimplification of issues.

Bazelon's argument, somewhat oversimplified, is that the "absurdly derived and puerile emotionality" of the intellectually and socially dominant class in our society is the result of a failure in self-understanding. It is, he notes, a propertyless class. The only capital of its members is their newly educated, half-educated brains. These they place in the service of those private governments known as corporations and, until recently, they derived their sense of community, such as it was, from a shared drive for affluence (and, possibly, security). But that community is now widely perceived as false, foolish, and failed: Vietnam, the urban and racial crises, the fury of their kids have taught them that much at least. Even so, very few of them (and this includes the allegedly revolutionary young) are willing to give up the pleasures and conveniences of prosperity in order to create a new community along the lines of the Utopias they are doomed by their "smartness" to imagine. Then the media—"the bullhorn of affluence"—further confuse them and the issues: mixing entertainment and politics (stressing the violent element in each), in the name of the only ideology Bazelon believes to carry any real charge for most of us—consumerism. Indeed he believes violence and consumerism are analogous: the former offering "the simplest resolution of anything," the latter offering the simplest method of confirming our belief in the fantasy of affluence.

Not that Bazelon is an apologist for the people who own and manage the machine. They emerge from his analysis as really stupid and inept, possibly the worst "Establishment" ever to attempt to manage a complex and historically significant state in human history. And their first victims are the young. "Daddy," as Bazelon with a certain irritable compassion translates what the kids are really saying, "why

did you make me rich, ju Why not one word about wh with it? Why did you leav learn everything important horse operas?"

But in attempting to sum position, I have insufficiently the pleasure of accompanying his strenuous intellectual jour is stuff here on the law, poa ture, psychology, even John and Louis Auchincloss that eia political economy in daring in rageous truth-telling, and in fo us the delight of watching a rs mind at play in fresh fields.

Up Against the Fourth Wall: Essays on Modern Theater, by Lahr. Grove Press, \$7.50.

For the past decade the taa this country has steadily dea its ability to interest the re cultivated man. There are, o many reasons for this (lack f wrights, competition from oth for talent and for audience the exigencies of commerce, p. one of them not often men the general lack of critical inli brought to bear on the subje Lahr stands in refreshing cora the norm—a youngish critic passion for his subject that a all understanding (at least by admirable sobriety in an are bitchiness is often the best we in for, and a wide-ranging curio intellect that allow him to hoc failures of our theater with cures of our society and to i bear on the theatrical experie terial from sources as divs Tocqueville and Norman O. B addition, and unlike most cr is not afraid to go out and asl wright or a director just what l he's doing, a practice which m example, his piece on Jules Little Murders quite the mo thing I've seen on Feiffer— of the best on satire in gene also greatly to his credit that is a positive thinker, spending time than most of his colleagu wailing the wretched state of th

er, far more in opening him-
he virtues to be found in
its as different as Arthur Kop-
rold Pinter, in experiences as
s street theater and *Oh, Cal-*
me of his enthusiasms are in-
to me, as is, I must confess,
acle of an intelligent writer
himself with such dedication
as resistant to reason as the
Still, I suppose if it is ever
thing other than what it is, it
ore John Lahrs, not fewer.
ny case, it provides him with
on which he can exercise an
er, and generally attractive
y and we must be grateful for
that turns on someone as nice
duable as Mr. Lahr. —R.S.

tary Journey to Siberia, by
Amalrik. Harcourt Brace Jo-
\$6.95.

Amalrik is a young Russian
playwright, and artist of
o. A completely sane society
ford him the option of ignor-
cs—not to mention the occult
f food production. In the So-
n he did not have to choose
involvement: it chose him.
of those characters in Kafka,
that somebody had been tell-
about him and, quite without
on on his part, he found him-
ted. The apartment in which
with an invalid father was
his unpublished plays were
ed for earmarks of “pornog-
he was tried as a “parasite”
off to Tomsk for a year’s
bor on a collective farm. A
ourt eventually quashed the
allowing him to go free; but,
ersisted in the dialogue with
he did not choose to start,
is in custody again.

ain fault seems to have been
hy with what the police called
” art. With dry understatement,
without rancor, he describes
riences with the police, the
nd the jails: with fellow pris-
nd finally the bleak life of the
collective farm. The latter
hocked him. The life of the
parently has yielded very few
ns to the twentieth century,
Russian standards. Amalrik
od the collective farmers as
en enjoyed some of them, but
enliness disgusted him. They
people with whom you could
ing”—pliant and submissive
thority, however arbitrary or

Gordon's. It's how the English keep their gin up!



**...SO
this Thanksgiving,
keep up
the spirits, too!**



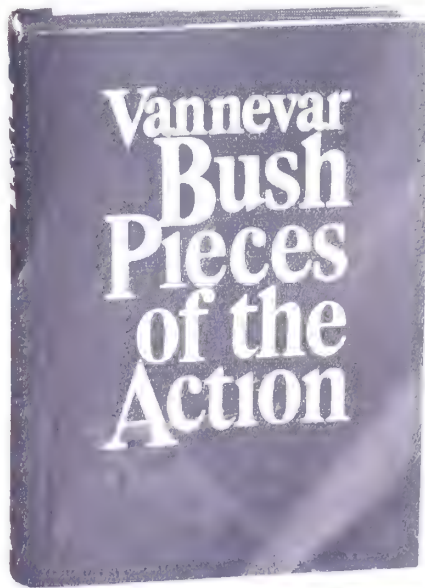
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and ready to be roasted.
The fixin's are ready, too.
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incompetent; brutalized by routine; superstitious—some of them reported having seen patients roasting over slow fires at the district hospital; and wholly uninterested in improvement. To be thus abruptly transported from Moscow to the primitive *kolkoz* at Tomsk filled Amalrik with doubt of the Soviet Union's capacity for self-renewal. The farmers lived for their meager paydays, when they promptly spent their wages on gingerbread and vodka, and "from all over the village we could hear drunken shouting and shrieking of women." *Involuntary Journey* is not, as it might be, a rancid book, but no less powerful for its equanimity. Of course it hasn't been and won't be published in Russia, although Amalrik is not an ideologue, not anti-Russian, and certainly not a counterrevolutionary. In fact, it doesn't stretch matters to call him a patriot. But since he advocates minimum due process of law, cultural freedom, and critical discussion of economic absurdities he is the kind of patriot Soviet Russia finds inconvenient and embarrassing. —E.Y.

84. Charing Cross Road. by Helene Hanff. Grossman. \$4.95.

Cultural footnote: they have finally succeeded in creating a non-book that can only be appreciated by people who care very greatly for books. The paradox is so attractive, the possibility of such a book selling exactly zero copies so lively, that one cannot resist calling attention to its existence. This wee volume brings together twenty years of correspondence between the author and a clerk named Frank Doel, who worked for a dealer in used books in London. In addition to the burden of having to dig out the obscure editions she requested, Mr. Doel had to put up with Miss Hanff's relentless cheerfulness and equally relentless pose of helplessness before the vagaries of the international monetary and postal systems. She accidentally-on-purpose set up a situation where American innocence and insouciance battered away at England's vaunted reserve until under the onslaught of friendliness and tinned hams Mr. Doel capitulated. It's all rather embarrassing, but one does succumb to the charm of his impeccability if not to her studied dizziness. His sudden death saddens the reader and it is almost annoying to feel a genuine emotion when one thought one was floating lazily on a pond of trivia. One is even glad, in a way, that Miss Hanff has rescued from anonymity an obvi-

ously good and decent man. She rather imagines he would have proved even of this small fulfillment. *84, Charing Cross Road* is all the sort of thing he would liked dealing in, you know.

Oh! Sex Education. by Mary Breasted. Praeger, \$7.95.

It's nasty business, the right America, don't you forget it, sometimes, thank the Lord, it's nasty as others. It's not, for it as if they managed to block the of the nuclear test-ban treaty they did do, was to get the fi old Anaheim, California, mod education program if not quibled, then, shall we say, very eff emasculated.

Mary Breasted proceeds in the rambling, sensible, highly p left-liberal bias assumed, if not tightly organized, nevertheless intelligent style of the *Village* (where she is a reporter), to be story here, with the Orange well-meaning liberals *vs.* the sav the-back-seat crazies. Only, cu the Antis (as she calls the education clique) turn out to where near as wild and woolly Breasted expected: instead sh them rather sympathetic—dete frightened people, often imm from places like Enid, Oklahoma defenders of what have become ity values in modern America.

Miss Breasted continues her gation of the controversy in the main portion of the book by out Dr. Gordon V. Drake, form ciate of Billie James Hargis, no haranguer and pamphleteer on t ject of no more sex in the scho his principal target, Dr. Mary rone, executive director of the Se mation and Education Council United States (SIECUS). Miss B meets the maligned and belea Dr. Calderone and finds her, little stuffy. And proud to the p well, arrogance. Worse than th Breasted begins to realize that p Dr. Calderone is every bit as r prisoner of her own prejudices right-wing enemies. Dr. Cald position, as it happens, is that one should save it for a "matur mitment," which is somethin would hopefully lead to marria Dr. Calderone, Mary Breasted r sex education is "basically a f moral indoctrination . . . and he was, in essence, an attempt to

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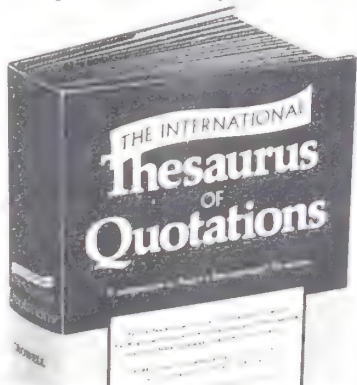
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

conventional morality by rendering it more tolerable."

At times, Mary Breasted's approach seemed to me a little haphazard, or perhaps it was that the vicissitudes of the reporting business showed through too much, offending my sense of modesty about such things (at a sex-education convention, for instance, she tells us about writing out twenty phone messages, as sort of a random way of getting in touch with some of the experts. Do we really want to know this?). But her own observations and conclusions are so fresh, wry, and forthrightly sane, that I was willing to proceed through some too-raw interview material to get to them.

In the end, Miss Breasted judges the whole controversy anachronistic, and everyone's energy misplaced, with her sympathies leaning in the direction of the right-wingers, with whom she identifies as a fellow philosophical minority, if at the opposite end of the spectrum. The shame of it is, she concludes, that everyone is so concerned with instilling one sort of outdated values or another, that nobody on either side cares much about answering the kids' real questions: "They wanted to know what made a good marriage. And they wanted to know what made good sex. They wanted to know whether they were *normal* and whether they would suffer if they decided to try sleeping together. And whether anybody would fall in love with them. . . ." —J.M.H.

Joshua, Firstborn, by Frances Karlen Santamaria. Dial, \$5.95.

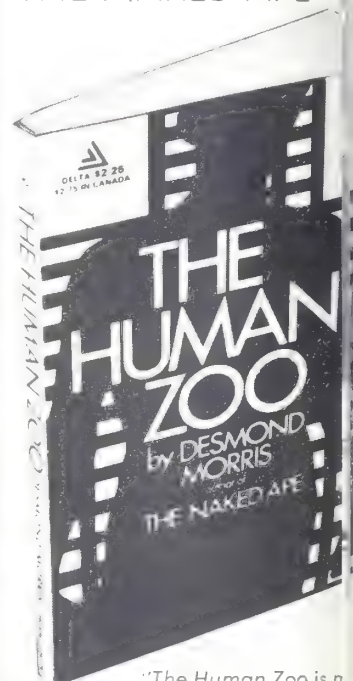
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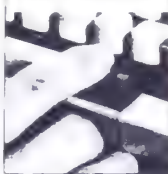
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at the same time each one believes she is on to something unique. The author is no exception. At the same time, she observed what was happening to her with genuine feeling and sensitivity, and to the extent that women do need to share these experiences that they may better understand the immensity of what is happening to them, such a book may have a real tribal function.

It is awkward to review someone else's life, but the trouble with this book is the trouble with the experience—which is obsessive, suspiciously wonderful (one of nature's all time "highs"), and altogether too self-affirming for general discussion and examination. I've never met a woman, including myself, who didn't think she could write a book about her encounter with motherhood. Taxi drivers also think they've seen the great parade of life. The point may be indisputable but it doesn't make for literature. It just *feels* so much like literature while it is happening. —J.W.

Stardom. by Alexander Walker. Stein and Day. \$10.00.

The Filmgoer's Companion. by Leslie Halliwell. Hill and Wang. \$15.00.

Books about the movies are tumbling from the presses with the frequency of cookbooks: star autobiographies, illustrated filmographies of their careers, precious little studies of directors by *auteur* critics, collections of interviews, profiles, and critical pieces, reprints of scripts—it's endless. And yet, the solid scholarly works on periods and genres and phenomena (like the movie press corps) remain unwritten. There are always, however, a few people attempting to do honest work and generally going unrecognized. For example, Alexander Walker, an English critic, has without fanfare written a psychologically acute, economically informed, and far-darting study of *Stardom* in which he traces the process by which, over the last half-century, an absurdly random collection of ordinary and extraordinary people were plucked out of the crowd and given the chance to strike the Faustian bargain with moguls and audiences. He traces the rise of the star from those innocent days when D. W. Griffith literally talked them into their screen personae by whispering instructions to them as the silent camera ground; through the great days of stardom in the 1920s when they were as gods, inscrutable and untouchable projections of our common fantasies: on to democratization-through-talking and enslavement via the term contract—which had

the potential to create schizophrenia all but the strongest (or craziest) of the system's death are greatly exaggerated and adolescents are not market. Mr. Walker has gone to original sources (including the studios that shaped the major star parties) and he has written with a sobriety about this least understood twentieth-century phenomena, One needs no special interest in film to enjoy and profit from his work—an interest in that quite irrational managed process by which the talents and personalities of actor and actress are demanded of actor and actress to penetrate to form public figure more than human, less than human.

One probably on the other hand need a special interest in movies to appreciate Leslie Halliwell's *The Filmgoer's Companion*, the third edition of which is twice as large, twice as expensive as the 1965 original. It is a desk reference for film, the beginning of research, assuage idle curiosity and settle bets. Its listings of directors, featured players, and other facts is amazingly complete, references to films by title into the selective. A feature of the new edition is articles on common film topics (e.g., homosexuality, multiple endings and images (mirrors, for example) which are useful and, I imagine, of reward for the encyclopedist. It gives him a chance to cut loose and write about himself. The book has, as a result, the charm of all the good one-man encyclopedia books since Dr. Johnson's, cheerfully inviting us to look at the total, cross-checked accuracy of the team effort for the delightful thing, tucked away here and there, expressions of personal prejudice and enthusiasm. Indeed, Mr. Halliwell is almost as dangerous as he is useful. I'm always grabbing his book for a quick fact and looking up a fact an hour later to find I've read about it and not a few of the S. T. and V. tries. Lovely.

Inside the Third Reich: Memoirs by Albert Speer. Macmillan, \$15.00.

Albert Speer, the gifted young architect who by Hitler's "reckless and foolish" decree became "second in command of the Reich" and paid with two years at Spandau as a war criminal, has written a great book. Richard and Clara Winston provide a translation.

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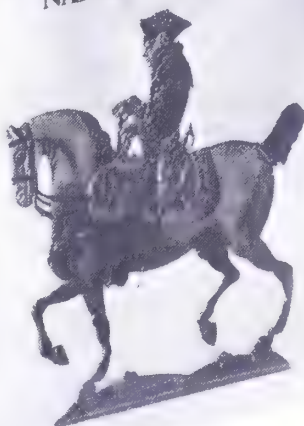
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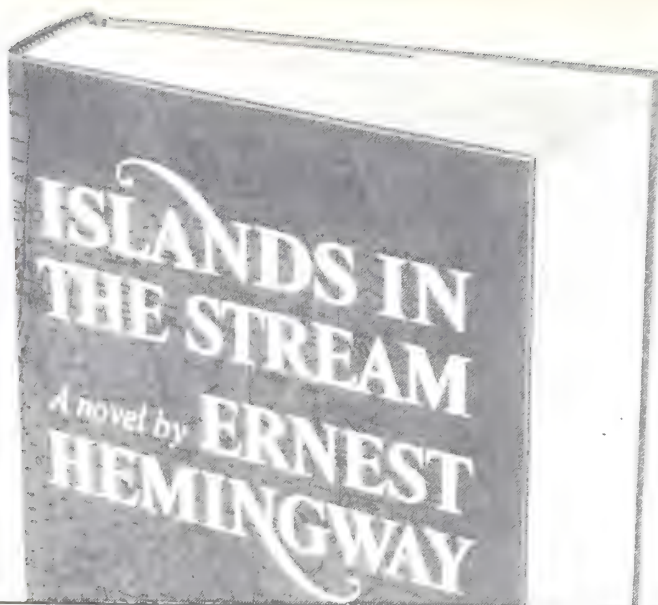


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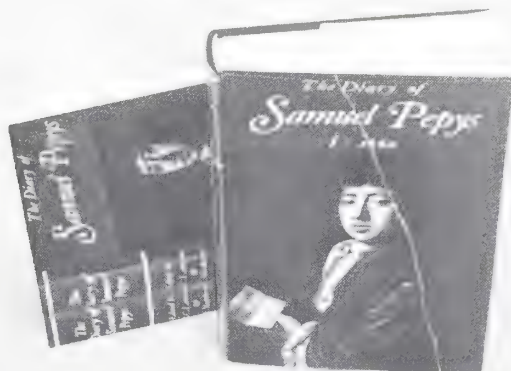
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his long infatuation with the and smuggled his forbidden se to the outside world. Now the assembled, brilliant in picture ar sis, dramatic, confessional, pe but utterly without mean syc or self-serving apology. Speer conceal, in retrospect, that liked Hitler and found a "So man" charm in the man; nor portray the man whose lieut was as a supernatural monste tells us that he felt drawn to yearned for closer friendship ways "an unbreakable wall" of ice, it may be—barred i Rudolf Hess had the same fe

It is of course the puzzle o book how a man of Speer's wi ingence, and breeding—and de fell in so deeply with the corporal. Speer's explanation ical naïveté; he was of a ge for whom "political indifferen by weariness of turmoil and i was "characteristic," and they no political standards. Even al ing the Nazi party in 1931, pu by Hitler's magnetism, he yaw its holy writ: even the Fue later found, considered *Mein a bit too much!* Once drawn Nazi inner circles as court he was isolated from business own; the "system" encouraged ment. Events touched but nev tered this isolation. Speer rece ing through Berlin on the after the burning of the synag this was November 1938—and reacted: "What really disturbed the aspect of disorder. . . . The panes of shop windows offen sense of middle-class order." proximity to Hitler was an of Hitler's design to match quests with gross architectu "architectural megalomania" i Speer now discerns, as he did the seeds of ruin.

There are scenes here of and apocalypse, some of the l for Visconti scenarios: On the of the Nazi-Soviet Pact (June Hitler and his entourage wate northern lights from the ter the Berghof: ". . . . The last 'Götterdämmerung' could no been more effectively staged. T red light bathed our faces a hands. . . . Abruptly turning to his military adjutants, Hitle 'Looks like a great deal of This time we won't bring it off violence.'" Speer followed his



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pot master to the end, through all the blood. To understand the Third Reich and its grip on a man like Speer, we must apparently see that there was as much queer fantasy as fanaticism at its core: Hitler and his gang were corrupt aesthetes, really, incapable of looking a fact in the face; lacking interest in detail; substituting intuition for system and instinct for evidence. The classic case was Goering, commanding a subordinate not to report again that Allied planes had reached Aachen; the news was inconceivable, hence unacceptable. "Every self-deception," writes Speer, "was multiplied as in a hall of distorting mirrors . . . becoming a repeatedly confirmed picture of a fantastic dream world."

This book restores to lurid life, in the vivid recall of a holy fool now grown wise, the primitive nationalism, the political illiteracy, and the one-man cult bolstered by toadies and charlatans that was the Third Reich. Flair it had, of a sort; character it had none, this "fantastic dream world." I cannot imagine a better chronicle of it.—E.Y.

We Talk, You Listen, by Vine Deloria, Jr. Macmillan, \$5.95.

Virtually every American will, with some small prompting, profess his concern (and very likely his "understanding") for the plight of minority groups—the liberal clichés of the early Sixties die hard, while the objects of their concern have developed a gutsier rhetoric. Of all the groups, the one which provides the most glamour with the least risk is the American Indian, who has managed to avoid complete integration into the social and economic mainstream longer than anyone else. Their holding aloof has not necessarily been the best thing for the Indians, but the reasons why they have done so are beginning to take on a new importance in the age of the silent majority.

In his second book, Vine Deloria challenges both the understanding and the concern that scholars and social workers, missionaries, teachers, and industrialists have had for the Indian. Either they have blindly gone in and tried to convert the Indian to ways that bear no relation to his own needs (his own physical and spiritual survival) or they have plunked themselves in the midst of a tribe and declared their intention to "experience" tribal life and primitive ways—a word which Deloria emphatically dislikes, and I imagine for good reason. Basically, all that Deloria asks here is that

Indians (and blacks, and Americans—he doesn't mention Ricans) be taken seriously as individuals. The corollary of this is that the individual must take itself seriously. The means, says Deloria, a new way of looking at the structure of the individual, the structure of social life in the individual. On the level of education, that there must be a new way of looking at the structure of the individual, not on "ethnic studies" (in the name of providing minorities with heroes on the pattern of, and able to, the larger society) but making available to the individual means of perceiving himself in the context of his own immediate understanding his immediate (and spiritual) context. It means government and its elected should recognize "the sovereignty of the group" and deal with the group as a whole (as opposed to hiding the perennial "Take me to your leader"). Deloria proposes a reformation of the Constitution to give the group basically the same rights anteated the individual by the Rights. He emphasizes the right to own land in common as individuals.

Predictably enough, much of Deloria has to say centers around the tribalization of young people and the back-to-the-land movement. "The communal way of life, devoid of economic competition, views the most vital part of man's existence as THEIRS. It supports them, where they live, and defines how they live. Land does not mean simple sentimentality of pure majesty of the artificial of slides taken by tourists. . . it provides a center of the unit of the group that lives on it. . . live with it and do not abstract themselves from it and live off it."

Deloria has much in his for idealism ("it would seem . . . people who desire change and could sit down and contemplate changes which might be made by using the system as it is"), experience, and his ability to see the role of Indians in a contemporary context. His inherited bitterness he is well supplied) can work against him. Often he is able to penetrate people's motives to expose underlying irony. But many times, I feel, bitterness will color the reader's view of his ideas and make what he says that much less palatable.

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

be missed: new Berlioz and Busoni

MAJOR RECORDINGS OF UNUSUAL
st and importance have made
spectacular year in the history
on disc. They are *Les Troyens*
z and *Doktor Faust* by Bu-
Busoni work has never re-
staged performance in this
The Berlioz was in the reper-
e San Francisco Opera a few
ck, but in a heavily cut ver-
"Troyens performances of the
been cut. Indeed, the full
e opera as Berlioz conceived
lished for the first time only
s ago; and it remained for
conductor, Colin Davis, who
z admirer, to stage the first
ersion at Covent Garden only
e ago.

erlioz! He composed operas
were popular, that never had
gainst the stupendous stage
of Giacomo Meyerbeer. *Les*
"The Trojans"—was his last
k. In it this young Turk of
wild romantic, discarded all
ardish sonorities of his ear-
s—discarded the fantasy and
chestral color that had made
so striking, and went back
y of Gluck. He composed a
opera, finishing it in 1858,
nobody wanted to produce it.
ours of serious music, with
issions—Parisian audiences
ave supported it. To get a
Berlioz split the work in
the first section "The Cap-
py" and the second "The
Carthage." He did get to
ond part before he died in
he never found an opera
a would stage the first part.

ut the years, *Les Troyens*
cripple, largely unper-
publishing house of Chou-
ing out a complete vocal
i *Prise de Troie*. Many years
ens came out with the Car-
a, also in vocal score. This
was rather heavily cut. No
er was made available. As
ody ever really knew what
e *Troyens* by Berlioz was
Only within the past five
has the opera entered the
nd now we have a com-

plete recording, conducted by Davis
(naturally), with the chorus and or-
chestra of the Royal Opera House
(Philips 6709002, five discs). Leading
singers are Jon Vickers as Aeneas,
Josephine Veasey as Dido, Berit Lind-
holm as Cassandra, Peter Glossop as
Corebus, Roger Soyer as Narbal, and
Heather Begg as Anna.

Berlioz wrote his own libretto, and
it is classically noble, classically static.
Looking back to Gluck as it does, using
prevailing diatonic harmonies, full of
long recitatives, *Les Troyens* can never
be a "hit" opera in the sense that *La*
Traviata or *Madame Butterfly* is. It
aims too high; it is too serious; it al-
most too ostentatiously avoids anything
that would hint at the Meyerbeerian
kind of vulgarity that so delighted the
operagoers of Berlioz's day. But what
an epic sweep *Les Troyens* has! What
intensity! And, Gluck or no, *Les Troy-*
ens has all of the characteristics of Ber-
lioz—that peculiar intensity, the chro-
matic half-tone melodic slides that are
his fingerprint, the blazing imagina-
tion. One listens with fascination. *Les*
Troyens may be too long, may have
some weak spots, may even be boring at
times. But there is something in the no-
bility of the music that holds one riv-
eted. And, at its best, *Les Troyens* has
a combination of ravishing melodic
purity, immense power, and a brooding
quality that emphasizes the doom which
impregnates the great legend of the se-
quence of events from the fall of Troy
to the founding of Rome. This is one
recording that no opera buff, no music
lover, nobody with any pretensions to
musical culture, can afford to miss.

The fact that the performance is less
than ideal has no great bearing on the
case in view of the majesty of the
music. The opera is hard to sing, de-
manding heroic voices and infinite styl-
istic nuance. Singers with the French
style and the requisite vocal command
are hard to come by today. Thus allow-
ances must be made, and one is willing
to put up with, say, the shrill and off-
pitch singing of Veasey as long as the
general quality of the opera comes
through. Fortunately it does, though I
am not as happy with the work of the
conductor as most of my colleagues

seem to be. Davis has such an over-
whelming reputation as a Berlioz ex-
pert that he can do no wrong in certain
quarters. But his rhythms often are
flabby, and he lets his players get away
with some remarkably sloppy phras-
ings. On the other hand, Davis does
have a feeling for the grand sweep of
the music, and is helped by breathtak-
ingly faithful recorded sound. On qual-
ity high-fidelity equipment, this record-
ing of *Les Troyens* puts the opera right
into your living room.

MANY MUSIC LOVERS HAVE HAD a
chance to become acquainted with
sections of *Les Troyens* through record-
ings of various excerpts. Very few have
had any chance at all to familiarize them-
selves with Ferruccio Busoni's *Doktor*
Faust. None of the vocal sections has
ever been recorded (there have been
recordings of the Sarabande and Cor-
tege), and to almost everybody the op-
era is a complete novelty.

Busoni (1866-1924) was a pianist
of mixed Italian and German blood.
He is said to have been one of the co-
lossal pianists in history. He composed
a good deal of music, but most of it re-
mained forgotten until a slight revival
of interest within the past ten years. It
is hard to place his music, just as it is
hard to place the man. Busoni was an in-
tellectual who proposed, in several es-
says, what amounted to an overthrow
of standard systems. He invented new
scales, he discussed microtonal music,
he even anticipated the electronic
school. Yet his own compositions show
none of this avant-gardism. At first, as
in his violin sonatas, he wrote in the
late-romantic style of Brahms. In his
monumental Piano Concerto he brought
together Beethoven and Liszt, among
others. His *Fantasia Contrapuntistica*
evokes the world of Bach as experi-
enced through a probing twentieth-
century mind. All this is, essentially,
music that looks back, fascinating as
it is. But in his last work, the unfin-
ished *Faust* (it was completed by Bu-
soni's pupil, Philipp Jarnach), he did
enter a prophetic world. The dry, func-
tional writing anticipated not only
Hindemith but also the expressionism

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MUSIC

and, often, the actual texture of Alban Berg's *Lulu*. Yet Busoni is a twelve-tone or even atonal composer. He headed a school known as Classicism, or Young Classicism, wanted to combine the best of the old and the best of the new.

Doktor Faust, recorded with the orchestra of the Bavarian Radio under Ferdinand Leitner (Dut Grammophon 2709032, three discs) with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in the title role, is an intellectual opera that deals with ideas, and is a long way from the skillful puerilities of *Carmen*. *Faust*, Busoni, who wrote his own libretto, avoided Goethe, and instead went back to the medieval *Faust* plays (from which Marlowe drew his great drama). The opera is full of symbolism, and ends with a regeneration of Faust through the dead child conceived with the Duchess of Parma. It is a libretto, and an opera, that has to be carefully studied. It is not just a work (no expressionistic art opera) and it has no big, show-stopping numbers. What it does have is a very extremely powerful and staged drama, and music of real character.

In much of Busoni's music is a marriage of German and Italian elements. But in *Faust*, the Italian element predominates. It is hard to explain the fascination of this opera. It may sound eclectic, yet it is in the best sense of the word a tonal work with late-romantic overtones, yet it is undeniably "modern," since modernism went in the 1920s; its content is dry, yet it is full of ideas. A very strong personality comes through; yet at the same time it presses one as an inhibited person holding itself back a little too much. *Doktor Faust* is a puzzle. But, like *Troyens*, it is one of those neglected works that come as a revelation. Not that *Doktor Faust* is as mighty a level as *Les Troyens*. But it has much of its own to offer, and its lovers should rise to its challenge. A performance by Fischer-Dieskau, such fine singers as Hildegard Behre, William Cochran, Kai Kral, and Franz Grundheber is excellent, and the well-controlled leadership of Leitner—one of the better German conductors—presents the score with one can be sure is authentic style. It is recorded. After some ten years, the experience, engineers all over the world now have the technique of stereo recording down to a fine art.

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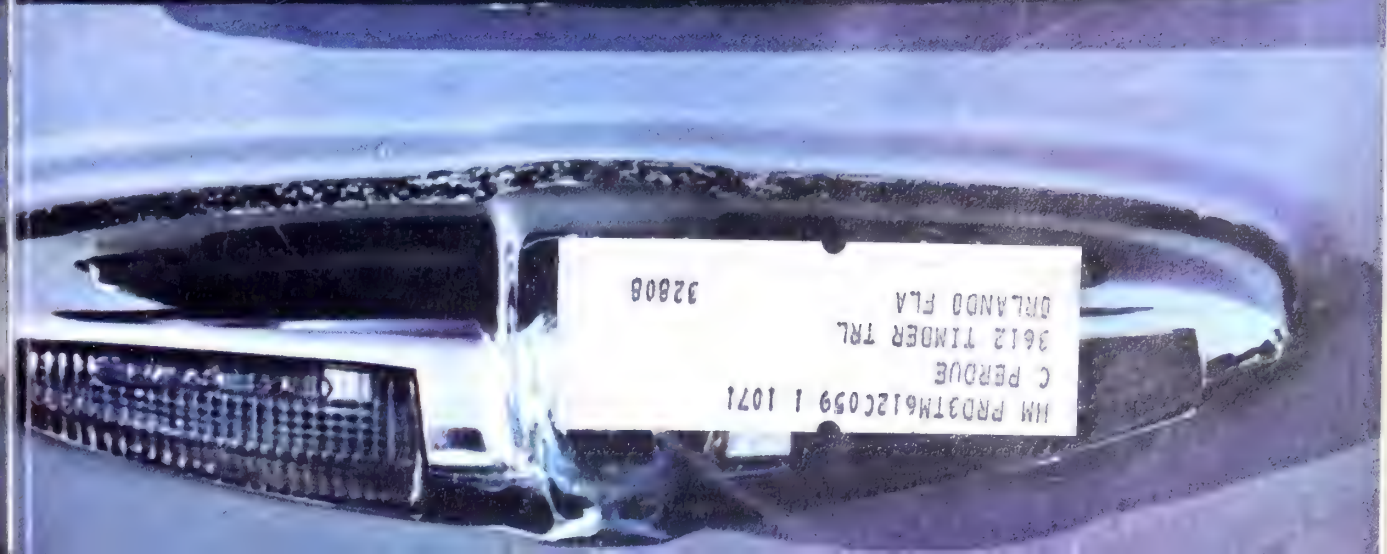
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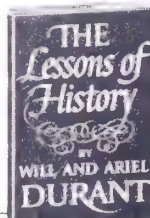
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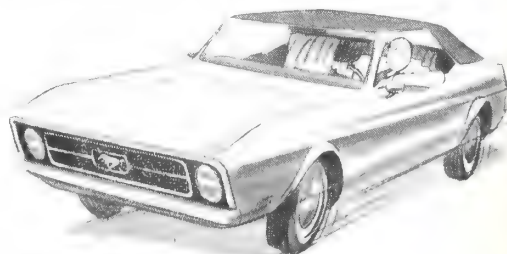
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Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Cass Canfield, Vice Chairman; William S. Blair, President. Subscriptions: \$8.50 one year, \$21.00 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: \$14.00 per year additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. For advertising information contact: Harper's Atlantic Sales, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, and San Francisco. Copyright © 1970 by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. All rights reserved. The trademarks Harper's is used by Harper's Magazine Company under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row, Publishers, Incorporated. Printed in the U.S.A. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 321 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

Reprints and Permissions: Lucy Martmont, Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

CREDITS: The photographs on pages 19, 53, 58, 63, 71, 73, 90, 101, 107 are by Rex Acheson; on page 51 by George Gaudin; on pages 81, 82, 83 by Ken Heisterkamp; on page 93 by Jay Good; on page 97 by Gerald Millet.

ABOUT THIS ISSUE



"Movers? Are you the fella who did the swastika up there in Washington?" a controversial public figure in Little Rock asked.

"The right man," Bill Moyers said, "but the wrong dance. It was the watusi."

"Watusi... swastika, what's the difference?" the man replied. "Come on over and I'll buy you lunch."

So began another of well over two hundred interviews Bill Moyers conducted with Americans all over the nation for this magazine, though this particular one was not typical. In most cases the writer remained anonymous, and the gentleman in Little Rock was alone in remembering the famous newspaper photographs of the young Presidential assistant (and ordained Baptist minister) doing the watusi at a White House party a few years ago.

As Deputy Director of the Peace Corps in the early years of the past decade, Moyers was instrumental in making that institution a vital force among the young people of America. As special assistant and close adviser to President Johnson, he was one of the foremost architects of the great social legislation of 1964 and 1965, the high-water point of the LBJ Presidency. Later, when he was Publisher of *Newsday*, that paper won thirty-three major journalism awards, including two Pulitzer Prizes.

This fall, Moyers, now the editor of *Harper's*, *Listening to America* (page 47) is the result of what he has seen and learned in a 13,000-mile journey across the country, and it captures a few documents can the mood and accents of America in 1970. They are memorable portraits of presidents, student radicals, American Legionnaires, street people, rebels, drug addicts, black spokesmen, unemployed executives, business leaders, country doctors, hard-boiled cops, ordinary citizens—all part of a narrative rich in humor, sorrow, and understanding. Moyers knows more than most young political activists of our day, just how taut and thin the thread of civilization which holds together our disparate nation, and his report is free of the rancor and bitterness which have muddled too many contemporary descriptions of our troubles. And as in the sections on Lawrence, Kansas; Seattle, Washington; Washington, D. C., and elsewhere, this is reporting of a very high

Listening to America will be published as a full-length volume by Harper's Magazine Press in February. We are pleased to devote a large part of this issue to a 45,000-word excerpt from the book.

*I suppose I've passed it a hundred times,
but I always stop for a minute
And look at the house, the tragic house,
the house with nobody in it.*

JOYCE KILMER



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THE FOREBEARS by W. S. Merwin

I think I was cold in the womb
shivering I
remember
cold too I think did my brother suffer
who slept before me there
and cold I am sure was John in the early
as in the earlier
dawn all they
even whose names are anonymous
now known for their cold only
I believe they quaking lay
beforetime there
dancing like teeth and I
was them all foretelling me
if not the name the trembling
if not the time the dancing
if not the hour the longing
in the round night

A READER by Jorge Luis Borges

Let others boast of pages they have written.
I take pride in those I've read.
I may not have been a philologist,
or gone deeply into declensions or moods or those
slow shifts of letter sounds—
the *d* that hardens into *t*.
the kinship of the *g* and *k*—
but through the years I have professed
a passion for language.
My nights are filled with Virgil.
Having known Latin and forgotten it
remains a possession: forgetting
is memory's dim cellar, one of its forms,
the other secret face of the coin.
While vain and loved appearances,
faces and pages
were fading in my eyes.
I lost myself studying the iron tongue
once used by my forebears to set down
loneliness and swords:
and now, after seven hundred years,
from Ultima Thule,
your voice comes to me, Snorri Sturluson.
A young man, sitting down to read, takes on
himself an exact discipline,
bookworming his way to exact knowledge:
at my age, whatever I take on is an adventure
bordering on the night.
I'll never master the North's old tongues,
never sink greedy hands into Sigurd's gold.
The task I undertake is endless
and throughout my days will be a companion,
mysterious as the universe,
mysterious as myself, the learner.

Translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni

LETTERS

Black

Fred Graham was one of the
lence Commission's most valua
sultants and contributors. Few
ers match his standards of au
and fairness. However, his
"Black Crime: The Lawless
[September], contains a statem
unfortunately can be construe
flect unfairly upon the public
rendered by two of the ablest m
of the Commission, Mr. Graham
that Ambassador Patricia R.
and Judge A. Leon Higginbotham
first insisted that the study [com
parative Negro-white violent
rates] not be made public." But
"others on the Commission be
suppressing the study."

No member of the Com
sought to suppress any of the in
tion we developed about violence
including the crime statistics en
by race. All members of the Co
sion were concerned that our
on race and crime be as immu
misinterpretation as possible. I
lieved that the section on violence
in our final report—drawn larg
the staff studies described by M
ham—presented a full, forthri
ture of the violent crime proble

Ambassador Harris and Jud
ginbotham, in common with the
Commission members, were co
that the statistics showing such
tively high proportion of bla
fenders should not be misconstr
suggesting in any way that bla
a greater racial tendency to
crimes than whites. The Com
data showed that a dispropo
number of violent crimes are
ted by young males between fif
twenty-four, most of them at th
end of the occupational and
tional scale and most of them
the ghetto slums of our large

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While statistics for earlier periods in our history are much less complete, they suggest that these phenomena have always been so, regardless of the racial origin of the residents of the ghetto slums. In earlier years the majority of these residents were Europeans of various nationalities and so were most criminal offenders: today they are mainly blacks. This, rather than any racial characteristic, is the reason that arrest rates for blacks are now so much higher in proportion to population than for whites.

It is of course true that the rate of violent crimes per unit of population has sharply increased during the past ten years, and that this increase has occurred at a time when the racial mixture in city slums was becoming increasingly black. But, as Mr. Graham's article agrees, there is no evidence to suggest a racial explanation of this fact: it seems far more likely that the explanation lies in the conditions of family and social life among those who live in the city slums, aggravated in the case of black slum residents by the legacy of slavery and discrimination.

Mr. Graham also says the Commission did not mention that even higher rates of criminal violence were found

among the upcoming generation of young blacks. The Commission's report states expressly on page 22 that "violent crime in the city is concentrated especially among youths between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four" with even more dramatic increases between ages ten and fourteen. It states on page 23 that "violent crime in the cities stems disproportionately from the ghetto slums where most Negroes live." The reader cannot mistake the connection between these two facts.

Mr. Graham is unhappily correct in his apprehension that white perceptions of the disproportionately high rate of black crime pose a serious threat to the rule of law, and to the dispersal of economically and educationally advanced blacks into white middle-class neighborhoods. If middle-income whites equate blacks families with juvenile criminality, this movement—so essential to domestic tranquillity—will be too long in coming. The Commission's data offer one hopeful note—they tend to confirm that most black young males are generally law-abiding—even the great majority living in ghetto slums. The Wolfgang study referred to in Mr. Graham's article shows that of all the black young men in Philadelphia who

were born in 1945, only 50 per cent had even a single serious encounter with the police, and that most of 50 per cent had only one or two encounters before returning to patterns of behavior. Despite the incidence of black juvenile criminality, statistical odds remain strongly in favor of the proposition that the male members of the black population moving into previously "white" areas are likely to be about as peaceful as their new white neighbors. . . .

MILTON S. EISENBERG
Baltimore

In regard to "Black Crime," the Commission administers a voluntary program nationwide police statistics known as Uniform Crime Reports. In publishing this data, extensive statistical tables are set forth concerning crime and law enforcement activity, including the limitations on the use of the information.

Fred Graham accuses the FBI of concealing police arrest statistics by not publishing them. This is refuted by the fact that the annual issue of Uniform Crime Reports contains tables disclosing arrests by offense, age, sex, and race. Furthermore, in his article Mr. Graham quotes from testimony given by



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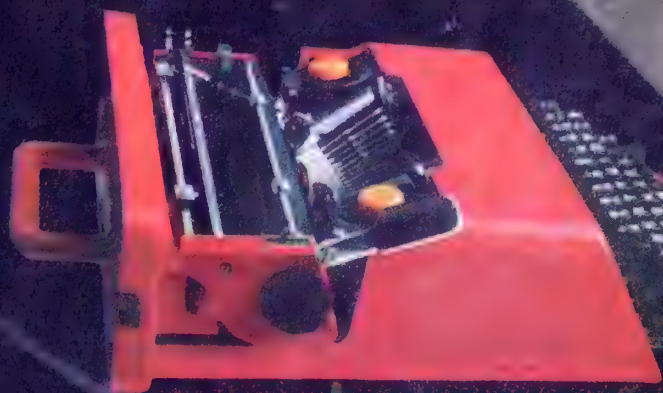
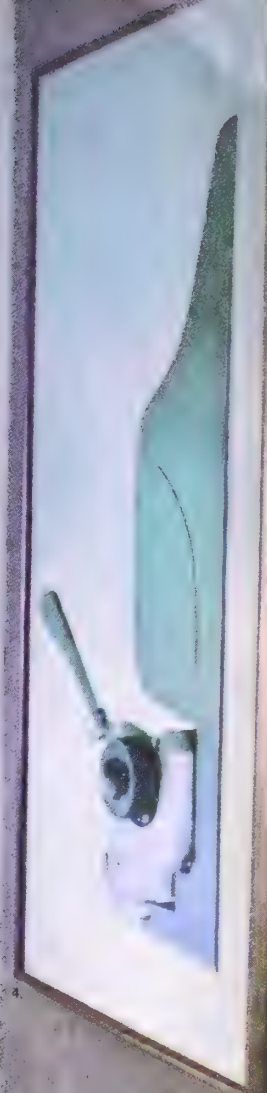
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LETTERS

Attorney General Ramsey Clark suggests this is the first time government official had commented in detail concerning Negro crime apparently overlooked by Mr. Hoover was the fact that the statistics the former Attorney General quoted in the above article were directly from the Summary section of the Uniform Crime Reports—1967.

J. EDGAR HOOVER,
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington

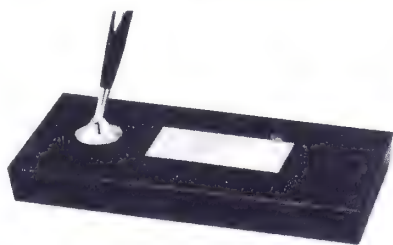
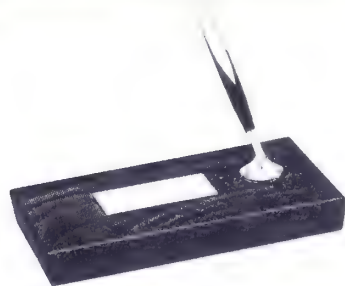
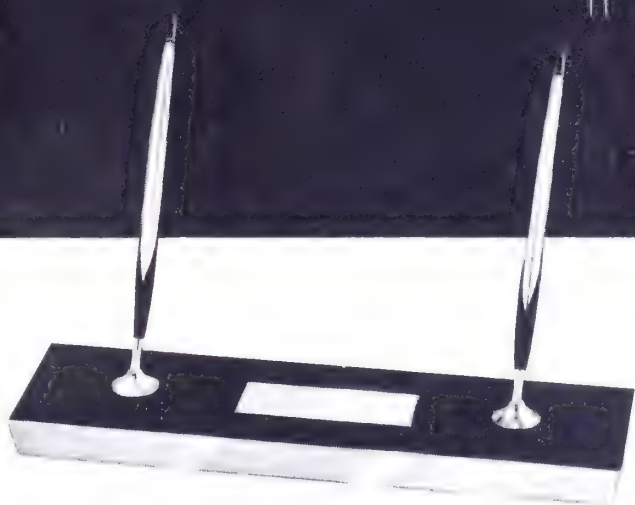
FRED GRAHAM REPLIES:

Mr. Hoover perceives an attack against the FBI where none was intended. The point of the article was a long-standing taboo against discussion of Negro crime in polite society has left the subject to the lips of George Wallace. It pointed out that the FBI annually publishes detailed statistics that show, to those who manage to penetrate the charts, an alarmingly high and growing incidence of arrests of Negroes—and especially young Negro males—for violent crimes. This is one of the most striking phenomena that the FBI statistics reveal, but as the article said, "there has been an analysis of the lopsided figures for Negroes that the FBI show." In the Summary section of the Uniform Crime Reports—1967, the section of "Persons Arrested" has subheadings for "Age" and "Sex" and detailed discussions of the factors involved in many of those arrested are young males. Race was not mentioned though the charts showed that a majority of those arrested for violent crimes were Negroes. When Clark decided to break the ice with his testimony before the Violence Commission, the statistics for his paragraph statement had to be culled from items scattered throughout pages of the Uniform Crime Reports—1967.

Strict construction

Harper's, huh, is to be commended for extending the privilege of an increasing amount of talent from below the Mason-Dixon line, however much I approve of Mr. King's drawl, I must take him for his insensitive introductory comments in "Whatever Happened to Brother Dave?" [September]. If Mr. Hoover had been appearing in New York City, we can assume that his au-

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CITIZENS

would have demonstrated political persuasion similar to that vividly described by Mr. King in Charlotte, North Carolina. Necks of red into Sunday white collars do grow, flourish outside the South, you know. And, for that matter, so do "hairdos" and "bristling crew cuts."

But, in his zeal to give us the right shade of local color in his Gardner profile, Mr. King has more heavily and memorably imprinted a Faulknerian prose and perpetuated a Southern stereotype than the reality of the political and social climate in Charlotte. There is no doubt that elements of all creeds, colors, and political philosophies exist in Charlotte, or for that matter in New York, or throughout this country. Even in Mr. King's native Tennessee, for Mr. King to infer that Charlotte these days get their kicks from "Cee Colas" and racist entertainment is identical to implying that New Yorkers wear hard hats and attend to their business. With even one eye open, you would know that it just isn't so.

The 100,000 or so people Mr. King served at Gardner's shows may not have shared his assessment of Charlotte. The city also has another quarter of a million people who might not share his enthusiasm. As a former North Carolinian, I, like them, expect more from a *Norman Fellowship*, particularly a *Norman Fellowship*, and can only conclude those "flying bugs," "so-called grass," and thoughts of the "most beautiful Becky Sue of Alabama" were just too much for him.

—Mrs. Bob Rogers
West Los Angeles

As Brother Dave's business prospered while he was in Los Angeles, approximately four years, and he made a tour with him in the city, I find that someone reading L. King's article would come away with a complete misconception of the city and his mission.

Mr. King must certainly be the First Amendment to the Constitution since that is his livelihood. Reading the article I wonder what he would have said about Will Rogers when Mr. Rogers was commending some of the faults and hypocrisy of our country, through humor. Certainly it is one of the great attributes of the American people to be able to laugh at themselves. . . .

—JOSEPH
Hollywood

KING REPLIES:

and Will Rogers use assassina-
violence as comic material?

Albert

ing on John Fischer's October
the outlook for reform in the
Representatives. ["The Com-
yal in Congress." The Easy
ages of over two years ago
ned to me. His article dealt
with Carl Albert (Dem., Okla-
d has credentials as a "lib-
behind the scenes reformer. I
all the role Carl Albert
the 1966 Democratic Na-
vention. As Chairman . . .
manipulated *Robert's Rule* of
the 4th degree to silence van-
and reform-minded dele-

with remember Mr. Peter
son in I know a candidate for
less rising, and requesting
to acknowledge the horrible
happening a few blocks away in
of Chicago, only to have his
ce turned off by the Chair-
s this fall can Mr. Peterson
in the new Speaker the same
treatment?

Will Carl Albert ruled, or at
s rule out of order every
who advocated reform at
vention. If Mr. Albert's actions
set the type of leadership he
for the House as Speaker, I see
no hope for reform during his
The Congress is serious about
types of goals and priorities
and needs in order to survive
1980s, then a man like Carl
has no place as the Speaker of

GERALD L. COOGAN
Pittsburgh, Penna.

SEER REPLIES:

ories about the last Demo-
vention are necessarily like
g's, both subjective and fal-
I got the distinct impression
siding officer Carl Albert
st to be fair, under almost
circumstances, to all of the
of factions. For example, al-
I shared completely. Delegate
motions. I also felt that his
only way out of order—that is,
due to the question then be-
Convention. In any case, try-
ing to deal with the tumult of a na-
tion convention and serving as

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But the earthquake was no nightmare. It was monstrously real, wiping out homes and villages and lives by the thousands.

Maria was among the "lucky" ones. She and her family were spared, and their mud-brick hovel remained standing. Maria and her family of 8 spend their cramped existence in this shack

which has no sanitation, or running water, or electricity. Germs lurk in every corner, and food is sparse on the \$35 a month that the mother and father together earn. Now when sickness strikes, there is less chance than ever of getting medical attention from the already far too few and frantically overworked doctors. So there's little hope that Maria can get the treatment she needs for a chronic bronchial infection.

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LETTERS

Speaker of the House are very kinds of assignments—as dis- quelling a saloon brawl and r a law firm. I remain hopeful.

Goo

If you aren't rattled by pro- a sometime producer, please mine for the current *Harper* ciation of John Ford. Wals ["Good Days, Good Years," e ing Arts. by Richard Schickel's ber]. and the rest of the peo been calling Old Time Wild Mr. Schickel is quite right, c about the isolation of these Founding Fathers out here—b entirely agree with the analys isolation. Only a relatively f ago (I came out here in 190 men were still part of a curre picture style—much admired e already under heavy fire from side. (Hollywood is seen by me I guess.)

But during the Sixties it apart. From having been ar illiteracy and pride, this ce began to search the pages of l what was "in" and pay att critics and worry like hell hair. It was being softened un advent of Phil Spector and a vision which has by now carril thing before it. And there w no place for those un-chic, ce frequently wrong-word-using them say "nigger" without e sciousness) old men who dri bon and tequila and general style which makes Lyndon seem to be barbecuing plastic

So they got meaner and so secure, while such giants as I serman learned how to inton it's at, man" and do the Estab shuffle for the new world sequined, and terribly film ventors of the wheel and prob iris—any day now.

The observation about th ness" of those first pictures e me marvelously accurate an statement about what's miss what's been missing for quit time, maybe since the end of pression liberated us from Where I can't follow is in the tion that the young directors are struggling to reenter reali sense. While any generaliz plainly silly, an awful lot of to me only a different kind of

Rider, frinstance. Most of the themselves seem to me bearded ornes, but sort of inside out.

SAUL DAVID
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Gone

of the reasons I have more or topped buying disc recordings are the Classics Have Gone," by Harold C. Schonberg. Octo- the generally poor quality of the t itself. For example, I had pur- an Angel-Melodiya recording of achmaninoff Symphonic Dances months back. I obtained it at a with a fairly large stock, so that I discovered that the disc was l, and unplayable. I was able to ge it. The replacement was d" so that it could be played y the use of a rubber plug over anual spindle, to hold it down on e ntable.

T particular disc is practically e lf the thickness of some of my LP records. It's flimsy, unsub- l, and certainly does not give e feel of a quality product. Luck- aped it on the first playing, be- after ten playings on a high- machine, it's now shot.

rs ago, when you purchased an of 78 discs, you had purchased ifact which bore the stamp of nd attention to its production. that can be said only of the icket. If the record manufact- e going to skimp on the end out of all of their effort, and dis- something that has the feel and nce of a child's toy, then they o one to blame but themselves e diminishing market for classi- ges. Although sonically great ad- have been made, obsolescence to have been planned into the elf. In brief, although the efforts t artists and recording engineers n Angel disc were unsurpassed, duction manager apparently at- d to save a nickel's worth of plas- stamping the record. The result at in the future I'll tape directly he FM broadcast, with better- tape than the companies use on eel-to-reel prerecorded releases, t have to turn the disc over half- o the performance, and will end a product which won't notice- teriorate with use.

ARTHUR VENITT
Jamaica, New York

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gin up!



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Western Electric



THE EASY CHAIR

Christmas list

SPECIAL HOLIDAY GREETINGS to the following people whose doings in the past year—some ominous, some encouraging—deserve more attention than has yet been paid. May God rest them merry, and preserve them from the hordes of commercial Yule-mongers.

1. To Dr. Z. V. Harvalik, a physicist working at an Army research establishment in Alexandria, Virginia, for offering a plausible scientific explanation for dowsing—thus relieving a puzzlement which has made me feel slightly schizoid for many years.

One part of my mind has always been skeptical about dowsers, or water witches, because their operations seemed to be a kind of magic with no apparent rational basis. At the same time I have had to admit that their arcane rites actually seem to work. They really have located underground water in so many cases, documented by creditable witnesses, that they can hardly be dismissed as mere happenstance.

A case in point is my barber in Guilford, Connecticut, Luigi Franco, who practices dowsing, without fee, as a favor to his neighbors. The local geology makes well drilling a chancy business. One man in North Madison sank three shafts to a depth of 300 feet and at a cost of \$6,000 without finding enough water to brew a pot of coffee. In desperation he finally called Luigi into consultation.

Luigi arrived with the traditional

equipment: a Y-shaped "rod." Holding one tip in each hand with the shaft pointed ahead of him, he walked slowly back and forth over the property until he came to a spot where the shaft dipped downward, apparently of its own volition.

"Dig here," he said. The landowner did, and hit a good, dependable flow of water at 85 feet.

Luigi has performed similar feats many times. But unlike most of his fellow practitioners, he has no mystique about the business. He claims no special gift, insisting that anybody can learn to dowse successfully with enough practice and sensitivity training. Nor does he care what kind of "rod" he uses; although forked branches of willow, alder, or wild cherry are traditional, he says he can do just as well with a metal coat hanger twisted into the proper shape. He told me that he learned his art from his uncles, who are of Roman descent. For centuries, he points out, the Romans built great waterworks throughout their empire, using dowsing as a normal part of their engineering technique. To all this I listened respectfully, but with considerable mental discomfort—until Dr. Harvalik delivered a paper before the Virginia Academy of Science last August.

According to him, the human body is quite sensitive to changes in magnetic field, even though most of us are unaware of it. One way the body reacts is with a slight, involuntary twitching of the forearms. Such a twitch normally goes unnoticed; but if the hands are holding a "rod" it amplifies the motion so it is readily visible. Dr. H.—who is no mean water witch himself—went on to explain that when water is flowing underground it produces ions,

or charged particles, which create a disturbance in the local magnetic field. What a dowser actually detects is simply a magnetic anomaly—caused by moving water, but occasionally by something else, such as a derelict electric cable.

Assuming that Dr. Harvalik's explanation is accepted by his scientific peers, he probably will put Luigi and hundreds of other folk-art diviners out of business. For anybody equipped with a good magnetometer presumably can detect the movement of underground ions more precisely than the most experienced dowser.

2. To Patrolman Elmer Sanders of the Detroit police department for his 132 friends—members of the graduating class of Longfellow Junior High School, near Patrolman Sanders' home, of duty.

In a year when policemen were in of favor with many students, "pig" had replaced "cop" in the popular academic vocabulary—the Longfellow seniors voted to invite Patrolman Sanders to deliver their commencement address. The runner-up in the ballot was Willie Horton, outfielder for the Detroit Tigers.

3. For their originality in doing something to protest about, a group of the left-handed students of the University of Kansas.

They formed a Left-handed Students Union and presented a list of notable demands to the university administration. It included demands for left-handed desks in every classroom, buttons for left-handed operation of drinking fountains, and a program of left-handed studies to be taught by left-handed professors, who could be

John Fischer's Christmas greetings issue this year from Leete's Island in Connecticut, where he lives when he is not on the road to study the political, economic, ecological, and educational developments that make "The Easy Chair" columns.

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and fired only by left-handed administrators.

4. *To the Campbell Soup Company, for devising a highly effective method of preventing water pollution and making it pay.*

Two of its soup canneries, at Paris, Texas, and Sumter, South Carolina, presented potentially serious pollution problems, since each of them spews out more than three million gallons of waste water a day. It is heavily laden with the waste products of killing, cleaning, chopping, and cooking thousands of chickens—among other ingredients—every hour. If dumped into the nearest stream, in the usual way, this effluent would kill all fish and micro-organisms and make the downstream water not only undrinkable but probably unbearably smelly. On the other hand, if the waste could be channeled onto cropland it would serve as an excellent fertilizer, and would be naturally purified by soil organisms and the growth process of the plants.

The problem was to find a crop which could absorb enormous amounts of water, on a reasonably small acreage, without being drowned out. The answer turned out to be reed canary grass, a coarse species which grows up to 30 inches high and can thrive on up to 300 inches of rainfall a year. It thrives even better on the nutrient-rich waste from the canneries. When harvested for hay, it contains up to 23 per cent crude protein and nearly twice the nitrogen and phosphorus content of the average hay crop. Cattle love it.

The relatively small amount of water which eventually percolates away through the soil of the grass fields is cleaner than the water most of us drink. At Sumter it ends up in an artificial lagoon which has been made into a wildlife refuge, teeming with fish and some thirty-two varieties of birds. At Paris it flows into a creek, which is so pure that the Lamar County Conservation District is planning to dam it and stock the resulting lake with game fish.

Campbell officials report that their natural purification scheme not only is cheaper than artificial methods of sewage treatment. It also produces a lush crop of salable hay—some of which no doubt will go to feed cattle that eventually will end up in cans of Campbell's beef broth.

5. *For another welcome contribution to the preservation of our environment, a vote of thanks to the city of Montreal*

which recently put into operation the most advanced garbage-disposal system on this continent.

It is a new kind of incinerator which burns up 1,200 tons of refuse a day, with a negligible emission of smoke, odor, and dust—and at the same time produces enough steam to heat several municipal buildings, including a junior high school. Its only other end products are a modest amount of clean ashes, which can be used for landfill, and some melted scrap metal (from tin cans and such) which may turn out to be salable.

This monster furnace employs an intricate technology, including air-actuated shredding knives, a series of inclined grates of high-alloy stainless steel, vibratory feeders, hydraulic servomotors, electrostatic dust precipitators, and a lot of other scientific innovations which I don't begin to understand. It is also expensive—\$15 million—but its operating costs run to only about \$2 per ton of garbage, when the value of the steam it produces is taken into account.

Since garbage disposal has become an acute problem—political as well as physical—for all big cities, the new incinerator may prove a godsend to both mayors and environmentalists. It was designed by a Swiss firm, Von Roll AG, and additional units for use in this country will be built in conjunction with the Rust Engineering Co. of Pittsburgh. All of which suggests that science and technology, which are getting so much blame for the wounds in our ecology, may also offer a partial cure.

6. *To a couple of robbers in Sing Sing prison, Thomas Palermo and Sheldon Saltzman, for the most delightfully impudent gesture of the year.*

They are suing New York State officials—including Governor Nelson Rockefeller, Mayor John Lindsay, and a batch of judges and district attorneys—to try to make them return \$4 million worth of jewels which Palermo and Saltzman admit they stole.

After they were arrested for the jewel robbery last year, the thieves claim, they agreed to give up the gems in return for light sentences in that case and for earlier robbery convictions. But according to them, after they handed over the loot state officials welched on the deal: Palermo got a twenty-five-year sentence and Saltzman fifteen years. So naturally the aggrieved felons now feel that they ought to have the jewels back, and have asked a federal court to so order.

Similar concepts of the New Morality

cropped up elsewhere during the year. In New Jersey the crime syndicate offered a reward of \$100,000 to a hoodlum who would murder Vincent B. Gallinaro, a particularly tough some investigator working for the Legislative Committee on Crime. At this writing, Mr. Gallinaro is still alive. In New York City Mafia gangsters picketed FBI headquarters, on the grounds that they were being harassed by several law-enforcement agencies. In India students demonstrated their right to cheat on examinations at a college in Moradabad they shot a history lecturer who admonished them for cheating, and in Mainpuri they killed and stabbed to death a proctor for a similar offense.

7. *To Mayor Orville Hubbard of Dearborn, Michigan, for an encouraging idea in municipal government.*

He has set up an official baby-sitting service, to encourage mothers to work in the downtown business district. They can leave their children in a four-hour nursery at the city's Youth Center, on charge, so long as a mother produces a receipt for at least a one-dollar purchase from a local store.

8. *To The American Merchant Marine Library Association, for its necessary survival.*

The association collects books and magazines for free distribution to American seamen, on shipboard. It has special libraries in eight port cities. In the dim past this was a worthy undertaking; merchant sailors once were poorly paid, and really couldn't afford to buy books. But during recent decades, the maritime unions have driven up wages to the point where American sailors are by far the best paid in the world. They are, moreover, increasingly subsidized by the American taxpayers because of their high wages—all the higher construction cost of ships in American yards—our merchant marine cannot operate without heavy government subsidy.

Today the seamen can well afford to buy their own books, just like the rest of us, and their unions have no money to stock as many libraries as they want. The association's begging on their behalf is just as ridiculous as asking charity for the rich farmers, millionaires, and aircraft manufacturers who also are nuzzling at the public trough. If the association were to divert its good-hearted endeavors in a useful direction, it might forge

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But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only \$12 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

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Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk



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Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

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THE EASY CHAIR

the sailors and start collecting migrant farm workers—whose usually cannot afford anything the bare necessities of life, at times not that.

9. *Speaking of the sea, all enjoy lobsters owe a word of thanks to the Russian fishermen who are off the American coasts with sophisticated equipment much more efficient than anything in our own fishing fleet.*

In some ways the Russian are a menace: they are, for example, responsible for the near-extinction of the main whale species, and they are threatening the salmon industry by catching far too many immature fish before the fish have a chance to spawn. But they have done a favor—unintentional, of course—to American lobstermen and food fanciers.

Until recently our lobstermen fished only in shallow water—usually not deeper than 40 feet. But the Russians discovered that lobsters could be found at depths far greater than the body had previously suspected. Lobsters were found at depths of 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1,000, 1,100, 1,200, 1,300, 1,400, 1,500, 1,600, 1,700, 1,800, 1,900, 2,000, 2,100, 2,200, 2,300, 2,400, 2,500, 2,600, 2,700, 2,800, 2,900, 3,000, 3,100, 3,200, 3,300, 3,400, 3,500, 3,600, 3,700, 3,800, 3,900, 4,000, 4,100, 4,200, 4,300, 4,400, 4,500, 4,600, 4,700, 4,800, 4,900, 5,000, 5,100, 5,200, 5,300, 5,400, 5,500, 5,600, 5,700, 5,800, 5,900, 6,000, 6,100, 6,200, 6,300, 6,400, 6,500, 6,600, 6,700, 6,800, 6,900, 7,000, 7,100, 7,200, 7,300, 7,400, 7,500, 7,600, 7,700, 7,800, 7,900, 8,000, 8,100, 8,200, 8,300, 8,400, 8,500, 8,600, 8,700, 8,800, 8,900, 9,000, 9,100, 9,200, 9,300, 9,400, 9,500, 9,600, 9,700, 9,800, 9,900, 10,000, 10,100, 10,200, 10,300, 10,400, 10,500, 10,600, 10,700, 10,800, 10,900, 11,000, 11,100, 11,200, 11,300, 11,400, 11,500, 11,600, 11,700, 11,800, 11,900, 12,000, 12,100, 12,200, 12,300, 12,400, 12,500, 12,600, 12,700, 12,800, 12,900, 13,000, 13,100, 13,200, 13,300, 13,400, 13,500, 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can be restored to sightliness

e.
e 50,000 acres in southeastern
i, once good cropland, now is a
of sterile ridges of shale and
interspersed with deep pits and
es. Fox regarded this machine-
desert as a standing outrage; and
t became apparent that neither
al companies nor government
es were going to do anything
t, he decided to try himself. He
up 600 acres of such land and
work on it with his own bull-
in his spare time, mostly week-
ome of the pits already had filled
1 water. Fox stocked them with
black bass, and blue gills. When
7 that they were thriving, he
new fishing holes by damming
ends of dry trenches. One of the
became a lake more than a mile
now a favorite place for water
as well as fishermen. He trucked
th sands of acres of sand to make
bet, and carved a network of roads
dils to link up the dozens of ponds
now dot the property. The end
or, after fourteen years of work,
a reation area now being enjoyed
hundreds of people in the neighbor-
ood some of them have contributed
d sums to help cover part of the
ction cost, but Fox never ex-
recover his investment in time
11 or. He thinks of the undertaking
a rsonal contribution to his state.
d nature—a pilot project which he
eventually will be imitated on a
scale by either private developers
p ic agencies.

12 And finally a salute to another
d, erner, John B. Gage of Kansas
who died this year after devoting
a f a long lifetime in demonstrat-
t politics can be a noble and
ed calling.

ong the early Thirties, Kansas
s dominated—and nearly bank-
by the notoriously corrupt
machine of Boss Tom Pender-
st, age, then a young lawyer, rallied
o of civic leaders in revolt, en-
the help of federal authorities.
hin four years managed to over-
he machine and put Pendergast
Gage was elected mayor in
nd in three terms restored the
honest and solvent government.
ne of the ironies of American
that Pendergast remains no-
while few people outside of Mis-
er heard of John B. Gage. □

RPER'S MAGAZINE/DECEMBER 1970

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FOREIGN REPORT

Who's afraid of war?

BEHIND A THINLY DISGUISED smugness, many Europeans are beginning to feel genuine relief as they watch the various contortions of the American giant. Not one of their statesmen need sympathize with President Nixon's self-confessed fears about becoming the first American to lose a foreign war. In the past, some of Europe's most famous statesmen were careful to anticipate such complexes in their successors. They left none of their nations unscathed by defeat. To some it happened long ago, to others, more recently. Some did it alone, others in alliance. Some waged war often, and lost it often. Some managed to win and lose the same war, or lose first and then win. Few proved noble in defeat though quickly ignoble in victory. Yet, all survived, made strident comebacks—the so-called German Miracle is only the latest example—and, judging from the state of their armies, are prepared to go through it all over again. For hundreds of years their wisest men have elaborated schemes for an "eternal peace," while history was being made on the battlefield.

"War is one aspect of the human experience with which we in Europe are extremely familiar, alas." The man who shared these sentiments with me recently is Professor Gaston Bouthoul of the *Ecole des Hautes Etudes Sociales* in Paris. As the founder of Polemology (a word he coined), or the study of war, he has spent a good deal of time thinking about this particular folly which man shares with certain social insects. Like these, man regularly goes forth to reduce the number of his neighbors—and incidentally his own. While he has not yet succeeded in breeding a

subspecies of warriors, with claws and scimitars in the place of limbs, the way some ants have, he has done his best to venerate those whose job it is to kill in large numbers. "Who can resist the sight of a regiment of fusiliers on parade?" Bouthoul once wrote. Our awe of arms and the accouterments of war has always made fools of us all. The Englishman who smiles in condescension when he sees the leaders of the Kremlin bring out their big guns once more for the biennial military processions down Red Square will wax nostalgic on seeing another man wearing the same regimental tie as his own. The only distinction is between crude pride and subtle snobbery. Both have to do with war. Or take that famous "moral equivalent" after which the American philosopher William James hankered. The least you can say about it is that it is shared by every nation at war, when it feels its existence threatened, and that it is forgotten thereafter. And what nation has not built monuments to its wartime leaders or worshiped military heroes for their moral qualities?

In the course of his research, Professor Bouthoul has touched on many of the psychological, moral, and even aesthetic aspects which dispose us toward belligerence. Beyond these there is the universal drive for territorial expansion, successive inventions leading to ever more destructive weapons, and the formation of ever-larger armies and strategic stockpiles. But what arrested his mind was a more obvious concomitant of war: the fact that it always kills people. Reasoning from the effect to the cause he classified war as a force as destructive as hunger, disease, and infanticide. The latter was, by the way, common practice not only in China but among primitive African tribes until fairly recently. Popular legend in

Europe and the Bible have provided with a plethora of famous founders. For every survivor there must have been thousands who did not make it. Seen in this light, war, according to Bouthoul, is nothing more than a form of preferred infanticide." Male children are given a couple of decades to live before they are sent out to be killed.

THE MOST SHOCKING PART of the discovery, I suppose, is its banality. One expects some really new idea, not a restatement of the obvious. But a man who has spent a quarter of a century probing the accumulated wisdom of the centuries is bound to find. We also like our explanations of human behavior to be a little more complex since, no matter what behavior is in question, we consider ourselves more than a few steps removed from social animals. Lemmings waiting for the profitable season to spill their young into the sea. Theories like that of Arthur Koestler, who recently claimed to have found an evolutionary flaw in our brains which disposes us to "interspecific homophobia," have infinitely greater appeal. So does the idea of a subconscious beyond the point of vanishing, where we are basically convinced that we must make war, we make war, and we cannot do any other way around. The idea that we could be beyond our rational, or at least conscious, control seems appealing. Such patent fatalism would take the urgency out of our national decisions. And yet there is something in Bouthoul's insistence on the obvious that rankles. What if he were right? If we discover war is really nothing more or less than a way of getting rid of human surpluses at home and abroad. The bulk of the evidence Bouthoul submits is historical rather than contemporary, and rather flimsy at that. But it does have the merit of showing

plem, once more, from the per-
of experience. The societies that
oped the practice of infanticide,
the rate of infant mortality,
child labor, and abolished penal
high hampered the life expect-
of "marginal" groups, were also
entors of the modern wars of
estruction. Progress in saving
rough the discoveries of med-
particularly the tremendous ad-
in microbiology of the nine-
entury, and more humane social
on were consistently accom-
oy an increase in human losses
battlefield. American history is
ve in this respect. While the
arted as the escape valve for
s burgeoning rural populace, it
ly became the site of the first
war. During five years of the
ar, 800,000 men were killed and
maimed for life. Half a century
t had taken the French all of
three years—from the beginning
evolutionary wars in 1792 to the
f Waterloo—to lose 1,400,000
ied young men in war. Subse-
ars, as we all know, grew in-
ly murderous, though curiously
ch and the Americans risked
ves in them than other comba-
orld War I caused about 8,700,
ths in four years of combat,
Var II caused 36 million in six
ostly Russians and Germans.
ng to Bouthoul, these parties
ly had such an excess of man-
at their generals could afford
alf a million troops in a single
a battle at the end of the war.
say, I felt somewhat relieved
when I realized that these two
ould render the rest of us the
of thinning out their popula-
Bouthoul said.
ly, the two world wars were
phically far more destructive
body counts on the battlefield
Due to an accompanying rise
mortality, a lowering of the
, and a few other chilling side
war such as famine and epi-
the population of Western
stagnated at 450 million. Had
ued to rise at the rate of growth
d in 1914, there would have
million Europeans in 1945, or
on more. The only way to com-
the death harvests of modern
outhoul believes, is to see them
the tremendous population
that preceded them. For while
of the world merely doubled
the century and a half lead-

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DRY SACK



ing up to World War II, Europe quadrupled its numbers. Now that Western medical techniques have spread to Asia and it has begun to pattern its social aims on imported ochlocratic ideologies, it seems to be headed toward a similar fate. "While our populations appear to be tapering off voluntarily, the storm center has shifted to Asia," Bouthoul warns.

IN CONVERSATION WITH Professor Bouthoul it is easy to forget the apocalyptic categories which he is accustomed to use. He is a mild-mannered man in that very inoffensive way scholars have, with neatly parted white hair and a smile like a Cheshire cat's. Now approaching his seventies, he exudes the lassitude of age. Whatever the world decides to do about his prognosis will hardly affect him and his generation. Not many of his own childhood friends have survived the two world wars he witnessed, and he says the last one "marked me so profoundly that I have difficulty remembering what kind of a person I was or what I thought before it happened." In 1962 he prophesied, "We can look forward to a new threshold of anxiety in 1965 to 1970, when the explosive structure of the combatants of 1915 will be fully reconstituted." Subsequently, the events of May 1968 in France and the turbulence of the young in all Western countries, though relatively bloodless so far, almost vindicated him. Since then a new conservatism in France has been getting him more of a hearing in public. He has appeared on TV and aired his views on the radio. The Institute of Polemology, which he created in 1945 and which publishes a quarterly journal, is now subsidized by the Ministries of Defense as well as Education. Excerpts from his major scholarly work, *Les Guerres*, have been published in paperback and three European universities have asked him to inaugurate chairs in Polemology this fall.

While he hesitates to claim that the demographic "relaxations" wars produce are their only function, he insists that they require our most immediate attention. The study of Polemology should convince its students that "the right to procreate arbitrarily is the only alienable right of man." Short of worldwide birth control, he is convinced that none of our populations will be safe from the ravages of war. When the Crusades had stopped draining off human surpluses, Europe entered an era of

periodic wars. Every thirty years a small or middle-sized war broke out between neighbors, and about every hundred years one in which the whole continent was involved. And since wars have a way of spreading beyond the immediate areas of conflict, they are again likely to encompass not only states with explosive population structures but those whose belligerent impulses have ebbed. And we all know that apocalyptic prophecies are no longer the views of an isolated maverick. In the U.S., we have recently been treated to the jeremiads of Professor Paul Ehrlich. In England Arthur Koestler has applied his tireless intellect to finding a new key to the solution of the problem. "The public is aware that there is a problem," he has written; "it is not aware of the magnitude and the urgency of the problem: it is not aware that we are moving toward a climax which is not centuries, but only a few decades ahead—that it is well within the lifetime of the present generation of teen-agers." Asia, for instance, which merely doubled its population in the nineteenth century, has doubled it again since 1940. With the pace being set by the less industrially developed two-thirds of the world, we can count on doubling our numbers every three decades. Until the dawn of the modern era this process took about one and a half thousand years, or as Sir Gavin de Beer said in a commemorative address for the bicentenary of Thomas Malthus, "If we go back a million years to the hominids, or even 250,000 years to the Swanscombe Man and his Missus, the curve of the population is like an aircraft taking off: for most of the time it just skims along the time axis; then about A.D. 1600, the undercarriage is raised and it begins to soar: today it is rising almost vertically, more like a rocket off its pad. A million years to reach 3,250 million: thirty or so to double it."

Like most Malthusians, Bouthoul is not exactly a raving liberal. While the rest of us are trying to read the turmoil of modern youth for a new ethical message, he seems tempted to write it off as a marginal manifestation of an age-old problem. The explosive moments in societies, he claims, invariably arrive "when in a given group a large surplus of young men becomes available."* These young men, whose numbers are in excess of the essential needs of the economy, become predisposed

*I suppose the fact that he fails to mention women in this context is another symptom of how dated his theories are.

to turbulence. They constitute a perturbing force. Following the path of least resistance offered to them by historical circumstances, ideological ideas, the beliefs of the moment, and technical opportunities, they will be channeled toward revolution, massacre, emigration, or a foreign war. Nuclear weapons, he believes, having prevented any major wars from breaking out so far, have created "a cause for social integration, for the anger and frustrations of groups are totally integrated in the economic processes of a society can now be easily channeled into foreign adventures. Their feelings are directed against the Establishment and not against the catalyst of civil unrest. His theory, of course, completely ignores the fact that times extremely justified crises in which the radical vanguard of modern youth has leveled against civilization. "Doubtless one could always do more and more," he maintains, "but it is unquestionable that Western societies have never been as coddled as they are today." Their impulses toward social action—as manifested in numerous student riots everywhere in the world—come from the overwhelming sense of being "too many" for society to contain. Like medieval societies, which converted their human surpluses into churches and monasteries—veritable temples of infertility or demographic relief—have crowded them into universities. "If the student population of France was allowed to grow from 200,000 to 600,000 in ten years, while the population of the country grew by only 10 per cent, it merely means that we could find no other outlet for this particular outlet." Supposedly by so doing we have created the need for beds of revolt since, unlike the universities of old, modern universities are not dedicated to childbearing. The relief they offer is temporary rather than permanent.

PERHAPS BOUTHOU would do well to have a closer look at the modern youth scene. I have a vague suspicion that he might also discover the beginnings of newer forms of population relief there, at least new to Western eyes. Not all the kids are out burning down their campuses or throwing spitballs at the police. A good number, perhaps the majority of the so-called radical elements, seem to have taken a more lethargic way out. This occurred to me recently, when I was walking through Dam Square in

m watching clusters of American
e kids and their European coun-
ts lolling in the sun. The scene is
me all over, from Green Park in
n to Prague's Old Town Square.
ven the most staid old New En-
resorts, like Nantucket Island,
I spent part of the summer,
ays have their share of youthful
littering the pavement. Perhaps
groupies or hippies are trying to
us that violence is not the only
g, that it is possible to relax while
g the demography of your so-
And what is there in the new Pot
e to distinguish it from the *qat*
s of Aden or Rabat, which
men to wane into sexual im-
e, or the philosophical apathy of
dian slum dweller? Could it be
ave are witnessing a return to
forms of population relief but
w mix: lassitude without hunger,
stimulated copulation made risk-
the pill, or genetic self-destruc-
through the more potent hallu-
ns?

course, there is a war on, too:
are several, in fact. Bouthoul's
te keeps a regular calendar on
which may be one reason why
s not yet bothered about the
manifestations of population
In the Middle East, the fact that
Arab states now have age pyra-
n which more than half of the
are under twenty does not augur
r the future. Nor does Bouthoul
uick end to the conflict in Indo-
so long "as two wars are being
there which rarely meet." And
t Far East he sees the Russians
ninese arming themselves mili-
while engaged in a frantic
raphic race in their contest over
e, which he thinks is "the last
ea of the earth, richly endowed
atural resources, whose owner-
still a matter of dispute." It cer-
ooks as though the world were
some old-fashioned bloodletting.
outhoul doubts that it will end in
ocalypse. Somehow men have
been able to stop short of total
stition. "We are now looking for
get back to the wars *à la papa*,"
ul likes to say. But it won't help
the Third World. "We've done
are of self-destruction. It's up
now." It will most likely be a
rld war next time. I personally
lace from the thought that even
uclear war, you can only die
o why be afraid of war? □

PRPER'S MAGAZINE DECEMBER 1970

"I thought my medicine bill was high until I considered what I received."

A young mother of three thinks about her family's bill for drug products and wonders what might have happened without them.

When I totaled up a year's medical bills, I found a family of five can use a lot of medicines.

Then I began checking back to see where the money went. There were Barbara's immunizations . . . and I can't feel bad about that. I'm old enough to remember when polio, for instance, was a realcrippler.

Then there was the time Bob threw his back out. The medicines really gave him relief from the pain. The flu missed us . . . and I guess we should give the vaccine credit. And our doctor did come up with something that stopped those miserable headaches of mine. They were a nightmare while they lasted.

I had almost forgotten about the scare we had with Jimmy's ears. The doctor said it was a serious infection . . . something that could have deafened him for life. The antibiotic he prescribed cleared it up in a few days.

I've read somewhere that the average American spends about eighteen dollars a year at the pharmacy for prescriptions. Of course, our medicine bill for last year was higher than that . . . but, when I consider the values received, I've got to feel it was worth the money. We spent a lot more just patching up the old car and never thought twice about it.

Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.



FILM

Bloody popcorn

KIDS WHO MAY BE AROUND after the youngest of us have died in bed, will go to school and learn about the years we are living through, and suppose these must have been awful, what with the war and everything. Why this prospect should make us uncomfortable isn't clear, and the chances are that nothing we can say or write is going to keep whatever posterity we are scheduled to have from misunderstanding us. If only so that it will be ignored, however, let the truth be told: for most of us, this does not feel like war. The definitions and qualifications that urge themselves do not really detract from this truth. *War* means that condition a Russian, Israeli, Vietnamese, German—almost any civilian but an American—thinks of when you ask him what war means. *Most of us* means two hundred million people minus half a million soldiers in or near combat, and their relations. The essential, curious, perishable truth remains that an American who pays his heavy taxes, keeps his nose clean (or even not so clean), and has the minimal energy needed to beat the draft, can lead a life free of every single one of the gross deprivations, horrors, and fears that make up the condition of war as it is well known by those who actually experience it. Of how many countries—excluding hole-and-corner Edeens like Switzerland and Sweden—can this be said? Of how many populations in the world can it be said that many more of the people go to the movies than know what war is like? Since the last of the Indians were killed or rounded up, there have been no armies operating inside this country. Since the Civil War, whose last veteran (a drummer boy, he said) died a few years ago, war has been, for Americans, something that happens *back then or over there*; if it does happen *now* (as it is happening today) it is, nevertheless, not here, but, at the closest, on TV, or again, at the movies.

Therefore, considering what the U. S. A. has, and what it is spared, it is surely entitled to be thought of as God's favorite country.

The trouble is that virtually none of us believes this anymore. The reason, strangely enough, has something to do with war at second hand. During this non-war, changes have taken place, which may be subsumed under the general impression you get that we have come to despise ourselves, our leaders openly, ourselves secretly. It gets more and more difficult to keep a sense of proportion, to keep it in front of us how lucky we are. The nervous disease we suffer from, this mild disorder which obscures our luck from us and even leads us at times to wish, for authenticity's sake, that we weren't perpetually denied the immediate experience of being blown to bits, starved, or occupied, is a disease only the most fortunate are privileged to come down with. We, who go to the movies, not to war, can have bad consciences, and be fascinated; and let it be admitted also that, for some, this is not just a fancy bit of masochism. The signals relayed by communications satellites, the rumors of war that have been in the air now seemingly as long as anyone can remember, eat away at the psyche. We feel vaguely ill, guilty, the experience of war at several removes has spoiled something in us while we stayed well fed and physically secure. What was traditionally a huge show on a distant stage, an occasional extravaganza, has become an institution, a permanent sideshow on the other side of the world, which we can pretend to ignore if we pay our taxes, which indeed is nothing—is *sweet*—compared with war, but which still nags and, cunningly, under the guise of other things, spoils our sleep. What to do? The easiest—not necessarily the worst, perhaps the only—thing is to go to the movies.

portant ways each is different from the other two (for example, *Catch-22* is artistically superior to both, *Patton* derives more from an *epic* genre), yet after first disturbing a moviegoer in unexpected fashion, all three can be recognized and "enjoyed" as types of a new generation of war movie that became necessary for this peculiar time, and might have been anticipated by a shrewd enough producer-caster. Maybe it would have taken a while to predict the durability of the "war" nation exerted by narratives about war, but to predict the bias that to a greater or lesser degree marks these three war movies. A movie is only a story, and the history of stories going back to the *Iliad* proves that people have always liked to stop and pay attention to narratives having to do as much with fighting as with love. Sudden self-violent death are the two poles of most of the great art, folk art, and *shlock* art of at least (what we might be called) Western Civilization and perhaps other civilizations too. It ought to be no surprise if we are fascinated by the same things our fathers has been fascinated by for as long as anyone can tell, and since there has been so persistent as to lay claim to the status of being "natural," it seems no reason to be ashamed, even. However, many of us, today, would be uncomfortable if we listened to someone who watched a war story with nothing more than fascination. For example, could we allow a difference between "war movie" and "antiwar movie"? By our standards, the second term must be ridiculous in the first, because no man's individual courage still deserves to be celebrated as it was in Homer's *Iliad*, the actual activity of war-making is not to be celebrated: it has come to be morally, artistically, logically impossible to make a movie praising war.

Nevertheless, uneasiness, even in rare persons, manages to coexist with the old fascination that must be appeased. War movies continue to be produced, and the attitude toward war-making expressed in them continues to vary from movie to movie, and

Edward Grossman's Gulliver at the Gynecologist's, portions of which appeared in the February issue of this magazine, will be published as a book by Houghton Mifflin in the spring.

*M*A*S*H*, *Patton*, and *Catch-22* are Hollywood productions all released in the past year and all are doing immensely well with the public. In im-

om one period to the next in the
s history, depending mostly on
the country's making war or
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ere was a great chance that an
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be "inspirational" (that is,
eek to bolster morale in hard
like Noël Coward's *In Which*
e), or it would be avowedly
pacifistic. An adventure-
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f ketchup and grimaces. The
n experience together with
n resources have seen to it that
t majority of such achieve-
escapism have been American
ents (*The Dirty Dozen*, *The*
Day, etc.). In Europe, the truth
is painful has entered deep
consciousness of the audience.
Europe that paraplegia has an-
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Grosz, songs like the Irish "You
Strange, My Darling Boy")
ere there are sections on the
eserved "*pour les inutiles de*
The truth has also penetrated
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ovie is obliged to stress that it
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to American war adventures.
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velous and strictly exotic.
easy to see why almost every
he notable pacifistic movies
de in Europe, whether they
ovies of dated ideology (*La*
Illusion) or of sensibility
ma, Mon Amour). *All Quiet*
Western Front was made in
ad and is an important excep-
it took its pacifist insights—
soldier's enemy is not "the

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enemy," but officers and war itself, that sex is the only sanity in wartime—and its unrelenting pessimism, from a European novel. Stanley Kubrick's *Paths of Glory*, made thirteen years ago, is another exception, but the depiction of mutiny among the French *pouls* in World War I could safely be taken by American audiences to refer only to foreign armies. It is necessary to go back a long way for American experiences which may fairly be compared with those of the Europeans. And in these cases, what do we find? *Birth of a Nation* and *Gone with the Wind*, in which war was total, might possibly have had some other effect on their American audiences back in 1915 and 1938, respectively, but viewed in revival today they seem, respectively, quaint and sentimental, while some European war movies which are quite as old retain much of their bitter force. Nor was it for lack of American novels which might have provided the script that Hollywood failed for so long to make movies which treat of war as an activity so bad that nothing good can come of it, or, if something good does come—like courage or comradeship—this is overwhelmed and made a mockery of by what is stupid and evil.

A Farewell to Arms had been filmed by Europeans, the movie might have demonstrated whatever such ideas Hemingway had himself: as a "vehicle" for an American studio, *A Farewell to Arms* was neither a lot better nor worse as adventure than most of our war movies have been. Much the same can be said of the movie which travestied the best American novel to have been written about the fighting in World War II, *The Naked and the Dead*.

It seems that this is now rapidly changing. It did not take an occupation of New York or Los Angeles to do it, but rather a combination of feeling and fact: first, what a few years ago was a startling revelation (that America is a violent place) has become a commonplace, and violence (its prevention, its meaning, its uses, its history, its prospects) preoccupies us. Europeans make the observation that while, perhaps, their history is richer in organized mayhem, America has always taken the lead in the free-lance variety. Second, it has been unsettling—how unsettling no one knows yet—to realize that Americans are, for the first time, waging a war that can't be won. "America likes a winner," General Patton said, and he might have added

that he could not conceive of America as anything but a winner. In this optimism, and limited imagination, he was not alone. If it has been manifestly untrue, at least for the past thirty years, that war is foreign to the U.S., it certainly has been true that until recently the concept of "losing" has been foreign. Now it is brought home, and it is a measure of our trouble that there should be youthful civilians in our cities who are fool and innocent enough to slap up on walls expensive posters that say "Bring the war home!" too. Under pressure of these changes, a movie like John Wayne's *The Green Berets*, in the honorable tradition of adventure-and-inspiration at a time of war, becomes embarrassing. Now come movies that flagellate; meaning that, in contrast with the European record in this, there are pacifistic movies being made not *between* the wars, but *during*. For some unclear reason it would be good for kids in the future to know that we had it good: one is curious to know whether they might also be made to understand why some of us have come to believe that the effect of any war movie which is not strictly entertaining or inspirational must be intensely disturbing, that it ought to spoil the rest of the day.

THE FIRST FEW SCENES of *M*A*S*H* give promise that it will be a movie with such an effect. Crystal-clear images of sawed-off limbs and of arteries pumping bright red blood all over, and the quick, energetic nihilism that seems to animate the "good guys" in their first moments of action, and the way the movie makes us make the audience laugh in that special way that accompanies being shocked—provided that word and concept can still signify anything. The story, such as it is, concerns the efforts of two young surgeons (Donald Sutherland and Elliott Gould), who have been drafted, to survive their tour of duty with a minimum of sweat and formality and a maximum of improvised comforts (golf junkets to Japan), and to neutralize and humiliate the official Army people (like the WAC officer played by Sally Kellerman), who are without exception blowhards, incompetents, or mild psychopaths. The medical realism is so stark—possibly unprecedented in the movies—and the premise of the movie, that the only response to official madness is selfish ingenuity, is so attractively presented, that it takes time

to realize that *M*A*S*H* is nihilistic, and to begin to suspect in fact it will not spoil the rest of the day. Another herring is that director, Robert Altman, has got performances from his actors, and they are so easy and spontaneous, is like a good repertory company does not "act." This lends a sense and comic credibility to the movie, so that it goes on, as when an officer, fed up with Gould, turns to an MP, orders that man! and Gould destroys the order with his Brooklyn whine, come off it, willya. Major M. is the sensible part of the mind knows this can't be the way a field hospital runs, but another part wants to maintain the fantasy as probably the approach to the business of rescue in the midst of organized terror. The casualties are brought in, horribly wounded, strangely, are worked over in an operating room thick with bizarre yet plausible dialogue ("Nurse, your tits are light"), and whether a boy dies appears to make no difference to the surgeons, who go back to their break out the beer and cards.

If this impression of indifference lasted, *M*A*S*H* would be a disturbing movie, rather than a slightly upsetting, rather than one it is. In fact, however, and his scriptwriter, Ring Lard Jr., go out of their way to indicate that young doctors are not nihilists—that perhaps all this is only a mechanism that allows them to feel pretty darned good at their job, is to save as many of the wounded as they can, not to brood about what they can't. Unlike the regular people, and in spite of their stock sarcasm, when it matters Gould and Sutherland show the professional efficiency of the most desirable volunteer on a TV serial. *M*A*S*H* is really a sentimental movie up to the offhand counterpoint of piety. Not only the tough piety, "Sex Saves," but the tender-minded piety that once saved may ransom the future from present madness (taking time off from Gould and Sutherland performing operation on a geisha's "blue" b— is impossible, finally, to be sure the intention is behind *M*A*S*H*, seems to be a combination of chance, inspiration, and entertainment, the last two elements winning out over the first as this highly episodic comes to its arbitrary conclusion.



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hilarious" football game between M*A*S*H and another hospital down the line. Somewhere along the way, the nastiest and most promising idea in the movie has broken down: the feeling that you take away from it is that, after all, everyone is fairly lovable and evil does not exist in specific persons. Even so, for a movie aimed at and acclaimed by a mass audience during a time of war, *M*A*S*H* expresses attitudes toward the military, toward discipline and authority, that are remarkable, and lets the camera eye linger on sights that we have never really seen before.

THE CAMERA INSISTS on such images in *Patton*, too: one of the first scenes of this movie is of Arab women looting the mangled corpses of Americans in the North African desert. While *M*A*S*H* and *Catch-22* have "R" ratings, *Patton* is a family show, and there are large numbers of kids in the theater, reminiscent of Saturday matinees of John Wayne war flicks. Maybe this is to be expected, since *Patton* seems to fall into a familiar category, the old-fashioned blockbuster film biography of a national hero. If so, things are happening to that genre. Not only are death, dying, and killing no longer represented in completely numb fashion, but the hero himself, making his fame by this legalized murder, may be potentially as great a menace to "our side" as to "the enemy." From the evidence, George Patton with his jodhpurs and ivory-handled pistol was a war-lover. He is played with thoroughgoing conviction as to look, movement, and speech by George C. Scott, and when Scott stands in a field of German corpses and says, "God help me, but I love it," the equivocal attitude is put plainly before the sort of audience which not long ago would have demanded the John Wayne treatment and would have been angered, at least puzzled, by anything else. To be sure, *Patton* is not a multi-layered study of an ultimate American type as embodied in an actual career, as *Citizen Kane* was; nor does it try to understand what "made" Patton, as another spectacle of a movie, *Laurence of Arabia*, tried to do for its subject: *Patton* does not even stick very closely to the argument of the book on which the credits say it is based, Ladislav Farago's *Patton: Ordeal and Triumph*. But as directed by Franklin Schaffner and written by Francis Ford Coppola and Edmund North, it puts some twists on the old

entertainment-and-glorification treatment, and if it can hardly be said to twist it beyond recognition, it does alter it in ways which may perhaps only be accounted for by what seems to have happened since the real Patton's death to the idea even the mass of Americans have of themselves, and therefore of their heroes. If they were able to think about it dispassionately, all sorts of Americans who would not be caught dead today saying anything good about a professional American soldier would admit that the real George Patton was a force for the good, because he led—drove—an army of which the Nazis were terrified. But this was during World War II: that war has taken on the quality of myth, and even hearing it referred to makes some people impatient, because it is incredible that America could ever have waged a "good" war, that role being reserved for the people America wages war against. Of course such an extreme view is not shared by the director and writers of *Patton*, nor by the audience: yet undertones of it are there. After a young officer in his staff has been killed, Patton-Scott says, sorrowfully, "I can't understand why fine young men like this have to die." Then, without pause or awareness of incongruity, he says with anticipation as sharp as the sorrow was genuine, "There are so many more battles to fight." He is shown in a still more unattractive light when he assaults a soldier suffering from fatigue—the notorious slapping incident. When he is fired and then reinstated by Eisenhower (whom we never see), the point that is made is that, yes, George Patton was colorful, charming in his way, and a maniac, under the circumstances a most useful maniac. Well, some intelligent people would have it today, there are no more useful maniacs on our side: the characteristics that disposed Patton to want to go on and fight the Russians after "he" had polished off the Germans, persist, in maniacs who are no longer of any use but are altogether dangerous. *Patton* does not go further than very indirectly suggesting that notion: it concludes with a rather fond picture of the old soldier, having outlived his destiny, fading into the sunset. After all, it is still basically an entertainment, with meticulously staged, absolutely convincing wide-screen tank battles, dramatic confrontations, stirring music, etc., and with the exception of Omar Bradley, played in nice homely style by Karl Malden, none of the other figures escapes the shadow thrown by

Scott as Patton, with the result finally the hatred or affection inspired by Patton in his troops, the feelings about war of any of the millions of draftees needed to wage it, the feelings of war on them, do not count for

WITH *CATCH-22* WE ARE BACK to fantasy again, but fantasized so as to establish for once that "the facts" cannot convey what is especially not the experience of men caught up in it. This movie, like the book, comes closest to satisfying the conscious and unconscious demands for success (which, we shall see, is also partial) is a remarkable achievement on the part of the director, Mike Nichols, the scriptwriter, Buck Henry, and the number of the actors, notably Al Pacino and again, Buck Henry. It is that Nichols had the advantage of coming from a novel which is both fictional on its own merits and enjoys a hallowed reputation (a recurring motif in the men's rooms of student dorms is "Yossarian lives"). If *The Naked and the Dead* was the best American novel about combat in World War II, Heller's *Catch-22* was the most significant novel undermining the heroic ideals based on "the facts" to come during the early Sixties when, at the end of some years of the Cold War, a realist feeling about America and America at war began to get around, starting, as usual, not in the movies but in what was not the movies. However, such advantages have often known to be messed up by direct transcription of a strong novel into a movie is a tricky business. Nichols and Henry were intelligent enough to avoid being literal: as a result, the movie could be faithful to the book. Though it was long, the movie is short: though it was endlessly repetitive, the repetition is used sparingly; though it was sprawling, the movie is tart, and elegant. Somehow its style is not diminished by the director's habit of incorporating his home movies. Nichols has evidently seen Bergman and Fellini, but it must be said that *Catch-22*'s silent credits, and Yossarian's Descent into Hell in Rome, in the hands of a director with reliable judgment probably would have been cloying, here work smoothly with his style and intention. Cat Nichols has said, "It is a dream, dying, and if it was his intention to translate this insight into images and sound, he has largely succeeded." The movie, fantastic as it is, is not



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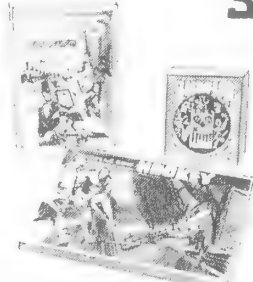


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fantastic than a dream. So there is a triple paradox: the movie is far different from the novel; it is fantastic, yet seems to get closer to realities than, say, *Patton*; and it is successful, yet finally fails to deliver what the moviegoer perhaps unconsciously and by all means unfairly asks of it. The disappointment, if this is the right word for it, comes afterward, for along the way the movie captures the rhythm, the exhausting comedy of the inane conversations, and it even, most surprising and necessary of all, captures the brute nature of a society organized by war, the feel of canvas, steel, noise, and dust, and, now and again, the texture of the fear of dying. When Arkin, as Yossarian, in a B-25 careening through flak, is seized by shivering, screaming panic, this seems conclusively the appropriate response to having bits of steel whizzing near your dear flesh, with what potential you know, having seen another crewman disemboweled. It is this instance of death that Yossarian keeps remembering and trying and failing to reconcile himself with in the novel, and it is the primal scene to which Nichols devotes his repetitions: Yossarian tenderly bandaging the young kid's leg, soothing him with the usual words ("You'll be all right"), at last, slowly, every time, discovering that he has been tending the wrong wound. When he discovers the real wound, something of the nausea and woe on Arkin's everlastingly civilian face passes over to the moviegoer (as in *M*A*S*H*, medical realism helps). Therefore, although *Catch-22* provokes laughter, it establishes that there is such a thing as terror, because pain is real and death is a possibility.

Evil also exists. Not only in the abstract, but in specific persons who make their fortune in the midst of pain or derive pleasure from sending others out to risk their lives. The "kicker" to the scene with Yossarian and the bombardier is that, after discovering the real wound, Yossarian hastens to administer morphine, and finds that in the medicine box there is nothing but a voucher for five shares in M&M Industries. Milo Minderbinder, the ultimate profiteer, was perhaps the most interesting character in Heller's gallery. In the movie Nichols and Henry, who dropped many other characters from the novel, keep Milo near the center, as a force for evil against which Yossarian can rage, but which he can never destroy or even dent. The movie just barely and perhaps by accident succeeds in making the pres-

ence of evil felt, however, because Voight is miscast as Milo. Instead of small, pudgy, genial man meticulously making money out of war, which is the way one saw the horrifying Milo in the novel, he turns up as a blond beauty of a very ordinary sort, and at one point is even shown riding around in the back of a big open car, like a Nazi. This is a lapse of judgment by Nichols, but it is to his credit that it did not happen more often in directing a cast of names playing "cameo roles." Nichols nails down the reality of evil's performance by Buck Henry, the brilliant writer, who plays Colonel Korn. The idea of using Henry probably came from the novel, but his sadistic Colonel Korn stands out from the other brass-faceted military buffoons played for laughs and saves for the movie what the novel playing Milo should have ensured.

Korn keeps raising the number of missions: it is a source of pleasure to him and careerist satisfaction to the fatuous commander, Cathcart (John Balsam). Gradually Yossarian's belief that they, not "the enemy," are going to kill him, becomes credible. But must, if we are to accept the movie, which the movie recommends. This is enough to flee, once in a while, the death principle of Milo and to lead Korn to the arms of the life principle. The luscious young whore in Rome eventually the girl will be working for him, too—"everybody works for Milo." The only way to survive the Milo is to flee, period. Even if Nichols has taken care to show that those in charge are cowardly, as in *Patton*, who never ordered me to do anything he would not have done himself, it is a crazy courage to do himself), this comes as a seditious piece of advice the more because the following exchange in Heller's novel, coming before Yossarian's desertion, has been left out of the movie:

"You must think only of the welfare of your country and the death of man," [Major Danby said.]

"Yeah," said Yossarian.

"I mean it, Yossarian. This is World War One. You must never forget that we're at war with aggression, who would not let either one of us win if they won."

"I know that," Yossarian replies tersely, with a sudden surge of surprising annoyance. "Christ, Danby, I earned that medal I got, no matter what their reasons were for giving it to me. I've flown seventy go-around combat missions. Don't talk to me about fighting to save my country."

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FILM

safe and perplexed, secure and troubled. These movies are not literally "about" Vietnam (it is interesting to speculate why not—perhaps because movie-makers and intellectuals have not found themselves in uniform in the jungle), but it is impossible to imagine them being made without Vietnam happening and everyone, not just the advanced element, knowing about it. The proof is that these movies are not clique productions, or exhibited in art houses in the Village or San Francisco, but are put out by big studios with big money and shown in cities and towns in every part of the country. Apparently, then, they only tell people what they have already accepted, and this, together with what frustrated revolutionaries call America's "repressive tolerance," explains why there are no pickets, etc.

Yet there is more to it than that. It has to do with the irreducible remnant of dissatisfaction these movies leave, even, perhaps particularly, the best of the lot, *Catch-22*. More people than are conscious of it go to *Catch-22* half-hoping that it will spoil the rest of the day: this is their demand on it, a proper demand to make on a work of art concerning war, and one which is, finally and of course, impossible of fulfillment. Until the time comes when, at the moment the actor up on the screen is "disemboweled," the moviegoer in his plush seat is actually disemboweled, a movie will remain foremost something to be enjoyed, a diversion. Up against the placid if none too inspiring reality of our lives this seems the inescapable conclusion, whatever claims of catharsis or use we wish to make for art in general, whatever terror or pity we have felt, and it leads by the shortest route to the question: what is a pacifist movie good for? Certainly not for preventing wars, or World War II would never have happened. Cutting wars short? Maybe, but it is as likely that the act of going to the pacifist movies is an antipolitical diversion that has nothing to do with the course of the war, may even be an unspoken confession that there is nothing to be done. It's enough to make a person maudlin, for the dramatic and satisfying act of desertion is, by luck and the nature of things, denied most of us. This is what it would be good for kids in the future to know, but if the past is any indication, they will know us by our movies, and will get the wrong idea when Yossarian unzips the bombardier's flak suit, and guts come flopping out. □

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 49, United States Code)

1. Date of filing: October 1, 1970

2. Title: *Harper's Magazine*

3. Frequency of issue: monthly

4. Location of known office of publication:

Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

5. Location of the headquarters or general offices of the publishers:

Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

6. Name and address of publisher, editor, or managing editor:

Publisher: William S. Blair

Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Editor: Willie Morris

Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Managing Editor: Robert Koolhaas

Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Owner: Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Minneapolis, Minn. Stockholders owning 1 percent or more of the total amount of stock are: John C. Cowles, Jr.; and Otto A. Silha, all care of Minneapolis and Tribune Company, Minneapolis, Minn.; A. Swan, Rapid City, S. Dak.; Lyle K. Anderson, Arizona; Mrs. Morley Cowles Bullantine, Durand, Minn.; Mrs. Sarah Cowles Doering, Cambridge, Minn.; Stanley H. Hark, Minneapolis, Minn.; Properties, Inc. (Clarence J. Mulrooney, nominal owner), South 9th St., Minneapolis, Minn.; Des Moines and Tribune Company, Des Moines, Iowa; Ken Murphy, Jr., Clarence J. Mulrooney and Norbert National Bank of Minneapolis, as Trustees under the will of Kingsley H. Murphy (Life Trust Dept. National Bank, Minneapolis, Minn.; and Kin H. Murphy, Minneapolis, Minn.)

7. Known liabilities, mortgages, and other indebtedness, or holding of debt or other securities (If none, so state): None

8. For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates (Section 132.12, Manual):

10. Extent and nature of circulation:

	Average no. cop. per issue	no. preceding 12 mo. filed
A. Total no. copies printed (net press run)	138,916	
B. Paid circulation		
1. Sales through dealers, carriers, street vendors and counters	19,445	
2. Mail subscriptions	327,752	
C. Total paid circulation	377,197	
D. Free distribution (samples)	11,955	
E. Total distribution (sum of C & D)	392,152	
F. Other (lost, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing)	46,764	
G. Total (Sum of E & F)	138,916	

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(Signature)

William S. Blair, Jr.

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TELEVISION

Watching it



WE ARE DEEP INTO A NEW television season, and the most striking thing about it is the wonderful way the writers and producers and advertising men have shown they have with liberal concerns, and the wonderful way they want to be *relevant*, and the wonderful way they have established once and for all that the networks truly are in the hands of a liberal cabal, which, of course, is what the Vice President and the Governor of Alabama have been insisting on all along.

On the relevant television shows, a great many young men, most of whom appear to be from Southern California, wear earnest expressions and \$35 razor haircuts, and they hustle about, and they ease problems like race, poverty, and addiction. On television, the great questions of life, death, and politics are simple, which they all should be, but hardly ever really are, and on television virtue is always rewarded, which occasionally in life it should be, and sometimes even is. There is nothing wrong with the television people laying things out this way if we remember that television is show business, and that show business is meant to entertain. Now, ours is an age where life tries to imitate art, and indeed there are a great many young guys hustling about with earnest expressions and \$35 razor haircuts, and they are offering not much more than themselves as the solution to

great problems. This is circular, however, and at some point in the past ten years or so it got to be impossible any longer to tell with the politicians when art was imitating life, or life was imitating art.

The relevant television shows reaffirm the liberal's old faith in good works and good intentions, and the television heroes find goodness all about them. *Matt Lincoln*, played by Vince Edwards, who once was Ben Casey, is a community psychiatrist, and a more relevant thing to be it is hard to imagine. Psychiatry is an art, and seldom a science, and this allows Matt Lincoln great license. When a sniper called Charlie was terrorizing the town in which Matt Lincoln practiced, he told Matt Lincoln on the phone that he was lonely, and that all he was really doing when he shot people was punishing them for rebuffing him. In the climactic episode, Matt got Charlie to drop his gun, and to release the pretty girl he was holding hostage, simply by telling him that he wanted to be his friend, and that he really wanted to *listen* to him. Summing it all up later, Matt said that wickedness could be explained, and that all that Charlie needed was a friend. "We know that people who are deprived and neglected can get to be like Charlie," he said, and when a colleague earnestly asked Matt whose fault Charlie was, Matt said, "I'd say that someone who had a chance to help him . . . a parent, a teacher, dropped the ball."

Matt was saying, in fact, that it was everyone's fault but Charlie's. This is

reasonably liberal thinking, denying the possibility of anyone choosing to be wicked, and denying the possibility of wickedness itself. Liberals do this often, taking away much of the texture and substance of life, and in the name of goodness they set limits on what a man can be. Charlie is denied the possibility of even a decent psychosis, and the problem is only that no one was nice to him. The other thing about Charlie was that he was young and attractive, and his teeth were capped. Matt Lincoln said he was alienated by a general rule on television, alienation is something practiced by the seniors, and it has to do with their inexperience in a world they never made, and it is an attractive quality. Among the young folks on the television shows, alienation is more likely to show up as simplicity. The kids get all the better

Now, being nice to Charlie the sniper, is not much in the way of a solution, and in fact it is a way of punishing him. Nonetheless, it is easier to be nice to someone than to come to grips with him, and it makes whoever is being nice feel good, too. This is, or less the way that liberals deal with militants and issues of one sort or another, and sometimes they do so innocuously as to wear a button saying "Give a Damn," and sometimes they do it by paying serious attention to some of the age's screwier ideologists. This is the kind of outlook that puts great faith in the goodness of people, and comes only from being oppressed

In *Storefront Lawyers*, a white construction worker was accused of

John Corry, a contributing editor of Harper's, is a former New York Times national newsman and was a Nieman Fellow in 1964-65. He has collaborated on several books and written one: The Manchester Affair.

A satellite photograph of Taiwan, showing the island's rugged terrain with numerous mountain peaks and valleys. The surrounding waters are depicted in various shades of blue, indicating different depths and oceanographic features like upwelling. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

This photo of Taiwan, taken from a NASA Gemini spacecraft, could double that nation's fishing yield.

The deep blue water along the upper west coast, an upwelling that raises nutrients from the ocean floor, is an ancestral fishing ground. The similar upwelling on the east coast, discovered by this photo, may prove to be as rich in fish as the traditional grounds.

Orbiting satellites could locate new fishing grounds around the world and help manage and conserve all our ocean resources. It's one of the ways our existing space technologies could benefit all mankind.

Think about the possibilities.

The Boeing Company.

ing up a building and killing a man, apparently because he objected to the presence of a black on the job. A storefront lawyer defended him, and he put a black construction worker on the stand. The black construction worker, who had a natural hairstyle, a pretty wife, and a full load of hostility, finally admitted that he was to blame for the explosion, although it was really just an accident. The storefront lawyer, recoiling, asked him why he hadn't said so before. "I've been keeping quiet for the black man," he said. But the white construction worker might have been put to death, the storefront lawyer said. "If a thousand of them went, you think we'd be even?" the black man said, showing he was boiling with rage, and that he was oppressed. We already had seen that he was attractive, which was enough to make us mighty sympathetic, anyway, and now we were ready to love him. "It ain't you personally," he said later to the white construction worker, who would have been hanged, and then he walked off, full of pride and nobility.

THE THICK ON THE RELEVANT SHOWS is to keep the issues simple, and the people fuzzy. Ideally, on television, no

one is ever quite what he seems. On *Bracken's World*, which is about what really goes on in and about a Hollywood studio, a couple of hippies were suspected of murdering a fancy writer's wife. The hippies were offensive creations, both empty and dumb, but they didn't murder the wife, and the message was that they were just a couple of free spirits, getting persecuted because of their life-style. ("The slow poison called the life-style," said the writer, indicating his own, which was a pretty damn attractive one. On television, you can have it both ways.) In an episode of *Dan August*, who is a detective, the Chicano farm workers were striking, and they were led by a man who was supposed to be like Cesar Chavez. The word "spic" was hurled about freely, a Mexican-American child died in a school-busing accident (allowing the introduction of two relevant social concerns) and you might have thought that the big farmer in the area, who was blocking the settlement of the strike, was a bit of a bigot. Not at all: it was mentioned that his dead wife, whom he loved very much, was a Chicano, and so he was all right, after all.

Given time, nobility will win out in every case on relevant television. In

Marcus Welby, M.D., a champion rights lawyer, a hero of the oppressed, was simultaneously battling cancer, a tough case. (He was also long tooth, and his marital adventures you thinking pretty quickly about Justice Douglas.) The lawyer was willing to let his young assistant risk his life to develop cancer antibodies, but then in a mysterious fit of goodness chose not to. Then he went on to the case, and presumably face a long ing death. On *The Young Lawyers*, a couple of law students reopened a murder trial of an imprisoned man. They said that his lawyer had been competent, even though he was a famous civil-rights guy, who lately had been elevated to the bench. He, of course, was snippy when he learned what the students wanted to do, but ultimately he stood up in court and said he had been incompetent, and the students were absolutely right. (The other notable thing about *The Young Lawyers* is that one of the students is a black girl, so put together and arguing that any right-thinking man constantly would want to bundle her to bed. There is just badinage between her and her colleagues, however, and is the least fruitful way of ever resolving the tensions between black and white.)

Relevant television teaches us that we are all God's children, and that there are no real bastards among us. If there are no real bastards, then nobody has to pay because nobody deserves to be paid, all very unclear who is ever to be paid for anything, and a show called *Bold Ones* once managed to quote Cardinal Spellman and Cardinal Cooke as being agreeable to a reform of the abortion laws. The liberals, however, bought the left theology that the problem is all in society, and not in our individual behavior, and so they have become stricken when they have applied the theology, and that is why nothing much ever seems to happen in American politics. Like the relevant television shows, they depend on good intentions.

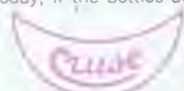
Finally, what television does important things is to reduce them, to make them less than what they are, which is also a standard liberal faith. Television can do it by a tone of voice, so can a liberal. It is another way of humanizing us, and of taking away part of our freedom. We buy anything these days, and everything is mediated, and solemn things become part of the popular culture. Some of them have no business being there.

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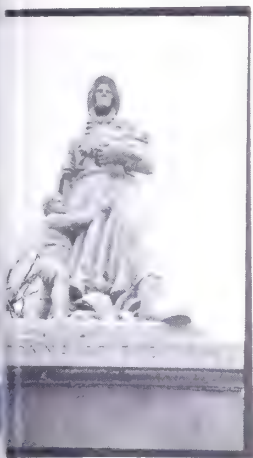


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LISTENING TO AMERICA

by Bill Moyers

For ten years I listened to America from a distance. As Deputy Director of the Peace Corps, Special Assistant to the President, and Publisher of *Newsday*, I lived and worked on a narrow strip of the Eastern coast. In Washington I helped to draft legislation we hoped would make a better country. In New York I belonged to a profession whose purpose is to communicate with people. But I learned it is possible to write bills and publish newspapers without knowing what the country is about or who the people are. Much had changed in America in those ten years. There were 35 million more of us, we seemed more raucous than ever, and no one could any longer be sure just who spoke for whom. I wanted to hear people speak for themselves. In

summer of 1970, carrying a tape recorder and a notebook, I boarded a bus in New York to begin a journey of 13,000 miles through America.

The bus cut across the ebbing heart of Manhattan's life, through clogged streets (seven minutes to move one block between Dyer and Tenth Avenue on West 41st), past the rotting buildings and vacant lots filled with refuse, along Tenth Avenue where children play baseball in the streets, past closed-up stores and junkies on the make; and suddenly, in one of those startling contrasts of New York City, Lincoln Center rising like some Parthenon from a junkyard. A few blocks from its splendor I saw a child, nine or ten years old, who had cut his foot and was washing the wound in the gray water cascading down the gutter.

The city is tolerable if you can leave it occasionally. These people cannot. For them the air is always trapped, the inversion is permanent. And as the Greyhound inched through the traffic, the spirit of the Sixties—the slogans about quality of life, a livable society, qualitative liberalism—seemed to be choking in its fumes. A language far less grandiloquent was emerging. At St. Nicholas Place 162nd a store conspicuously boasts: "Police Locks, Door Locks, Window Gates Installed." The sign is painted red, white, and blue.

The day before my departure I received from a friend—Clare Wofford, the wife of the president of Bryn Mawr—a letter urging me not "to go out earnestly in search of America's problems but rather in search of its humor, its ironies, its human-ness. Since we are obviously on the frontier of a new and old problem suffered by mankind," she wrote, "we need to be reminded that we are no worse than the rest of the human race. How can the United States find some humility—and from that chance to offer decent leadership—unless we can laugh a little and stop our endless self-flagellation?"

I folded her note into my wallet to remind me as I traveled of a gentle mandate I very much wanted to honor. But the ancient Scripture teaches that man is born to trouble, and personal experience teaches that he endures those troubles by talking about them. Wherever I traveled, and no matter how innocent or casual my purpose, the people I met wanted to talk about the tribulations of America: war, campus unrest, crime, inflation, pollution, racism, and drugs. Not a day passed that I was not free of some demonstration of our woes.

Indiana

Richmond, Indiana

WEST ON HIGHWAY 16 FROM COLUMBUS, we drove through farmlands and past glens deep in summer green, prompting me to wish Norman Rockwell were still drawing for *The Saturday Evening Post*, if there were a *Saturday Evening Post*. The children appear healthy and active: their hair is close-cropped and their faces are already tanned from the spring wind and the hot June sun. Passing through the little village of Brighton I see two boys with .22 rifles riding their bicycles toward the country. There is a small airstrip to the south of the highway with about thirty light craft parked around the hangar: the man who sells me a soft drink says they belong to the farmers. "They've come a long way, those who have stuck it out," he says. The absence of billboards makes it clear that Interstate 70, which runs parallel to 40 about a mile north, carries most of the traffic. This is the old Wilderness Trail, and along this route the wagon trains moved west and in the surrounding bottomlands of the Great Miami Valley of western Ohio men hacked farms from wild growth and guarded their families against human marauders and their cattle against wolves.

There were premonitions of our future realities in some of the history of this region. For into the Great Miami Valley in 1846 came the emancipated slaves of John Randolph of Virginia, almost four hundred of them, set free by his will and provided the means for resettlement in Ohio. By wagon to Charleston, down the Kanawha to the Ohio by steamer, and from the Kentucky border to Dayton on the Miami-Erie Canal they moved slowly in search of land and homes. An article in one of the newspapers said, in 1846:

And now, the poor creatures are among us! Why should this be? We have nothing to do with Slavery, and it is neither our interest, nor our duty, to add to the ignorance of our State, in any way. Let us recall, in part, this remark

This emigration of John Randolph's negroes proves that we have something to do with slavery. And evidently the people of Virginia think so too. For whenever their eyes get opened, because they hear the call of death, or know it is nigh, the first step is, to free their slaves, that they may lull the unquiet gnawings of conscience—the next to send them to Ohio, that they may be free!

Richmond, Indiana, is a few miles west of the Ohio border and an hour's drive from Indianapolis. I had come here once before, in 1962, to refute charges that the Peace Corps had been infiltrated by Communist provocateurs, charges which the American Legion in Richmond was circulating with considerable attention in the Midwestern press. There were at least two hundred men in the audience that evening, and they were not in the mood to tolerate the supplications of a twenty-eight-year-old bureaucrat from Washington. "He don't even look old enough to recognize a Communist, much less fight

'em," one of them said. They hooted and hissed and laughed as I spoke, and one huge man with a broad forehead descending down a concave face into a long narrow chin kept picking his nose and flicking the fruits of his labor like spitballs at my feet. He thought me impudent when I stopped in the middle of a sentence and offered him my handkerchief, and the next thing I knew he seemed about to exchange blows with someone across the room, God bless his soul, who was trying to quiet the audience. I was scared and decided that not even J. Edgar Hoover could convince them of the Peace Corps' purity, and I left.

Richmond is an attractive community, and as I returned this time, like some reincarnated Icarus toward the sun, I noted just how tidy a place it is. People are proud of the heritage of the Wilderness Trail. In a park on the edge of town is a monument, "Madonna of the Trail," with a pioneer mother holding one child in her arms, a boy of seven or eight clutching her skirts, and her other hand on a long-stemmed rifle. The grass in the park obviously receives careful attention and there is a sign: "Please drive with care. Our squids can't tell one nut from another." The exceedingly polite policeman who gives me directions is wearing an American Legion patch on his right shoulder and I will see more flags in front of businesses, service stations, banks, and houses of Richmond, a town of some 44,000, than anywhere else on my journey. The people seem gentler than it did when I was here eight years ago, although I may be deceiving myself, but a reporter for the local newspaper will tell me yes, he thinks something happened to the psychology of the community when a thousand pounds of black powder exploded in the basement of a Main Street gun shop a few years ago and killed forty-one people. "It is still conservative," he says, "but the people don't think as mean anymore." The one high school in town is integrated and while racial tensions flare up from time to time, they are not sustained, and the most difficult problems of adjustment are being experienced by poor Appalachian whites who come here looking for work.

BOB KIMBROUGH WAS WAITING FOR ME at the Harry American Legion Post 65 on Sixth Street when I arrived that evening. The post has moved to a new one-story building from the building on Main where the kangaroo court was conducted for the Peace Corps eight years ago. Kimbrough, who was not present that previous evening, said that some of the old-timers have died and some have moved away and "others have grown up—you'll find the men real friendly." And he was right. Several offered to buy a round of beer. They were all willing to talk. It would be past midnight before I left.

Kimbrough, the post commander, is forty-nine, with a medium build, short black hair, a round and open face, a slight childhood scar on his right cheek. ("My war injuries are where I had better not expose them," he said.) An American flag decorates the clip that attaches his pen to the pocket of his white short-sleeved shirt. He served in France in World War II and is a realtor in Richmond; his four children are twenty-one, sixteen, fourteen, and eleven. I asked him if there is a generation gap at home and he answered, "Generation gap? No, my kids think violence is asinine as far as young people speakin' their piece, fine, but they can go for this riotin' and stuff. They think it is Communist inspired, like I do."

He said that his post has about eight hundred members. "There's another eight hundred in Howard Thomas Post

s about 250 in the colored post although we got colored
ers, too, and there's about a hundred ladies in the
Pitcher Post. The VFW probably has around three
ed and there are about 250 Amvets. We got about fifty
ut of Vietnam so far, but they're not active. You take
it—we've got a meeting and the young boys have a
all game. They'll go to the baseball game and they
get by here until later. You know, they're young and
led when they first get back from Vietnam. When they
der and get kids, they'll come around."

id that Richmond seems to have a large number of
veterans.

ell, I think it's because of Earlham College over there"
there is west, across the White Water River, which
through town. "There's a lot of folks think some Com-
ts got in there a few years back and were going to
trouble and they joined the Legion to help oppose
Don't get me wrong. Earlham College is a fine school
credit to this town and 95 per cent of the students and
y are good people. But there was a lot of folks who
ed some Communist influences were at work. It just
a few to stir up trouble. Here, let me read you some-

picked from the table two copies of a one-page flyer,
d one to me, and read aloud from the other:

*May of 1919, at Dusseldorf, Germany, the Allied
es obtained a copy of some of the "Communist Rules
Revolution." Nearly 50 years later, the Reds are still
wing these rules. As you read the list, stop after each
—think about the present-day situation where you live
d all around our nation. We quote from the Red
s—*

*Corrupt the young; get them away from religion. Get
interested in sex. Make them superficial; destroy their
edness.*

Get control of all means of publicity . . .

Cause the registration of all firearms on some pretext,

*with a view to confiscation of them and leaving the popula-
tion helpless.*

I was to see these "Communist Rules for Revolution" in town
after town, in newspaper after newspaper, and even when
they had been exposed as a hoax by no less a Tory than
James J. Kilpatrick, the columnist, they continued to cir-
culate widely.

"We've reprinted them and have been passin' them out all
around town," Bob Kimbrough said. "The young people
should be educated as to what to look for, especially the
trickery that Communism represents. And I think we have to
take a stand against Communism everywhere we can. We have
this undesirable thing in Vietnam. Should never have been
there in the first place. The French tried it and didn't make
it. But if only the force of arms can stop Communism, we
have to use force of arms. You can't back down or they'll
take more and more.

"This is why we have to promote Americanism. We try
to get to the young with things like baseball, even though
it costs us about three thousand dollars a year, oratorical
awards, essays, Boys State, Boy Scout troops, things like that.
Last year we got American flags put on the sleeves of all
the athletes in the school. We had to put a little pressure on
the school officials to get it done but we did it."

Did the kids object?

"Heck, no. They're proud. We also donated flags to the
fire department and the mounted patrols. We haven't got to
Earlham yet but we want to get flags on their athletes, too."

What did he think happened in the last decade that most
contributed to change in the country?

"Money," he said. "Money. We've all done so much better
that we could give the kids what they want and we've spoiled
them. They don't have to work and a dollar isn't something
you have to sweat for. You just—why, you just ask for it.
My dad worked for the railroad company and was gettin' laid
off twice a year. It was pretty bad days, he would pick up
odd jobs where he could, but I know at Christmas time he



would get Carpenter Ripley's children to take sticks and put numbers on them and sell the sticks at ten cents apiece and raffle off his shotgun, enough to raise money to buy us—my sister and my brother and I—Christmas. One year he did the same thing and raffled off my mother's ring, that he had given her when they got married, to buy Christmas for us children. My children haven't known times like those. I have tried not to give them everything. I have tried to make them know the value of a dollar. I'm real proud because my children have all worked—we would give them an allowance or we would make them work for money, for things they've wanted. They want more money, we give them another chore. I'd have to admit, though, my children are probably spoiled, like everyone else. No matter how hard you try, when one of those kids pucker up and want something, you're going to give it to them, especially the girls."

We were joined by Jack McGill, fifty-one, a past commander of the post. "I do think the media has missed the boat on the campus thing," he said. "Last fall my boy was going to college, and there was a Dad's Weekend, you know, where you go down and spend the weekend and stay in the dorms. And on one night the different fraternities and the different wings of the dorms put on little skits, and they judged which was the best. The night I was down there, they had nine skits, and you know seven of them were patriotic. Out of nine, seven were patriotic. Now something like that never hits the newspaper. But if there had been six demonstrators marching down there with signs, it would have been in the newspapers."

"I think that if a demonstration goes on in this country, if there's something to demonstrate against, then we should be demonstrating against attorneys."

Attorneys?

"Yessir. I think we ought to be demonstrating against attorneys. They make the laws, and somewhere or the other they can twist them around any way they want to, they can just about get anybody off, no matter what kind of crime they've committed. I'd like to see us put all the attorneys right out in the middle of a big field and just march around and around them all day protesting and demonstrating and raising the devil with them for all the trouble they've caused."

Now there, I thought, is a novel idea, one that could unite more people in this country than televised football games on Sunday, and I began to conjure images in my mind of lawyers in New York whom I would enjoy seeing out there on Jack McGill's "big field," when the door to the basement office of the Harry Ray Post opened and four young men entered.

THE MONDAY NIGHT BASEBALL GAME WAS OVER and the younger members, most of whom are "Viet Vets," were coming by for a beer. All in their twenties, they are working now for the post office, but three have applied for jobs with the U. S. Immigration Service and want to serve in the border patrol. I asked them if their feelings about the war had changed since their return.

"I didn't have it as rough as the other guys," one said. "I was in the Air Force. And if it was to protect my country, I'd go right back. I felt like I was doing something for my country. I told my father I'd go back if they declared war, if they actually meant business and would go in there and do their thing. But I wouldn't go in now if you gave me a million dollars. All they're doing in there now is just playing. They're just draggin' it on and on and keep losing lives for

nothing. We've lost a lot of people and it's just uncalled for because there's nothing to show for the killin'. If we had an all-out war, we wouldn't have lost any more people. We would have accomplished something. I think we could fly up to Hanoi and blow hell out of the place if you want to know the truth."

"I think we have to fight the Communists," another said. "They're goin' to keep on tryin' to push us around. I'm a strict Communist hater. Freedom is the big thing to me. I definitely feel we were fightin' for freedom in Vietnam. That's why I joined the American Legion. I haven't had too many young guys really wanting to get into the service more. It seems like to them it's a bunch of old fogey stuff like this." There was laughter. He looked somewhat embarrassed and said, "I don't mean you, Mr. Kimbrough."

Did any of them have any doubts while they were in Vietnam?

"I did," one said. He is the youngest of the group. "I had a lot of doubts. I was in the infantry and I fought against the people, the South Vietnamese people. When we were in there we were supposed to be protecting the people from Communism. As far as fighting with them, I found out I didn't no more care whether they had Communism or not. As far as they're concerned, they can go either way. The American troops are with them, they're for the Americans. When the American troops are gone, they're going to help the Vietcong as much as they can. To live, that's what they worry about."

"I think we'd do more good in fighting the Communists at home," the first one said. "Dissent is all right, but burning and burning and looting and shit like that, that's got to stop. I think the American people have taken it for so long. The time's come, if it hasn't already started, for the American Majority, so-called, to take action. And when they do, they are going to get tough."

What about My Lai?

"I don't believe it happened," one of the young men said.

"I don't either," Jack McGill said. "I was in the Philippines in World War II and I've seen the time you could see the difference in the enemy and the people on your side. And when there's any doubt, I was ready to see them all out alive."

"And that first shot that's fired," someone interjected. "Everybody's scared, regardless of what they say, are scared when they go in and that first shot comes at them. And everybody starts shootin' because the only way to get from gettin' killed themselves is to wipe out everybody else they can."

"We killed a lot of civilians in my unit, and no one's ever held responsible. One thing, for a main fact, any North Vietnamese is an aid to the enemy. If he isn't giving us ammunition, he's givin' him food. We went through the area where we were told not to fire back if we're fired on by civilians. And I just didn't buy that because he has a choice between an American and a North Vietnamese. A South Vietnamese will help the guy from the North."

There was a long silence. We drifted into banter. One of the young men asked me what I thought about the world. I said, "Well, I had a different experience during my first visit," and told them the story of my appearance in 1962. They laughed and one of them said, "Well, things have changed since then. Did you hear about the biggest earthquake that's happened to Richmond recently?"

No.

layboy selected one of our girls as Playmate of the h. Sold out every copy in town. Somebody said we a put up a statue to her out there in the park right e that pioneer mother. Said they was examples of ica before and after."

On the road

THE ROAD CARRIED ME THROUGH URBANA, OHIO ("Home of Grand Whitlock. Author, Statesman. First Ambassador Belgium"), past a large International Truck plant sitting in the country surrounded by hundreds of automobiles testifying to the genius of some industrial planner who how to bring jobs to a rural area where people could in pleasant environs; he should be put in charge of Department of Commerce.

passed through Westville, a flashing yellow light ended by no more than three dozen houses and a two-story school with boarded windows: into Lena ("Birthplace B. Graham. Educator. Founder of 4-H"), a Polaroid of sentiment with a church at the edge of town spreads solemn piety over a park with fresh-cut grass, picnic, a stream, and a field sprouting adolescent stalks of corn. The signs that welcome the traveler to these small towns never boast the size of the population. I try to check the attention to forget that people in these places can be mean, and all of the urges and needs that compelled men to be here are fresh and familiar. "There is more harm in the than is dreamt of," Cervantes wrote, and in the seat beside me is an account of what happened

to H. Allen Smith, the humorist, when he fled New York three years ago for the good life in the little town of Alpine, Texas. He is reported to have contracted "people pollution" and to have told friends that he had never seen such a "bunch of bigoted, pious, lying cheating bastards in all my life." That may be, but it is also true that in a suburb or large city a man can know two hundred people and not have a neighbor among them, can live and die and never really know the people next door. In a small town his contacts persist through varieties of experiences, small and great: at least he knows who is spying on him. In a small town, as Lyndon Johnson often said when he went home to central Texas, "They know when you're sick and they care when you die."

The highway runs now through fields of new corn and soybeans into one immaculately manicured small town after another, towns with tall spires of old churches, banners proclaiming centennials and sesquicentennials to be observed with parades, fireworks, and speeches; pretty girls flirting with overalled young men sitting in pickup trucks at root-beer stands; freshly mowed cemeteries with small American flags waving on the graves. They live heartily, these people, investing commonplace things with character and importance. And they live with an awareness of the dead, who are buried down the block, by the church, and with a sense of history caught and advertised on markers that declare: "General Anthony Wayne's Fort—1795," and, "Old Indian Village."

In such places as these the sounds and shapes of distant battles become more sharply defined by their absence. Down the road at Antioch College, across Ohio in Cleveland, north in Chicago and in hundreds of other arenas over the continent, new and powerful forces are tearing at the America



delivered to us by the past—the America of centennials and cemeteries, pointing spires and little flags. War, drugs, media, inflation—each has wrenched a joint in the body structure of the country: but more than any single assault, the schizophrenia of America—the severing of people from their moorings—has been brought on by the clash of men who want to change things simply by extending the past in altered form and men who believe nothing will work now that is not divorced from history. Even when outriders of the advancing forces appear briefly in their midst—a marquee in Warsaw, Indiana, announcing the Beatles' *Let It Be* and a long line of teen-agers waiting to get in—the people here are only dimly aware of distant furies and only vaguely worried. There are dragon slayers in the land—Nixon and Mitchell and Agnew, Knights of the Known Order—and in the old movies and in the old books the slayers of dragons always prevailed. But I feel for these people unknowingly lying in the path of a juggernaut. They are being asked to get up one morning as if yesterday never happened.

"Wait a minute," I thought as we passed through Rockford, Ohio, population about a thousand. "That sign back there said something about Earl Wilson."

Earl Wilson?

There it was, in red and green letters with a grinning caricature of Earl himself: "Rockford. Home of Earl Wilson, Broadway Columnist, Author, and Another Successful Home Town Boy." It was a conspicuous sign compared to the monument in the little park a few yards up the road which informed the traveler that this site was an "ages old Indian village: camp and river crossing for the armies of Celeron, Harnar, Wayne, and Harrison: Madore trading post 1800: seedling apple orchard by Johnny Appleseed 1810: government grant to Anty Shane half-breed scout 1817: Shane's trading post 1820."

At a rest stop I asked an elderly gentleman if he remembered Earl Wilson.

"Don't think I ever met him myself," he said. "Lots of folks remember him, though. He's kind of controversial, you know."

Controversial?

"Yep. You know, puttin' all them pictures of undressed women in them articles he writes."

East Gary, Indiana

THEY LOOKED LIKE RANCH HANDS IN TOWN on a Saturday night and not like revolutionaries. But I do not know cowboys who read *Reveille for Radicals* by Saul Alinsky or *Who Am I? Essays on the Alienated* by Gabriel Fielding. Paul Goodman. Marya Mannes. *et al.* I never knew any truck drivers who study such things, either, yet two years ago these men drove pug-nosed diesel engines moving big flatbeds of steel down the highways. Today there is no doubt about their intentions: they seek the overthrow of an established order. The man who rules that order is James Hoffa.

Their instrument of revolt is the Fraternal Association of Steel Haulers (FASH). It is "the single most important development that could cripple the power of the Teamsters Union," according to one trucking magazine, but it has received very little attention in the press. FASH was organized in 1967 during a spontaneous protest against the Teamsters by the men who own their own trucks and carry steel over the road to distant cities. They belong to the Teamsters be-

cause it is the authorized bargaining agent with the companies but the steel haulers are a small minority of some 200 men among the hundreds of thousands of hourly employees who operate locally in trucks owned by the companies. The steel haulers accuse the Teamsters of exploiting them and even of wanting to drive them off the highways permanently.

FASH began as an effort from within to influence the Teamsters to bargain effectively for the owner-operators. When their grievances went unattended the steel haulers decided to make a total break, to seek from the National Labor Relations Board authority to be the bargaining agent for the owner-operators, and to negotiate directly as a separate union with the companies. The Teamsters struck back. But in two years FASH has grown to more than 200 members, with chapters in Ohio, Wisconsin, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Illinois, and Indiana.

The Indiana chapter is headquartered in East Gary, a colorful collation of tawdry buildings, truck stops, and pot shops on the streets south of Chicago. I had trouble finding the headquarters. "Never heard of it," one man said from the cab of his truck with the bumper sticker: "Don't Blame Me! I voted Wallace."

"Try down at the Crossroads Restaurant," a woman said, but it was not there. By this time I had almost decided to leave the friend who had first told me about the organization was only perpetrating a hoax. In my mind I could hear him laughing as he told colleagues of sending me in search of something called F*A*S*H. I was rescued by a passing taxi car, however, and pointed in the direction of a gray, two-story building down the street where a small yellow sign and an upstairs window indicated my destination. I went up the splintery wooden stairs past a charm and modeling shop and into three nearly bare rooms where Paul Dietsch, Charles Gwilt, and Frank Klitzke command the western front of the FASH conspiracy.

It was hot. There was no air conditioning, and summer in northwest Indiana has been known to produce wistful prayers for hell. Several young people were busily working on various tasks. "They're students," Paul Dietsch said. "They're attending school at Indiana, Georgetown, Valparaiso, just like that. Most of them are probably moderate when it comes to politics. They're certainly not radicals. I guess you could call them concerned kids. One of Saul Alinsky's men told them what FASH is trying to do and they volunteered to circulate petitions, working on national mailings, creating stencils, things like that. They were like a breath of fresh air."

Paul Dietsch is the top FASH man in Wisconsin. As a member of the national committee he often works out of Milwaukee. He is forty, and he hauled steel for seventeen years before he sold his rig to become a full-time organizer for FASH at a salary of \$50 weekly.

"I got tired of being a bastard son of the Teamsters," he said. "They were supposed to be bargaining for us but they have been working against us." He explained that the Teamsters have closed-shop agreements with the majority of companies for whom the steel haulers carry freight. "We have to join the Teamsters to work for those companies."

"We own our own trucks and are paid a percentage of the gross while most Teamster drivers are paid by the hour. When the contract time the Teamsters force the company to do the master freight agreement which covers the hourly drivers. The steel haulers are just a footnote to that agreement. During negotiations they really put the company to the wall. We say, Don't feel so bad because we'll throw the steel haulers in for nothing. They don't ask for a thing for us. They just

about it. When you go to the union hall to protest and say, Why don't you sell your truck—we do anything for you. Yet they're always demanding our dues."

Gwilt interrupted. He is the president of Indiana a lean man with a small moustache who has been since he was fifteen. He is now thirty-nine. Last year he returned to his home in East Gary to find it had been destroyed by a bomb.

"I can give you some idea of how the Teamsters grind it out," Gwilt said. "They negotiate directly with the companies for the wages of hourly employees, right? But steel companies get a percentage of the gross the shipper pays to move the steel. Those freight rates are set by the ICC. From 1956 to 1967 the rates on steel hardly went up at all. Our guy was killed. He's got a \$25,000 to \$30,000 investment in his truck and he's paying out every year. His costs are going up. I used to buy tires for \$60 that cost me \$100 to \$110 now. But for almost ten years the carriers don't feel they should increase their rates and they don't ask for anything. Inflation money was climbing all over us and our investment was static. Do the Teamsters help us? Do they barter with the companies to get us more money? Hell no they don't. Our take-home pay today is almost what it was several years ago—\$150 to \$200 a week. Until we took things in our own hands, the Teamsters didn't do a damned thing."

It was '67. The contract was up in April. By June we had word of what they were going to do for us. They offered an interim contract that didn't provide anything for the haulers. Well, we decided to show them how unhappy we were. Not a strike, just a protest against the Teamsters for taking us down. We weren't mad at anyone else."

About two dozen guys went to the lawn in front of the local. This wasn't enough so we went over to the mills to see if we could round up some more. We sent a man to go out to tell the haulers as they came in to park their trucks to come over in front of the union hall. By late evening the drivers, not steel haulers, started coming in and saw the guys standing there and thought it was a picket line. Some of the signs said 'Teamster Protest' and the drivers didn't really think it was a Teamster picket line. Pretty soon, in effect, a picket line in front of all the mills. By the following morning the mills were feeling the pinch, because they were running short on their daily supplies. They were twenty-four hours a day and can get hurt in a hurry. The haulers started trying to pacify us. Go back to work, they said, and then we'll talk—but that's what they have been saying for years and you never hear from them again. We decided to hang on. First thing you know, we saw that people were beginning to realize what a force we could be. For the first time we realized it, too."

Tom Klitzke wanted to speak. He is the Indiana vice president, a taciturn man of forty-eight. Since joining the movement Klitzke has been the object of two assassinations by the occupants of several cars who surrounded a truck stop only half a mile from where we were and again by a man who leaned from the window of a passing car and fired a revolver at him.

"That's what Tom said about people beginning to recognize us as important," Klitzke said. "Once that thing got going in a quiet and spontaneous way as it was, it spread. It spread all the grievances and frustrations we felt over the years and now we had a way to get out."

"Where were some of them?"

"One that got to me was the way they assigned loads of steel. We got this big investment in equipment, and we got to stay hustling to meet the monthly payments, and sometimes we'd have to wait for a load six, eight, ten hours with no pay—one guy waited thirty-two hours once. Or we'd walk up to the dispatcher and he'd say, okay, this is yours, and he would give you a load of garbage that you would have to go into your pocket to pay for because it didn't meet your expenses. You're a professional and you tell him you can't survive on that, it will put you out of business, and he'd say, You want it or not? If you said no, he'd tell you to turn in your permit, you're finished. I got one load that I started hauling on Monday and delivered on Saturday night up north, then I had to head back here and I grossed \$522. Just met my expenses."

"We'd ask the Teamsters for help but they didn't give a damn. Take the good with the bad, they would say; you can't refuse a load, they would say. If you don't like it, they would say, you can quit. They wanted to get us out of the business, see, because we're a few pears among their peaches. In fact, they took us on because they wanted to get control of us and then eliminate us, make us sell our rigs and go to work driving the company trucks so we would be hourly, too. You'd go to the union hall and ask them to do something about a problem and they'd say, Sorry, you own your own truck. They ignored the fact that they said you had to join if you wanted to drive. Why don't you sell your truck, they'd say, and go to work for the company? They forced us in and then tried to get us down in the basement to get rid of us."



Have they sought help from the NLRB?

"We have," Dietsch said, "but I've decided the purpose of the NLRB is to give protection to labor organizations, not to individuals except when an individual has been wronged by a company, by management. When the individual is charging the union with failure to represent them, they all of a sudden turn cold."

Why does a man become a hauler, I asked.

Each waited for the others to answer. Finally Klitzke said. "He wants to be his own boss. He's working for a company, let's say, driving their truck. maybe it will go out of business. He decides to buy one. And once he's into it, he's hooked."

"Doesn't the whole country idolize the driver?" Dietsch asked. "Doesn't everyone like to get his foot on the accelerator out on the highway? The dream of every red-blooded American boy, right? You know you can master that big rig. It's an adventure—over the road. It even has a nice sound to it. Our guys are like sailors. They sail away in that rig and they come back a week or two weeks later with a percentage of what the ship takes in, whale oil or spice or, in this case, money from the shipper."

"Let's say you're a young fellow working in a gas station or in a factory and your brother-in-law is in the trucking business, or a friend of yours, or the guy next door. Inevitably it happens, some big-mouthed trucker comes over from next door or he's standing there in the gas station bragging about all he's seen last week and the money he's made, or he comes into the station and asks you to cash his check and you look at it and you're used to making \$150 a week with overtime but here that check is for something like \$700 or \$800. And you'll say, My God, where did you—how long did you have to work to get that? And the guy says a week. He doesn't mention that \$750 of it is overhead, so your eyes pop right out and you figure, Boy, I'm going to get me one of those rigs. Someone is always happy to take you to one of these dealers—"

"They're known as friendly financiers," Gwilt said.

"—and as long as you've got any kind of credit rating, you need next to nothing. It's like they're renting the equipment. If you've got the down stroke—\$500 or \$1,000, which you can usually borrow from your in-laws or get by selling your car—you can get into a \$30,000 rig with air conditioning and lots of chrome—chrome air cleaner, chrome stacks, the works—without even being asked where you're going to put it to work. You don't mind the hock because as soon as you get this thing rolling you're going to be making \$800 a week. One day you're in it and you've got boundless enthusiasm, and you work night and day, just like you got a hole in the ground and it's pure gold, right around the clock, seven days a week, never come home—"

"Till you wear something out."

"Yeah. The first six months you're in this business you're running, you're like a hog, getting into that money. And you don't realize that \$800 isn't really yours until about five years later, when you come up for air. It takes about three or four years for the truck to really get run down. Even then you will make an excuse. You'll say, I had bad luck this year—my engine blew up or I had to buy new tires. The next year, my transmission went out. There's always an excuse. And that carrot's hanging out in front of that truck."

"But it's manly," Gwilt said. "That's really what gets them. You're a man in that rig."

What about pensions? Retirement?

"Oh, man," Dietsch said. "You have just hit a sore spot,

because this is the next big fraud. Most of the long haulers are under the Central States pension plan administered by the Teamsters out of Chicago, the one that has been involved in one scandal after another. That was started in '54, I believe, and the way they manipulated the qualifications automatically ruled out about nine out of ten steel haulers. We've had men who reach fifty-seven—that's the age when you can start drawing your pension now—and go down and be told, maybe after waiting six months, they're not eligible. Very few men can hack this business, by the way, until they're fifty-seven. If a man leaves before he is fifty-seven he has no vested interest. We began to get complaints from fellows who would say, I'm still working. I'm waiting to get my pension and they're telling me I don't have enough credits. What do I do?"

"The funds keep no records," Gwilt said. "They put it on you to prove everything. They don't earmark money in any name. The whole burden is on you. Plus the under-the-table deals some of the union officials make with the carriers. They go to them and say, 'Look, by contract you're supposed to pay \$19.50 into the health, welfare, and pension fund for these men, but for \$1 a head or \$5 a week you can forget about it.' The union figures it can deal with the poor bastard who discovers he's not covered—who's got the records, anyway? We've found this in a couple of companies right here in the area. One company was making pension payments for the first ten men. There is a real sweetheart arrangement the time they're lending money to racketeers. Our money."

In twenty-five years, Dietsch said, "the system has turned the steel hauler into an animal. He's been dehumanized and screwed by everybody. The company screws him, the union screws him, the steel mills screw him. The police live off him. He's easy pickings for everybody. Everybody's got his hand in his pocket. They've turned him into a cannibal. Like a dispatcher, I'll say to you, okay, I've got a load here, what do you want it? And you climb over each other like animals to get to the carcass. You're up to your neck in debt. You learn to charge a bill anywhere some guy is dumb enough to give you credit. You hear the company guys say, My God, what a bunch of gypsies—sleeping summer and winter in their trucks, eating pills as they go down the road, dumb bastards, crude, tearing at each other's throats, disrespect for each other. You get self-conscious. You're outcast. If you live within the law you can't make a living. Our guy wants to pay his bills, but he doesn't have the money, he's got this monster of a rig and he pays between \$500 and \$1,000 a month on it and he's got the Teamsters on his back. Back home he's got a family that he doesn't see all week that needs money. The only thing in his mind is keep that truck rolling."

Dietsch handed me a copy of a magazine called *Teamster Mate*. "This was started last October by some members of the Teamsters who wanted to work for reform within the union. It had some strong criticism of the pension fund, leadership of the union, corruption. After it started some of the union bombed the printing plant and it never recovered. The stops advertising it were called by anonymous voices and threatened. One big truck stop south of Detroit was advertising in it and someone came in and poured acid all over the place and shot out some of their large expensive signs along the highways. This is what makes the little guy afraid to go to a man and say, 'You know that \$10 a week you've been putting in the local bank the last ten years for your retirement? Well, the bank president is going to take it all away.' He'll tear down there and raise hell. But if

UPER BOWL. HE HOLIDAY PUNCH MADE WITH SUPER RUM, RONRICO. HINK OF IT AS THE WORLD'S LARGEST, TASTIEST DAIQUIRI.



BOWL
ES RONRICO WHITE LABEL RUM.
F 20 LIMES OR THREE 6-OZ. CANS
RI MIX. ADD SUGAR TO TASTE,
1 CUP, IF USING FRESH LIME JUICE.
D ICE BLOCK. GARNISH WITH SLICES OF
LEMON. ADD CLUB SODA IF DESIRED.
20.
GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO.,
PROOF.

him that the Teamsters are giving his pension money away, do you know what he says?

What?

"I don't care. I don't care. I can't do anything about it."

"Remember Charlie from Michigan, who was in with us three years ago?" Klitzke asked Dietsch. "Charlie and his half brother Ralph? When I asked him why he wasn't with us any longer, he said, 'Frank, I know it's right, I was with you, I understand it all, I know what should be done. But I'm afraid, Frank. I got a wife and a bunch of kids home there. I can't afford to get back in with you guys.'"

Klitzke, like Dietsch, is a bachelor. "In this business that's the best way to be," he said.

"We don't promote violence," Dietsch said later. "We don't think violence is right. We've got a great guy who's national chairman over in Pittsburgh, Bill Hill, who looks as tough as the next guy but is always preaching that we don't want to let our passions make us suckers for the goon. We asked our guys to shut down, to show the Teamsters we mean business. And the majority of them shut down, and here comes a scab down the road with a load of steel, and going by everybody's nose, and the guys who are putting themselves on the line to clean this thing up say, Look at that son of a gun. Well, he goes by once, and maybe the second time he goes by you're out there with a few bricks. It's not organized, it's spontaneous. But we know you can't beat the guy who is throwing bricks by throwing bricks back at him. We started FASH so we wouldn't have to play it that way.

"That's been the Teamsters way around here for a long time. They're hooked to the corrupt political system in Gary and interlocked with the other unions and the steel mills and the trucking companies and city and state officials and the people who make up the Establishment. That's why things are so bad. Walk around this town, no sidewalks, streets all broken up, poor services. The situation here, for the little guy, keeps getting worse, while the lobby for the steel companies gets special permits down in the legislature for us to overload so's we can take steel out of here in a peculiar way that avoids taxes. The little guy's got his whole life and energy in the system—he thinks the system is America—and all the time the system is taking him for a ride and he don't know it.

"The Teamsters are powerful. They could help to change the system. Instead they're a party to it. We want to change that. We'd like to see the Teamsters reform. We'd like to see a situation where there are competing unions. Everybody knows the Teamsters Union is corrupt, the politicians, the members of the union, the press. But they're all saying you got to live with it, you can't do anything. That's crap."

So spoke the man from FASH.

Interlude

SHE GOT ON THE BUS IN A LITTLE TOWN IN ILLINOIS, having cut short her summer vacation for reasons she did not amplify, to return to her home in San Diego. She was about sixteen, with long red hair and a platoon of freckles bivouacked on the crest of each cheek, and she was clearly on the make. From the moment she deliberately chose a vacant seat directly across the aisle from two young men, about nineteen and twenty, it was apparent she was not prepared to endure the long ride to the West Coast without adventure.

By the time we reached Indianapolis the younger fellow,

with his black hair cut in ducktails, had won out, much to the chagrin of his companion. He was seated beside her and headed for St. Louis and by midnight they had disappeared into the last row of three seats, the only ones not separated by armrests, and except for an occasional giggle we did not see them again until we pulled into Kansas City at 6:00. They emerged rather rumped and forlorn, for he had connections to make to Dallas, and the last I saw of them were exchanging addresses and embraces on Platform 7.

Kansas

Lawrence, Ka-

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, IS THE EPITOME OF A TROUBLED, spirited, inspired, frightened, complacent, industrious, selfish, magnanimous, confused, spiteful, bewitching community. I did not know this when I arrived at half-past seven on Thursday morning. The drive from Kansas City is an arduous one, and at that time of day, with the early sun behind me and the prairie grasslands stretching westward ahead of me, there is no warning of what is to come.

THURSDAY MORNING: Dolph C. Simons, Jr. greeted me in his office. He was born to Lawrence. His grandfather edited the *Daily Journal World* for sixty-one years and his father is editor now. Dolph, Jr. is publisher. Publishing a newspaper in a small town is infinitely more difficult today than in a large city. You cannot hide behind either your prestige or your anonymity. Everybody in town knows you and knows you're a sonuvabitch in the first place, which clears the air. "You live around the corner from the people you rap the knuckles," Simons said. "You want to boost the town, you want to tell what you see, too. You can't run from hypocrisy."

THURSDAY AFTERNOON: With a young reporter from another newspaper I drove through town.

There are 47,000 people in Lawrence, of whom a little more than one-third are part of the University of Kansas. It is a company town. Without the university Lawrence would be in economic trouble. There are townspeople who think they are in worse trouble with it. In more tranquil times young people came from farms and small towns from all over Kansas to prepare themselves for careers and citizenship. They come, but the university has become a major institution with a strong faculty and an important reputation. Some people in town believe that with the growth of the school Lawrence has lost its immunity from the world.

Which is true. In the spring of 1969 demonstrators from the Students for a Democratic Society brought about

ion of the annual ROTC review. In the last school there were marches against the war in Vietnam, strong s by the university senate against certain military reh, a visit to the campus by Abbie Hoffman, demands and sts by black students, rock festivals, and growing van- culminating in a fire which inflicted \$2-million dam- to the student union building. After Cambodia and Kent there was more sporadic vandalism, and, in a move particularly galled the politicians of Kansas, the uni- y community—faculty, students, and administration— a mass convocation to approve a plan allowing students : to finish the semester in classes or to complete the ster early and take part in some political activity of their e. Radicals wanted the university to take an official posi- on the war and to strike. Chancellor Laurence Chalmers ed that the university stay neutral and open. But many cians, editorial writers, and alumni denounced the ellor for cowardly yielding to student demands. Radicals inced him for copping out. He became a marked man.

ere are other forces stripping Lawrence of its immunity. s the "street community," a loose and disheveled cluster bels, freaks, drug heads, runaways, drifters, serious radi- flower children, and just plain thrill seekers—young e in search of a kick, roaming like nomads from one of titillation to another, moving on when boredom s. Most are white. Estimates of their numbers range 200 to 400. Some live in small apartments above stores Massachusetts Street, the main drag in town. Most live enclave on the edge of Mt. Oread, the hill on which the rsity is located. Some are students, many are not—an rtant point to remember.

e other source of tension is rising black activism. There approximately 4,500 Negroes in Lawrence. For a long they were quiet. In the past two years they, too, have ed.

he blacks wanted several things." I was told. "A black leader, for one. The football team here is to Lawrence the New York Jets are to Shea Stadium. It was written *Life* magazine and all that. Cheerleaders fit right into scheme, and the blacks were asking for something that recognized was very important to the whites. They also ed black counselors, more black teachers, black history es.

he situation is compounded because the blacks in the school relate to the black students at the university. 's an interesting story there. The blacks at KU put a lot mands on the table. One of them was for \$50,000 for il fellowships and scholarships. The administration said here just wasn't the money. The blacks seemed to accept maybe we're asking for too much, they said. The next you know there was a story in the paper announcing iversity intends to spend a quarter of a million dollars ding Astroturf on the football field. The blacks won- about that.

ne blacks got a lot of their demands at the university. blacks in the high school didn't. The high-school kids d turning to the university kids for help. The KU kids organized a Black Student Union, the leader is a brilliant amed John Spearman, a graduate of the high school Do you know that two years ago when he graduated high school he received an award, top student - like that, and the black kids wouldn't even stand pplaud him. The white kids did; they thought he was a nice Tom, you know. He grows up a little, gets in-

volved in the Black Student Union at the university and two years later a warrant is issued for his arrest for a disturbance at the high school. [He was later acquitted.] His rhetoric is pretty well advanced from what it was as a kind of Tom kid graduating from Lawrence High School."

Massachusetts Street divides the town east to west. It is a wide street twenty-three blocks long. The East Lawrence section is sometimes called "East Bottoms" because it runs down to the polluted Kansas River, which is the north-south dividing line. The blacks are concentrated in East Bottoms, although the area is integrated, and in North Lawrence, which is also the home for many low-income whites. There is no bus service in the north side of town; the bus company could not operate profitably. Many of the streets there are unpaved because property owners, black and white, will not pay the costs.

The attendant at the service station near the bridge across the river leaned his head through the window and said, "Things are changing. Everything's changing. What I don't understand is they call me a racist. Hell, I don't even know what a racist is. I do a lot of business with niggers."

THURSDAY EVENING: After making several appointments for the following day and dining with the Simonses—father and son—I surrendered to the weariness of the previous night's ride, returned to the motel, and went soundly to sleep.

At midnight sixteen-year-old Michelle Raney, daughter of a former mayor and town pharmacist, took a pen with red ink and wrote a note which she left beside her father's bed. It read: "Tiger Dowdell is dead. 1/2 his head was shot off. Not saying whose fault it was or why. Doesn't make much difference really, this town will go anyway."

Michelle Raney is a fragile child with deep feelings about the way people treat each other. On this night she was quite emotional and her information was not exactly precise—one half of Tiger Dowdell's face had not been shot off. In most essentials, however, she was accurate: Tiger Dowdell was dead enough and the town would go.

FRIDAY MORNING: The death of Rick D. ("Tiger") Dowdell occurred in approximately this manner:

Sometime after 10:00 P.M. Thursday, police began to receive reports of sniper fire in East Lawrence, three blocks from the center of town, in the vicinity of Afro House, an organization supported in part by Kansas University student-activity fees for the purpose of promoting black culture and solidarity. One bullet pierced the left leg of Mrs. Mildred J. Johnson, a white woman, as she was standing in her backyard. Two black men left the scene of the shooting and disappeared into Afro House. A few minutes later Dowdell and a nineteen-year-old KU student, Franki Lyn Cole, came from the front of Afro House, got into a Volkswagen, and drove away. Police pursued the car to an alley less than two blocks away. Police said Dowdell ran down the alley; Miss Cole said he "walked hurriedly or trotted." Police said they observed a long barrel revolver in Dowdell's left hand; Miss Cole said she did not see a gun. Patrolman William Garrett, who is twenty-seven, pursued Dowdell down the alley and commanded him to stop. After firing a warning shot, the Kansas Bureau of Investigation reported:

... Officer Garrett commanded the subject to drop his gun. Without reply the subject turned and fired the revolver at Officer Garrett, with his left hand. Immediately Officer Garrett returned one shot at the subject. Officer Garrett and

the subject were 60 to 70 feet apart when the two shots were exchanged. The subject then ran west to the alley and south down the alley. Officer Garrett fired three shots at the subject running south. The subject was struck by one of the shots fired by Officer Garrett and fell 259 feet south of Ninth Street and five feet west of the east edge of the alley. A .357 magnum Ruger revolver was laying beside the subject. The subject was wearing a shoulder holster on his right side, under his jacket.

The "subject" died there in the alley. Cause of death, the coroner said, was a "cerebral laceration," caused by a bullet. The coroner's inquest exonerated the patrolman. There was no grand-jury investigation.

Word spread quickly through East Lawrence. Someone tossed a bottle with a petroleum mixture into a laundry near Afro House. Minor fires were reported elsewhere. Two patrol cars were hit by slugs. A glass and mirror company near Afro House received several bullets from high-powered rifles fired by snipers hiding behind a school across the street. While witnesses to the Dowdell shooting were being questioned inside the courthouse, Dolph Simons, Jr. and three other men standing outside were fired upon by a sniper stationed in a nearby park.

"It was like a war," Simons said when I found him in his office at 7:00 A.M. "I have an idea it was just the first skirmish," he added.

There is still dispute about exactly how it all started and what happened. There have been investigations and more investigations and the story still is not whole. Even when the facts are accepted by all sides, people in Lawrence look blankly and shake their heads when you ask, "Why?" As in a hundred communities in every part of the country in a sea-

son of violence, no one—Presidential commission agencies, police, the participants themselves—could say authority, "This is why it happened."

On August 8, 1967, three years before, the Lawrence Relations Commission convened in a special meeting (like the comments of individual citizens. Several young people were present. The minutes of the meeting include the following: "Rick Dowdell was the next speaker. He complained of the problem of police arrests and relationships between the youths and the police."

I DROVE THROUGH THE AREA. Smoke still hovered around the laundry. Half a dozen young blacks stood in front of Afro House watching with sullen expressions each passerby. I stopped to get out but they gestured defiantly for me to keep moving and I did.

There were two large bullet holes in the plate-glass window and two in the front door of the Wilson Glass Company, across the street from St. Luke's AME Church and the York School. Using guerrilla tactics snipers had pelted the neighborhood. The slugs that hit the Wilson Glass Company tore into the far wall of a second room. One had penetrated a \$54.17 a mirror at precisely the point where my chin appeared in the reflection. Bernard Freeman, the manager, had crouched here and returned the fire.

I drove to Raney's drugstore on Massachusetts Street for a cup of coffee. The booths were full.

"This is a small town," one man said. "Everybody knows each other. We ought to be able to deal with these problems."

"Hell," another said. "I know how to deal with them."



made a gesture with his thumb raised and his first finger pointed toward the first man. "It ain't too late to start killin' 'em," he said. Several of the white men grimaced. "Put your gun," one said. "We got one dead already." Rick Raney looked like a man caught on a rope bridge in a storm. "I knew Rick Dowdell," he said. "He was a big—six foot five. All of them were big. There were six of 'em. His mother died of cancer when they were just teenagers. Their father has been out West; I hear he's on his way back for the funeral. The boys were raised by their grandmother. Rick worked for me for a while when he was a high-school student. He had to handle a car and some things for me and at the time he was one of the best kids I ever had working for me. Sometime after he graduated from high school something happened to him. There were skirmishes with the law. He and his brothers were suspects in several unsolved crimes. Who knows whether they were guilty. The word got around, 'It must have been a Dowdell'."

"What happens now? I asked.

Raney shook his head. "I'd say there's going to be trouble. We've got—we've got some rednecks here. Not as many as you used to be, but enough. How large a group this is, I don't know. I don't really want to know. But they do exist. We've got some wild black kids. I fear the wild ones and which of those rednecks are going to meet on some street somewhere tonight. And neither one of them has a solution visible to . . . a confrontation isn't going to help a thing." A policeman stopped by for coffee. He was heading for home to rest. He had been up all night. He called the name of a black policeman and said, "He won't even be able to get to his house tonight because those kids down there hate him so bad his home won't be safe. They think he's a Tom. He's the chief. 'Look, I'll come to duty, if you'll put an armed man in front of my house.'" Laughter traveled up and down the counter.

Elder Dolph Simons was in the editor's chair when I came to the *Journal-World*. He has been in this business a long time and knows his mind. "I want to make sure that the paper tells what is going on," he told his staff as they prepared for the afternoon paper that would report last night's events, "but I also want you to keep in mind that this is no place to stir up the Japs. The newspaper's got no business meddling in the situation."

The executive editor wanted to put a picture of Dowdell, the black policeman on the front page but Simons said he isn't sure that is a good idea. "The boy is dead," he said. "His picture belongs on the front page. The officer's on the second." The executive editor: "The headline will read, 'Negro Dies in Gun Battle.'"

The editor: "It wasn't a gun battle."

The executive editor: "The officer fired a warning shot—the boy fired back—then the officer fired back."

The editor: "I guess it was a gun battle. Okay."

There came to the office a tall highboned man in his late thirties named Harvey Schmedemann, a local liquor dealer. He came to protest to the newspaper, his only ombudsman. A mimeographed newsletter thrust by a hippie into the hands of his eleven-year-old son as the boy walked across the university of Kansas campus. Schmedemann was angry. "What is going on up there? Can't someone do something about that place? Look at this!"—and it read:

Well the amerikan league lost again. Dic was there. Art Linkletter was there. Hell, even Micky Mantle was there and the amerikan league still lost. I guess the [Harvey Schmedemann would not pronounce the word] just weren't ready. Meanwhile back in River City, we smoke our dope, blow things up, and run about crazy. Next year we'll save the amerikan league from defeat. Next year we'll be in the all star game. Next year there won't be no — game at all. No more. No matter how many plastic infields they make. Is a big — fight coming and ain't nobody ready for it much—maybe. Can you survive. Are you ready for the big roundup—think about it. Dig it. Get ready. The pigs, granted, ain't ready either, yet. But they do mean to kill us all. Get ready brothers and sisters or you too may end up like the amerikan league. Jail ain't cool. Don't wake up there some morning. So sisters and brothers get your guns, your friends, your fake id's, your hideouts, your alternatives and your heads together cuz its just a shot away.

"My kid is eleven," Harvey Schmedemann said. "He can't even go to a summer program for kids up there without getting something like this slapped in his face. I ask you, How can we stop it? Can't somebody do something?"

He got consolation if not an answer and then he laughed. "I admit I don't like this long hair. To me I guess it's a symbol that"—he laughed again—"that they're against me. I don't know. These kinds of kids are pretty much a shock to a small town. We have a lot of people in Lawrence who are liberal-minded and will go along with a lot of things. but generally speaking I think the larger portion of the community does not like it."

FRIDAY AFTERNOON: The local radio station announced: "A tense situation prevails in Lawrence this afternoon."

Rumors everywhere:

"Someone said carloads of blacks are comin' over from Kansas City."

"They're gonna burn down the university."

"Someone said a Lawrence nigger was in Kansas City this afternoon and bought \$200 worth of ammunition and paid for it with a university check."

Whether they were organizing for war, I do not know; but the young black leaders were not to be found. They were not talking to whites. Men who thought they had ties to the black youths suddenly drew blanks when they called.

I located the Dowdell home but as I stepped out of my car a tall black with a thin moustache said, "Move on buddy, nobody's home."

But I can see people in there, I protested.

"Sorry, buddy, there ain't nobody home for you."

Chancellor Chalmers and I kept our midafternoon appointment. It was difficult to believe that this man was at the moment facing the prospect of an upheaval on his campus tonight or that he cared about the pressures building from one end of Kansas to the other to oust him from the position he has only occupied for one year. His office was quiet and he appeared calm.

"It's the old question of the vulnerable center," he said. "If you walk down the middle, you get hit by cars going in both directions. We have a small number of people—some students, some not—who capitalize on tensions. They are as busy recruiting during tense periods as the Marines are during a war. Kent and Cambodia were made to order for radicals. Something like Dowdell's death was made for them: The pigs got Tiger. You can't trust the Man. Come on with us. I can hear them now.

"All of this is straining higher education as it hasn't been strained in a long time. Higher education has always been 'something other' to most Americans, to the large majority of people who were never able to obtain a college education. Remember how they branded Stevenson an egghead? When it comes to getting an education for their children, that is their first priority. But in an abstract way they remain skeptical that higher education is really necessary.

"I'm sure that if we didn't have to deal with external issues, we could solve these problems. The radicals are prone to violence but numerically they are very small. After all, only thirty campuses out of more than two thousand closed last year. There are politicians who keep fanning the flames. You've probably heard that our union building was burned this spring. I'm certain some unstable person or persons were responsible. But Agnew made a speech, from somewhere a long way off. I think Florida, and he asserted that the students burned it down—just like that, the students burned it down. He knew something we didn't know. I wish he would turn it over to the Kansas Bureau of Investigation. But there you have it—he fires a salvo from a safe distance. It makes the headlines, but how does a university answer? How does a university resist the radicals on the one hand and the politicians on the other? The tragedy is they're fighting each other and the university is their battlefield. When it's all over they leave and what do you have left? A charred, crippled, shell-shocked institution.

"The media tell just enough to be misleading. Abbie Hoffman came to KU this spring. After a two-hour tirade which really failed to turn our kids on, he said, 'Kansas U is a drag. I'm going to Dallas.' And he left. I was delighted. Having him here was the best thing we could do to persuade the students that a guy like Hoffman has nothing to offer. Hoffman is part of a circus—he's the sideshow. If the media were able to present the entire sideshow, Hoffman would be finished. Two hours of Abbie Hoffman and you see right through him. But what happens? The media presents Hoffman blowing his nose in the American flag and the people who see that are thrown into a frenzy and blame the university for having him here in the first place. He's farce, he's camp, but one minute of the media and he's a celebrity who is taken seriously."

LATE AFTERNOON: I drove through the east side of town. The radio continued to proclaim a tense situation. But wars thrive on incongruities. Five white children played in the yard adjacent to Afro House. On the corner of the same block twelve or thirteen children, white and black, and two chaperons were standing in the yard of the Salvation Army headquarters eating chocolate-covered ice-cream sticks. The evidence of conflict remained only on the faces of the young blacks standing in front of Afro House.

At Raney's drugstore three white men sat at a table and joked with Willie. Willie is a refugee from the Mississippi Delta, a short wispy black man who is so relieved to be away from there that he is not about to let local troubles turn back his clock. His father once whipped a white policeman who had attacked him, and Willie wants no more of violence.

"Kansas," he said, "is a mighty good place to be."

FRIDAY EVENING: There was still light in the sky when it began and I thought of how on the bus in Connecticut the light at this time of day had been mellow and lenient. Here it seemed to gather up a whole town's incredulous dreads and suspend them indecently over the landscape.

The voice of the police dispatcher said tersely: "people are moving down Pennsylvania shooting out street lights." They extinguished all but a few of the lamps. Within half an hour a twelve-block area of East Lawrence, two blocks from midtown, belonged to guerrillas. An aerial flare soared silently into the sky and exploded like a Roman candle. I drove down New Hampshire one block from the battle zone and kept telling myself that these broad clean streets, these streets not, could not, be a combat zone.

The police received a report that forty-five to fifty blacks, all carrying long guns or side arms, were marching east on Tenth Street. Someone garbled the message and it came through as "four or five." Only four policemen were dispatched to intercept them. As they approached on foot, an assailant stepped out of the darkness across the street, fired a shotgun. One of the policemen, Lt. Eugene Williams, was hit. Police who moved in to assist him were pinned down. In the dark the ambulance had trouble locating him. Finally he was evacuated, police pulled out of the area and kept an uneasy guard on the perimeters until the firing subsided, until the guerrillas melted away. From the KBI report:

Witnesses said they could not believe they were witnessing such a scene in Lawrence. They described the group as being led by advance men and followed by rear-guard men fading in and out of the shadows, then concealing themselves behind the bushes and trees when any traffic was observed. The group used low whistles and hand signals for maneuvering. . . . Evidence gathered from the scene of the shooting indicated that shotguns and high-powered rifles had been used. . . . Most of the citizens interviewed in the area have lived there for several years. . . . They indicated they could not recall ever seeing most of these Negro males previously, and they felt they must be people from towns other than Lawrence joining some of the local residents.

While these events were happening in East Bottoms, there was trouble of another kind near the university campus on the southwest side of town—in an area often referred to as "hippie haven." On this spot almost to the day in 1851 the original pioneers from Massachusetts ate their first meal as they searched for a site to build an antislavery colony in the fight for Kansas. The cry in Boston had been: "Let us settle Kansas with people who will make it free by their voice and vote." They did, beginning here in Lawrence on this hill which they named Mt. Oread. Old Amos Lawrence, benefactor of the emigrants from Massachusetts, said in sight of the tent city spreading below him from this location reminded him of Plymouth Rock.

It was something else tonight. The nymphs of the hills, the street people, were at work, setting trash fires, tossing in bombs, placing boards with nails into the street to hurt the firemen and police, lobbing bricks at fire trucks and rocks at firemen. A stone—or was it a fire bomb?—landed in Chandler Chalmers' house. A burning barricade went across Tenth Street. Arsonists ignited "The White House," a vacant house near the campus where the freaks hang out. A hundred or more young people, most of them from the street community, had gathered to watch firemen fight the blaze. Police guarded the trucks and the firefighters.

Two longhairs walked up to a stocky patrolman standing in the street with the chin strap of his helmet unbuckled, a gauge shotgun resting on his hip and a belt of shells hanging over his shoulder.

"How about slippin' me one of those shells?" one of the freaks asked.

"t do that, sir."
 for a souvenir?"
 sorry, sir, but I can't do it."
 at is it, some pig regulation?"
 it's one reason. But the other reason is that I'm low
 ammunition."
 been shootin' people?"
 sir."
 en why are you low?"
 ause they don't want me to have too much down at
 arters."
 y? Why won't they let the pig have his slop?"
 ause I'm trigger-happy."
 id not smile as he said it.
 her cluster had gathered around a second policeman.
 you think you could use that?" one freak inquired of
 er, pointing to his shotgun. The policeman smiled. A
 mile. He turned his head slowly from side to side to
 e crowd in view.
 y don't you lay that thing down and take off that
 a?" his interrogator asks. His hair stood out as if it
 ill plugged into an electric socket. He was high. "You
 ok like a killer to me," he said.
 cop said nothing.
 ers are supposed to be lean and tough, like the pig
 ot Dowdell last night. You're too fat to be a killer."
 esponse.
 at kind of mentality is it that will stand in the
 of a street on a hot night like this carrying a 12-gauge
 and wearing a helmet and shiny boots like the Ge-
 Huh? What kind of mentality?"
 ace and the cop's were no more than 12 inches apart.
 iceman continued to swivel his gaze around the street.
 you aware that that thing can hurt someone? Are you
 hat last night one of your guns not only hurt but killed
 e?"
 ung black man stepped up. "Yeah," he said to the
 an. "How would you feel if a policeman was killed?
 feel that a brother was dead. Well, that's how I feel
 at boy who was killed last night. He was one of my
 s and he was killed by one of your brothers. Now
 o you think I should do about it?"
 cop did not answer. At this moment he was joined by
 policeman. He appeared relieved. The smile that had
 nged was not quite so tight.
 other street types tried to provoke another officer. "If
 a pig, what is the son of a cop?" the first one asked.
 ggy?"
 a son of a bitch."
 laughed. The cop was silent, absolutely silent. But
 e look in his eyes you knew he had heard.
 introduced to George Kimball. He is reported to be
 ler of the street community. I doubt that they have
 , but if to qualify as a spokesman one needs to make
 s, George Kimball is a spokesman. He is also a candi-
 d sheriff of Douglas County. (The incumbent has a
 d hand and Kimball promises to be a "two-fisted
 ." He also said he intends to "keep an eye on every-
 e has one glass eye.) "Kimball is crazy," someone
 ut he's not stupid."
 s after midnight and as we watched the milling ci-
 trucks, and the cops, the word came that the east
 s quiet. "Sure it's quiet," Kimball said. "They got a
 n't they? They got what they wanted. The law of

Hammurabi—they got what they wanted. Now they're even.
 It will be quiet for a while."

SATURDAY MORNING: Officer Williams did not die. By morn-
 ing he had been transferred out of the intensive-care unit. The
 four men at the breakfast table in the Holiday Inn speculated
 whether this would be enough or would "they go after an-
 other one tonight."

All four men had lived in Lawrence all of their lives. "I
 just don't understand," one of them said. "There's a black
 working now in every bank. Go into any big store downtown
 and you will see a black working there. The school superinten-
 dent told me last week he is looking hard for black teachers.
 I really don't understand. These people were my friends. I
 went to school with them. Yesterday not one of them would
 talk to me. Not one." He shook his head and drank his coffee.

"I had a call last night," another man said, "from the Sup-
 port Your Local Police Committee." The committee and the
 John Birch Society have been collaborating publicly. "They
 want me to join. I can't see it. It's not that they're mean.
 Most of them are just scared. Honest to God, I don't think
 anyone knows what to think."

I went to the library to read about Lawrence. Even there
 the talk is the same. I heard one man in the stacks say, "Preser-
 vation is the first law of life, and I aim to obey it." The pro-
 slavery forces from Missouri were determined in 1855 that
 the first territorial legislature in Kansas would approve slav-
 ery. Every election district in Kansas was to be taken over by
 Missourians. "Kansas must be secured for slavery by fair
 means or foul," former U. S. Senator David Atchison had
 said. More than a thousand of his henchmen came to Lawrence
 for the election armed with guns, rifles, pistols, bowie knives,
 and two pieces of artillery loaded with musket balls. There
 were 1,034 votes cast in Lawrence although there were only
 369 legal voters in the district. It was a clean sweep for slavery.

Lawrence became an "abolition nest" whose people "were
 a law unto themselves." It became an armed camp under
 threat of attack from Missouri, and during one siege John
 Brown made his first appearance in Kansas, to help defend
 Lawrence. If he rode into town tonight, I thought, no one
 would be surprised.

In 1863 William C. Quantrill led his guerrillas into Law-
 rence, the sixteen-year-old Jesse James among them, to plun-
 der and kill in one of the bloodiest episodes of the period. In
 four hours some 150 innocent people were murdered by
 raiders moving from house to house. One of the citizens
 was a relative newcomer, Judge Louis Carpenter. The raiders
 robbed him of his valuables, "but his coolness and self-pos-
 session, his genial manner and tact every time diverted them,
 and they left him unharmed. Towards the last another gang
 came. He accosted them in his usual pleasant way, hoping to
 engage them in conversation. One of them asked where he
 was from. 'New York,' he replied. 'Oh, it's you New York
 fellows who are doing all the mischief,' the Quantrill man
 said. He pulled his gun and shot the judge to death."

I left the library and walked one block to the police sta-
 tion for an appointment with Richard Stanwix, the chief.
 He had been called to City Hall for an emergency meeting.
 As I left the station I met more than a hundred blacks march-
 ing down the sidewalk chanting, "I Am SOMEone. I am
 SOMEone." They turned up the walk toward the police sta-
 tion and the chant became: "We Want—ALL The Pigs. We
 Want—ALL The Pigs." Four young men left the main body
 and entered the station. They were tall, silent, and tense. I

followed them although the crowd tentatively resisted my passing through it. The young men asked to see Stanwix. There was a long silence when they were told he was out. Finally one of the blacks said, "He'd better come back."

"He is," the officer behind the desk replied. "I told you he's in a meeting at City Hall."

"I just said he better come back."

There was silence in the corridor. Outside the crowd began to chant, "We Want Super Pig, We Want Super Pig."

I went to a landing up the stairs and looked down at the crowd. They were young—university and high-school age. The chanting subsided and a youth near the door said something about a man calling who wanted "to put flowers on Tiger's grave." A girl replied, "Might as well donate a plate of peas. He can eat those peas as well as he can smell those flowers."

It was not a time to smile but some of them did. So did I. The girl looked up and saw me and began a chant which the crowd quickly picked up: "We Want YOU, We Want YOU." With each chant they pointed in my direction. When the chanting died I mumbled something about their not wanting me because I was only passing through.

"Honey," one young lady said, "you better keep on passing."

"Where you from, baby?" asked the girl who had suggested peas. And as I started to answer I remembered the story of Judge Louis Carpenter which less than an hour ago I had read at the library—he was one of those "New York fellows doing all the mischief." I know it sounds ridiculous: there I was safely although accidentally ensconced in the police station and I could only think of what had happened to a New York carpetbagger more than a hundred years ago.

"I'm from Washington," I said, which was true in a way. "And Texas," I added, which was also true. And then it just came out—"And New York."

"Honey," she replied, "You've come to Little Harlem and the fire is burning." And they began again to chant, "We Want YOU, We Want YOU."

Downstairs, Chief Stanwix had returned and the young men presented him with a petition demanding that Officer William Garrett be immediately suspended and that an investigation be made into the events leading to the shooting.

"I understand how you feel," Chief Stanwix said. He is an open and amiable person, a Lawrence man, who is well regarded for his personal qualities. "I'm sorry it came to this. We've got to stop the violence." He was sympathetic but firm. "I don't want any more trouble," he said.

The four blacks left and the crowd marched away chanting: "I Am SOMEone, I am SOMEone."

At lunch a young photographer said, "Things have changed. It used to be that when you walked down the street people would smile at you. They're nervous now. They glance but they don't smile. It's like everybody's got a hundred-pound monkey on his back."

"I don't think it's just the local thing. Hell, you look at the front page of the paper—two cops killed in Chicago, that black politician gunned down in Kansas City, the cost of living up, and every Thursday they bring in another body-count from Vietnam just like the man comes to read the meter in your house. Nobody is saying, 'We're better than this. We got to get together, all of us, and pull out of this rut.'" He finished a coke and said, "I'm just as good as I am bad. I think, I think all of us are. Nobody's speakin' to the good in me. No wonder nobody is smilin'."

EARLY SUNDAY: At 3:00 A.M. there was a knock on the door of my room at the Holiday Inn. I opened it and squinted at the faces of three young black men.

"Are you the cat doing the thing for the magazine?" one of them said.

I hesitated. I tried to see if I recognized one of them from the scene at the police station. Then I nodded and said, "Yes."

"Well, put this in there so all those smart folks who read the magazines will know what it's all about," he said as he handed me a piece of paper into my room. They turned and walked away. It was addressed to "Apolitical Intellectuals" and it read:

One day
The apolitical
Intellectuals
Of my country
Will be interrogated
By the simplest of our people

They will be asked
What they did
When their nation died out
Slowly,
Like a sweet fire,
Small and alone.

No one will ask them
About their dress,
Their long siestas
After lunch.
No one will want to know
About their sterile combats
With "the Idea
Of the Nation."
Their higher financial learning.
They won't be questioned
On Greek mythology
Or regarding their self-disgust
When someone within them
Begins to die
The coward's death.

They'll be asked nothing
About their absurd justifications
Born in the shadow
Of the total lie.

On that day
The simple men will come,
Those who had no place
In the books and poems
Of the apolitical intellectuals,
But daily delivered
Their bread and milk,
Their tortillas and eggs,
Those who mended their clothes,
Those who drove their cars,
Who cared for their dogs and gardens
And worked for them.

And they'll ask:
"What did you do when the poor
Suffered, when they
And life
Burned out in them?"

It was signed: Otto Rene Castillo.

this time I was fully awake and I walked hurriedly out room to the courtyard of the motel. The three young were gone.

DAY MORNING: "If it's not a revolution, what is it?" George Kimball, the leader of the street people, asked. I had by the small frame house in West Lawrence, near the university, where he stays with his girl, the pretty daughter of an insurance farmer.

"It's a frolic," I said. "It's a perpetual frolic. You were out on a ball out there Friday and Saturday nights. You're not expressing solidarity with the guys in East Lawrence. You're not radicals. You're bacchantes—you follow Bacchus, you know."

"It's not out the crap," he said. "You can never be sure you know when George Kimball is taking himself seriously. You can't even be sure he knows. But enough townspeople take him seriously enough to give him stature with the street community."

"That is really unfair," he said. "I spent most of my time in the night in the black areas of town. It may not look like I've been together on this, but, you see, what the white people up here were doing for the most part was drawing heat off East Lawrence. That's what we're into. During the curfew in April that's what we were doing. We ended up—we tried to draw some of the heat off—we drew it all off. The theory was the same. We're all the same people, the street people and our people, but at the same time I and we have no control over what they're going to do and they don't have any control over what we're going to do. We make our decisions separately and try to coordinate them when we can, but we're held together by something you middle-class people will never understand. We know what it is to be harassed. We know what it is to be hassled. We know what it is to be harassed. That's what makes us one, our people and the black people in East Lawrence. We don't have to pick up the phone to be in touch. We're in touch just because of what we're all against."

"Bacchus, crap." He was wounded. "The governing principle behind us is the only major policy statement I've made during my campaign for sheriff. I read the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July. Have you read that lately?"

"I read it. You don't have to be stoned to understand it." "The aim of the people who wrote that document was pretty clear," I said. "What's your goal?"

"The whole thing has to come down," he said. "And it's to the whole. The whole power structure. The whole country is based on racism. It's so firmly ingrained in the minds of the people. That's what racism is. It is innate prejudice toward a race of people. I keep thinking about my mother. She considers herself liberal. This is a woman who is teaching a sociology studies course at a university. Two years ago she would have told her maid as an example of a fine colored person. That's racism. I called her up on the phone the other night and asked her why the hell they were letting a racist teach a sociology studies course."

"What did she say?"

"She sputtered a little and denied it. I told her not to worry—I will always love her even if she is a racist."

"I and I make some sort of vague attempt at community which doesn't get to very much. We have certain common interests and we tend to exclude everything else. My



father gave his heart, body, soul, and organs to the military a long time ago and would rather believe that I never existed. I thought he'd like it when the White Panther party made me minister of defense. But I don't guess he sees me in anybody's Pentagon."

I suggested that he might make a better minister of agriculture. He has organized a collective that buys foodstuffs in large quantities from farmers and sells it to the street people for half the price they pay in grocery stores. He also has a conventional approach to the nation's farm problems: "I'm going to encourage subsidies to people not to grow marijuana," he said. "Marijuana is potentially the biggest crop in Douglas County. I think if someone doesn't want to grow marijuana, they should get paid for it."

SUNDAY AFTERNOON: I stopped by Dick Raney's drugstore. He was having coffee with the Harold Staggs. Harold Stagg is forty-five, a graduate of Grambling College, and a lab technician in the microbiology department at the university. He also manages a tavern and restaurant called "The Gaslight" on the edge of the campus. Mrs. Stagg, a Texan, works in a local department store. They have been moderate influences in the black community. They were talking about the events of recent days.

"The kid that got killed," Mrs. Stagg said, "was supposed to have been the best Dowdell of the bunch. Maybe he was doing something he didn't have no business. But the thing about it is this: he wasn't one of these poster men you see posted around in all the states, vicious and this kind of thing. As tall as these Dowdell boys are, there's no point in nobody saying that they couldn't have shot that boy in his leg trying to stop him. You could have shot him from here on down. I can't shoot, but I could have hit him in the leg. I mean killing somebody when it's not necessary."

"How has it affected you?" I asked.

"I don't feel like I felt three years ago," she said.

"A lot of things have happened," her husband said.

Mrs. Stagg interrupted. "I don't believe in black suprem-

acy, I don't believe in white supremacy. I feel like every man should share the power. But in the event that I see that there isn't going to be equality, like a lot of people are saying this weekend there won't ever be, you know where I'm going. I'm going over on the black side 'cause I am black. You're going to the white side 'cause you are white."

"And if you don't go voluntarily," Harold Stagg said, "you'd be forced to anyway."

Mrs. Stagg reached into her purse and produced a note which she said her daughter received during the trouble in the high school this spring. It read: "Edith Stagg: You and those other black bitches in your English class better get weapons. You leave that class every morning; one day I'll get your black asses. Try and guess who I am, you lanky bitch."

She said, "I carry that around with me since April just to read sometimes when I'm not feeling very mad. My daughter likes that school. Ain't nobody going to force her to quit or to get scared off. She came home from junior high one day and said she wanted to try for cheerleader. I said, 'Is it important for you to be a cheerleader?' And she said, 'Mamma, if it isn't important, why do they have cheerleaders?' I had told her—take it easy, don't volunteer for nothing, get your diploma and get out of that factory of the devil. And she said, 'Mamma, I am a part of this school. I am going to participate and I don't care what it costs.' I knew she meant it and I said, 'Okay, Edith, I'm with you.'"

"The note hit her pretty hard. You know. Why live? You don't really have that much to live for if this is the way you got to be treated the rest of your life? But she got over it."

"It's like the scenes at high school last spring," Harold Stagg said. "I don't think you have a lot of militant kids in this town, white or black, but when they are pressured into being hostile, they'll fight back. I think you could say that Edith is a soul-sister of those kids. I guess she proved that this spring."

"The black kids went in to talk to the administrators and the official would not listen. They just wouldn't listen. This got the black kids upset and things got pretty tense. I guess everybody was talking tough and some of the white kids promised the black kids that they were going to get them. The black kids weren't going to talk to their parents about it because they knew their parents were going to put dampers on them. They told us afterwards that they decided to fight back. The girls, I mean—the word was they were going to jump the girls. Edith and her friends very quietly put some things in their purses and when those white boys marched down to where the black girls were standing, I think they were surprised because those black girls fought like wild horses. One black girl had a spray can and a lug wrench. And she'd spray one in the eyes and clonk him on the head with that lug wrench, and when she got through the rest of them left, but they left about three of them boys there... the others just ran off and left."

"Edith was in this—we didn't know anything about it until after it was all over—but she was in it."

"And she's a skinny girl," Mrs. Stagg said.

"But she's got muscles in her arm and spunk in her heart," the father said. "But when she got home, I said, 'Edith, I wish there had been another way.' You don't want your daughter hurt, you know. I said, 'Don't start anything, if you see a crowd gathering, get out. If you have to run, run. Save yourself. But you got to defend yourself when you're attacked.'"

What happens now? I asked.

"Maybe it'll just go away," Harold Stagg said.

"That's what the average man thought when this thing collided," his wife said. "It will not go away until some of these problems are solved. They'll wait for a length of time and then it's going to flare up again."

The lab technician in Harold Stagg spoke up: "You might say the fever will recede but the disease remains."

TWO NIGHTS AFTER MY DEPARTURE FROM LAWRENCE, eighteen-year-old white student from Kansas City was shot and killed in a confrontation between police and young people on Mt. Oread. Another student was wounded in the leg and a police officer was injured by a rock. It was the same story: fires, open fire hydrants, tear gas. This time the police opened fire for reasons that are still debated. One bullet pierced the back of the neck of Harry Nicholas Rice and came out through his teeth. He died a few minutes later on the floor of Harold Stagg's Gaslight Tavern. Young Rice had come to Lawrence to see his girlfriend, who lives one block from the scene of the confrontation, and there is no evidence that he was taking part in the action. He was, as the usual way to say, an innocent bystander. As I write, the bullet that killed him has not been found and there has been no identification of his slayer.

The Governor declared a state of emergency and ordered twenty-five Kansas highway patrolmen into Lawrence. The city manager blamed the street people "for taking advantage of last week's racial unrest." The street people and other young people said the police did not have to open fire. The city manager said, "Our policemen are mentally exhausted. They are fighting guerrilla warfare out there." More than a hundred private citizens volunteered to ride in patrol cars with police. The law should start cracking down," one of the volunteers said. "The only thing that will cure this situation is to get tough."

Three members of the University of Kansas Board of Regents thought so, too. Encouraged by politicians in charge of scapegoats, they tried in a secret meeting to fire Charles Chalmers. The effort was led by a Topeka regent who supported California's Ronald Reagan for the 1968 Presidential nomination and believes that Chalmers is unable "to control events in Lawrence." The move failed by one vote.

I once asked a reporter who had just returned from ten years in Vietnam, "Who's telling the truth over there?" He replied, "Everyone's telling the truth. Everyone over there is witnessing to the truth as he sees it. But they all see it differently."

So it is with Lawrence. The town is large enough to have several communities with their own way of life. It is small enough for every citizen to feel the impact of colliding values. The people I met looked at events through the lens of their own personal experience and defined truth by what they saw. The townspeople who feel threatened, the blacks who feel oppressed, the street people who feel harassed, the students who feel misunderstood, and the police who feel abused, each fiercely had each adherent sworn loyalty to his part of the whole that the idea of community—of a place where people can exist competitively without malice—would be hard to realize. Some were determined to try. The death of two young men and the injury of others had brought home to Lawrence the words of William Allen White: "Reason has never ruled men. Only force and repression have made the wrecks of the world."

West in a plane

HEADED WEST FEELING RELIEVED to be on the road again and guilty that a traveling man can so easily walk away from trouble. The trials of Lawrence were actually not that different. No sooner had I buckled the seat belt on the plane than the man in the seat beside me said, "Looks like you been traveling. Where you going?"

Denver. Cheyenne. Boise. Seattle.

Where you been?"

Lawrence.

Been hot there?"

Yes, I said. It was 103 degrees yesterday.

No, I mean with the colored folks."

Well, it is more complicated than that.

My son went over and looked at KU last year but he ended on Kansas State at Manhattan instead."

?

Yeah, he liked the smaller classes at Kansas State. Then I said there was too large a foreign element at KU."

Foreign element?

Yeah. Kids from the East and colored fellows brought in to play football and a bunch of hippies. We went over to Kansas State with him for parents' orientation and I asked one of the deans if there were any people likely to make trouble there and he said, 'If you give me an hour or so I might be able to rustle up six or seven hippies.' I was mighty proud my boy had decided to go there."

He was a friendly man with the worn and marked face of a rustababout among whom I spent two summers many years ago in southern Oklahoma. He said his name was Bob and he worked as a salesman for National Cash Register out of Kansas City. He smoked one Kool after another and constantly twisted the seat belt as if he were uncomfortable. I was going to complete my notes on Lawrence but he wanted to

I think we ought to face the fact that the Communists are causing this trouble in the country. They picked out the two groups that are the most vulnerable, the preachers and the farmers. We had an Army colonel come and talk to us at this time the other day, a highly decorated fellow who didn't have any more room for fruit salad on his chest. He's stationed at Ft. Worth. He said that in 1939 the Communists were planning to take over the country and the war delayed their strategy for five years. Now they're back at work, he said. He said he thought the Communists had stirred up the trouble at Kent

My son came home after Kent State and I asked him what he thought. He said they got exactly what they deserved. I agreed with him. If I had been a member of the National Guard I would have shot to defend myself."

I pointed out that the victims were all bystanders.

He said to me put it this way," he said. "If there's trouble out there and you stick your nose into it, you're likely to get it. When trouble comes the best thing to do is to run to the boiler room and stay there. I like Agnew because he keeps us up to the Communists. I disagree with him about the reason because I think the best advice there came from the G. I. Forum Brothers. They said just announce we've won and get out. That's what I would do. But I still like Agnew. I like him better than I do the President. Agnew speaks his mind and Nixon hides his."

He spent the remainder of the time talking about business

machines. He said, "Machines will make it possible for you to get a number when you're born and take it right with you to the end. Like the fellow in Cincinnati who runs a funeral parlor and next door owns a store that sells baby products. That fellow's with you from the cradle to the grave."

Colorado

Denver, Colorado

THERE IS EXULTATION IN SEEING AN OLD FRIEND after many years, especially if your relationship with him has survived Washington, D.C. Blair Butterworth and I became friends ten years ago when he graduated from Princeton and joined the Washington staff of the Peace Corps. He detested bureaucracies and soon resigned to go to Africa as a volunteer teacher in a secondary school. After two years he returned to become West Coast director of the Economic Development Administration. He left government three years ago to join a private organization in Washington. Periodically the restlessness in him stirs, that part of him that is the son of a peripatetic diplomat says move on, and now at thirty-one he has taken a leave of absence, bought a camper, and is working his way across America. We have met in Denver to travel in the camper the next 3,200 miles. He greets me at the airport wearing a straw Stetson, striped bell-bottoms, white bucks, and curly locks.

"Some fellows in Alabama wanted to cut them off," he said. "I walked in the bar and one of them hollered, 'My, my, we have got a live one here! Hey, Sarah, the barbershop is across the street.' As long as you're buying me a haircut, I said, let me buy you a drink. And I sat down and we talked five hours. If I had closed my eyes I could have sworn that I was talking to a black on 14th Street in Washington. The urge is the same whether you're an urban black or a white Southerner; they're talking about power over their own lives. The white talks of states' rights and the black of community control, and I know the white includes keeping the black man in his place when he talks about states' rights, but both of them don't have any hope of any control over the important things in his life. They don't think their voices matter in the big context of the country. The Peace Corps gave you and me the belief that we mattered. They think everything's being decided for them. When the black is talking about community control he is talking about being free of the white man's definition of what is right for him. The white Southerner wants to be free of the government's making his social arrangements for him. I am putting it coarsely, but I've traveled over ten thousand miles so far this year and I've listened to a lot of people, and most of them have one thing in common.

1000, and before North and South they feel they're diluted. They feel they're flotsam floating down some polluted river and disappearing into the ocean with nobody giving a damn."

We were driving north toward Wyoming. The Great Plains begin to merge and shape here for the long sweep eastward. To the west are the high ranges of the Rockies, outlined at this hour by the fading sun and the stark A-frame of a pizza hut. Since my last visit the open land around Denver has been giving away steadily to patches of suburbs with fancy names. The West has played a role in our history far out of proportion to its population. Now that the people are coming in an ever-increasing flow, I wonder how long it will be before a man ceases to experience a sudden sharp feeling of excitement as he breaks through the last ring of split-levels and spies the sign pointing to Cheyenne. In some parts of this country it is still possible to imagine the shouts of the point man on a cattle drive. Or is that Chet Huntley barking instructions to a construction gang putting up a dude ranch?

A cream-colored Cadillac limousine passes us. On the rear bumper is the sticker: Love It or Leave It. "If he doesn't love it," Butterworth said, "at least he'll leave it in style."

there on the playing field if you're really equal you prove it and winner take all," he said. In one breath he condemned students and said, "If we would shoot a few more of them maybe the country would settle down," but in the next breath he put his hand on my arm and said imploringly, "Tell me what are they *really* like?" I asked him if as a trustee of an important university he had ever met with many of the students, and he said no. I felt for him. At one time he could have made a real difference. But for all his wealth, connections, and opportunities, this pleasant, engaging, successful man is nearing seventy years of age as if he had never lived here at all.

"You know that song, 'Walk a Mile in My Shoes?'" Butterworth asked as we walked to the truck.

Yes.

"I'll split the cost and let's send that fellow a copy."

We accidentally discovered upon our return that someone had removed two of the hooks that secure the camper to the pickup. The culprit must have known that his vandalism could have resulted in serious damage on the road. I was aware of pure madness and for the next hour we drove in silence and considered it.

Pine Bluffs, Wyoming



Cheyenne, Wyoming

THE SILENCE OF THE GREAT PLAINS IS A SILENCE OF THE PARADES, HORSESHOWS, RODEOS, AND FAIRS. Having already been to these festivities twice during a long love affair with Wyoming, I suppose I was surprised (but not only to have found) with friends and to find out that Miss Frontier, a student at the University of Wyoming, is allergic to horses. With the help of some medicine and pills she survived the week. "I love it," Miss Frontier said, galloping off into the sunset. In the true spirit of the Old West, I think she did.

At lunch I met a man from another state who embodies what the young people talk about when they discuss the generation gap. He is a most agreeable fellow, exceedingly rich, who is on the board of directors of two Western newspapers, a large university, and a major airline. He came originally from Kansas; upon hearing that I had just been in Lawrence he inquired of the situation "back home." He declared that as a student he had not adjusted into the country, "or always got along real well when I was growing up there. I guess the chancellor just let them get out of hand." He could not understand why black football players at the University of Wyoming refused to play against Brigham Young University last year because of Mormon attitudes toward Negroes. "Out

THIS LITTLE TOWN OF A THOUSAND PEOPLE SITS RIGHT ON THE Wyoming-Nebraska border and at one time was the largest Union Pacific loading station for cattle off the Texas route. It has known some boisterous days. They were over long ago and Pine Bluffs now is a quiet service community for wheat farmers and cattle ranchers who live in the surrounding country.

The only national publicity Pine Bluffs has received in years happened just a few days ago. An Ohioan named Oliver brought his family through in a covered wagon on a trip to retrace the route of the pioneers to Oregon. After reaching Cheyenne he complained publicly that in Pine Bluffs his party was refused water for the horses and "many words was asked to leave town." A news service picked up the complaint and carried it throughout the country without checking with anyone in Pine Bluffs. The people I talked to there tell a different version. They claim a welcome had been planned for the Olivers but the family decided to turn on down the road. Butterworth and I listened to the arguments at the local drugstore and voted 2-0 in favor of the Pine Bluffs version without checking with the Olivers.

The Oliver episode has not been the only excitement in Pine Bluffs during the past decade, but it is the only one to receive national attention. There was a train wreck four years ago and after that a hailstorm. Miss Gretchen Soule passed everyone last Sunday when she fell off her horse during a cattle drive sponsored by the Pine Bluffs Roping Club. She was shaken up but not seriously injured. Fighting at the rodeo dances is routine and creates nothing but a little gossip. A local policeman did permit a hitchhiker to sleep in the jail last week.

My purpose in coming to Pine Bluffs was modest. All the country communities like this are having trouble attracting and keeping doctors. Pine Bluffs is reported to have attracted a successful physician and to have held onto him. I wanted to meet him. I wanted to know what happens to the life of a modern country doctor.

"Nothing romantic," James Stoetzel said. "Absolutely

ing that would make a movie or even a television show." was not putting me on. Mr. Cunningham's alderman—at he was born, it cannot be denied: he ate, drank, slept, ed politics, and died"—would seem a more likely candi- for a soap-opera script than a doctor who belongs to the as Club, plays bridge and drinks beer with his friends. s to bed before eleven every night, and only charges four ars for an office call. The only exception is that he is also or.

othing happened during my visit to Pine Bluffs. Perhaps is why I remember it so clearly. James Stoetzel is a non-). There is something of a reformer in him—as mayor of y Bluffs he is trying to introduce cost accounting into the n's bookkeeping system but the city clerk of fifteen years, is the husband of his secretary at the medical clinic, has h resisting such innovations—but he is content to push rters rather gently. He delivers health care, performs his e duties, and goes home to his family. He is like the ple I know who work for IBM. Huge corporations that eed and small towns that survive apparently have in omon a reliance on non-heroes.

ve were up at six each morning to drive in Dr. Stoetzel's d pickup to the hospital in Cheyenne 40 miles away. He h been making this round trip at least once a day seven s a week since he arrived in Pine Bluffs ten years ago. h the help of the Sears Roebuck Foundation, the towns- ple were searching for a doctor to settle in the community a Stoetzel, then a physician for the Public Health Service ang the Paiute Indians in Nevada, decided to enter pri- practice. He was impressed that people in Pine Bluffs y raising the money to build a health clinic for a new doc- and he accepted the invitation. He arrived with his family e greeted by bands, banners, and the Governor of Wyo- g himself, so grateful were they all to see him. "In three ths we were meeting expenses and a little more," he said. hink I make slightly more than the national average for ctors. I have to. I'm buying the clinic from the town and mortgaged to Pine Bluffs for a long time. You can make ood living if you know how to organize your practice if you can tolerate an isolated life."

le is a stubborn and ordered man with the habits of an iency expert. His schedule seldom varies: Cheyenne early e morning, office hours from nine to five, as few house s as possible (which he discourages by charging six dol- plus one dollar a mile over two miles). "People have e around," he said. "I set out to organize them. They had et used to the idea that a small-town doctor can only make he's efficient, and you can be efficient only if you build r practice around the clinic with a laboratory. I handle ty to forty patients a day now. I couldn't do that if I t all day driving over country roads. It took some getting d to, but the people learned that if they don't use a doc- this way and he leaves, the next one will be ten times ard to get."

ve stopped in front of the Cheyenne hospital. He had five ents to see. One is the mother of six children whose nth has just died in birth. "My obstetrics load has been exactly in half since I came here ten years ago," he said. e Pill has done that." A second patient is ninety and been in a nursing home. "She's ready to die. I find that t of them who live that long and are in a nursing home ready. Funny thing about Pine Bluffs. They're super s about threes. We'll go a long time without anyone ng, then we'll have three people go in a matter of a little

time. Once the first one dies, everybody in town gets ner- vious until the third one has gone and then they all relax."

As we drove, Dr. Stoetzel said that many of his patients ("maybe more than half") suffer from emotional problems. "Seems especially troublesome among adults from the mid- twenties to the early fifties. What doctors used to call 'an old-fashioned case of nerves.' Women particularly. Partly it's the isolation, although we've got good roads now. There is a high incidence of girls who get pregnant. I don't know exactly why that is, unless there's just too little to do and too many places in the hills to park. I've always urged them to have the baby and either keep it or adopt it out. Usually they get married and right there is the beginning of hell. They marry a boy they don't love, and they marry him be- fore he's a man. They fight a lot, they're lonely, and they're scared—the years are slipping by and they are in a rut, bored to death, and getting older and uglier. I've always been against abortion. I wonder, I don't know that I could ever perform an abortion myself but I've been asking myself about referrals. Isn't that better if the girl is willing than a life- time of misery in a marriage that is hell on both of them and winds up ruining the life of a kid they didn't intend to bring into the world anyway? I don't know. We've got other girls who marry young because they want to, and then when they're twenty-four or twenty-five with three kids hanging on their skirts, and living out there in the country, they're beginning to feel it, too. Loneliness. I think there's a plague of it."

I asked him about the several Air Force vehicles we have seen on the road. "There's a Minuteman missile site just west of here. We've got a lot around the area. They put the Atlas missiles in here first. When they deactivated one two



miles outside of Pine Bluffs, we thought it would be a good fall out shelter for the entire eastern end of the county (about three thousand people). None of the bids were accepted and now I think a construction firm uses it for storage. People sort of felt then that they would be the first to get it in a war, with all the missiles around. After the Cuba thing two families in Pine Bluffs built shelters. Most people don't even think about it anymore. I never hear it discussed. With all the sites we got around here, what would you come out of a shelter to?"

We stopped at the post office for him to collect the mail. "Sometimes when I go in there I'll see a patient coming out of the chiropractor's office which is next door," he said, pointing to the post office. "I'll sort of look at them—you know, tch, tch, tch and they'll look sheepish and smile a kind of faint smile and they can hardly get a 'good morning' out. I think they all wait now until they're sure I've picked up the mail."

While Dr. Stoetzel received patients, Butterworth and I explored the main street of Pine Bluffs. A summer rain had delayed the wheat harvest and several of the ranch hands were shooting pool. The Pastime Theater was dark but a sign promised that it would be open on Friday and Saturday with *The Horse in the Gray Flannel Suit*.

We stopped at the small white building on the corner that we knew was the office of the other doctor in town. We could see him reading inside and pushed open the door to introduce ourselves to Martin Luther Morris, M.D. "Sit down, sit down," he said. "All I've got is time."

He is eighty-seven and has been a doctor since he finished medical school at the University of Kentucky in 1910, third in his class of twenty-two. "I'd like to practice three more years," he said. "I've already made arrangements for my retirement. Bought two lots at the cemetery and paid the funeral director in cash for two funerals. When he exercises those options, I'll be finished. Until he does, I'll be here six days a week, nine hours a day, just like I've been. Just because a man grows old don't keep him from gettin' hungry or havin' to wear clothes. I still bill about three, four hundred dollars a month. Don't collect all that, of course. Never have. You know how much I'm carryin' on my books?"

No, sir.

"A little over \$125,000. Absolutely worthless. Never could collect. Had a woman out south of here that owed me eighty dollars. Wanted to pay me in eggs, two dozen a week. I agreed. She said she sold her eggs at 25 cents a dozen. I said I wasn't any good at accountin' and she'd have to keep the records. When the price of those eggs went up she stopped bringing them in. I never did collect that bill. Course if you never had it you don't really miss it."

"But we didn't think as much about money then as they do today. We cared more about sick people. I think we think more about money today. I get a dollar now for consultation. Just don't feel right chargin' more than that. I charge 'em for the medicine. I still do my own dispensin'. Want to see my place?"

He led us down rickety narrow steps ("Careful. Don't fall down these stairs. I don't want 'em all messed up") into what looked like the ruins of an apothecary struck by a V-2 bomb in London. Large rolls of cotton lay open and exposed. Broken bottles littered the floor. Bottles of every description—black bottles, green bottles, brown bottles, bottles with no identification, bottles with no tops—thronged the shelves. Butterworth and I brushed cobwebs out of our eyes. "There's \$15,000 worth of medicines down here. My nurse is on vaca-

tion and I'm too old to clean up," he said. "How's that an excuse?"

We went back upstairs. Everything in the crowded third room office was old. He bought the examining chair with black metal stirrups in 1909. The slightly creased operating table has not been used in years. "I used to do surgery here," he said. "I still make house calls, especially in country." On an early-vintage radio that no longer works sat a pair of baby scales loaded with musty medical books. "I don't have any more babies to weigh," he said. "I delivered a baby north of here in January and I got one due out of me on the second of August. I deliver 'em in the homes and then the baby doctors take over." He pointed to a framed photograph on the wall taken in 1953 on "Dock Morris Day." "Those people in there were some of the babies I'd delivered over the years," he said. There were more than a hundred.

He sat down in the ancient brown leather chair in his front office. Hair oil had turned the head-rest black. He is a short man with a lock of gray hair that falls down his forehead. Although it was hot he wore a vest crisscrossed by a gold watch chain. He smokes his pipe with a little smack sound. A film of ashes covered the floor, covered stacks of magazines and the drug promotions. "Medicine is big business," he said. "Quack medicine is bigger. I get a laugh out of these ads. I used to get a new ad toutin' some new drug and I'd try it just to see if it worked. More people take too much medicine than take too little. Lots of people, though, enjoy poor health. Makes 'em feel good to be sick."

He noticed that I had lighted a cigar. "Let me have the band," he said. "I want it for a kid that is collectin' 'em." He dropped it in an old pipe jar almost overflowing with cigar bands. The door opened and two middle-aged women entered.

"Hi, Dock," one of them said. "You got any rubber corks?" He got up and disappeared into the rear of the building. When he returned he said, "Nope, not a one."

"Well, heck," she said. "Fellow at the store said you might have one in some old bottle."

"Sorry. I'm fresh out of bottle corks."

Why do you need a rubber cork? Butterworth asked.

"We're making some wine. Makes real fast this time of year. But I sure need a rubber cork. They're best," she said as they left.

Martin Luther Morris put a match to his pipe. "I still don't like not havin' what people want when they come in," he said. "I got people come over from Cheyenne just 'cause I've been treatin' 'em so long. There are doctors over there better than I am, or over in Kimble, and that young fella we got in town. My Lord how we needed him. But they come, so people do, because—well, medicine is more than pills, you know. There's an old man in town not more than a few months younger than I am. He don't miss a day comin' here 'cept Sunday. I don't do anything for him 'cept listen. Some folks still think they need me even if they don't. I'll stay here as long as I can."

I asked him what he thought about the young people. "I was young once and hotheaded," he said. "That was a long time ago. But we had juvenile delinquency then and we got it now. Only thing that cures it is growin' up. You know, the best thing about the stage of bein' a juvenile is that it's short-lived. I've been older a lot longer than I was younger."

As we left he showed us a plaque commemorating his service in the Lions Club. He has an unbroken attendance record of forty-eight years. Once he drove 600 miles to make up a meeting he had missed.



On the highway

THE ROAD NORTH WE SOON ENCOUNTERED again what is coming a familiar sight: a diesel cab pulling the frame trailer home to a "permanent" location. The load was neat for the highway. It extended from the shoulder of road into the opposite lane just over the center stripe. There was no way for us to see oncoming traffic without pulling dangerously far into the other lane. All over the country, with influence have been obtaining such exceptions to standard weight and sizes of commercial traffic moving our highways. In Michigan I read of the senate majority who forced through the legislature a bill to permit trains up to 85 feet long to use the highways. The highway department, the state police, the state commerce department and the secretary of state had opposed the bill because the longer trucks will be a danger to motorists. They will increase the need for repairs and the cost of maintenance. In Washington there is a movement to increase from 102 inches the width of buses that can travel within the interstate system. The assault on our highways continues.

Evening news reports that two hitchhikers are being taken to Montana for the murder of a man who had given them a lift last week near Yellowstone Park. I have picked up a lot of thumbs along the way, usually a boy and girl traveling together. In Ohio I gave a lift to two couples going from Cincinnati to St. Louis. They delighted in discovering the size of the cities and the centrality of the Middle West. Upon reading a warning that state police were monitoring speed violations from

airplanes one of the youthful riders said, "Man, when Mitchell told Nixon he'd keep an eye on us, he wasn't kidding." But it will be a long time after this broadcast before I can gain the will to stop for even the most innocent-looking hitchhiker. Not only does the newscaster say that the motorist was murdered. Part of him was eaten. "I have a problem," one of the accused said when police arrested him. "I am a cannibal."

Many people in Wyoming refuse to boast about the grandeur of the state. They do not want to encourage a migration of newcomers. Privately they express relief that the population in 1970 is smaller than it was ten years ago. They want to keep the mountains and prairies and rivers as free as possible of the excrescence of urban progress. Tourists are welcome because they come and go, gracing the state with their money and their departure. I hardly blame the natives. I even wish them success. The occasional joy of succeeding generations of urban dwellers may depend on keeping these lands open and free.

"They'd better hurry," Butterworth said. We were watching a totem pole of dirty white smoke rising against the silver-tinted sky of central Wyoming. This is the "Little America Refining Company" welcoming us to Casper. It reminded me of New York.

Clear Creek Valley, Wyoming

TEN MILES WEST OF BUFFALO WE TURNED OFF the main highway and followed a dirt road through a meadow, over the crest of a hill, and across the swift waters of the

narrow creek that gives this valley its name. In less than a mile the path suddenly became a trail. We stopped the pickup beside a small cabin marked "Hobohemia." Seven years ago I had called to tell the couple now standing on the porch that their son was dead. Today I was to meet them for the first time.

Phillip Maggard was twenty-two in March 1963 when a DC-3 in which he was a passenger crashed into a remote ridge on the island of Mindanao. He had been serving with the Peace Corps in an elementary school in a small Philippines logging camp. "I have been raised in the most delightful environment to the extent that I have been unquestionably spoiled," he wrote before his death. "Nevertheless, I feel that I have begun to develop a sense of values on how I should live my life." Once he had determined to be a priest. After six months among the people of Lianga Bay he was talking more and more about medicine.

In the hours after his death I read everything I could find about him in the Peace Corps files in Washington while I waited for confirmation from Manila that he was indeed aboard the plane. In later years Phillip Maggard became a very distinct image in my mind of a generation moving in the early Sixties from complacency to deep social engagement. Sometimes it would trip over its own simplicities but it was a generous and feeling generation and like Phil Maggard it never had a chance to finish what it set out to do.

"Don't worry about us," his father had said that morning when I expressed by telephone the sympathy of the staff in Washington. "We've always known there would be risks. Phil did, too. He died doing what he wanted to do. I only hope this doesn't hurt the Peace Corps."

Merida Maggard has retired after forty years of school work in Buffalo, the last twenty-one of them as superintendent. His round face is still tanned from the hunting trips he took with his sons before his heart attack two years ago. Mrs. Maggard has also retired. She taught second-graders in Buffalo for thirty-one years. When Butterworth asked her how she had enjoyed teaching, she said: "That is something between those children and me." She is a small woman with silver hair who spends much of her time watching after her husband. "The doctor said he could have bourbon at five o'clock every day. I let him have a little three times a day. I look at my watch at three different times and figure it's five o'clock somewhere in the world." They have been married forty years. "I can't remember him not being around," she said. "Why, he had a dream the other night that we were in a car wreck and were put in separate rooms in the hospital. He kicked and screamed so much in that dream that they had to put us in the same room."

We sat on the porch of the log cabin which was built in 1917 by her grandmother. In all their summers here they have continued to use the outdoor privy. "This place just wouldn't be the same without it," she said. She, too, has been a hunter. "Phil thought we were barbaric because we would kill something like that," she said, pointing to an elk head on the wall. He would say with a tease in his voice but he meant it. "Mother, how can you aim a thirty-ought at eyes like that?" I tried to tell him what it is like to stalk an animal of that stature, but he never understood. He loved music and art. He spent three summers up here writing an Anglican mass for the organ. See that old Reed pump organ in there? My mother had given it to the church and when they bought a new electric model they gave us back the old one.

"He couldn't kill," she said. "I don't think he would as a soldier today. He wasn't a kid and he wasn't running from the draft and he wasn't a sissy. It really made me sad when people called the Peace Corps a 'kiddie korps.' Why do you have to pack a gun to be a hero?"

We walked up the trail toward the mountains. The view teems with lilies, bluebells, mouse-eared chickweed, wild mustard, monk's hat with purple hoods and yellow lobes, no Indian paintbrush. "You should see it in June when the side of that mountain over there is filled with forget-me-nots," she said. The north and middle forks of the creek come together here and we stopped to drink with cut glass hands from the clear cold water running under tall ponderosa pines and quaking aspen. "There are big corporations moving in and buying up the ranches around here," Mrs. Maggard said. "I heard that one of your big companies from New York just bought seven or eight ranches over that way"—he pointed northeast. "Those places have supported families for generations. They won't be family places any longer though. I sure hope those companies don't come in here to turn this country into a closed society for the rich."

On the way back the conversation was lighthearted. Butterworth entertained us with stories of his journey. He weighs slightly over 215 pounds and the quaking aspens rattle more than quake when he laughs. Mrs. Maggard is not quite 200 pounds but she easily matched my friend in zest. She stopped before we reached the cabin and said, "Would you like to hear a story that Merida doesn't really like me to tell?" Butterworth did, naturally. The tiny grandmother of six, standing no taller than a stripling spruce, told about the three male ants and the modest little female ant who were caught in a jam jar: "She tried to get out and couldn't. So she went to one of the male ants and asked him how to get out. He said, 'Sleep with me tonight and I'll tell you in the morning.' She did, but the next morning the male ant was gone. She went to the second male ant and asked for help. She received the same answer, and the next morning he, too, was gone. She went to the third male ant and made the same plea. She again received the answer was: 'Sleep with me tonight and I'll tell you in the morning.' And the next morning the third male ant was gone. That night she went to sleep by herself and the next morning she was gone. Do you want to know how she got out?"

"I sure do," Butterworth said. He is a sucker for grandmothers.

"Well," Mrs. Maggard said, "sleep with me tonight and I'll tell you in the morning."

"Charlotte!" her husband said.

AT LUNCH, SEATED NEAR THE OLD PUMP ORGAN, we talked again of their son and events since his death.

"I don't think he would approve of the way the peace movement has gone today," Mrs. Maggard said. "I can't tell him throwing rocks and shouting obscenities. The only four-letter word we know around here is w-o-r-k and we avoid it any time we can. I don't know. I may be too narrow-minded. He loved peace. He was working for peace when he died. Senator [Millard] Simpson called the American Legion in Buffalo and said that Phil Maggard died for his country like a soldier and they should fly a flag on his grave every Memorial Day. They do, too.

"The whole country is more militant. Young people used to have a sense of responsibility toward their government."

they don't have today. The flag, the country, and the president... I don't think young people today have an affection for them."

The biggest crisis I ever had at the high school happened on this line just before I retired," Mr. Maggard said. "We had a Veterans' Day program and when the flag was marched everybody stood except for one young teacher in the school. He refused to salute the flag. Then the program was closed with prayer and he didn't stand. I investigated it for a week and studied it and I decided that I had to let him go. I told the people of the town and most of the kids felt I was right. Some of the kids disagreed and were going to have a protest. I heard about it and the night before I called the principal and said you have been here long enough to know what we stand for and that teachers take an oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States. My office is always open to grievances but if you stage any kind of protest tomorrow you won't be in school the day after." His voice was low and firm. "That stopped it," he said.

Do you know that this kid's father called me from St. Louis—he was from there—and said he didn't blame me. He said he didn't know what had got into his son and he asked me to keep an eye on him. I went to see him in his apartment. I've never seen such a disorganized place in my life. You could hardly crawl over things. He apparently just pulled off his clothes and where he was standing let them drop. He had ski equipment. And dirty dishes. He was about twenty-five."

Wasn't he a pretty good teacher?" Mrs. Maggard asked her husband.

I'll put it this way. He was a brainy individual. He was smart. That impressed me. But he was a little far out for a small community like this. He had troubles after he left. His mother came to visit with me. She was a very nice woman and wasn't bitter at all. I guess he was all mixed up about the war. The war's the thing that has brought so much trouble on."

Maggard said, "I think most people feel it really isn't just a fight between the people of Vietnam. We just got involved in their mess..."

"Yes," he said, "their war, not ours. I don't think Phil will ever understand killing other people. Don't you think we're all that way? I don't pretend to know about the war. We made the mistake of going in in the first place, but I guess we can't desert the boys after we send them there."

Butterworth recalled Mrs. Maggard's statement about the flag, the country, and the President. He asked, "Is it possible those things don't command allegiance because they don't stand for the same things they used to? I mean, the kids think the war is wrong and the war goes on although they have just said no one wants the war. I've spent a lot of time with some of the kids on this trip. This thing of 'Love It or Leave It' infuriates them. What it says to them is that because something is American, it is right."

Maggard said: "That's very interesting. I never was taught that America could do any wrong."

"You know," her husband said, "My country right or wrong..."

Butterworth said, "And all the time the kids are trying to reconcile that with discrimination against people, the way we've treated the Indians, the hard life the blacks live in this country, the way peasants are getting killed by our government in Vietnam in the name of democracy and freedom. They see the difference between the America they were

taught about in their textbooks and the America they see when they turn on their television sets."

"I know there wouldn't have been a big stink about the killing and stuff in Vietnam if it hadn't been for the kids," Mr. Maggard said. "Most of us were confused, or just said what the people in Washington were saying, and the kids were trying to hit against a washtub to wake us up. I just wish they hadn't started throwing things."

"That's where Phil would have stopped," his wife said. "He didn't want to hurt anything. He just wanted to do what he could to help people live. Soon after he got to the Philippines he was working in the little hospital there with people who had been injured—he'd help patch them up. That got to him. Then he gave artificial respiration to some kids who were drowning. He got real interested in medicine and was going in that direction. We had always thought of Phil as a little bit squeamish but he wasn't squeamish when he got to the Philippines."

And Mr. Maggard said, "He enjoyed the peace of this valley. All three of our boys enjoyed it but Phil did in a different way. He would take a back pack and go up alone and the others would go on horseback. I remember one pack trip that he and Chuck, our second son, made once. We had three saddle horses and a packhorse. The pack started to slip on it and I stopped and Chuck and I got off our horses and went back to take a look. I called to Phil to help us. No action. No action whatsoever. I called him again and nothing happened. I was pretty angry. I shouted the next time for him to get back and help. Afterwards Chuck said, 'I don't think you should have done that, Daddy; he's looking at those mountains and he never even heard you. When he gets up here he's seeing something that you and I don't see.'"

We were quiet. He got up from the table and said, "Excuse me for a minute. Some of that beer is getting to me." But I could see through the kitchen door out to the backyard and he did not go to the privy. He leaned his shoulder against the white bark of a quaking aspen and wept.



Idaho Falls, Idaho

THE MORNING PAPER CARRIED A GALLUP POLL revealing that George Wallace continues to have support in the nation although his victory in the Alabama primary was narrow. I asked the man seated next to me at the counter in the coffee shop if Wallace enjoys any following in this area.

"Yes," he said, "I think a lot of people agree with what he says who would not vote for him as President. They don't see him in the White House but they think he is saying things they wish they could say and get as much attention as he

does. I don't think it's a race thing as much as it is what he says about all those people who are disrupting the country and tearing up the colleges."

I asked him if there had been much campus disruption in Idaho.

"No, hardly any. But people are concerned about it." I made a mental note of an observation that was to become a truism on this journey: the farther some people are from an issue, the more intensely they feel about it. When I left New York I was skeptical of another poll reporting that people felt more strongly about campus disorders than they did about any other issue. Less than 7 per cent of the nation's 2,300 colleges and universities experienced incidents of violent protest in the troubled year of 1968-69, and, after all, I reasoned, men were methodically dying in Vietnam for the most obscure reasons, inflation cheats a little more every month from a man's earnings, and pollution affects millions. "But those things are different," the stranger said when I mentioned them. "The kids will tear the country down if we don't stop them." By the time I got back to New York I was no longer skeptical about the accuracy of the survey.

"Most people up here agree with what Mayor [J. Bracken] Lee did down in Salt Lake City," he said. There was to be a Pioneer Day parade. Two leaflets had been distributed the day before, one proclaiming a "Yippie Nude-in" ("Five thousand stoned Salt Lake freaks will strip and strut their stuff...") and another purportedly issued by the Weathermen.

What did Lee do?

"He said there will be no protest demonstrations—period. He's not going to have all those naked people running about Salt Lake City like they did on the Fourth of July in Washington."

The man wanted to talk. He was outgoing and friendly, a Mormon, conservative, with very short hair. He asked me about New York and I gave him the usual quick diagnosis: poor housing, power failures, smog, garbage, the middle class moving to the suburbs leaving the city with the very rich, who are few, and the very strapped people on welfare and the working man on a fixed income—who are many. "Yeah," he said, "after all the spending of the last thirty years that's where we are. I never could see all those programs the bureaucrats came up with to solve problems like that. I've always said, 'Show me an ultraliberal and I'll show you a man who is tightfisted with his own money.' The only good program the ultraliberals have discovered is Head Start. If you can get the kids early enough, you can turn 'em around. But by the time they're fourteen or fifteen, it's too late. It's like Agnew said—once a slum addict, always a slum addict."

I paid for my coffee and his—"At least you're not tightfisted," Butterworth said. Later I thought of the man at the counter. He has the potential to be an extremist if any of the issues ever really touch his home, but he tried earnestly to find something positive to say. He seemed a little weary of defining himself only by his animosities. In a way he's up for grabs. This is why the country is so uncertain and precarious: there are a lot like him who can go either way.

Crossing the Snake River plains in Southern Idaho we turned south at Burley to inspect damage inflicted upon the crops of Magic Valley by a hailstorm two days earlier. The potatoes, sweet corn, and barley looked as if John Bunyan had walked through the fields wearing saw-toothed spurs. Damage was close to \$8 million. An old man with a colicky face who was filling out some forms in the local Farm Bureau

office said it was "like puttin' your head through a hole in the county fair and lettin' people throw baseballs at you. I got in the potato warehouse and then told myself that most rather be stoned to death than get driven out of my mind by them things poundin' against the tin. When I came over and I came out it looked like they'd been shellin' the place with howitzers. My wife said it reminded her of pictures them fellas sent back from the moon—with craters and things."

From the radio came a song we were to hear often in part of the country. It is called "The Minutemen Are Tired in Their Graves" or something like that, and the voice whose name, so help me, is Stonewall Jackson—sang:

*I can't condemn the man who feels that taking life is wrong
But I fail to understand the man that won't defend his home
Dear Lord I've got one little prayer I'll pray in years to come
Don't ever let those kind of people serve in Washington*

North of Boise, Idaho

THE SOUTH FORK OF THE SALMON RIVER is closed to fishing this year. Twenty years ago thousands of summer cutthroat and steelhead salmon stirred in their spawning beds in the waters flowing beneath the larch pines and ponderosas, but many of them are gone. Tens of thousands of cubic yards of sediment carried down from the mountains every year have choked the spawning beds and choked the oxygen supply from the river. To protect the remaining salmon the Forest Service has banned all fishing.

Nature contributed to the strangulation of the South Fork with cloudbursts that poured sediment into the river. But did most of the damage. Half of the silt accumulated in the built logging roads into the forests and roads for his erosion. The soil loosened and was carried away. Too much grazing of cattle and almost a quarter of a million acres of land used for a playground every year also disturbed the soil and made it more vulnerable.

I wanted to see the South Fork of the Salmon. Dick H. Hines, the managing editor of the *Idaho Statesman*, who honestly believes Idaho is the land of milk and honey described in the ancient Scriptures, who gets mad when careless people destroy it, said the South Fork is one of the most "sylvan picture beauty" he had ever seen. My interest was also aroused by Val Simpson's description of why the South Fork of the Salmon is worth saving, and why the Forest Service is asking Congress for \$4 million for the restoration. Simpson is one of the people who work for all the rest of us. We pay \$16,000 a year as a forest ranger to manage 250,000 acres of our land. I know a foreman on a 5,000-acre place in Idaho who is better paid.

"We have learned from our mistakes," Val Simpson said. "When we realized what was happening with all the erosion coming down, we set out to find out why. We had to look at the Boise National Forest yields almost 4,000,000 acre feet of water annually. You can lose a lot of soil with that much water." Three years ago the Forest Service began the full inventory of the South Fork. "It was like putting a drop of the moon under a microscope, only this was earth. Every expert we could get looked into the scope: for hydrologists, landscape architects, geologists. What we saw was put together into one package and for the first time we could say, 'This is what we have in this picture of the land. This is what we need to do with it. If we do this



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"It'll happen. If we do that, something else will happen." We began to come up with a management plan that makes sense."

One of the men who took part in that study is John Arnold. It was his day off but he volunteered to take us up to the river. It was a fortuitous offer because John Arnold is a rather remarkable man. He has the instincts of a wolverine and the ego of an Agnew.

"I remember the first time I saw the blue sky out here," he said. "I was born and raised in Bergen County, New Jersey, and I came out West during the war. Once I got out this way I realized I couldn't ever go back East. I went to the University of Montana for one degree and did my graduate work at the University of Washington. I decided to be a soil scientist. The proper term is batholith liaison officer for the United States Forest Service: wouldn't you know some bureaucrat back in Washington would come up with a job description like that? Actually, I get paid for making trouble."

We stopped at a Ranger check station and the guard waved us on. There were gray trees among the Douglas fir on the side of the hills: they were the tallest, too. They were dead. The bark beetles were at work with an uncanny ability to select the best of the firs.

"When I was in the Navy," Arnold said, "I had lots of time to think during those long midwatches. I read a lot on ship. Mostly about the universe. Watching the stars at night and just knowing anything about statistics will convince any rational man that there have to be many places just like the earth with similar conditions for life. Just has to be. That means we're not as important as we always thought ourselves to be. If man was really superior, I thought, he wouldn't be doing to the earth what he is doing to it. Powerful people throw their weight around, take advantage of everybody else. Superior people don't. I always figured the cockroach was here before us and he'll outlast us. The minute man started modifying his environment too much, he lost it. He sealed his fate. I said to myself, 'Okay, Arnold, if we're doing such a darn poor job, go do something about it yourself.' And I did. I didn't have the brains to be a true scientist, a physicist or a chemist, so I chose this work. I joined the service eighteen years ago and I've been fighting ever since. Write down this sentence." Speeding up the side of a mountain at 50 miles an hour is not the best condition for taking dictation, but I managed as he talked to be a faithful stenographer. The sentence read: "The main concern in managing the slopes is with their hydrologic function, stability of the soil mantle, and structural strength of the slope itself."

"It took me two years to write that sentence," he said. "And half the time I was up there in the mountains, alone, scratching the soil and following little crevices where the water ran. My whole life's work is bound up in that one sentence. My whole philosophy is this: know where the sources of sediment are and you've got the whole problem licked."

It's not Rousseau, Butterworth said: will it sell?

"It took me less time to figure it out than it did to sell it," Arnold answered. "I had to bootleg it. That's a sad commentary on bureaucracy. You think you have support. You have support, yeah, as long as the boss is smiling. As soon as he stops smiling, it's back to the mountains again."

"It was worth fighting for, though. I had an operation once for bleeding ulcers, it was close. I came out of it and I decided that being me was the important thing in the world and to hell with the rest of it, and if I didn't make a difference

now I might not ever make a difference. That's what I tried to do. I tried to get down and get on this land-management thing. We're managing timber in the Forest Service, not land. It's not to look at timber as only one part of the land. And he's got to land. I knew, is our aquatic environment. The stream is the answer. You can measure a nation by the coldness of its streams. And the way we've been treating our streams, we should all be fried."

He was quiet for a minute. "This gets down to a religious thing," he said. "I don't believe that man can do anything more ultimate than God can do. I think man thought up the idea that he is in God's image. Who wrote Genesis?"

There is considerable argument about that, I said.

"Well, I'll tell you this—it was written by a human being. He decided to make himself important, so he wrote that he was God's favorite creation. The hell with that. Nature existed before man. And nature existed for nature's sake, for its own sake. Man came along, the arrogant boob, and invented the idea of his importance in God's eye so he could justify what he was about to do to nature."

What about that line in Psalms, I asked: "For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands."

"I'm not familiar with the gentleman who wrote that," Arnold said, "but I'll bet he was a two-legged, self-righteous, pompous little bastard who thought he was lord of the manor. That's what man wants—*dominion*. Does that mean man has the right to destroy, to rape, to insult nature? *Dominion*, friend, is not the privilege to trespass on the rights of others. Don't you think nature has rights, too?"

His voice was angry. We were speeding along the highway and Butterworth, sitting nervously in the back seat, looked as if he would prefer to be back in the camper.

"You know that old saw that God invented man for communion?" Arnold asked. "That's a religious thing, too. If you have ever communicated with nature, you know something about the kind of communion God must have enjoyed before man started running around like a madman with a blowtorch."

Do you consider yourself a religious man?

"You're damn right I am," he said. "but I don't think I'll come out that way. My wife raises our kids Catholic, and there's a certain amount of safety in that because"—he chuckled—"you can go any place you want to and hear the same story. I was brought up a Lutheran, but I've heard many sermons justifying the arrogance of the sawmill operator to believe a lot of the stuff I was told. But I don't see anything going with God, if that's what you mean."

"See those logpole pines?" he said, pointing to a line of a mountain across the valley. "Nature invented them. I didn't. Man can cut them down faster than he can grow them. And he can get sanction for doing it. It's always been that God didn't need a theology to create nature. Man sure as hell had to invent politics to destroy it. Politicians have just been saying to the special interests, 'it is boys—come and get it. Look at this road,' he said, pointing to the road in front of us. "This road, from the top of the pass to down here, will have provided to the South of the Salmon about 150,000 cubic yards of sediment for one road." He repeated himself, with emphasis: "This road!"

And that didn't have to be?

"Hell, no!" The car swerved as if to make its own

point. "If we had had the information then that we have this road could have been made one mile longer and ended about 70 per cent of the silt. We would have had knowledge of the best place to put the road. The engineers, lawyers, and the bookkeepers built this road. The engineering mind says this is what we can do, and never asks whether we should do it. The lawyer says this is how you can get the spirit of the law when you do it. And the bookkeeper says this is the cheapest way to do it. I know that sounds like a lot of stuffy, but I've known too many engineers who thought of a project without regard to its wisdom, and too many lawyers without regard to its morality, and too many bookkeepers without regard to the consequences. I'd be willing to build this road five miles longer to prevent what happened

at about the argument between those who want to promote spawning beds and those who say the salmon can live anywhere?

"The whiz," he said, "this is something you've just got to do. The salmon belong here just as much as we do. Maybe they were here first. But the white man is determined to apply to every inferior species—I mean inferior because they don't have the firepower we do—the same policy we apply to the Indian.

Fifty years ago it was the public against the interests. It is. But we've got to protect these lands against abuse and overuse by the public, too. They're going to ruin it through ignorance. I mentioned crop rotation. There's going to have to be people rotation on our lakes and in these areas. People will scream, but every generation has to give something for the sake of the next."

"You could get the people who want to do something for conservation and preservation into one big stadium and ask them, what would you say?

"I'd like to get the whole damn country in there. I'd like to get to the whole damn pot of them: 'Put your money where your mouth is and get with it.'"



Colfax, Washington

Whitman County residents and university students are invited to the first meeting of concerned citizens about campus unrest, Delbert Logsdon of Cheney, temporary chairman of the new organization, said Friday. Logsdon is the Cheney motel owner. The meeting will be at the Whitman County Fair Grounds Sunday at 5 p.m. and is open to the public. Purpose of the meeting is to help Washington State University "get back on the right track" regarding campus unrest, a spokesman said.

—Newspaper announcement

BY FIVE-FIFTEEN EVERY ONE OF THE 550 SEATS is taken and people are sitting on the floor along the walls or standing shoulder to shoulder at the rear of the big room with the concrete floor. Outside another hundred persons have arrived too late to get in. Some of the older men are joking with the deputy sheriff of Whitman County, a stocky man who wears his gun on his left hip for a cross-over right-handed draw. The wheat has been harvested and the fairgrounds are surrounded by stubby hills resembling overweight Army recruits with clean-shaven heads. The stock barns and the rodeo grounds are as neat and modestly prosperous as the people whose cars and trucks now cover the grassy parking lots.

There is a hum inside the auditorium. Neighbors who have not seen each other for a spell are catching up on their gossip. Something is wrong in one of the local churches and two women seated behind me are certain the preacher made a mistake to take his vacation "right now in the middle of everything." Two women and a man, who I surmise is a school official, are discussing a statewide poetry contest for grown-ups. The participants are asked to submit poems that reflect "the goodness of America." There are grumbles in one knot of men who are talking about the latest census figures. Whitman County has lost population in ten of its incorporated towns but Pullman, where Washington State University is located, has increased by 50 per cent in ten years. "The damn university has grown too fast," one of the men said. "Yeah," another answered. "That's why we've had so much trouble. The more people you got, the harder it is to control them." Most of the women are dressed as they probably were at church this morning. The men are wearing short-sleeved shirts with open collars except for a few in suits and some who are wearing ties without coats. The rows are dotted with gray crew cuts. The men and women of the towns and farms of Whitman County, in the rich wheat fields of southeast Washington, are here in goodly numbers to put their university "back on the right track."

About a hundred of their adversaries have come: students and faculty members from Washington State University who have made the thirty-minute drive from Pullman to Colfax "to attend our own lynching," one of them said. The students are seated along the left wall of the auditorium facing the stage and in a group on the first few rows of seats. There are several moustaches but few students with really long hair. Most of them are neatly dressed in motley clothes. A beautiful girl with blond hair is walking to her seat in a polka-dotted mini-skirt which brings a few stern looks from some women in the audience and more than one furtive glance from the corner of a husband's eye. One student with a rampant beard seats himself beside a middle-aged woman in a print dress who draws her lips tightly and stares ahead. I am not sure whether she is tickled by the adventure or frightened.

Delbert Logsdon of Cheney, a motel owner, has moved to the podium. He is a small round man in his fifties, with blue eyes set in a moon face. He is very nervous. His hands clutch the microphone until they are white as he begins the first meeting of Concerned Citizens:

"I'm happy to see such a crowd today. It means one thing to me, that people are concerned. I've been asked, 'Who's sponsoring this?' There's no particular group. Just a bunch of citizens who are interested in our universities and colleges in this state. It's just what the name implies, Washington State University. The taxpayers of the state are the ones who are footing the bill. We're not like a group of citizens trying to raise hay over on the campus. We think there are things

that should be done over there and can be, but there are enough rules and regulations over there on the books if they'd be enforced. This is one thing that our group is going to insist—that the rules be enforced. This group that is causing a lot of noise and seems to be heard the loudest is a very small minority. You the general public have not taken an active part. This is what has hexed the legislators as well as the Board of Regents and the college administration. It's happening all over the country. It's not the students, but it is the appeasement, appeasement and capitulation. I can remember when Chamberlain tried appeasing Hitler. We ended up in World War II. Appeasement didn't work there and I can see no evidence of appeasement working here. It's time to end it."

There is a burst of applause from the audience. None of the students I can see are clapping.

State Senator Elmer Huntley is the first speaker. He is a tall broad-shouldered man wearing a dark-green suit with a modest tie. His forehead runs all the way back to the crown of his head. He begins with a confession: "Actually I've been in such a quandary for the last week. People have been asking me what the meeting was all about, what I was going to say. Frankly I was called and asked to be here, and that's all I know about it, period."

Delbert Logsdon looks like a man in need of a very strong drink.

"Since I am on the platform," the senator continues, "I'm going to take the prerogative of saying just a few words about what I'm sure you're all interested in today. Living right in the middle of this district, I've been called on many times by the citizens of the district to go over and straighten that school out over there. That isn't what I was elected for. I was elected to make laws, not to enforce them. I have spent many hours over on the campus giving them my ideas for whatever they were worth, meeting with students and with the staff. I tried to impress upon them that there are going to have to be some rules and regulations laid down, a code of ethics if you please, and it should come from the regents. We were afraid that if this didn't happen some legislator would take it in his own hands. I would hate like the dickens to see a code of ethics or rules and regulations written into law. You put these things into law and the college staff and the regents don't have any flexibility. I think that I've said about all I have to say."

Delbert Logsdon introduces as the next speaker Representative Robert Goldwater and the audience laughs. His name is Goldsworthy.

"I've been called lots of names [*laughter*] but this is the first time Goldwater [*laughter*]," he says. "That's all right: I voted for him [*laughter and loud applause*]. Not only that, I'd vote for him today." More laughter, more applause—enthusiastic applause.

Representative Goldsworthy is also tall and he is also wearing green—a checked sport coat and dark slacks. He has a long square face like a Prussian general. He stands very straight and does not touch the podium or the microphone as he speaks:

"This issue that you're all here for today is going to be one of the biggest issues we're going to face this fall. And I'm saying this knowing that on the ballot there'll be tax reform, the abortion bill, nineteen-year-old voting and all that. But I want to say this is not peculiar to Washington State University, the University of Washington, the state of Washington, or the United States. We're rather newcomers to this problem.

For many many years the students at the University of Mexico, the University of Tokyo, Seoul, in the Philippines—have made their voices heard and have done it through violent methods. Now we're seeing it spread to this country. We certainly not pioneering anything new in the United States. I hope this helps you to see that passing more punitive and restrictive legislation is not the answer. Firing the president of the college is not the answer, either. I get many calls and letters to cut the appropriations to the school, and that is not the answer, either. The answer is to keep open lines of communication. Now this has got to go both ways, not just from me—the middle-class, balding, middle-aged Establishment-type person—but from you young folks here who feel strongly on the other side. It's all right for some of you to tell us we've got to listen. But it's got to go both ways. You've got to listen to us, too. The answer to the thing is not a closed mind on either side."

As Robert Goldsworthy sits down he is vigorously applauded by the townspeople and some of the students as well. It is about the last time they will be together. For it is Senator Sam Guess's turn at the microphone and he is an equivocal man.

"This is the most serious problem that has faced America since I've been in public office, certainly since I can remember, even back in my high-school and college days," he begins. He has put his left hand on the podium and will leave it there throughout his speech. He is a big man with a crew cut and eyes that peer through black-rimmed glasses directly toward the students. He speaks quietly in a monotone that belies the force of his words:

"We passed a bill in the legislature exactly as the president of Washington University had suggested to give him the power to control uprisings and riots on the campus. Did it stop the situation on Washington State's campus? No. No. If the administrators will not administer what can you do? The legislature is going to have to do something. I am going to put in a bill that will establish rules and regulations to guide and regulate the conduct of students and faculty members on campus.

(I later obtained a copy of Senator Guess's bill. It provided for the immediate dismissal from the university of anyone "gathering on or adjacent to the campus in a manner which causes damage to public or private property, causes injuries to persons, or interferes with the orderly functioning of the college or university or the normal flow of traffic," or, among other things, "inciting students [or faculty] to violate written college or university policies and regulations.")

"I feel that it is my duty as a legislator to furnish money and the guidelines to the board of regents. I think it is the duty of the board of regents and the administrative staff hired by the board of regents to create on campus a setting in which a student may learn and equip himself in order to be a good citizen of the United States. I do not believe that the university is created by the taxpayers of the state of Washington to be the hotbed of anarchy. I do not believe that the taxpayers pay our money for our children to be infected with bad ideologies and ideologies that are foreign to what I made America great." With the last three words he abandons his monotone and raises his voice for emphasis.

A voice from the crowd: "*Right on!*"

There is loud and sustained applause.

"I do not believe that a faculty member violating a professional code has any right to remain on campus."

More applause. A man at the rear shouts: "Give it to 'em!"



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“...New and powerful forces are tearing at the American fabric delivered to us by the past—the America of centers, squares, and cemeteries, pointing spires and little flags. War, drugs, and inflation—each has wrenched a joint in the body structure of the country; but more than any single assault, the schizophrenia of America—the severing of people from their moorings—has been brought on by the clash of men who want to change things simply by extending the past in altered form and men who believe nothing will work now that is not divorced from history.”





From They Became What They Beheld, a book of photography by Ken Heyman, text by Edmund Carpenter published this month by Outerbidge & Drenstrey.

Someone behind me says: "They want blood, but Guess returns to his flat way of speaking. "Under this bill any administrator, faculty member, or elected official, including senators and representatives, may submit a written complaint to the board charging any faculty member with unprofessional conduct, specifying the grounds therefore. If the board determines that such complaint merits consideration, the board shall designate three members to sit as a committee to hear and report on such charges. Upon filing of a complaint the pay of an accused faculty member shall be suspended until a final determination is made by the board."

Someone behind me shouts: "Guilty until proven innocent. Bull!"

Guess: "These are—"

Another voice: "That's a hell of an America."

Guess: "These are conditions that are merited by the situation. The board has the power of subpoena. There will be due process."

A chorus of protesting voices rings from the students.

"What happened to the courts?" a girl asks.

"Jee-sus," another girl says. "I must be having a bad dream."

Guess: "Due process is in here." He has not raised his voice.

Voice from the audience: "Read it to us."

Guess: "You know what it is. This is a time that calls for stern measures." And he sits down to long and hearty applause.

Chairman Logsdon is back at the microphone. "Is there a Thomas Young here?" he asks.

"Yes, right here." A young man stands up behind me.

"Thomas Young contacted me and asked for permission to speak at this meeting and he said that he was a participant in the strike at Washington State last May."

There are groans from the right side of the auditorium. The chairman continues: "And I don't know but I think it's right we listen to Tom—or Thomas—and I'd like to have him come up here and let us open-mindedly hear his side of the story."

Two or three people applaud lackadaisically, but Thomas Young does not move. He speaks across the room to the chair: "When I contacted you, I had a different impression of the meeting, and now that I'm here, I have changed my mind. I do thank you that you responded to my offer, however."

Delbert Logsdon is relieved and hurries to his next introduction: "The past editor of the Washington State *Evergreen*, the college newspaper, Gary Eliassen. Come on up, Gary, and give us a speech."

A FEW VOICES AND CAVALRIES FROM THE STUDENTS are drowned out by applause. The muttering continues after Eliassen, wearing khaki pants and blue shirt, with a straight haircut, his voice cracking nervously while he shifts back and forth on the balls of his feet, says, "As a student at WSU the past four years I have seen irrational student dissent grow until it reached a climax this spring with the sit-in at the university administration building and the student strike. For the most part, this behavior occurred despite students being allowed an increasing number of freedoms and responsibilities. The president of the university made many attempts to involve students in decisions. Some of the students answered his efforts with ultimatums, demands, and even threats of violence. They made the university a political arena rather

than an educational institute. The student movement has become an absurdity of generalization, rumor, threat, violence and oversimplification. Those who didn't participate in the recent student strike were quickly labeled racists. Some of the demonstrators. Those merchants who displayed 'We Oppose Racism' signs were simplified as either supporting racism or being ignorant. Anyone who opposed a sit-in at the administration building was called an oppressor of the people's rights to assemble. What about the students who wanted the freedom to attend classes, who protested the president's decision to cancel classes, and whose pleas were ignored by the administration? What about the six hundred students who supported President Nixon's decision to pull out of Cambodia in a poll taken by my newspaper?"

"That's tellin' it like it is," comes a shout from the audience.

"Well, that boy is right!"

Cheers and applause fall upon young Eliassen's ears. His peers only glower.

"For those who believe in simple answers to complex problems," he continues, "the sit-in at the administration building raises a good example. For those who feel that the Vietnam war must end, it's a good way to end it, isn't it, by lying down in the middle of the street of Stadium Way and blocking traffic."

Eliassen's hands are in his pockets and he is rocking back and forth. He still appears nervous, but I am sure that the turbulence that rises from the throats of the majority of the audience at that moment is a cry he will never forget. He is new to the experience. Should he smile? Pause? Relax his arms? He plays it like a professional, he lowers his head and waits for the applause to die away. I wonder if he will write another editorial. For in such moments are politicians born. Gary Eliassen has met the people and they are listening. Now he continues: "If we are not going to allow our campuses to become an arena simply for political irrational dissent, and violence, the taxpayers, students, and most importantly the university administration are going to have to take a long hard look at the jobs they have been doing. In essence, the so-called Silent Majority must begin speaking. If we stand by we will allow minority rule to free the campuses. Thank you."

And they cheer mightily as Gary Eliassen leaves the stage.

Delbert Logsdon again: "I've been informed that since Thomas Young will not speak there's another member of the student strike steering committee here who would like to say a few words. Her name is Miss Nola Cross."

Actually it is Mrs. Nola Cross. At first glance I would have guessed her to be a high-school junior, but she is in her twenties, tall, with hair flowing down to the small of her back. In her manner she is very austere—"like an icicle," but worth whispers—and I expect to hear a rather harsh voice when she speaks. But it is soft and not at all jarring.

"I did not intend to give any speech, but due to the nature of this occasion I think it is important that I come and speak now. I was chairman of the strike at WSU and editor of the school paper there in the fall. We've heard a lot of tall tales from students who want to get a real education, who don't want to be disturbed, who want to go to classes and hear lectures, read their books, get their degrees, and go out and make money. But I think there's more to an education than just going to classes. I know I have rarely missed a class, but I have a 3.5 average but I also know that during the strike I skipped every class that week—"

The students are listening intently to her. There is

about her they respect. Her role last spring must have commanding. If we ever have a revolution in this country, I conclude, it will be led by women like this wearing old caps and thick cotton jackets storming bars in the winter snow while their husbands tend the "You're thinking of the wrong revolution." Butterworth whispers, reading my notes.

I skipped every class that week and I learned more than ever learned in any other week of school [applause]. I learned about political pressures and political ideas and this thing, but I also learned about being an American and about adjusting to being a citizen, a concerned citizen—the feminism did not go unnoticed among her audience—"a concerned citizen, of the United States."

There is applause, hesitant at first except among the students, then spreading to the whole audience.

I learned that I must speak out as a concerned citizen whatever is in my power to change the system, to change the lives and the system, be it in the university itself or the nation as a whole, more suited to the quality of all who live within the boundaries [applause]. A democracy that all citizens should participate in the decisions of government, and all students should participate in the decisions of the university. . . .

Let us look at the goals of the strike. The people who are striking in particular to support the black student union and the Mexican-American students who live on campus in a struggle to obtain equality with other white students on campus.

There are no blacks in the audience.

Equality they meant securing classes which were suited to them and would help the rest of the students at the university understand their situation. There are only about sixty students in a university of thirteen thousand, and that means them very much of a minority. But that doesn't mean that the white students on campus shouldn't take classes. They would take classes, in Afro-American history so they can learn about the background of black students. The Commission was intended for a majority of the people in the United States to be able to make decisions but not at the expense of the minority. We were striking in support of the strike, and there were no threats of violence by any member of the strike.

I am troubled by the legislation being discussed here today when you are talking about whether or not a student is able to remain at the university or whether an instructor's conduct is suitable for a professor at a state university. We have to watch the wording in the bill. How vague is it? How specific? What exactly does it mean for a professor to be suitable? Does it mean he's not allowed to take part in a kind of protest? Even a legal protest? I think that a number of professors at WSU are not going to try to stay here under those conditions. They are going elsewhere where there is

loud applause from the center of the room—"where we have the freedom of expression. You're going to see a decline in the quality of education—"

From the crowd: "That's what we want." Applause. Loud applause.

Well if what you want is a decline in the quality of education on this bill is one way to secure it. But the university is never going to be a place of freedom of expression. It is never going to be an academy. It's going to be a place where you can come to learn cold facts by memory so you can pass the job and not to become a citizen of the United States."

"Go home, go home," someone shouts. There is a buzzing through the auditorium. They want her to quit. She does.

As she leaves the stage Delbert Logsdon says, "I think you've got plenty of courage to stand up for what you feel is right and I admire you for it." There is another angry rumble from the audience and Logsdon the motel man does not like it. "It took a lot of nerve for that young girl to come up here and speak," he says angrily. "We don't all have to agree with her, but she still is courageous." His words sting and there is honest applause from the crowd.

There are other speakers. Mrs. Margaret Hurley, with her brown hair in bangs and wearing large white bracelets and her glasses far down on her nose, is also a state representative and the only Democrat present. She speaks sweetly:

"People in my district and all over the state are saying that the administrators should keep their place and act responsibly, and the students should keep their place and act responsibly. I think that word responsibility is the key to the whole thing. Act according to your role. If you are acting according to your role, you are keeping your place. You have a certain way to act, so act that way."

There is a growing murmur from the students and someone asks, "What about the niggers?"

"When I'm not in the legislature, I'm a teacher—"

"I knew it, I knew it," Butterworth whispers.

"—and I find that no teacher can teach and know the students can learn unless they're in order, and that order has to be maintained. . . . If you students actually really and truly want to learn, you will help to maintain that order."

A titter runs up and down the front row and Mrs. Hurley is nettled. "You children can laugh because you haven't sent any children to college yet. I have sent four to college, and it costs a lot of money. And don't minimize this money thing. It costs a lot in sacrifice by your parents. People who are living out in the districts are darned well fed up with what's happening. . . . Just this last week when I heard over the radio that the University of Washington had named a certain young person as part of their recruitment committee, to go out into other states and into other areas of the nation and bring minority groups into the state to go to college. I thought how ridiculous this is. We have our minority groups. They are welcome at our colleges. I think that they deserve an education just as well as any of you down here who are not part of a minority group, but to go out and recruit more minority groups seems to me a very senseless thing to do, and I think that we should demand that this halt immediately."

There is tremendous applause. The young man sitting in front of me turns to an older woman—I take her to be a member of the faculty—and says, "This is incredible."

"I want to close with this point," Mrs. Hurley says. "It has to do with limiting enrollment. Now I know a number of serious students who really and truly want to get an education and are being eliminated from this because enrollments are limited. Well, I would suggest that they start limiting those people who don't seem to be serious students [applause]. We would cut down the enrollment to where the university could cope with it and we would have students that are interested in getting an education and eliminate those who are not. Thank you very much." Applause.

Representative Carlton Gladder, an older man who leans into the microphone, his right hand glued inside his pocket, his left hand moving up and down as he talks:

"I think I was as idealist as any of you when I was young. I like to think that I was sensitive, I like to think that I had

some regard for my fellow human beings. About the time I got out of college I worked two and a half years between high school and college there were a bunch of idealistic youths who had been revved up by a bunch of articulate and persuasive politicians in Germany. And when these brown-shirts committed their pogroms of the Jewish people of Berlin and all over Germany and Austria, they were motivated by nothing else than idealism. So what I'm saying to you is this, that idealism is a great and wonderful thing, but cherish it a little bit and don't put it clear up on a pedestal and say that this is all that is necessary. . . . The students of America were rightfully and righteously concerned by the Kent State deaths. Violence exploded all over the country. Emotions were wrought up and people were climbing the walls, but I don't downgrade this a bit. But one of the things that does disturb me is that I didn't hear any cries of outrage when Jerry Rubin appeared on campus after campus after campus in this country and said you must be prepared to go home and kill your folks. Why didn't you rise up? Why didn't you rise up? Why didn't you shout?"

He is shouting.

"When two policemen were killed in one day for doing nothing, but performing their duty as police officers, I imagine you're shocked. Are you shocked, all right? I'll tell you this, we're going to try and correct the situation on our campuses. The taxpayers of the state of Washington want us to establish some reasonable ground rules and we're going to. And I'll tell you this, too. Their ideas of what education consists of is going to be adhered to, to quite a degree, rather than what you, in your infinite knowledge, would set up."

"Right on. Right on," a student shouts, facetiously.

Representative James Keenly, a handsome man with graying hair and a ruddy face, dressed in a brown sports jacket and a gold shirt, from Spokane:

"I didn't come down here to put the vigilantes into shape. I didn't come down here to seek any scalp. I'm here as a father . . . and as a taxpayer. . . . I think the key issue of what we're talking about is this business of taxpayers and who is paying the bill. In the last few years we've seen a number of attempts on the part of some minority groups to rule, to try to gain their goals through anarchism. This scares me half to death. . . . These are rather well trained, rather well financed, and rather well organized young people who aren't on the campus for the purpose of securing an education. They're there for the purpose of stirring up trouble in political ideology and in the process they are enlisting and rallying up the support of a whole lot of other impressionable young men and women who are there and who do not have the proper background with which they can make intelligent decisions. I don't really think at this point the issues are really important."

A girl down the row put her head in her hands and said with disgust, "Oh my god. Oh my god."

" . . . and I certainly am not going to talk about them. The issues are being used as subterfuge in many instances. Whether we're talking about Vietnam or Cambodia or final examinations or grades, it makes very little difference: they're subterfuges. If students want to worry about Cambodia, Vietnam, or grapes, they can do it on extracurricular time like they do in football. Unfortunately some of the administrators really do feel that some of the theatrical radicals are the architects of a brave and compassionate new world. Some of these theatrical radicals that I refer to are able to spice things up with a little rock music, or a little pot, or a little acid, or the

old Marxist idea of dictated equality, and it becomes ing to some impressionable young people on campus of our administrators and academicians had better learn how to contend with this kind of thing because the of our colleges and our institutions, the survival of enterprise system, is most certainly at stake. . . . It make a heck of a lot of difference what my philosophy what I think about Cambodia, or grades, or strikes, examinations. It doesn't make a heck of a lot of difference what you people think about these things either. As the future of Washington State University is concerned makes a heck of a lot of difference what the taxpayer thinks about what's going on, and this is the thing that mines whether there is going to be an institutional future. . . .

"I have two fine young daughters and we've had discussions. They've told me often what is on their minds, what's going on with their friends and I learned things I not know. In many instances I changed my manner, I my method of doing things. But some place along somebody has to call the shots. I have reserved the privilege as the guy who pays the bills, and I'm the guy who to call the shots in my family. The same thing is happening in this state of Washington. The taxpayers, by putting up the money, are ultimately going to call the shots whether you people like it or not. That's going to happen because they're the ones who control the purse strings."

"I'm an employer. I employ about twenty-five people. I could care less what they think about Vietnam or grapes or racism. And if I'm going to put up the dollar as a taxpayer to provide the education, I'm going to suggest they get the kind of education I think will enable them to get out and make a livelihood and become taxpayers and they in turn are in a position to call the shots and rule."

The young man in front of me says to his companion, "The beginning was lucre, and lucre was God."

"And so," James Keenly is concluding, "if the regents administrators do not do their duty, we in the legislature take away the powers of the regents and administrators and place them in the legislature. We may even go further and create a disciplinary board on campus with powers delegated directly from the legislature, to keep discipline. We will have to let the police go directly onto the campus to deal with these problems. We are not going to hope or wish through this or wish our way through. We need action. We want the regents and the administrators to make back out of their wishbones—and now."

And the longest applause of the day carries Representative James Keenly back to his seat. Not once had he raised his voice.

There is another speaker—a woman who teaches in the political science department of Washington State—a woman who begins to lecture the students that the goals (of the strikers) did not justify the means (of the strikers) someone in the audience shouts, "Then how do you justify Vietnam?"

"I did not come here to discuss the war," she replies. "I remind you that I have the floor." The audience is on its feet, but it is late and Delbert Logsdon moves back to the podium. Several students are raising their hands seeking recognition. He looks past them. "This has dragged on long enough," he says. "If you want to meet with individual legislators afterwards, you can get to them when we've adjourned. This debate could go on for hours and hours. We are known



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what we came for today and I hope you all realize something from it."

There are cries from the students: "Let us speak. Let us speak."

"No, no, no, no," several of the students are shouting. "Don't stop it now."

Delbert Logsdon of Cheney leans into the microphone as if he is applying mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and asks, "Is the Silent Majority ready to be heard?"

With the force of a boiling geyser surging from pressures far below the surface they give their answer. The roar that comes back to him momentarily stuns even Delbert Logsdon: what has he loosed? Like young Eliassen before him he has never known such a thing. He stands there, three-fourths of his short round frame hidden by the podium, sweat running from his face, and suddenly he is no longer nervous. For the first time during the afternoon he is not gripping the microphone. His hands are on his hips.

"What about the minority?" a young voice cries from the floor.

A professorial-looking man turns to a student with long hair and says, "Now you see what we're up against."

Delbert Logsdon leans into the microphone and says, "I said you can come up here and speak to any one of the legislators you want to, but we're not going to stay here all night and listen to you. Goodbye." And he walks away from the microphone as triumphantly as Mark Rudd striding from the campus of Columbia University.

Seattle, Washington

Dear Clare Wofford:

I read your note again as we crossed the Cascades toward Seattle and I realized that I am not doing so well. The more diligently I search for the humor, the ironies, and the humanness, the more I keep bumping into the problems.

Consider what happened in Seattle. No sooner had we checked into a motel than the desk clerk handed me a piece of pink paper with a mimeographed message from the Seattle Police Department. I read it aloud to Butterworth: "Welcome to Seattle, and may your stay be a pleasant one."

"That's very nice of them," Butterworth said. "I really appreciate that. How did they know we were coming?"

But there was more: "Like other cities we have a problem of thefts from vehicles—particularly during the summer season. Criminals are well aware that travelers carry numerous personal items in their vehicles. They are also aware that many of these items are left overnight in vehicles. Please cooperate in preventing this type of crime by removing clothing, luggage, cameras, etc., from your vehicle. If it is not possible to remove all valuables, please place them in the trunk and lock it."

"I'm going to sleep in the camper," Butterworth said.

See what I mean? I do not intend to besmirch Seattle. It is one of the most beautiful cities in America. With the light that falls across the buildings at certain times of the day, Seattle is as pretty as San Francisco except that it does not have an old prison sitting in the bay.

An hour later I got into a cab and the driver turned the wrong way into a one-way street. He apologized and said, "I'm new to this. Two weeks ago I was working at Boeing, but I got laid off. I took this job because it's all there was, and I just don't know the streets yet."

This man at the moment represents a much greater problem than those thieves who threaten Butterworth's sleep. The problem is people out of work. Two years ago the Boeing Company employed 101,400 people here. Today there are 56,000 and by the end of 1971 there likely will be no more than 30,000. You can see that in three years two-thirds of the workers at Boeing will have been laid off. Already the annual loss to the Seattle payroll is about \$475 million.

During the years I was in Washington, D.C., we dealt with unemployment figures. They were always percentages—1 per cent, 4 per cent, 3 per cent. Sometimes a clever government will actually cause people to lose their jobs and then describe them as shock troops in the War Against Inflation. They are not paid very much for this duty but they are thought to be patriots and, after all, someone must endure a little hardship for all the rest of us. Only last week I read an editorial that said, "Administration officials can be forgiven if they take a little comfort from the latest employment figures. The jobless rate dropped in June—to 4.7 per cent—from May's 5 per cent." I decided to meet some of these people who may not take much comfort from the situation.

I first called upon W. G. Cogdill, the manager of the State Unemployment Insurance Office, which is located in the shadow of the Space Needle, that elegant heirloom of the Seattle World's Fair. On some days the lines of people waiting at the unemployment-compensation windows snake out the front doors, around the corner, and down the street until they can actually look up directly into the eye of the Needle through which they cannot go because the prices in the restaurant up there are not established for the unemployed. Cogdill used to be a Marine. He retains the crisp manner and the straight-as-an-arrow bearing of his former profession, but his silver hair frames a wide kindly brow and friendly eyes and he acts very much like a civilian.

"Things were real good here the past few years," he says. "People weren't prepared for what happened. It came suddenly and with such a shock. Right now they're really scared. You hear them talking to each other in the line and they say, 'I've never seen it so bad.' Our problem right now in this business is space. We handle about 21,000 people a forty-hour week. We get about a thousand or more new claims every week. We keep telling ourselves that things are going to change, get better—hold on till next week, we'll be better, but they don't."

"A person who's been laid off comes in here to apply, fills out a form, and he's given a little booklet which he reads every week. We give him a certain hour to report according to his social-security number. He's eligible to start receiving benefits after the second week and he comes in every week at the appointed hour and a clerk at the window certifies his claim. The clerk asks him the same questions every week. Did you look for a job last week? Were you able to work every day last week? Did you accept all offers of work during the week? Were you unemployed every day of the week? What were your earnings before payroll deductions? When the person signs the card swearing that he is familiar with the contents of his identification booklet. We send this card to the state capital in Olympia and usually the check is sent within the next two days. His benefits can run from eight to ten weeks, as little as \$17 and as much as \$72.

"People are pretty nice. Just today a fellow came in and said, 'I'm selling out and moving to California. I just want to thank you for your help. It's been a tough time.' Really a fellow. People try to act cordially while they're in line."

a hurry—they may have a job appointment and they'll sneak in line. We've had an altercation or two but serious. See those young people at the door? Seattle Union Front is passing out pamphlets. Occasionally an plumber or a plumber or a lumberjack—you'd call hard-hat back in New York—will want to give one of kids a swat on the chops. They get uneasy with the bare stuff like that. Some people will ask me to throw off the streets but I can't do that. The streets are public. hippies who don't wear shirts or shoes or socks. But eligible as long as they're laid off from work. People over to me and say, 'Why are you giving *them* benefits?' It's the state law.

get some strange ones. Northwest Airlines is on strike pilot came in last week. He had been making about \$10 a year and all we could allow him was \$72 a week. It only after the two weeks. He said, 'If I have to wait, where can I get food stamps?' I couldn't understand he hadn't saved anything. I guess he had a big house and a big car—lots of credit and no savings.

I don't know what we're going to do for space this fall the carpenters, fishermen, and construction workers their seasonal layoffs. Our lines are too long already. Some of these people"—he gestured to the large outer lined with people—"will run out of benefits." He winced. It didn't mean it to sound that way. I really didn't." I believed you can even mark one up for human-ness. But I have people in Washington say casually that a little unemployment will help the economy.

I walked among the long lines of people. The windows are lined by social-security numbers (2000-2099, 2100-2199, etc.). I don't think you do that at Bryn Mawr. There was a car as some of them recognized each other from the previous week. A few would not look you in the eyes—"they're conspicuous the first time," Mr. Cogdill had said—but they were very relaxed. I counted 127 people in three lines, including three blacks, one Chinese, and two Mexican Americans. A deeply tanned man of about fifty-five wore a red shirt with the emblem of the National Rifle Association. Next to him stood a youth of about twenty-four with a Memphis-style beard, blue jeans, and white sneakers, talking to a middle-aged man wearing a handsome charcoal jacket and gray slacks with expensive two-tone shoes. A young man said he had been on the security force at the Pentagon. The other man had been an engineer; it was his height and his height (6 feet 4 inches) made him all the more self-conscious.

A clerk said, "All the eight o'clock people to the front, all the nine o'clock people to the rear, please." The newcomers at their little orange books to assure themselves they were in the right place at the right time. A matronly woman, dressed in a neat gray suit with a string of pearls, came to the counter too soon. "I'm sorry," the clerk said. "You're in the 8:45 group. This is the 8:30 group." With the arrival of a matriarch she walked to the rear of the line.

Waves arrived every few minutes. As the nine o'clock group came in they often smiled or waved or stopped to talk to friends and acquaintances. Conversations would end in the middle of a sentence if people realized their time had come. Their group was leaving them behind. A gay young man in a suit like Zorro but with billowing yellow sleeves ogled a blond male in 2000-2099. An elderly man came, "I hit the bus service good this morning. The bus was stuck and I was stuck across the corner on

the red, but he recognized me because I take the same bus down here every Tuesday and he leaned out of the window and said, 'Come on, come on.' I wouldn't have made it today if he hadn't waited."

I stood in another line beside a Swedish woman with a heavy accent. She lost her job as a motel maid in April. "I've been to every motel on Highway 99 and no luck," she said. "Last year there were 'no vacancy' signs everywhere. Now they stand on the street begging people to come in." Her husband is retired with a small pension. "I've got to find something soon," she said, "because my benefits will expire and I don't want to go into that welfare office." She was getting \$42 a week.

A grizzled man of at least sixty said to me, "I've come full circle. I came here in 1931 off the ranch in eastern Washington. There was no money there but at least we ate and I should have stayed. But I came on to Seattle and there was a place grown up over by the tracks which everyone called Hooverville where all the people like me stayed. We ate beans and we would stand in line two hours for them. Now I'm standing in line for \$42 a week. I pay \$13 a week for an apartment—that leaves me \$29 to eat on and pay my other bills. If my wife was still living we'd be in a bad way." He worked in an anodizing plant until "people stopped buying appliances because of this economy thing. I told my friends two years ago they were voting for a depression when they voted for Hoover's party but they were more scared of the niggers than they were of not working. Now they come and stand in line right beside a nigger. That'll teach 'em."

I talked to a man in his early twenties who had worked at Boeing almost five years as a machine tooler. "I'll never go back," he said. "Life is too uncertain, too many ups and downs there. When you see people with eighteen or twenty-five years being laid off, you know you can't build your life on that. I was luckier than most people because I had something to fall back on. I felt this was coming and I saved a little money. I can go to September on my savings. My father owns a little machine shop and he offered me a job but it would have meant his letting someone else go. I've written around the country but nothing's shown up. I'm in the Reserves and someone said volunteer to go back in full-time—there are some jobs in Cambodia. I told him to go to hell, at least I'm not getting shot at."

Through a friend who still had his job at Boeing I managed to see three men who had not been so lucky.

ROBERT STREET IS A SMALL MAN WHO ONCE had very large ambitions. "I set out to make a million," he said. "I ran a bridge club and taught bridge. I started playing bridge because I couldn't afford to go to the movies during the Depression. I'd play bridge for free all afternoon and maybe win a dollar or two. Figures just sort of jump through hoops for me and I got pretty good at it. Just seven years ago, in June of '63, I played my millionth hand of bridge. I would have had to go East to make it big as a professional bridge expert, but I was born in these parts and I just couldn't make myself leave. So I took a temporary job at Boeing and wound up staying nineteen years until they declared me surplus in February. I could have made that million if I had gone East. I know it."

How much were you making when you lost your job?

"I'd struggled up to \$10,300. I believed in the company and I still do. I even took a cut just to stay there last year and

they dropped me down to \$9,100, but then they let me work overtime, Saturday, two nights a week, to make enough money to get back up to where I was. Obviously they finally didn't approve of me because they fired me. I just wish they had fired me many years before that, if they were going to. When I was first told that I was going to be laid off—these two fellows came in to see me on a Monday morning and as they were getting around to tell me, one of them said, 'Let's see, Street, you're the oldest fellow in the tax group, aren't you?' And I was. I was fifty-five then. I'd been paying Boeing's taxes a long time—I'm an accountant—and do you know, that was the first time in my whole life that I felt the least bit old. I hadn't had any time to get old, not with a boy to take care of, and golfing and fishing and wrestling with him. I just never thought of going into that rocking chair. When they told me, I felt like I was a hundred years old."

He had to stop for a minute and I was glad that we were alone. I am sure that he would not have wanted anyone to see that he was upset. He is a shy man with salt-and-pepper hair that is thinning considerably and eyebrows that flare out like the wings of a butterfly.

"I took pride in my work," he continued. "I thought I did a good job for the company. A lot of other people did, too. If I wasn't doing a very good job in the tax group, it shouldn't take them all that many years to find out. Several times I had a chance to get out, but they didn't want me to go. Then when the chances were gone, I was unloaded. Just declared surplus. I said to the fellow who had put me in the job, 'How come you didn't talk to me about it, at least let me know a little bit ahead of time.' And he said, 'Well, I was afraid, if I talked to you I might change my mind.'"

"There was nothing to do but go out and look for a job. I filed applications everywhere I could think of, even went down to Portland, where I was born and raised, but things were tough in this area. Finally in June I found an accounting job with a firm that processes fish. Less money, but I'll prove myself and they'll give me a raise, I'm sure. It's like starting all over again, only I'm fifty-six and there's a difference. I went through the Depression. I got out of school and I couldn't find a job. I feel bad right now about all the kids

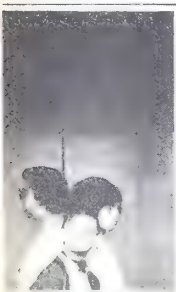
in this area, coming out of school, or on summer vacation who can't find jobs. I met a lot of them in the unemployment lines. They're good kids but they need something to do. If not good they are unable to get a job."

I asked Robert Street if he feels challenged in his new job with the fish company. He answered, "Oh yes. There's a awful lot to learn about the fish. I'm learning something every day. Of course, a fish is not the same as a 747."

Neither is a used car, but I met a man who is selling cars now. While he was being axed by Boeing, he was in New York City trying to sell Alexander's department store car, a jet for \$1,800,000. Now he is happy if he sells a car for \$1,800. I am sure you will not be surprised to know that while he is a handsome man—tall, tanned, with a silver crew cut—he has the tired look of someone who has been swimming upstream for several months. He spoke in a voice so low that I could hardly hear him and he smoked cigarettes as if he were eating salted peanuts. His name is Tom Carroll. He is forty-eight, possesses two degrees, once taught in college, and worked for a while as a budget analyst for the University of California. He had been at Boeing for four years.

"I came back from New York and there was a new organization chart without my name on it," he said. "My boss just died and I felt unprotected. I went to see the vice president for sales and he was away on a trip. I asked everyone who was in general management but nobody knew. They all looked away. I kept getting madder and madder, and finally found a guy who said he would find out and he came down the hall and a few minutes later he came back and said, 'Well, Tom, you've been laid off.' That's the problem with a huge company, you never know exactly where you stand. The human value can be pretty low. Like my ten interviews were with a little twenty-two-year-old girl who knew, filling out the forms. You hand your identification badge to her and what does she say? She doesn't have anything to say. Just Will you sign this, please."

Carroll laughed. "During all this I finally got to be a fellow high up on the chart—he might get to be president of Boeing. He's a wonderful guy. I went in and told him of my predicament and he said, 'God, Carroll, I'm sorry to



wish I could help you but my son was just laid off. We laughed about that and he said, 'Have you had breakfast?' I said no and he had breakfast sent in. That helped. I was laid off for unemployment. Standing in that line I felt like a fool. I didn't really believe I was there. The first week was maddening, but the second week it didn't bother me. Hell, I earned it. The thing that bothered me is the U.S. Employment Service doesn't do anything to help you find a job. They just process a bunch of papers. But there's no organized way to match up job requirements and skills. I send you to a room and say here's a bunch of newspapers from across the country and you can look at want ads in Atlanta or Dallas or Miami. Very ineffective. It's so funny, you know. My eighteen-year-old son was more upset about what happened than anyone. He was enthusiastic about my work because I love airplanes—I was a pilot in the Air Force—and I love aviation. I made a decision to stay at the plant. I knew a lot about business and a lot about mechanics and a lot about the Department of Defense and all these things tie together. My kid thought I got a really sick in the stomach and he said, 'See. Dad? In the end the system doesn't really give a damn about people.' I asked him if his style of living changed drastically. He said that because of "my Air Force pension I wasn't as hard as the fellow with nothing to fall back on, but you change your life-style when you lose a big income stream." I'm working fourteen hours a day selling cars, and I'm making a change. When I lost my job I tried to go into business for myself as a management consultant. But every business I've been in has been hit in Seattle because of Boeing's situation and after a few weeks I had made \$180 which just repaid my original investment and my gasoline expenses. I couldn't pull it so I went back to my job selling cars. Two things I always hated: car salesmen and insurance salesmen. I can't stand them. Now I'm working for myself. You should see the people who come in to buy cars. They're usually in their middle twenties and they have two kids with them. They're paying on a car that's five years old and it's almost paid off and they've come to get another one. They don't have any money for a down payment and we send them down to the mouse [loan company] and they'll have to pay twenty to thirty per cent interest over and over to get what they need. They live paycheck to paycheck and something like this recession we're in now, they're in even more trouble than I was because I never have to go beyond my means. I feel sorry for those people. You see the mouse going back and forth collecting their assets and assessing, you know. Every mouse in Seattle is working for me this year. Did you know there's a shortage of one-way trailers for rent in Seattle right now? People renting them to move. What happened at Boeing? That's easy. When the economy was gorging itself a few years back everybody went wild. The airline companies started ordering planes like crazy and Boeing had to expand like crazy. They promised to deliver a certain number of planes in a certain time, so they put on thousands of workers. They were flying laborers in from all over the country as far away as Florida just to get that big building finished in the place where they build the 747s. This is another thing. When you build cars you can run maybe fifty million dollars a plant. There are only two hundred 747s on order and the most optimistic prediction maybe a thousand will be built in all. Nobody knows how to build a building that only needs for ten years. There was a lot of waste. Everybody was grabbing for that big pie. Then the bottom fell out

and a lot of people went down with it. Including yours truly."

George Metcalf was also among them. He is a very quiet man, as you might expect a scientist to be. I could hardly picture him defusing mines and bombs in the Pacific, but he did both during and after the war. He went to Japan in 1945 to dispose of our old bombs and there met his wife, who was the daughter of a missionary. He is a graduate of MIT and has worked for Boeing since 1955. I mean he worked for Boeing. He got *The Word* early in February.

"I wasn't expecting it at that time," he said. "I had left the weapons division [where he developed a photoscreen to detect the passage of high-velocity bullets] and had gone to the acoustics program. I understood that acoustics was going to be sound for the next couple of years. That wasn't meant to be a pun. I was really quite surprised to learn I no longer had a job. But I wasn't angry. If some of us have to pay to keep the economy going, I am willing to make my contribution. [That sounds pretentious, but he really meant it.] I've been extremely discouraged the past few months. I make a weekly trip every Thursday to the unemployment office. I don't think I was made to stand in line, you know. I haven't had to go to the welfare office yet. I hope I never have to."

George Metcalf said his situation "has brought our family even closer. One of our daughters has taken a job in a restaurant. Ellen, the other girl, was supposed to go back to college this fall—she'll have to borrow to do it, and the poor man that marries her will have a big bill on his hands. She was working in women's apparel this summer but lost her job last week because business is so bad. Our son Roger has been studying in Germany and we didn't have the money for his ticket. Do you know that Ellen sent him the money to get back? And her needing to go back to college."

I asked George Metcalf what he has been doing since February.

"I applied to a lot of labs and places like that but things are slow everywhere. I'm running some experiments on a patent I have filed relating to the simulation of sonic booms and maybe something will come of that. I have lots of other ideas I'm exploring. Just takes money to get started. I've got this safety decal for cars—just a simple little reminder of safety habits that attaches to the driver's window, to establish good driving habits—little checks to make before you get in and before you get out. I spent three weeks trying to sell it—insurance companies, driver-training schools, the Teamsters, Sears and Roebuck. I've even tried to sell it through the newspapers but I didn't get one response to an ad on the comic page that reached 200,000 people. It'll go one day, you'll see, but it's slow right now. I'd rather be doing this than what some of the fellows are having to do. I've got one friend who was twenty years at Boeing. He's on a fishing boat now. I couldn't do anything like that. The problem is that there doesn't seem to be a market right now for anything I am good at."

I went to lunch with four Boeing executives who contributed substantially to my purpose in writing to you. They were quite explicit about what has happened: "We foresaw the decline in government contracts in military and space hardware but we did not foresee the drop in the commercial market. The repeal of the tax-investment credit happened just before the economy started to cool and airlines began to lose customers while labor costs were skyrocketing. We had promised almost instant delivery of airplanes, and to do that we had to build up rapidly; we were hiring any warm and breathing body that we could find. Then the orders were cut

back and there we were: all dressed up and nowhere to go."

"It's a good lesson," one said, "of what can happen from overcentralization of economic means. Hundreds of thousands of people were tied to one company. I have a friend in the sign business who was expanding when we began to lay off. 'Your layoffs won't affect me,' he said. But now he has let half his work force go and he may have to close. There was a feeling in this town that the government would just not let Boeing go down the drain. It was a delusion. When times were good, some of us tried to get the city fathers to broaden the industrial base, to bring in more and varied industry, but they didn't see the need and they sat on their fannies."

"We've got to diversify," another man said. "We just got a two-million-dollar grant from the Department of Housing and Urban Development to explore the development of new towns using modular and prefabricated housing. Things like that have to be looked at."

"There's something deeper here," one said. "The national psychology that prevailed midway through the Sixties was like the stock market: it was bullish. Everyone thought it would go on forever. The economists said we were in the millennium. People were buying and buying and buying. So was the government: guns and butter, butter and guns. We became a nation of gluttons, each man driving toward his individual ends without any concern for the whole. Now we know we weren't in the millennium at all. We weren't infallible. Now people are disillusioned. What made Boeing unique over the years was the feeling of loyalty and kinship that people here felt toward the company. Now they see the guy next door who has been laid off after twenty years and they worry when is their time coming. They feel the institution has let them down. Don't you think that's happened to almost all of the institutions that held this country together: the schools, the churches, the hospitals, now the corporation? Nobody knows where to put his trust anymore."

"Well," the fourth executive said, "I'm no socialist or even close to it and I don't believe in a dictated society, but we have got to have some national guidelines, some planning. Each President appoints a blue-ribbon commission to say this is where we ought to go, they come up with a five hundred-page report that is published in the Sunday papers and then everybody forgets. This country has got an enormous capacity to analyze problems and absolutely no apparatus to follow through. The fifty states go their own way, companies think all they need is the free market, everybody acts as if this is 1870 rather than 1970 and that a nation of two hundred million and more people can just go on developing as if everybody was making absolutely beautiful decisions and the system didn't need overhauling. The federal government is spending billions on pollution but spreading it all over the lot with every agency in Washington competing for it. What we need is a NASA for pollution. We need a NASA for mass transit, and so on—agencies sufficiently endowed with money and authority to achieve a specific goal, like NASA got to the moon. Right now everybody in government and in industry is so busy doing something that no one is asking whether what they are doing is worth doing."

And then, Clare Wofford, a very interesting thing happened: one of these men, a very mild-mannered undemonstrative person, began to talk:

"Yes, what is the end of it all? Where is the country going? Where is each one of us going? I think this is what is bothering the young although I don't think they have the practical

experience to know what to do about it. I feel that I have betrayed myself. I've done a lot of looking at myself. Well, in the hell, I've asked myself, have you done with all the things you were thinking about in college? I know it sounds schmaltzy, but truthfully I haven't done very much. And I got to thinking about this after that first big layoff lost some friends in that, people who had put their hearts into this company. And one day they weren't here. I think running into that fantastic progress caused more heartache and suffering than it was worth. The people were saying, 'More, more, more,' so the airlines said, 'More, more, more,' and Boeing said, 'More, more, more.' We scrounged and grabbed and fought for dominance, and when we got it, we lost it. All this running and shoving to build a structure that suddenly we don't need. And look at all the people who got hurt. Business has got to change. I think it will because the children of so many businessmen are becoming hippies."

He was speaking very quietly but he was intense and nervous and I am not sure that he was really talking to those of us who were at the table. Or maybe he was. It was with considerable difficulty that he announced:

"A month ago my own daughter just disappeared. She left—no note, no word, nothing. Just disappeared. I've been lying awake at nights asking, Where did I go wrong? What happened? How come she didn't come in and say, 'I've got to go, Daddy. I'm going to pull out.' We've had a very beautiful relationship over the years. Oh, she got mad last spring because I wouldn't buy her a car—her friends all own one. But was that a reason to—to leave? She called last Friday night. She wouldn't leave a phone number or an address. She just said she was in New York, working as a typist for \$100 a week. When her mother got on the phone she said, 'It's okay, mother. I'm being a good girl.' I guess she thinks we are more concerned about her chastity than we are about her as a person. Maybe that's the problem. She's a sensitive child. We thought she had a suitcase full of clothes but it turned out to be full of books—Tolstoi, Dostoevski, introspective writers. We thought maybe she is going into a convent. Maybe she has, in a way. I asked her if she needed any clothes or any of her jewelry. She said no, not at all. I wanted a phone number, an address, some way to get in touch with her if anything happened. But she said not to worry and she wouldn't give them to me. What happened? Where did she betray her? Where did I betray myself?"

He suddenly appeared to be apologetic at having talked so personally. Our meeting broke up and he walked quickly to his office.

This has been too long, Clare, but I wanted to assure you that I have not been looking for a knot in the bulrush, as the old saying goes. You can see that the troubles of America are everywhere in waiting and do not require me to solicit them. A routine arrival at a motel, an accidental turn in a taxi, and a business lunch became mirrors of the country. But I will concede this to you: in the good nature of the people waiting in line for their unemployment checks, in the pride and courage of a Street, Carroll, or Metcalf, and in the honesty of the man who bared his soul at Boeing I found evidence of those qualities you believe to be our strength. I have been looking for the humor, irony, and human-ness outside our dilemma. I should have been looking within them. Perhaps this is a fair compromise between the hope you are seeking and the realities I have encountered.

Best regards,
Bill

California

San Francisco, California

FRIEND IN WASHINGTON HAS A DAUGHTER who ran away from San Francisco. A friend in Texas has a daughter who ran away to Los Angeles. They both asked me to try to find their children. I failed. But at a precinct in Golden Gate Park I saw the scope of the problem. An officer had put forty-five notices of runaways on the bulletin board. Almost all the pictures had been furnished by parents. They were pictures of cleanly scrubbed youngsters. "They probably won't look like that now," the officer said. "That's why it's hard to find them. The other reason is there's just too many of them." Some are printed circulars: "Valerie, 17, dark blue or black sweater with bell bottoms or dungarees. Subject withdrew \$200 from savings account and ran off to San Francisco. Subject has no friends or relatives here." Thirty-seven were girls, only five were boys. All were white. They came from places as different as Minnesota, and Arlington, Virginia. The father of one girl offered \$500 to the police benefit in Tucson if his daughter were located. Two sisters, young teen-agers, had run away from their home in Reno. The officer said, "They all claim it's their parents. I don't think you can believe that every time, but that's what they say. Every time we find a new one it's almost always the same problem—they just gave up and lost faith in the family."

I went with Officers Juan Morales and Pete DiBono to the city guidance center where they rap once every week with the kids in jail. This is part of the juvenile bureau's "community relations" program. "After a while on the street," Morales said, "you've taken so much abuse that you put up a shell around yourself. Working with these kids helps you break that shell down. Nowadays the only contact between the kids and cops is on the street, when you're arresting them or chasing or fighting them. Used to be you walked a beat and you knew the kids in the neighborhood. Nowadays a kid won't see a cop when he's in trouble. Or he sees some policeman on television knocking somebody over the head with a baton. This contact in the guidance center at least tries to get back some human contact between the cops and the kids." Morales, who came from Mexico fifteen years ago, wore a gold tie clasp with a tiny blue pig on it. "If you can't talk to 'em," he said, "join 'em."

There were eleven boys in the room between fourteen and sixteen. One of them said to Morales as we walked in, "I recognize you. You're the guy who hassled me." One of the boys tried to convince Morales and DiBono that he was on pot. Morales asked, "If a man came running out of a room on Mission Street with a gun, and a lady ran after him and he had shot her husband, do you think I could shoot her if I was high on pot?" One boy replied, "You're supposed to fire into a crowd." During the discussion another boy said, "Ninety-nine per cent of the people on heroin are white with marijuana but ninety-nine per cent of the people



who smoke pot don't use heroin." DiBono said, "Ninety-nine per cent of the people who drink milk die before they're a hundred."

One boy said he ran away from home in Phoenix two years ago. He was seventeen.

How did you get here?

"I drove a car."

Did your parents let you go?

"They don't care."

You just split and you don't think they care?

"They never cared that I was home. Why should they care if I'm not home?"

Another had fought with his parents and when his father told him to go to his room, he walked out and came to San Francisco.

"They didn't even call the cops," he said. "They were glad to see me go."

"Isn't it possible that you share in the blame for the trouble at home?" Morales asked.

"Oh, sure, man. I popped it to my old man every time I could."

Why?

"I mean, isn't that what it's all about today?"

Los Angeles, California

RUNAWAYS ARE HARDEST TO FIND in the people sumps of suburbs like Los Angeles and Long Island, and my effort to locate the missing daughter of my friend in Texas was unsuccessful. In Greenwich Village and Berkeley—even in Washington, D.C., with its Dupont Circle—there are starting points, places where a youth in flight usually gravitates when he first hits town. It is sometimes possible to pick up his trail from members of the small permanent colony that will give him advice about where to go when he moves on. A city has a beginning and an end: suburbs go on forever. They are like a road map that continues on the other side and in the turning becomes more confusing to the traveler. There are a hundred centers in the suburbs and no core. If you are lost there, you are lost. It is hard to find anyone in the suburbs.

I had said goodbye to Butterworth—he was on his way to Africa to advise the government of Ghana on setting up a national service corps of volunteers. My plane did not leave until almost midnight and a friend suggested that we drop by to see Groucho Marx. I think I have seen every movie the Marx Brothers ever made and this was my first opportunity to meet one of the brothers in person. We went to Beverly Hills.

The moustache and hair, what is left of it, are mostly white. The voice has not changed. If Gabriel's trumpet fails on Judgment Day, I told him, you can stand on the steps and call and half the world will know who it is and come. "Yes," he answered, "but I'll be calling from the other direction." He was peppery but frail. There was no cigar and he did not drink. "That's all behind me now. I don't even go to these new movies or plays. Why should I go see people do onstage what I can't do at home? Everybody tells me I should read this new book that tells you everything you want to know about sex. I can't do anything with what I know now. If I'd read that book thirty-five years ago I wouldn't have had three divorces."

He asked me why I had enjoyed his movies and I said I did

not know, maybe it was because they were funny. He grinned and said don't be serious. I said I was trying to be funny. He said that's why you sound serious.

He had run into Rowan or Martin, he said. "It was one of them. I can never remember which one has diabetes, but that's the only way I can distinguish between them. He told me he knew more lines from Marx pictures than I did. He won. These new comedians have studied those pictures. They would be fools not to."

"I have been amazed," he continued, "at how many are watching our movies, not only here but all over the world. I don't really know why except that our movies are slightly anarchistic. I think all of us are slightly anarchistic. The Marx movies were more so. We were always fighting the system. We had the authorities up against the wall. People think cops are getting hard times these days—they should look at what we did to cops. There was violence in our movies. I'm sorry if we contributed in any way to the behavior of the kids today. I suspect we did, but I didn't think about it at the time. We didn't know enough to think about it. We were having too good a time. But we were hellions in those days. I think we were ahead of our time because we saw people in authority for what they were: inept, fatuous, and ineffectual. Don't get me wrong. I'm very much against the violence in the burning. What they did at Columbia University in beating into the president's office and seizing the building was abhorrent to me. That's for the movies. That's something the Marx Brothers would do and could do because no one would get hurt. The problem with movies today is that there's nothing you can make a movie about that hasn't already happened in life. In our day we laughed at what might happen. Today people laugh at what is happening. There's no difference. Maybe that is why the kids are watching our movies. We tried to be intellectually honest in those films but we weren't malicious. I remember in one movie we had a character named Mrs. Rittenhouse and a cannonball came through the porthole of her stateroom and I went over and pulled the shade down as if that would stop another cannonball. She said, 'What are you doing?' and I said, 'I am trying to protect your honor and that's more than you ever did.' The kids love that kind of thing and I think many of them believe that is what they're doing, too."

He had a dinner engagement and it was time to go. He went with his date. She was a beautiful blonde in her thirties wearing a long black evening dress. Groucho Marx wore a white shirt with peppermint stripes and a black beret and carried a cane.

Later I mentioned to a friend what Groucho Marx had said about the kids and the movies. My friend had a different viewpoint. He is under twenty-five and groovy, as they say. "I like the Marx Brothers," he said, "because they're absurd. No heavier reason. They're absurd, fun, mindless, unsophisticated, irreverent, playful—all the things I believe in but find it hard to be. I suspect that goes for many of you. You accept my thesis that people tend to be weakest at the point at which they push the hardest, then today's youth who follow the Marx Brothers principles are in fact serious, heavy, absorbed, and grim. We go to Marx Brothers movies and we say, 'Wow. Yeah. That's where it's at. That's how I'd like to be.' And we try. But we can't. So we go see another Marx Brothers movie and try again. But we forget that even Groucho is morose and snide off screen, no better than we are at not being a Marx Brother."

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Houston, Texas

FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF LANDING AT WHAT MUST BE the world's most immaculately manicured airport the traveler must now ride 25 miles instead of twelve to get to downtown Houston. The time passes quickly if your cab driver happens to be a stocky woman in her early forties wearing a blue-green sports shirt and a blue-and-white net of artificial flowers around her red hair. "I got 'em in every color. Some people call 'em hats but I call 'em scarves. I wear 'em to keep my hair from blowin'." .

I gave her the address of my destination and she said, "That part of town—there's lots of colored people live there now. It used to be an exclusive area but it ain't no more. You sure this is where you want to go?"

When I confirmed the address she said, "You don't sound like no Yankee. You sure you got that address right?"

It's right, I said, and asked her how the races get along in Houston.

"Pretty good. Lots better than they do in the North. We had some trouble in Galena Park here a few weeks ago. The cops kicked a colored boy to death. Two officers were subsequently indicted for murder. Them's the exception to the rules. For the coloreds to have risen like they have here, I'd say relations are pretty good."

I started to ask her about a new building off to the west but she interrupted:

"I know some of them cops over in that Galena Park area. They wear them pointed cowboy boots with them sharp toes. They's enough to kick your ass to hell and back—pardon my French. And they's young boys and mean. Here about a year ago I was taking one of the boys home, one of the colored boys who drives for me. He was sittin' over there well on his side of the seat and we was in Galena Park where he lives and the cops stopped me. We was goin' through the business district and he saw that colored boy in the car and he flat stopped me. He said, 'Let's go to the station.' I said why and he said he would tell me when we got there. I followed him and when we got there he threw this colored boy into a cell and I said, 'Hey, wait a minute, what are you doin'?' He said, 'We're gonna charge you.' I said with what? He said, 'We'll think of that in a minute.' And I said, 'Listen you snotty bastard, I got the right to know what the charges are against me and I got the right to call my lawyer.' They think I'm some poor dumb cabbie that don't know the law and, well, sir, he begins to get nervous and he and this other cop go off in the corner and begin to talk and they come over and say they have decided to drop the charges against me. I said

how you gonna drop charges you ain't even pressed? and to get that colored boy out of the cell and they did. The cop apologized to me and I said, 'Don't apologize to me, apologize to the colored boy.' And you know somet'ing they did. Holy-cow-in-the-manger, you'd a' thought Warren himself had thrown the book at 'em. But I won't be out there anymore. No, sir, I ain't gonna get my ass beat by them pointed toes and the streets o' that town if I can help it."

How long had she been driving?

"Two years. I'm buyin' my own three cabs now. I got boys drivin' for me. I had to go to work. Wasn't gettin' no child support from my husband and me with five children to feed. My oldest is out at the University of Houston studying to be a schoolteacher. I told her of all the damn things she could be, she had to go and study to be a schoolteacher. I guess it's better 'n drivin' a cab. You ever drive a cab? No."

"You meet all kinds of interestin' people. The best deal are people who are married and don't drink. Don't make no difference what color they are. Important thing is can you keep the cap on that bottle. I had to fire a boy last week. He was a hard worker, but he kept taking passengers the wrong way. The second time I caught him at it I had to let him go."

A white Ford raced into the intersection and my friend slammed on the brakes. "Damn the world to hell," she said. "That guy almost gave us a shave and a haircut. I like to give him a weekend in the Galena Park jailhouse. I drive like that oughta get a pointed toe right up the —?" I did not quite get the word she used.

We were passing the business district of what to me is one of the most exciting cities in the country. It is not as beautiful as San Francisco, it does not carry itself with the bearing of Chicago; New Orleans is more picturesque and New York more visceral—but Houston is astir with the future. Off in the distance I could see new buildings glinting in the sun and steel shells of others under construction. Some predict they say it will one day be our largest city. The absence of rigid boundaries in the charter has allowed wild annexation of peripheral townships and acreage and already 1.3 million people live in a metropolis of some 450 square miles on a flat 41 feet above sea level. Still the city continues to spread like a fat woman on a park bench. Its people earn six billion dollars a year. And although it is fifty miles from the Gulf of Mexico, a canal fifty miles long has been dredged deep enough to admit ocean vessels into the city: Houston is now third among the nation's seaports. Houston is a car race every day of the week. Houston is bustle, bang, and bump. For some people it is just bump.

"Here you are, mister. This is jig town. You sure you got the right address?"

I did, and we pulled slowly up to the house. "I believe this is a colored house, mister. By damn it is. Looka those children." She pulled into the driveway, turned in the car, and said, "Listen, mister, I'll wait here until you are finished with your business. I wouldn't want you to get stranded. Been lots of crime in this part of town and you might not get a cab back late tonight."

"If you're not afraid to take one home to Galena Park," I said, "I'm not afraid to stay here. But I appreciate your interest."

One of the children walked over, smiled, picked up a bag without a word, and started into the house. My lady friend wrote me a receipt for the fare and mumbled something at people not listening. But she winked at me and said to

the number of the receipt if I decided in the middle night that I had to catch a plane. I gave her a large and as she backed out of the driveway I noticed on the board a magazine opened to an article entitled: "Rape and the Desert Nude."

LAWSON SHOOK HIS HEAD AND SMILED when I recounted the concern of my friend and guardian in the taxi. "She's right, of course, about the crime. This is a transitional neighborhood. That means city services are being withdrawn. Street repairs are irregular, the streets get bad. When police protection is slowly cut back, crime goes up. This used to be the Riverdale of Houston—very swank and very Jewish. It cracked. No one remembers who went first, but houses that had been selling for \$50,000 to \$60,000 plummeted in price. You will see homes with tall trees and large lots, but you will also notice that the whole area has the indefinable quality of transition."

Highly one-third of the population of Houston is black. Blacks dominate forty of the city's 125 census tracts. The largest number—75,000—live in the south-central ghetto which runs from the Gulf Freeway to the South Loop, from Main Street to Cullen Boulevard. It is to this area, to the home of Bill A. Lawson, that the cab driver has just fearfully directed me. The tour Bill Lawson would later give me would lead to be a diverse economic area with poverty and affluence living next door to each other. There are no large concentrated slum areas, however, and the poor maintain a certain visibility. If the people were not all black, the ghetto would be like any city of comparable size joining the young and the old, the owner with the elderly renters, the rooted professional with the transient laborer, domestic, or the unemployed. But the city services have receded: crime, prostitution, and the night life have risen. "It is a vacuum," Bill Lawson said. "I never knew to be serviced, too laden with problems to ignore." The real heroes I know are anonymous. They have therefore remained human and humble. They are also effective. When a leader has become a media star he has been reduced to a stereotype easily communicated by a brief lead in a newspaper report or by a ninety-second television clip. He must forever thereafter conform to that image or lose the silver base of his notoriety and power.

Bill Lawson, forty-one, of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, avoids acclaim and seeks results. He has turned down offers from government, civil-rights programs, and larger churches to remain as the pastor of the four hundred black families who constitute the congregation of the Wheeler Avenue Baptist Church in the south-central city. Many Negro churches remain the furnace rooms of the Pride movement and this man is no pulpit-pounding, blaring, holy roller Tom-ing Billy Sunday. In his manner of speaking he is in the prophetic tradition of Martin Luther King. In his political awareness he is a cousin to Julian Bond. In his understanding of the economic order of the black community he is a protégé of Jesse Jackson. But he is shy and given to contemplation. Television cameras, he says, are "sirens of distraction for all but a very few."

His friends would call him slender or trim. The word for him is skinny—just as he was when I last saw him about ten years ago. He is skinny and tall, a combination Lincoln and Genghis Khan, who gets up every morning at 4:30 because, he said, "the facts require it."

What facts?

"Sixty per cent of us earn less than \$4,000—" he is speaking of blacks in Houston—"forty-six per cent of us are common laborers. Each of us has 8.9 years of education but ninety per cent of our high-school graduates are unqualified for standard college freshman English or mathematics. Our per capita effective buying income is \$954 against a median of \$2,346. What the white majority sees in the black community as symptoms—crime, illegitimacy, ill-kept neighborhoods, low educational and professional achievement—must be judged in the light of secondary causes: low income, poor housing, absence of traditional city services, deliberate profit-oriented stuffing of residential areas with cheap, rentable multi-family units which are seldom maintained, and low-budget, poorly administered schools in poverty areas.

"But these are secondary causes. The primary cause is clear but embarrassing: a caste system for non-Anglo and non-white Houstonians. Mr. Johnson's Riot Commission Report belches up the ugly and unspeakable phrase in the opening paragraphs of Chapter four: 'white racism.' If blacks, browns, and reds are sediment in the populace, they will wallow in unprivileged misery, however prosperous their city. A city's wealth is not spent on its scum.

"To be black in Houston," he said, "means being consciously aware that you are excluded from most of the major decision-making processes that govern your life. It means probably being poor. It means almost certainly no access or relatively little access to many of the community services normally provided—from garbage pickups at your house to getting free samples that are sent out by companies in the mail. It means generally being sometimes gawked at, written about too much, talked about too much, having your own consciousness bombarded with a great deal of rhetoric about you and quote the problem unquote that you painfully recognize you constitute or at least are a part of. It probably means that your children will give you some difficulty because if they are in the present generation they likely will be militant or at least angry in ways that you have not seen if you are part of the older generation."

But Bill Lawson does not like "to whine." There is too much to do, he said, "to sit and bay at a moon you think you can never reach. You must keep trying to get there."

And the ways to get there?

"One response is the negative hostility of the revolutionary. Protests, boycotts, eruptions, undercover guerrilla attacks—to some blacks they are the steam valves of outrage. The media cannot do justice to these people. The tradition of the docile Negro is three hundred years old. It has been hard for the media to imagine what it means for a man to stand, to challenge the system, and to spit back in the faces of those who for a long time have tread on him and his parents. It has been an unfortunate fact about modern journalism, which knows how to be objective, that they have not really found out what the blacks think about the Panthers or what the militants do when they're not on camera. Muhammad Ali was a newsman's dream. When you wanted to find something that was really rousing, all you needed was thirty minutes of Cassius Clay and you had it made. But if you ever knew him, one of the things you would see was that when he's in the neighborhood—he lived just down the street here—he's a quiet loving guy that all the kids just simply idolize, until suddenly a television station wagon shows up and the guys jump out with their cameras. Then his shoulders rear back and his lip curls up and he puts on a sneer and he's ready to give a show to the newsmen. And then he's the cocky, arrogant

Muhammad Ali. As soon as they're gone, he goes back to petting kids and playing with dogs. And they never know the other side of him. This scares whites and I think that's why blacks do it. They know what shock value is."

"The negative hostility of the revolutionary may have some therapeutic release, but it is sterile and produces very little. It does dramatize the atrocities of social inequity.

"Positively, there is the response of remedial programs, sponsored by government—the war on poverty—and by the private eleemosynary agencies' sometimes jerky reactions to riots, marches, or court decrees, and the idealistic or ulterior emergence of church or civic programs. These last until the crisis which prompted them has passed. Then they gradually recede. They've done little but get wide publicity and produce new heroes. So minorities distrust even genuine attempts to help, because we have seen this drama so frequently played out in our neighborhoods. Because they demand support from the majority community, excellent programs like some of those from the Office of Economic Opportunity are crippled by guidelines and Congressional amendments and then put through local political wringers to be crushed. The blame may belong to a governor or a crafty Congressman, but mostly it's flung at the feet of a project administrator who is himself a victim. We've had a lot of that in Houston.

"There has to be another kind of response, a local and on-site response, and that is why I have stayed at Wheeler Avenue. If all black males leave the ghetto, especially those with college degrees, the ghetto will once again be a kind of never-never land to the child who needs to hope. I believe in building institutions in the ghetto. Eight years ago we started with just thirteen families in a ghetto neighborhood with two universities on each side of us. We started out in the traditional way to provide a traditional ministry to our people, but since the Black Pride movement of 1966 we have broadened our commitment. We coach people instead of pampering them. The heart of the black community is still its churches. Our fundamental value system reflects that of the church, even when we most vocally attack and reject it. Most of our people no longer attend or support the churches, but as yet they have

no alternate institution of basic philosophy to determine human values and courses. Most blacks still believe in the Transcendent Entity, recognize the rightness of the principles articulated in the Commandments, and our need for a Suffering Servant to redeem us. The raw material for commitment to Somebody Like Jesus is still strong with us—King as martyr is loved, though King as civil-rights leader had to wear dingy on our sleeves. Malcolm is read today because 'he died for our cause.' The black church is still the church of the ghetto. Our own church recognizes that we're going to have to create a whole black theology. The church of our slaves reflected the black community. But for a century or so it has been trying to imitate the North European pattern of white churches. It became pietistic, individualistic, generally divorced from 'secular problems.' It became Western, like the white churches, because it was trying to forget slavery. But now has come the consciousness that we are not so much simply former slaves whose background has been the plantation. We are former Africans whose background has been a whole complex of cultures on a different continent. Former slaves imitate their masters. Former Africans will try to find their real roots.

"That is what the black church must do. It must seep again through the veins of the ghetto like salt through earth or leaven through dough. These ideas are neither novel nor foreign to Christ—this was the core of his own teaching. He also spoke the language of the Eastern, not the Western world. The black church must be Easternized. That is the way we can escape wanting to be a European like you."

THE NUMBER WAS BUSY AND WHILE I WAITED to try again, I glanced through the yellow pages. I started to look at the insurance listings but was still in "A" when I reached 105. "Oil to Oils" continued from page 757 to page 758. I got to 350 under Baptist churches before the call came through.

The voice on the other end answered politely: "Avis Rent A Horse."

"I would like—I beg your pardon? Did you say *horse*?"

"This is Avis Rent A Horse."

"You must be kidding."

"No, sir, did you wish to rent a horse?"

"I was really looking for something with four wheels."

"You must have dialed the wrong number. One is under the other in the phone book. This is Avis Rent A Horse."

"You're not putting me on? I could really rent a horse?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm going to Beaumont, Marshall, and Little Rock. Is there a charge for leaving it in another city?"

"If you are traveling between cities, sir, I suggest you rent an Avis Rent A Car."

In East Texas

I TURNED NORTH UP THE TEXAS FOREST TRAIL and listened to the country change. Across the Louisiana border a few miles east the people are largely Catholic. This side of Texas clings to a strict literal faith in fundamentalist Protestant tenets. They are daily almost imperceptibly being eroded by influences from the world beyond—and it is not heaven. I passed a Methodist church near Silsbee and read the



on Sunday would speak to the youth on "The Mean-Sex," Simon and Garfunkel on the radio were lament-displaced lover of "Cecilia" who got up

*to wash my face—when I come back to bed
someone's taken my place.*

oor preacher scarcely has a chance.
here among these woods and bayous that the power
pularity of country music can be understood. There
r 650 full-time country music stations in America and
vo thousand other stations that offer country music
wo to sixteen hours every day; half of them must be
ere in the pine belt of Texas. Country music seems to
umming and whistling and strumming out of every
und crossroad along the highway—a station in Beau-
alls the area "countrypolitan." But it is no longer just a
rn rural phenomenon; there are two full-time country-
stations in Chicago, for example. And I know sophis-
successful businessmen in New York City whose car
are permanently tuned to a country-music station in
ew York.

? We are a nostalgic people. Next to loneliness the
il disease is homesickness. Just about everyone in
ica is from somewhere else, and many of us are from
ms and small towns which run through country-music
like aces in a card shark's hand. Charley Pride sings
a world "full of country boys out on the street" who have
rom "the sticks of the country to the jungle of the city."
he wonders "could I live there anymore," he is speak-
half of the nation who left it and to the other half
ould like to discover it. Country music has become the
of the search for an irrecoverable homeland.

Around Teneha, Texas

S LATE AND DARK AND I WANTED one more cup of coffee
he last hour on the road. Somewhere past Center before
ut to Carthage—I think it was around Teneha—I stopped
adside café. It was about eleven o'clock and the place
all of young couples having a hamburger and a Coke
they headed for the piney woods and the back seats
el truckers were there. The waitress was harassed but
y and between orders she stood behind the counter and
with me. I noticed through a square open window in
ll behind the counter at least four Negro men drinking
in a small back room that appeared to be part of the

ey ever come up here?" I asked.

W. That's their place back there."

id—and I give you my word it was with a temperate
voice, "Did you know that's against the law?"

ainst the law?"

o. the Public Accommodations Act of 1965 says you
o that?"

u're pullin' my leg."

no, I'm not. It's right there in the law. You have to
e same facilities to everyone if you run a business that
o the public."

at a state law?"

pe, federal law. Passed in 1965."

be damned."

urse it's the owner that's liable. I don't think the fault
be on you."

She turned to her left and said in a very loud Shelby County
voice, "Hey, Charlie, come here." And there arose from the
table in the corner a big square block of a man with his shirt
collar open down to the hair on his chest and thick hard arms
protruding out of the short sleeves of his sport shirt.

"Yeah?"

"This feller says it's against the law for us to serve them
nigras back there."

He looked at me without changing the expression on his
face and said, "No shit."

"That's what he said. Said it was a fed'r'l law passed five
years ago. Is that what you said? Five years ago?"

"Yes," I replied rather softly. It is amazing how quickly
a Southern accent can return.

"Who says?"

"The government—the Congress—the Public Accommoda-
tions Act of 1965."

"Never heard of it."

"Well, it's there. It's there on the books."

He turned toward the square window in the wall, put two
fingers of his left hand into the corners of his mouth, and
let out a loud throaty whistle like a hunter calling back his
bird dogs.

The Negro men in the small back room looked up startled,
glanced at each other apprehensively, and when he motioned
to them with a jerk of his head they got up and came through
the door from the kitchen.

Charlie jerked his head toward me and said, "Feller here
says it's against the law to serve you folks back there."

They were silent. I could not tell if they were more fright-
ened than I was.

"Says it's something—what'd you say they call it, mister?"

"The Public Accommodations Act of 1965."

"You ever hear of that?"

"Naw sir, never did."

"You think it's against the law for you to have a nice place
back there to eat so's you can talk among yourselves?"

"Naw sir, naw sir."

He turned to me and said, "They don't think it's against
the law. And I don't think it's against the law. And nobody's
told me it's against the law but you. Now what are you going
to do?"

I said, "I'm going to hit the road." And I put down a
quarter, which included a 15 cent tip for my recent friend,
the waitress, walked out of the diner, got into my car, locked
the doors, and sped away.

Dixie

IN THE BOOKSTORE AT THE AIRPORT IN LITTLE ROCK you can
buy any good or popular book. There is also a top row
of erotica and I asked the man if he sold many of these. He
nodded and said, "To tell the truth, they're what keeps you
going. You sell more of them than you do anything else, and
you make more money on them than anything else. I don't
really know why that is. You take that book there"—and he
pointed on another shelf to *Naked Came the Stranger*—"I've
sold more of that and *Portnoy's Complaint* than anything, but
neither one of them did anything for me. I take some of those
little paperbacks from the top shelf home to my wife though
and she loves them." He moved a little closer and said in a
lowered tone, "I'll tell you this. If you get one written by a
woman you'll have a better time. There's something about it

the women just seem to have a more vivid imagination."

My parents met me in Shreveport and we drove through the back country on each side of the border and marveled at the farm-to-market roads. "They used to build those roads so we could go to town and come back," Dad said. "Now more people go to town on 'em than come back." We passed through Bethany, Four Forks, DeBerry, Elysian Fields, and Deadwood, and I knew what he meant. "It's funny," he said, "but the more people we get, the more vacant land we've got. They just can't live on it anymore." And he said it wistfully.

There was a small advertisement in the Shreveport paper placed there by Mrs. Cammie Sue Garrett of Heards Café in Logansport: "Due to my health, labor shortage, employee vacation, food prices, and overhead expenses, I will not accept any outside trade beyond my usual regular customers. I cannot stock food and labor enough beyond my usual anticipation without 30-day notice. Please cooperate with me."

Not far from the Sabine River, in a triangle formed by Keatchie, Carthage, and Gill, we came upon the final resting place of Gentleman Jim Reeves. He is buried in a park on more than an acre of land, and although it is in the "middle of nowhere," thousands of country-music fans come each year to honor his memory. He brought class to the movement, they say, and he might have gone as far as Johnny Cash after him, but an untimely death cut him down in 1964 at the age of forty-one. Country-music fans never forget, and I do not know another singer whose grave is marked by a lifelike statue standing at the end of a long walk shaped like a guitar, with robins and mockingbirds and crows fluttering in the hickory trees and live oaks above it. As we watched, a man and woman in their fifties placed a bouquet of plastic flowers among a dozen other faded artificial arrangements at the base of the memorial. They left after silently studying the inscription on the giant concrete guitar: "If I, a lowly singer, dry one tear or soothe one humble human heart in pain, then my homely verse to God is dear and not one stanza has been sung in vain."

My Dad wondered if they would ever do that for Frank Sinatra. Mother said she did not know, but she thought they would for Lawrence Welk.

South Carolina

Johnsonville, South Carolina

THE PAST IS STILL HERE. FOUR MILES TO THE EAST brown swampy water surrounds the small island where Francis Marion hid from his pursuers. A few miles south of town I almost collided with a mule pulling a wagon with three Negro children and an old woman wearing a red bandana around her head. As I drove down the main street in Johnsonville I

passed the small vacant brick building that once was a doctor's office. There were two entrances, one marked "White," the other "Colored." The building is now in need of repair, but people pass it every day and are reminded of things they want to forget. Johnsonville is trying to shape its future differently, but it is hard; the traditions of the past are deeply etched here and people often follow them instinctively.

School desegregation, for once, is not an issue. Over the three-year period, Johnsonville has integrated its schools without violence. One third of the 1,297 pupils in the schools are black. Fifteen of the forty-four teachers are black. That part of the past has been wiped out.

Johnsonville is a company town. The company—Wellman Industries, a wool-combing and synthetic-fiber firm—is in trouble. Its sales have dropped. They have fallen as textile imports have risen—125 per cent since 1965, 33 per cent in the first quarter of 1970 alone; Japan, the largest exporter of textiles to the United States, shipped more than \$54 million worth of goods to this country in 1969. Those goods cost less than American products because wages in Japan are almost five times cheaper.

The consequences were beginning to affect Johnsonville when I arrived. Until recently Wellman Industries employed about 1,200 people (there are about 1,200 people in Johnsonville, of whom fewer than seventy are black; but there are over 2,500 people in what is called the Johnsonville Planning Area, of whom six out of ten are black). For the past few years Wellman's processing capacity has been down to less than 60 per cent of capacity and the company has just laid off nine secretaries, fifteen salaried managers and supervisors and two hundred hourly employees. More layoffs were expected soon. In a company town there are no other jobs available, and next door is Williamsburg County, one of the poorest in the country, with a high unemployment rate among all races and a large black population. Throughout the South other textile towns like Johnsonville were also beginning to shudder. And in the empty mills of old river towns in New England many a gasp and head might nod with sad understanding at the prospect of men out of work at the textile plants.

"That's why we moved down here sixteen years ago," Bill Bullock said after he surfaced from a neatly executed dive into the 80-degree water of his lighted swimming pool. Bullock is in charge of buying wool for Wellman Industries. Mrs. Bullock's father founded the company in Massachusetts. They live splendidly in a large home well off the road outside of town. There is a private lake in front of the house, and the country club which Wellman Industries inspired is just across the way.

"You have to have a good supply of relatively inexpensive labor to stay in this business," Bill Bullock said. "We came down here looking for it. Almost half of our people are black. If we weren't here they would still be field hands or janitors in the ghettos of Chicago or New York. That's why I can understand why they're trying to organize. Yes, two Japanese guys showed up across the highway one day, one black and one white, and are trying to recruit our men. They do the same thing to the plants in New England and there's virtually no textile industry there now. Wages are low because people are low. The Japanese work for 45 cents an hour or less. In Hong Kong they get less than 25 cents an hour, and in India between 10 and 15 cents an hour. How are we going to compete with these wages? And the problem is not just imports of it's synthetics. Everybody's moving into synthetics and that hurts your natural wool. This part of the country would

orse off than it is if Wellman wasn't here. But if im-
p driving the prices down and unions keep driving
es up, we'll be looking for new sites down in South
r Mexico. Don't laugh. We came South once before.
e to go where we can afford the people, and there is a
people down there."

MACE, A NATIVE SOUTH CAROLINIAN, is personnel di-
or for Wellman Industries. The next morning he told
the average hourly wage in the textile business in
arolina is about \$2.40; he was not specific about the
t Wellman but they "are in that general area." Cer-
ney are lower than other industries with a higher profit
he said; a pulp operator in the paper industry earns
5.03, a crane operator \$4.38, and a shipping clerk—
irly comparable to a textile-production worker—\$4.30.
an see how trying to meet foreign competition affects
ple. But it's a vicious bind you're in. You raise the
and you play right into the hands of the Japanese and
oon you drive the Americans out of the business al-
r, and then where does the worker stand? He stands
job—on welfare."

Mace said that out of approximately 930 workers
ct number of blacks was 44.6 per cent. No, he did
w how many blacks were in the first group to get laid
d, no, they do not have very many black supervisors—
not sure how many. "Most blacks are not willing to
their security in production for the added responsi-
the supervisor's job, and for some reason blacks don't
be supervised by other blacks—they seem to prefer
And another thing is that a lot of the blacks don't
n't work more than forty hours because of the food-
plan—you know, if they earn over a certain amount
n't get the stamps."

Mace reckoned that the union thing was a real threat.
extile Workers of America—it's almost all black—
smart organizer in here who had made his appeal on
power?—you know, join because you're black and
lack and we should be in this together. The history
union movement has always been that the blacks are
d to and will often bloc-vote against you because these
ones who have been led to believe they will get some-
or nothing. This doesn't exclude a lot of whites, too.
what hurts the nigra—the blacks—all over the country.
nies are reluctant to hire them because they do this
hing. We try to give our employees benefits and wages
as good as possible. We don't need a union to tell us
e just don't believe in unions. But the sad thing is
ras—the blacks we have brought in here—are trying
us now. At that first meeting the black organizer made
-power speech. They stand across from the gate and
ne black-power sign—the clenched fist. . . .

ompany town? I guess you could call Johnsonville a
y town because Wellman is the biggest employer here.
body including Jack Wellman throws their weight
I'm on the planning commission and one of our black
employees is, too, and the mayor of the town works
security force, and things like that, but we're not
in the town simply because we work for Wellman
ause we live here and we want this to be a good
he Wellmans came here they brought sixteen people
rom the North and they built sixteen houses and
ed them around because they wanted management

to mix and mingle with the townspeople. Well, yes, a lot of
those houses are over by the country club. There's always a
problem getting professional people—chemists, people like
that—to live in a small town like this. Almost a hundred miles
from Charleston and Florence over half an hour away, you
have to provide entertainment and recreation for high-level
management looking for a certain standard of living or you
won't get them to come down here. Some private citizens in
town had taken over the responsibility for the club but
they got into financial difficulties with it and the company
bought it back. But it's run by a board of directors of local
people. We prefer to keep the company in the background."

IS THEAH FEAH HEAH? IS THEAH FEAH IN THIS TOWN? Oh
Imah Laward yes." Shay Hagan said. Because he is the most
prominent realtor on Main Street—the only one, I think—and
because he is a member of the town council. I had stopped by
to ask him to assess the economic picture in Johnsonville. His
one-story building is the newest on the street, and this is one
of the reasons Shay Hagan is deeply in debt. "Show me a man
who owes a lot of money and I will show you a hustluh," he
said. Every small Southern town has a Shay Hagan—and needs
a Shay Hagan. He got the United States government to finance
low-income housing in Johnsonville not for ideological rea-
sons but because, as he admits, he could "make a little"
from it. No one else had even tried. Shay Hagan got two
blacks rather than one on the town planning commission not



because he is a liberal but because, "Hell, you got to give 'em someone to talk to." Shay Hagan is not a liberal, he is what my father calls a "vane specialist"—a student of the prevailing climates. But sitting behind his handsome desk, dressed in a bright-blue shirt with a dark-blue tie and slacks the color of new rust, he talked in an open and disarming way and with a most earnest face. He is immensely likable, as most Southern hustlers are.

"I'll show you what feah is. We have got this city dump one block off of Main Street, you know? It has been theah for twenty-five years and we have been tryin' to eliminate it—to get th' garbage out of town. We are goin' to start usin' proper land fill round the county like. But we have got to buy th' proper equipment, you know? and th' total maximum cost is \$17,000, which is a very big lot for this town because we have just been makin' our way. We had to figure some way to bring in additional revenue, to retire that obligation. So we figured how for residents and businesses in town we would increase theah garbage-collection rates one dollar a month. Those areas we are servicing outside th' city limits, we would increase theah garbage-collection rev'nues two-fifty a month."

Shay Hagan paused a minute, shook his head slowly, and then leaned across the desk and said, "I am tellin' you—I thought we were going to be tahred and feathered. Because everybody theah at the town meeting said they couldn't afford that dolluh now. A dolluh a month. They can't afford that dolluh a month increase because—look at how many of 'm are goin' be on unemployment income. That dolluh's gonna mean something. They begged us—please don't do this—wait until this situation settles down heah at Wellman."

"New industry? Only if th' industry is first approved by Mr. Wellman and if it's a related industry, because a related industry is able to maintain th' proper wage level. You take Union Carbide. Good Laward hav' mercy, if Union Carbide moved in heah it would practically send Wellman unduh. That is what they say and my inclination is to believe them. Nobody but them really knows what the profit margin is on textiles—family-owned business and all that—but they say it's very low. Since nineteen fifty-foah this area has grown so phenomenal that people have not got over appreciatin' what has come heah because of Mr. Wellman. And people'd rather have th' low wages than not have Mr. Wellman heah. I think we can anticipate this growth for twenty yeahs and then finally th' unions will take over. The unions got to or go unduh. Industry's got to follow the labor, then the union's got to follow the industry. I know fo' a fact that theah was a fella sent down by Mr. Wellman to South America to look round. I better stop right theah. Fella came in heah th' other day and told me 'bout some rumor of somethin' goin' on in town and I said, 'Tell me more.' And he said, 'Hail. I've done told you more'n I've heard.' " Shay Hagan grinned and said, "And I've done told you more'n I've heard."

I WENT TO LUNCH AT THE COUNTRY CLUB with Billy Mace and some of the Wellman executives, as congenial a group of men as I have met on the trip. It was a mixed gathering—Yankees and Southerners. The dining room overlooking the golf course was almost deserted because most people were eating together in a separate wing. A luncheon was being held there of town and area businessmen to organize community support behind Wellman's fight to keep out the union. No blacks were present. The very tall and distinguished man whom I heard open the luncheon with prayer as I waited for

Billy Mace and his friends said, with bowed head, "And pray, Dear God, that everything we do in this meeting will be to the best interest of our community."

The people in Johnsonville were apprehensive of with an outsider about Wellman Industries. They are of the contradictions of its presence, of the many provides and of the condition the town would be in if man were not there. But they also know textile wages a which means the working man is subsidizing the in s and they fret about being so completely dependent up company. There are people who say that if Wellman is the inside instead of the outside of the city limits, an p the taxes it should pay, this town could really do some in

But the same man who said that also told me, "You hear a bad word in this town about Jack Wellman hire To the contrary, I heard him commended even by cric the company. Realizing that blacks would be coming in the tenant farms as the county changed from agricultu industry, Jack Wellman knew they would need housin purchased a farm on the edge of town and turned it i attractive residential area. Lots were made available blacks for \$800 including landscaping and more than e families have bought or built homes in the \$12,500 to \$ price range. Wellman also threatened personally to with his support from the Dixie Youth League (the local League) unless it was integrated: it was. And he has sively supported vocational education training for bla whites in Florence County and throughout the state.

"But absolutely the best thing he did," one local bu man said, "was to bring in Fran Buhler. Fran Buhler greatest thing to happen to Johnsonville since the Sa Fox."

Franchot Buhler is a national asset. I will agree to He does not act like one: he seems more like a monk ing from fifty years in a monastery, blinking at the lig the television crews there to interview him. And he equally as uneasy being asked why he is there.

"Well, I—there was a need for someone—they said p sonville is—people wanted to get together—a chance to do something worthwhile. I guess."

To make a difference?

"Maybe."

Have you?

"Maybe. A little. I don't know." And he shrugs.

It is hard to interview a man who will not talk, but Buhler prefers to listen. That is his strategy and tale listens to other people. He will sit and listen to a regardless of race, creed, etc. Follow him on any give around Johnsonville and he will be listening: in D Poston's office, in the rear of David Marsh's hardware in Reo Cooper's tobacco barn, on Billy King's front under Mrs. Sophie's live oak, in the school cafeteria, the corner there at the H&L Café. By the time he sto tening to whoever is talking, that man knows Fran is not going to do anything for him. That is exactly Fran Buhler was listening for, and he leaves. It is a talent for a thirty-year-old radical.

Fran Buhler came to Johnsonville in roughly this Jack Wellman heard Blair Butterworth make a speech the free-enterprise system's capacity to provoke comm change if its leaders took the initiative. He brought B worth to Johnsonville to discuss his ideas with Wellm officials and town fathers, and Butterworth suggested that the town really seemed ready to get something done.

bring in someone who could serve as a kind of city r, a man to help them attack the problems of idle economic growth, and other concerns which in a city, of course, would be promptly solved by highly xperts. The town council said great, but we cannot af-en a modestly paid amateur. Whereupon Jack Wellman to finance the project if the town council would as-the leadership and he could fade out of the picture. at is how Franchot Buhler of Tennessee, a graduate of n-Newman University and a former student at Union ological Seminary, came to occupy the shoebox office of omunity Planning Center on Main Street in John-e.

Explanation of what happened after that is rather r: "I just went around listening to people talk until aid something which we all realized made sense."

did not just come heah and sit on his fanny, if you what I mean," Shay Hagan said. "Theah was mo' to it at. In his own should I say rather quiet way he told thay it does happen to be. Which is that if this heah town ain' to be saved, it would have to save itself. He said it tly we did almost not heah him, but we did."

Johnsonville Planning Commission with five whites o blacks, which Buhler urged them to organize soon he arrived, conducted a survey of the town's needs and ms in cooperation with state agencies. The result was mmendation for a five-year program ranging from a eillion-dollar public-works program (there is no ade-sewage system) to a Get-A-Dentist Committee. The council approved the program and Johnsonville began g lurch forward.

e important thing is *they* decided," Fran Buhler said e had stared into his Coke for five minutes. I wrote it verbatim because at the moment I thought it might only sentence he would utter all day. (The report was pressive. I learned from others in Johnsonville, that was invited to Washington to appear before a Congress-subcommittee on small towns: rumor is he arrived in aring room, sat down behind the witness table, and said, "Congress was so astonished that someone was willing en that he was awarded a medal, which around John-le is called The Order of the Big Ear.)

re have been reversals. The summer recreation pro-called for a youth choir to come over from Birmingham in the homes of Johnsonville people while conducting ic workshop for the young people of the town, but some-he word got around among a few Christians in the unity that its covert purpose was to bring about the ation of the churches, and the plan was abandoned.

e real problem is for people to want to stay committed," Buhler said in a remarkably loquacious moment. "Soon all this started we had a town-hall meeting in the high-gym and a lot of people came. It was the first time people were ever in the same meeting. People got up emed excited about a chance to say what they thought wn needs. They talked about the bad drainage, the sew-e lack of any adequate leisure program for the kids, the s—you know, they were real proud about how John-le went about integrating the schools. They even spoke d said the town should look prettier than it does, that it l be cleaned up, all those boarded-up buildings on main torn down. People were talking with each other, n- stening to politicians. I myself felt as excited as I think ver been.

"A lot of those people haven't kept at it. Some of the leaders have, but like every other small town, people here can feel terribly satisfied—little hunt, little fish, groceries on the table—and what else do you need? What I've been trying to help them see is that if we ever do get that sewer system, Johnsonville will have a sewer system and that's all, unless the people decide to keep hammering away at the job of self-determination."

And then he lapsed into that characteristic silence about himself. I plied him with more Cokes but nothing happened. I did manage to bootleg a letter he had once written to a friend. In it he said,

If the National Commission on Urban Problems and the President's Committee on Urban Housing can come up with 221 ways to save our cities, why can't we come through with one or two suggestions for the Johnsonvilles? On the way to becoming a livable community, Johnsonville has committed the unpardonable municipal sin: it won't fit into the neat categories of federal classification. With all due respect to the agencies, their programs, and the enabling legislation under which they operate, Johnsonville is not rural enough for Farmer's Home. It's not lagging enough, its unemployment is not persistent or substantial enough, for E.D.A. It can't afford 8 per cent interest and it doesn't want to go on welfare. . . . This is a town in transition. Tenant farmers have become foremen and the graveyard shift has replaced milking . . . The profound thing about the transition is, and put this down in your ekistical notebook, it's rural-suburban. For those who are making it, the middle step in the traditional rural to urban to suburban pilgrimage is being omitted. This is the suburbs. These folks are here (I'm talking about those with a choice) for the same reasons social worker types live in Maryland or New York copywriters in Connecticut. Attitudinally, they come out of the same place! Cities are crowded, dirty, evil, and no place to raise kids. . . . It's the damndest thing when you think about it, Johnsonville is more like suburbia than anywhere else, with the professionals in Country Club Estates, Wellman Heights, and Laurel Shores, blue collar in the trailer parks and a block off Main Street, and the agri-industrials—those who work straight 40 and farm on the side—in Vox and Possum Fork. . . . There are rural ghettos here, too. Not like those you heard about in Soc. 101—they are more dispersed. Which means they aren't as obvious, don't stick out like Watts or Hough. They haven't exploded violently, so we conclude the frustration may not be as raw, nor the misery so acute. But I really don't know how bad it is in those shacks behind the cornfields and between the tobacco patches. When I visit one of these homes . . . I feel like I'm invading their privacy. The Man comes to hire you on or collect, not to talk about what you're up against. So they suspect me, tell me what they think I want to hear, and I'm glad they're so resourceful. Who knows what the next guy might be after? . . . To think about what I'm doing here as history-bending or future-shaping is presumptuous. But it takes a measure of presumption to keep going sometimes. I don't want to perform the function of the monastics in the Middle Ages, preserving and perpetuating culture without questioning it. Nor do I want to march around Jericho, throwing rocks through the windows and burning the cultural file cabinets. . . .

So he came to Johnsonville.

And the man who started this digression, who is not overly keen on social reform or the power of Wellman Industries, repeated his comment to me: "The best thing Jack Wellman did was to bring that boy in here." And Shay Hagan said, "Oli mah Laward, he is g-r-a-t-e."

I DROVE PAST THE TOBACCO AND THE CORN and a few miles outside of town I came upon Reo Cooper sitting in his dusty Ford Galaxy beneath the Tree of Life. He stirred slowly from his midafternoon nap, shook my hand, and suggested that I sit on the fender of the car while he occupied the little stool leaning up against the trunk of the massive water oak.

He pointed above him and said he called it the Tree of Life "cause so many folks workin' in th' fields or passin' down this ol' road stops and finds rest here in th' shade. Th' highway department wanted to put a new road through heah and cut it down, and I said, 'Oh no, oh no, if you have t' cut down th' Tree of Life, we can do without th' road. An' th' tree is still heah and folks are always welcome to stop.'"

Reo Cooper was born one mile down this road fifty-six years ago. He worked for white farmers until he managed to buy the small farm which is now his home. He also runs a grocery in an unpainted building no larger than three Florence County privies nailed together between the highway and the tobacco. He raised seven children here, six of whom have gone North. Many years ago, he helped to organize the NAACP and then the Florence County Voters' League with the purpose of registering black voters. He fought battles in this corner of the county through long years when he felt "mighty alone," and he looks older than his age. There is in his voice a deep richness, a dignity worn like a single medal on the tunic of an old veteran observing Armistice Day fifty years later.

But Reo Cooper has not retired. Although he is a private man who shuns the stage, the legends of his influence are many. It is said, for example, that after the schools were integrated, several classrooms remained segregated. Reo Cooper was allegedly told by officials that they could do nothing about it, to which he replied, "Then I will find someone who can." HEW officials appeared shortly thereafter and the last color bars fell. It is also said that when a restaurant over in the next county refused to serve blacks even after the Public Accommodations Act of 1965, Reo Cooper disappeared for several days, returned with some kind of mysterious letter which was then sent by messenger to the proprietor who, the story reports, sought a black who had been refused service, took him by the arm, and led him into the restaurant. I do not know if such things are true. When Reo Cooper is asked about them he merely smiles and wipes the August sweat from his brow. A respected farmer and a member of the town planning commission, I suppose, keeps such things to himself.

"Oh, theah was tough times," he said. "Sure theah was. Plenty o' times I left home I wasn't expectin' to get back. I am certain that I am heah today because of th' good white folks. One white man made the long trip out heah once just to tell me about what some other folks was gonna do to me one night. I nevah really paid no mind to it cause I figger a man only got one life to live and one time to die and I wasn't supposed t' die in nobody else's time." And he laughed and shook the handkerchief at a fly.

"Things have changed. Things are pretty pleasant 'long that line. Our big problem is employment. Any decent job in these parts ain't goin' to a Negro if the white man can he'p it. Common labor, sure, but that's all. It's an ol' Southern tradition. Some of th' young Southern whites got a different mind but we still got some old ones hangin' on the ropes. Get some of the dieharders out o' there and you can probably do pretty good. But I think a lot of things are workin' in our favor now. I don't reckon I ought t' say these things

to somebody I don't know. You ain't one o' them crackers, are you?"

And he laughed and shooed another fly.

"Our problem"—in the patois of his speech the long—"problem" is "probe-lim" and "Johnsonville 'Jones-unville'"—"is that after all these yeahs the white man is still tryin' to say what the black man wants. You take the point you heard at Wellman's, that Negroes prefer white men to supervise 'em, or that Negroes will not work more 'n eight hours, or that Negroes do not want to be supervisors. I say our problem would be solved if th' white man would stop tryin' to say what the black man wants and let th' black man speak for himself. You know theah it said that th' white man is lyin' when he says those things. They are only lyin' to themselves, because they are ignorant of the Negro, and most lies people tell themselves to begin in ignorance. They are ignorant of the black man, so they tell themselves lies 'bout 'em."

"Th' problem at Wellman's is that certain jobs are segregated for blacks, certain jobs for whites. And th' jobs for blacks are th' lower-payin' jobs. Theah information on the average wages is never broken down for the blacks by themselves. I talk to lots of Negroes who work theah. In th' synthetic department Negro men are gettin' a low pay rate of \$1.90 per hour and white women are gettin' a rate of \$2.20 per hour doin' the same work. I know machine workers gettin' \$1.40 an hour and wool workers gettin' \$1.73, and th' problem is they stay in those jobs yeah in and yeah out. They write you over theah that Negro turnover is high. It is high because Negroes get discouraged. If you believed you were doomed to be a hooker (a worker who moves bundles of wool in the processing plant) th' rest of your life, you might quit, too. But th' Negroes have not been shown at Wellman's that they can move up. One o' my boys was workin' down theah when they was buildin' that plant. When they started they gave the whites 'bout six weeks schooling and not th' Negroes. He left, my boy did."

"Of course they want a union. If you was black, you would want a union, 'cause you goin' to want every dime you can get. You go down to Mr. Turner's store and you walk alongside a white man from the plant who's makin' money, and you both want a pound of bacon that costs 99 cents. That butcher ain't gonna sell it to th' other fella for 99 cents, and then say he will sell it to you for 80 cents cause you are 20 per cent less than th' white man. No suh, th' cost of living ain't no respecter of persons. And when you have been paid that hook into that wool fo' yeahs, and you ain't got money to show fo' it than a job you might lose any day to the Japanese, and you know th' guy above you is goofin' off but is going away with stayin' above you cause you is black, and the union come along and say, 'I'll get that job for you,' you are gonna vote for th' union whether it delivers or not. You been fo'ced to vote fo' it."

"I don't think it is Mr. Wellman, no. I don't. I think it is the people under him with that ol' Southern tradition. Mr. Wellman came down here and he has done good for everyone here, but he had to rely on local men, bo'n and br'd in South Carolina, the ones who brag 'bout how many Negroes they got workin' for 'em although they all are common labor. Common labor, go to it. Skilled labor, no suh, hands off. So-r-r-eee. When the whites starts off so much ahead, there is somethin' wrong, somethin' wrong. *There is something wrong!*"

And it was the only time during the afternoon that he raised his voice.

NOT HARD TO CONCLUDE WHY WELLMAN'S wool combing Johnsonville amounts to 35 per cent of the U.S. supply: G. Wellman, president and chief operating officer, arrives early and stays late. He had returned at midnight from a business trip to Boston and was in his office at eight when he left the next morning. He is not a man for small talk. He uses answers, and I was not with him very long before knowing that this man could run the Pentagon. He has the confidence of an airline pilot, the competitiveness of a politician, and the humility of a man who has the mayor of the town on his payroll—legitimately.

"I don't want this town for myself," he said. "I believe Johnsonville ought to be a good town because I live here. If I lived in Boston, I would be taking as much an interest as I do in Johnsonville. I would like to see Johnsonville pick up and do the things you want your hometown to do. But I don't want to start pushing people around, or the company started to do like the old coal czars did, nothing would happen but anger and resentment. Sure we are the biggest employer in town and that's different from being the smallest, but that's the result of life and not the result of dictation. I would like to see her industries in here. The town needs diversity."

Someone had given me a copy of the company house organ with a column in it in which Jack Wellman had written: "The greatest war on poverty is a successful corporation." In it he had also said that he was so impressed with the slogan "Poverty—Go to Work" that he gave it to his wife to carry in her pocketbook. I asked him about it.

"It's true. If you've seen our ads urging public support for reducing imports, you've seen our point that 'America's mills have made her great.' I believe that. And when I hear what imports are doing to us, I realize that they are hurting towns like Johnsonville. They are putting people off payrolls and back on the unemployment rolls, and I don't think that is good for the country, the country, or the men and women who are involved. I don't know what happened to the silk industry. It could happen here. There are people in Washington who say that if wages are the only way to keep the textile industry in America, then let it go to Japan. I think that is very short-sighted. It is not a question of low wages. It is paying what the market will bear."

As he talked more intensely, I noted, the more he looked like a younger Jack Hawkins, especially with that huge square jaw. But I do not think he was acting.

"I am aware of what some blacks say about some of our problems. But it is true that we are paying wages the market will bear. We're not paying low wages because there's no economy of paying low wages. In the face of our competition abroad and our profit margin we would be out of business if we competed with other industries. Look at any textile plant and you will see that we're all in the same boat.

"We do have a high turnover of blacks—I'd say 80 per cent on an annual basis. I don't think it is because they don't like to work here. Many of them just want to work long hours and not to jeopardize welfare payments. When I check into the reason for our problem, it's welfare. I believe in some kind of welfare but I especially believe in welfare that works, welfare that takes away the incentive to work. We have day-caring schools, night classes, and other programs, but we still have not been able to reduce that turnover. Many of them still want that welfare. Then of course there is migration. Many of the best, most talented Negroes have left this area. We have been left with many who are largely illiterate, poorly

motivated, and difficult to train. We've tried to have black supervisors. My people tell me they have really tried, but the Negroes have been asked and they just don't seem to want the responsibility. There's always the problem of finding people with the mental competence to do these jobs. You just have to keep trying.

"The union? I think it is more a black-power movement. It's not really a complaint about wages, conditions, or benefits—it's this black-power thing, it's the mood with blacks all over the country. We're not immune from it down here.

"There are plenty of pressures. The union thing. The imports. Prices. I am going to have to lay off some more people soon, people who have been with me several years. You take the highly skilled wool buyers—it takes a man seven years to learn that business. They can't turn around and get another job in their field. I feel for them.

"Maybe I'm cocky or something but I think there'll always be wool. I think one way or the other we'll continue to handle wool in this town. That's why I guess I want to see it do things. That's why I was willing to help the planning project. The biggest problem in a town like this is apathy. You can shake it up with projects like the sewer thing, the housing we got over there for the Negroes—things that get people talking and pulling together. But this is a good place to live. I want to keep making it better for everybody, all races. As Johnsonville goes, so goes Wellman."

And vice versa.



Washington, D.C.

I STOPPED AT A KIOSK ON THE ELLIPSE south of the White House and picked up a brochure which welcomed me to the nation's capital. It also informed me that "in every age, there has been one city which has seemed to be the center of the world, which the Fates have chosen to be the guardian for the hopes of all men, to hold and control their aspirations, to determine the probability of their glory, or their happiness, or their misery, their bondage or their freedom.

"That world city in our time is Washington."

In the middle of the center of the world, in the Third Police District, ten blocks north of the White House and only a brisk walk from the fashionable parties being held at that hour in Georgetown and along Embassy Row, Officer Willie Lofton tested the siren on his patrol car. It worked. His companion, Robert Horan, said, "Willie, if they didn't furnish us with one of those things, you'd buy yourself one for Christmas." Willie Lofton started to reply but the voice of the dispatcher interrupted: "Shooting reported in front of Republic Theater on Thirteenth." Lofton turned sharply to the left and

two blocks down the street we could see people running. "They're starting early tonight," Lofton said; he and Horan had only begun the 8:00 P.M. shift thirteen minutes ago.

A white Pontiac convertible sat in the street in front of the theater—the marquee proclaimed "A New World of Thrills Beneath the Planet of the Apes"—and Lofton and Horan ran toward it after we had pulled into an alley and stopped. Someone had fired a shotgun at the driver and his woman companion, who had fled into a bar next to the theater. The driver of the car, a large Negro man in his early thirties, was holding his left hand, which was bleeding slightly, and he did not want to answer any questions. Beneath the front seat of the car Lofton discovered a holster and a dozen .45 shells but no gun. The driver shook his head and said they were not in the car when he left home and, no, he did not know how they got here. Lofton did not believe him. The man replied, "That's your problem." Police searched the bar into which the man's girlfriend had gone but they did not find a weapon. While Horan and other officers escorted the man and his buckshot-riddled convertible to precinct headquarters I walked with Lofton down the alley from which the assailant apparently had fired.

The alley was joined by still a smaller drive running behind a long row of tenements. There are 418 miles of alleys in the world city. In this, the worst crime precinct in Washington, most of them stink with garbage and are littered with broken gin and whiskey bottles. Lofton began to poke through the abandoned cars and dark cellars, and among the garbage behind one stoop he picked up four empty shotgun shells. "The guy who did it would have been a fool to run from here with that gun still in his possession," Lofton said. "He's bound to have tried to throw it away. The idea is to get it, because if I can find that shotgun there's one more gun off the street that I don't have to worry about getting me or some other officer." Shotguns were used to murder seven persons in the District of Columbia last year and were weapons in 79 aggravated assaults and 219 robberies.

Lofton unsnapped the flap of his holster and disappeared into an open basement. Three black teen-agers came down the alley drinking strawberry sodas and one of them said to me. "Policemen have a ball? A ball? Who they tryin' to hassle now? Whose back they on this time?" And his companion said, "They can plow into any ol' body when they want to, right? They can just look at me—I don't look like no hero and they can just jump out on me and beat my round head flat." I asked if it had ever happened to him and he replied, "Naw, but it could." And they tossed the emptied cups in the alley and walked away.

"Why is this district so rough?" I asked Lofton as he continued his search. "Cause we got everything. We got peddlers and pushers and junkies, and we got peddlers and pushers that want to muscle in on other peddlers and pushers, and then you got a pusher that fills someone with bad stuff and they come back to get him. It's a chain, a chain that's got no beginning, no end. It just goes on and on. But in my opinion, it all adds up to one thing. It adds up to the dope traffic. And I just don't think there is anything much that a uniformed police officer can do about that."

He stopped at another abandoned car, tried unsuccessfully to raise the rusty trunk, pulled some old bedsprings away from a wall, and jumped back startled when three children about five years old came sliding down a mound of dirt and debris which they were using for a playground.

He knocked on the back door of a tenement and a woman

appeared with a little girl who was holding a doll. "ah," she said, "I heard all that shootin' but I didn't see an' him cause I picked up the girl here and ran for the house. I don't know who it was. It sounded like everybody out there had a gun."

"It's getting regular now," Lofton said to her.

"It sure is. It's gettin' regular and terrible."

"We need the help of people like you if we're going to get them off the streets. At least to get the guns off."

"It just seems like everybody has a gun," she said. "I don't know where they get them. It seems you can buy them like candy in a store." According to official police records, 1,200 revolvers and pistols were used last year in 130 murders, 1,200 aggravated assaults, and 4,590 robberies—all in the world city.

"That gun has to be somewhere in this area," Lofton repeated as he walked along the alley. "He just couldn't be stupid as to try to get out of here with it. Unless it was a confusion he came back and got it." The largest rat I have ever seen jumped from the top of a garbage can and scurried in front of us.

Lofton leaned over and picked up a newspaper shaped like a long-barrel gun. "This is what he brought here with," he said. "I sure would like to find that gun."

Horan returned from the station and said the man would not talk. "Apparently it was some kind of personal feud," he said. "Somebody tried to ambush him and he knows no more. But he doesn't want our help. I think he thinks he'll take care of him himself."

We got back into the patrol car. "Did you notice anything?" Willie Lofton asked of Horan.

"No, what?"

"I didn't use my siren."

We cruised between Q Street and Florida Avenue in part of the city that I had only seen occasionally from a patrol car during seven years in Washington. Twenty minutes after the dispatcher reported a robbery by two armed men a block from the Republic Theater. Another car was sent to investigate. In less than an hour there were six robberies reported. There were 9,338 robberies and 898 attempted robberies reported in the center of the world last year. Of these, 1,799 of the robberies had been cleared up. There were 18,256 burglaries. That is only the number reported.

Willie Lofton is twenty-four, a tall slender black migrant from North Carolina. The ease and coolness with which he carries himself led one of his fellow officers, a black, to say that Willie Lofton is conceited; I think the correct description is aplomb. His companion, Robert Horan, a native of Washington. He is twenty-two, a soft-spoken, introverted shy young man with full hair, a moustache, and steel-rimmed glasses that give him the appearance of a graduate student in English literature. He is white. Both men patrol in the area they patrol. It is a black area, of course; and so is most of Washington is. When I came here as a student in 1954 just over 50 per cent of the pupils in the public-school system were black. They increased to 79.7 per cent when I moved to Washington in 1960 and when I left, seven years later, they were 93 per cent of the school enrollment. Washington, in fact, is the largest plantation left in America, run for the United States government by an overseer named John McMillan, who is chairman of the House District of Columbia Committee and whose home is in Florence, South Carolina. He has run the center of the world since 1948. He would have been forced to retire two years ago

een in civil service. There are 850,000 people on his
tion, three times as many people as live in the State of
ing, which has two United States Senators and one
er of Congress. The world city has John McMillan.
out of six of his subjects live in inadequate housing.
undred twenty thousand of them earn less than \$3,000
lly.

received a call to go to an apartment to deal with "an
sted guest." The young white man who met us outside
hat another man upstairs refused to leave the apart-
"Is he a friend?" Lofton asked. "Yes, but I don't want
ere," he replied. When we reached the apartment the
man and his "friend," a black youth, broke into a
argument and the black left. The young man who
ained began to weep.

lover's quarrel," Horan said when we were back in
r. He and Lofton had not spoken more than a dozen
in the apartment. "In a situation like that the less you
e better," Lofton said.

e get a lot like that," Horan said. "I'd say 80 per cent
r time is taken up with noncriminal matters: family
ments, disorderlies, dog bites, taking drunks home, dig-
g traffic at fires, and reports—sometimes I think the
department exists just to keep the paper companies in
business." In 1969 the Washington police department spent
14,088 hours—an average of 393.1 hours per day, or 49
lost" per day—in what are called "Details Out of Unit."
day police spent 264 "on-duty" hours and 387 "off-
hours in court and in hearings.

nce dispatch sent me to help at a fire," Lofton said. But
n't a fire—it was a homicide. Guess what the fire trucks
nao put out. A body. But I arrested the man who did it.

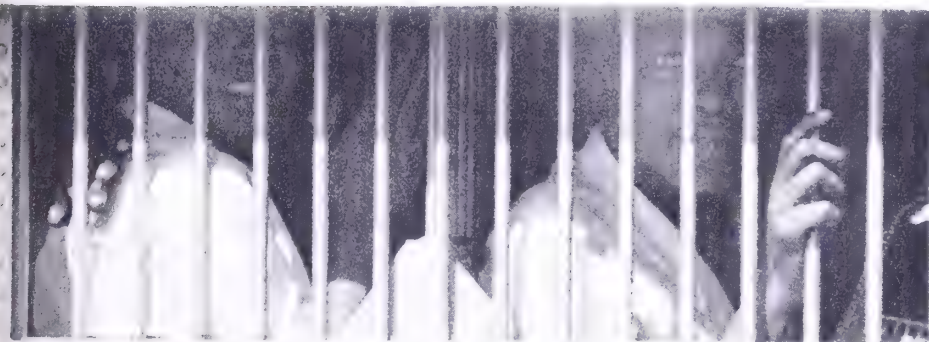
One time I got a call for a man lying down in a hallway—
usually that's a drunk—but when I got there it turned out to
be a rape. He was down, all right," and Willie Lofton laughed.
"I got him but the lady didn't want to prosecute. Instead she
got mad at me because I didn't have an ice pack for her jaw.
I tried to send her to the hospital but she just cussed me and
said she didn't want a hospital, she just wanted an ice pack."

The dispatcher broadcast an alert for "five white males
suspected of armed robbery" and Lofton said, "How about
that? *White* males for a change."

At the scene of a complaint of "two disorderly juveniles"
we were greeted by a hostile young man of about twenty and
three boys under ten. No, they had not seen anyone with fire-
crackers. No, they had no idea where you could get fire-
crackers around here. "There's where the corruption of the
young begins," Bob Horan said. "He'll teach those kids to say
pigs and to hate cops before they even know what he is talking
about."

At 10:46 there was a disorderly conduct in a restaurant on
Connecticut Avenue seven blocks from the office of Spiro T.
Agnew. Two young men had ordered a meal and then said
they had no money to pay for it. Willie Lofton took them to
the street and talked to them for thirty minutes. "They
ordered the food knowing they couldn't pay for it," Horan
said. "They've been here from New Orleans two weeks, going
from restaurant to restaurant like that. No, there's not much
you can do with them. They're probably homosexuals and
would prefer to go to jail. That's where they really get their
kicks. And free food to boot. About the only thing you can
do is give them a lecture like Willie is doing and let them
go."

Lofton returned to the car and said, "I believe they really



were hungry. They said they went to three restaurants and no one gave 'em anything. I told 'em to get a job washing dishes or get out of town."

Lofton and Horan returned to the station to file reports. "That's why I like *Adam 12*," Willie Lofton said. "You don't ever see them doing any paperwork, do you?"

THE MIDNIGHT SHIFT CAME ON DUTY and I went off in a patrol car with Officer Sam Wofford. He is not inclined to talk, but I learned that he grew up in Chattanooga, went to New York to work, did not like it, came to Washington, is married, and has a two-year-old son. Officer Wofford is black. He travels alone in the patrol car because business is duller after midnight. Last year there were some 4,200 offenses between 10:00 P.M. and midnight, 3,700 between 8:00 P.M. and 10:00 P.M., and only 2,500 between midnight and 2:00 A.M.

We were cruising on 14th Street when a woman hailed us to the corner. She pleaded with Sam Wofford to "go up there and scare my man. He's drinkin' and beatin' me—I can show you marks all over—and I need you just to come up and scare 'im. I don't want 'im arrested, just scared a little bit, please?" Officer Wofford said that he couldn't go around "scaring people."

"But just a little," she implored him. "Just walk in there and look mean, you hear? I know you can do that for me. I'm a lady just like your wife and I fix him real good food and he treats me bad."

"Why don't you leave him?"

"Cause I can't do no better, you understand? But that don't give him the right to beat on me. I go to use the laundrymat—do his washing, too—and when I come back he is drunk. You have to see the condition—you have to read between the lines, Officer. I am a good woman. My daughter teaches Spanish and English... my son... I got something behind me, Officer... I don't see no sense in my livin' with him, but"—and she looked at Sam Wofford with resignation—"I can't do no better. All I want the law to do is to tell him to keep from gettin' drunk and to keep his hands off me."

"I can't do anything, ma'am, unless you want to make a formal complaint. He's in your house. You're livin' with him and you don't have to."

"Pretty please?"

Sam Wofford shook his head and she turned and walked off.

"Woman attacked at —" the dispatcher said, and it was close enough that when we arrived she was still screaming although the assailant was gone. She was about twenty-seven, standing in the doorway of the second-floor apartment in a short pink nightgown, holding her left hand in a bloody sheet. "I woke up and heard someone in the room—came through the window over there, see, how it's been cut—and all of a sudden he leaped on me and I started fightin' with him and he cut me. I screamed and screamed and he ran out the door." Other policemen arrived and Sam Wofford and I drove through the area but there was no one who fit the woman's description. "Sometimes you think you're chasing ghosts," he said. "But ghosts don't carry knives."

On the radio we could hear a squad car reporting a robbery by three armed suspects, one with a knife. The dispatcher queried, "Which suspect was armed with the knife?" And the patrolman answered, "The gentleman with the green shirt." Wofford smiled and started to say something but the dis-

patcher interrupted to send him to a robbery. We arrived to find a hysterical woman. She was in her late fifties.

"Oh, my God," she screamed. "They got my purse! They got my purse." She had parked her car at the curb and before she could get out a young man ran to the opposite side of the road, reached into the car, snatched the purse from the back seat and disappeared around the corner.

"The check—the check—I had a check in there," she cried. "I just got a check today from my boy in Vietnam. A \$100 dollar check. Oh my God, they got my purse. Somebody got my purse. Won't somebody get 'em?" And then she became hysterical. "I would've got 'em, I would've caught 'em myself, but somebody held me back. Somebody held me back."

"Yeah, I did," a middle-aged man said. "She was scared after whoever it was and I stopped her. First I knew she was never catch him—he was a fast little booger—and then I thought that if she did catch him, he might pull a knife on her."

"Did you think of chasing him?" Sam Wofford asked.

"Are you kiddin'?" the man replied. And he seemed genuinely shocked at the thought.

"O-h-h-h-h," the woman moaned. And she was wailing hysterically again. "They got my check. They got the \$100 dolluh bill I had. And my medicine was in there, I brought my medicine."

Her eyes widened and she clapped her right hand over her eyes. "O-h-h-h-h, the letter! The letter!" And she started to run toward the corner, but Sam Wofford restrained her. "What letter?" he asked.

"There was a letter in there from my boy, he sent me the check. It was the first letter since he got to Vietnam. Oh my God, Officer, I want that letter. I got to have that letter. Please get my letter for me, please officer, get my letter."

Sam Wofford cruised a long time through the streets in the alleys of the area, flashing his light into garages, parked automobiles and back porches of darkened houses, but he did not find the purse and it bothered him.

"Those are the folks who get hurt a lot," he finally said. "Poor folks. An old woman with a son in the Army who sends money home to her, and some damn thug steals it from her. I am, hustling from midnight until eight every mornin' trying to make ends meet. Over there in Vietnam a guy's risked his neck for almost nothing, which he sends home to take care of his woman back there. And this guy hangs around the street corner and grabs the old lady's purse with a buck and a hundred dollar check in it. And when you catch him, he's out of there in hours. Hours. Hanging round looking for somebody's purse. It just isn't right."

He put another cigarette in his mouth and did a cigarette on 13th and from that particular vantage point at 2:00 A.M. in the morning we could see the Washington Monument and the Capitol. Both were lighted brilliantly and looked exactly like the picture on the brochure that welcomes the visitor to the center of the world.

PAUL FUQUA PUT DOWN HIS STEAK KNIFE and showed his head. The very act made a marked impression on the people in the restaurant because Paul Fuqua's is not a place you can ignore. With his red walrus moustache and his topknot, he looks like a British Lancer at Omdurman. At the moment, however, he is the public-affairs officer of the Metropolitan Police Department.

"I am not a hysterical man," he said, "and I think I know as much about the statistics of crime in this town as any-

s, I have to say that I would not want my wife to shop
ark downtown. That is a helluva thing to say about the
's capital. I do not like saying it. But it is true. Our
rate has been falling the past few months but it's still
ere are a lot of reasons for it. One is that we have a
riminals. Period. Human nature does have a dark side;
nen will kill, steal, beat, and rape simply because that
f their nature runs them. But that isn't all. The man
ays that crime is not aggravated in this town because
ditions social and political is a fool or a bigot. Jerry
[Chief of Police in Washington] has an almost totally
constituency and a power structure that is dominated
thern whites. The same Congressmen who get up and
have to send another hundred million dollars to South
m to help their fight for self-determination oppose
dime spent on self-determination right here in the na-
capital. Why, the General Hospital here ran out of
lin, did you know that? Our court system is an abysmal
e, especially the juvenile courts. They're bad as they
d there aren't enough of them. Our corrections pro-
would do justice to the Stone Age. Schoolchildren are
taught in low-grade slums. Most of the best teachers
led to the suburbs in Maryland and Virginia. Until
years ago we didn't even have a city college. But what
do? We do things like tearing down the slums in the
vest part of town, which was a good thing, and turning
ea into luxury living, which wasn't a good thing. When
nd I shave in the morning, we're looking at the cause
ne, because we support a political system that keeps a
close to a million living on scraps thrown it by people
re"—and he motioned toward Capitol Hill—"who deep
r heart hate the place. We've got lots of households with
lor television sets but Washington doesn't have a good
litation center for kids in trouble. We've got lots of
y clubs and Cadillacs but no narcotics-addiction pro-
worth a damn in the capital. We've spent \$356 billion

in four years for national defense and more than \$20 billion
for highways and yet if you will look out there"—and he
pointed across the dining room of the Hilton Hotel through
large windows overlooking part of the city—"you will see the
roofs of some of the worst slums in the country. Right out
there across that swimming pool where all the tourists are
enjoying themselves. Right on over those rooftops you are in
one of the worst crime districts anywhere. I couldn't even tell
you how bad it is because I am sure we don't get more than
25 per cent of all crimes actually reported to us. And those
statistics don't touch white-collar crime. One officer of the
Riggs National Bank told me that his bank's losses to robbery
are only about 10 per cent of what they lose through internal
dishonesty. But that doesn't make the papers."

He shook his head again. People at other tables were
straining to hear him but unfortunately they were not close
enough. Paul Fuqua said, "We should be a model for the
country. We're a model all right. We're a model of what has
gone wrong in this country. With all the problems we have,
everything's breaking down and we can't even govern our-
selves right here in the capital."

I left to catch the plane to New York. The taxi driver turned
down 15th Street and drove past the White House. From here
you can see tourists enjoying the sights of Washington and
natives playing softball on the Ellipse. You can see the
gleaming monuments to Washington and Jefferson and the
far hills of Virginia.

The driver said this is his favorite view. He said he comes
this way every time he can. He said he always enjoyed driv-
ing at night because when this place is lighted up it is the
most beautiful view in the world. But he said he stopped driv-
ing at night two years ago. He said it got too dangerous. He
said he would not go a mile north of here after dark if they
made him President and gave him the White House. But he
missed the view at night, he said.

It was time to go home.

*One night in the midst of this journey I sat with a friend
accinatti watching television, and heard a local an-
er urge his listeners to "call with your comments about
ogramming. We want to hear from you. We want to
what you think. Your message will be recorded and
ned later." My friend threw his shoe at the screen, and
I not been drinking.*

*I treacherous to tell people that you want to know what
ink, and then force them to speak to a machine. People
contact. They want to affirm themselves.*

*I und that most people not only hunger to talk, but also
story to tell. They are not often heard, but they have
ing to say. They are desperate to escape the stereotypes
hich the pollsters and the media and the politicians have
ged them for convenient manipulation. They feel help-
make their government hear them. They were brought
believe that each man can make a difference, but they
et to see the idea proven*

*I discovered how unfair it is to call a man "bad" because
f his culture still owns him. I found out how important
get a man to acknowledge that people different from
re also human.*

*it people want to be generous. They expect their
have visions of justice even if they themselves are un-
They expect from their country an ethos, an honorable
ter and enduring beliefs, even if, wisely, they resist a*

*common set of scruples and a rigid ethic. There are people
who can endure personal tragedies and private griefs exacted
by the nation only if they feel the nation itself is worthy.*

*People are more anxious and bewildered than alarmed.
They don't know what to make of it all: of long hair and end-
less war, of their children deserting their country, of con-
gestion on their highways and overflowing crowds in their
national parks; of art that does not uplift and movies that do
not reach conclusions; of intransigence in government and
violence; of politicians who come and go while problems
plague and persist; of being lonely surrounded by people, and
bored with so many possessions; of the failure of organiza-
tions to keep the air breathable, the water drinkable, and man
peaceable; of being poor. I left Houston convinced that lib-
erals and conservatives there shared three basic apprehen-
sions: they want the war to stop, they do not want to lose their
children, and they want to be proud of their country. But it
was the same everywhere.*

*There is a myth that the decent thing has almost always
prevailed in America when the issues were clearly put to the
people. It may not always happen. I found among people an
impatience, an intemperance, an isolation which invites op-
portunists who promise too much and castigate too many.
And I came back with questions. Can the country be wise if it
hears no wisdom? Can it be tolerant if it sees no tolerance?
Can the people I met escape their isolation if no one listens? □*

BOOKS

The middle-class mind of Kate Millett

Sexual Politics, by Kate Millett. Doubleday, \$7.95.

Good causes attract poor advocates. The demands of the women's movements, at least those demands that can be brought to socioeconomic focus, are transparently just. So much so that to some people, including the more fanatical Women's Liberationists, they also seem a little dull. Equal pay for equal work, child-care centers for working mothers—these could become realities within a decade or two, and without bombs, guerrilla warfare, or even the razing of Western Civilization. But precisely because they don't lend themselves to ideological dramatics, such proposals gain little attention.

Our dominant economic classes and institutions seem to find this a satisfactory state of affairs. Just as they regard the rhetoric of black power as less troublesome than paying to build houses in black slums, so they are likely to find declamations against "sexism" less troublesome than having to raise the wages of women workers. And not only less troublesome, but also a good deal more entertaining. For at a time when boredom has become a crucial social fact, many people, especially in the professional classes, feel a need for new kinds of entertainment drawing upon ideologies of ultimate salvation and the rhetoric of desperate acts. Among segments of the intellectuals and the young there keeps growing a quasi-religious hunger for total system, total solution, total apocalypse: and soon enough ideologues appear with doctrines to match.

Kate Millett, author of *Sexual Politics*, is the latest such ideologue, and one would need a heart of stone not to be amused by the success she has won. Imagine the sheer comedy of it: a book declaring itself to be a "revolutionary" manifesto, presenting Jean Genet as a moral exemplum, and with the barest lift of the eyebrow envisaging the abolition of the family, gains for its author

a not-so-small fortune, selection by the Book-of-the-Month Club, and the cover of *Time*.

Miss Millett is a writer entirely of our moment, a figment of the *Zeitgeist*, bearing the rough and careless marks of what is called higher education and exhibiting a talent for the delivery of gross simplicities in tones of leaden complexity. Brilliant in an unserious way, she has learned at Columbia University how to "work up" a pastiche of scholarship that will impress those unable or disinclined to read with care. She has a mind of great energy but small feeling for nuance. She ranges wildly over history, politics, psychology, and anthropology, but with little respect for these disciplines in their own right. She is the ideal highbrow popularizer for the politics and culture of the New Left, at least some of whose followers like to back up mindless slogans with recondite volumes.

In all the favorable reviews of *Sexual Politics* that I have seen, not one has so much as troubled to compare the book with Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex*. Now it is true that de Beauvoir's book was published in this country all of seventeen years ago, for us roughly the equivalent of a millennium. Still, anyone comparing the two books would immediately recognize the extent to which Miss Millett has drawn upon de Beauvoir's famous work. The central ideas and sentiments of *Sexual Politics* are simply appropriated, in vulgarized form, from *The Second Sex*, and reviewers with some intellectual conscience might consequently have shown restraint in praising Miss Millett's originality of thought. Those inclined to rigor might also have remarked that she has yet to master the ethic of intellectual obligation: she cites de Beauvoir twice, in relatively minor contexts, thereby

avoiding the *gaffe* of pretending an earlier book doesn't exist, but at the same point does she make an adequate acknowledgment of her debt.

II

At the heart of *Sexual Politics*, in the key chapter, "Theory of Sexual Politics," lies a nightmare vision of endless female subordination to the suffering at the hands of men. "Sexual dominion [is] perhaps the most pervasive ideology of our culture and provides the most fundamental concept of power." The relations between these are basically political, that is, relations of power. Everything else that happens to and between men and women—sex to love to mutual responsibility to family life—is secondary. In these relationships the status of woman is that of a "chattel," a status accorded by sanction through marriage: "a change of the female's domestic sphere and (sexual) consortium in return for financial support." The woman is exploited for her labor and/or used as a sexual object; and the exploited men.

Since sexual dominion is the fundamental, as also the *raison d'être* of the patriarchal family and can't, in fact, be eradicated short of destroying the patriarchal family, we soon arrive at a terrifying impasse: an all-but-timely and all-but-indestructible system of oppression, one in which "the entire culture supports masculine authority in all areas of life and—outside of the family—permits the female none at all." Is it all-but-timeless and all-but-indestructible? Because the patriarchal family seems virtually coextensive with history itself: as Miss Millett must acknowledge, it has been "a basic form within all societies."

This system of power, in which the woman "is customarily deprived of but the most trivial sources of dignity or self-respect," rests primarily, in Miss Millett's judgment, on the social indoctrination of "sexual temperance

Irving Howe teaches English at the City University of New York. He edits the magazine *Dissent* and has written critical studies on Faulkner, Anderson, Orwell, Trotsky, and other modern writers and political leaders.

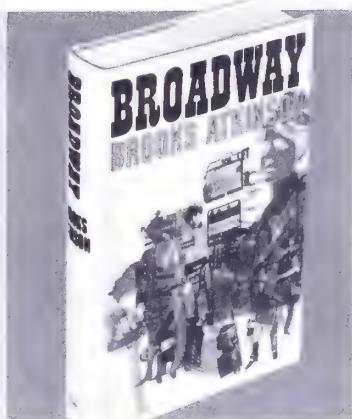
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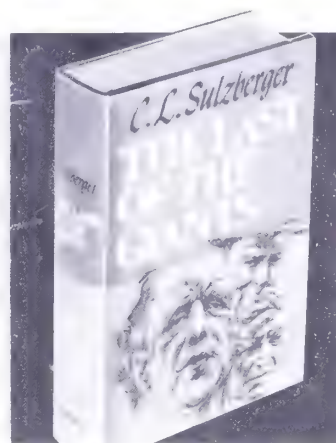
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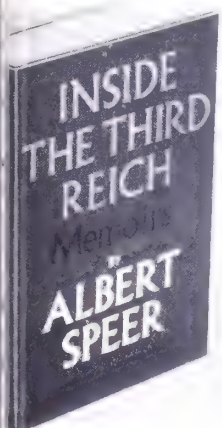
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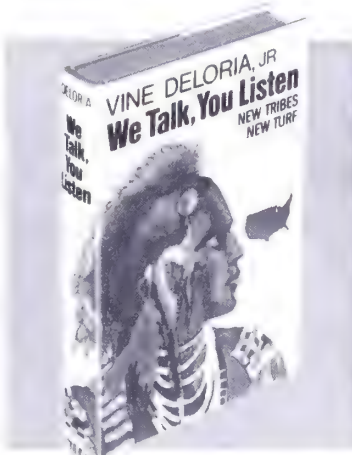
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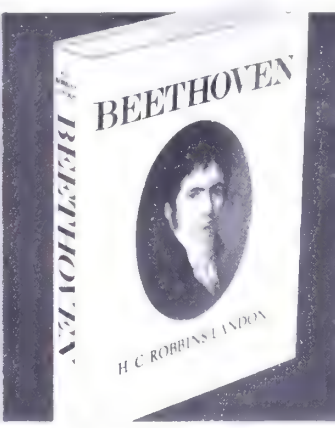
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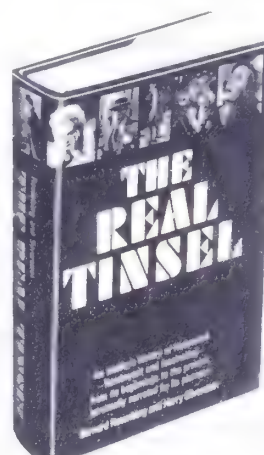
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a learning process whereby little boys and girls are persuaded not merely of their differences but also of male superiority. Sometimes this process of indoctrination occurs through outright insistence upon male dominance, sometimes through brainwashing rationales for confining women to home and children, and sometimes through "the chivalrous stance . . . a game the master group plays in elevating its subject to pedestal level."

Now what needs first and foremost to be noted about this theory is that, in any precise sense of the term, it isn't a theory at all. It is a cry of woe, partly justified; and it offers a description of sexual relationships said to hold pretty much for all of human history. But a cry of woe isn't a theory, and neither is a description. For a group of statements to be given the status of a theory, good theory or bad, it must account for a complex of phenomena in respect to genesis, persistence, necessary characteristics, and relations to other phenomena. With the possible exception of the third item in this list, Miss Millett satisfies none of these requirements. To say "man is a beast" is not a theory about the nature of humanity, it is at best a statement of description; but to say "man is a beast because he is fallen in nature, or because he fails to obey the injunctions of Christianity, or because he has been brutalized by capitalist society"—that is to *begin* developing a theory. Miss Millett, however, makes no effort to account for the origins of male "sexual dominion," and more important, the reasons for its remarkable persistence and prevalence. Given her approach, she really cannot do so. She has no theory.

Miss Millett is determined to resist the view that biological and physical differences between the sexes may have determined or may still crucially determine a sequence of secondary and social differences, for she fears, rather naïvely, that any concession to biology must mean to accept as forever fixed the traditional patterns of male domination. The result is that she must fall back upon an unarticulated but strongly felt vision of conspiracy. And also upon a mode of reasoning utterly circular. Why does the patriarchal family persist through all recorded history? Because the social learning process trains us to accept it as a necessary given. But why does this learning process itself persist through history? Because it is needed for sustaining the patriarchal family. And what does Miss Millett spinning

in circles illuminate here? Very little. Worse still, she presents a vision, misnamed a theory, which if taken seriously offers little hope of change or relief, for she cannot specify any historical factors, other than the "altered consciousness" of a "revolutionary" intellectual elite, which might enable us to end the dominion of patriarchy.

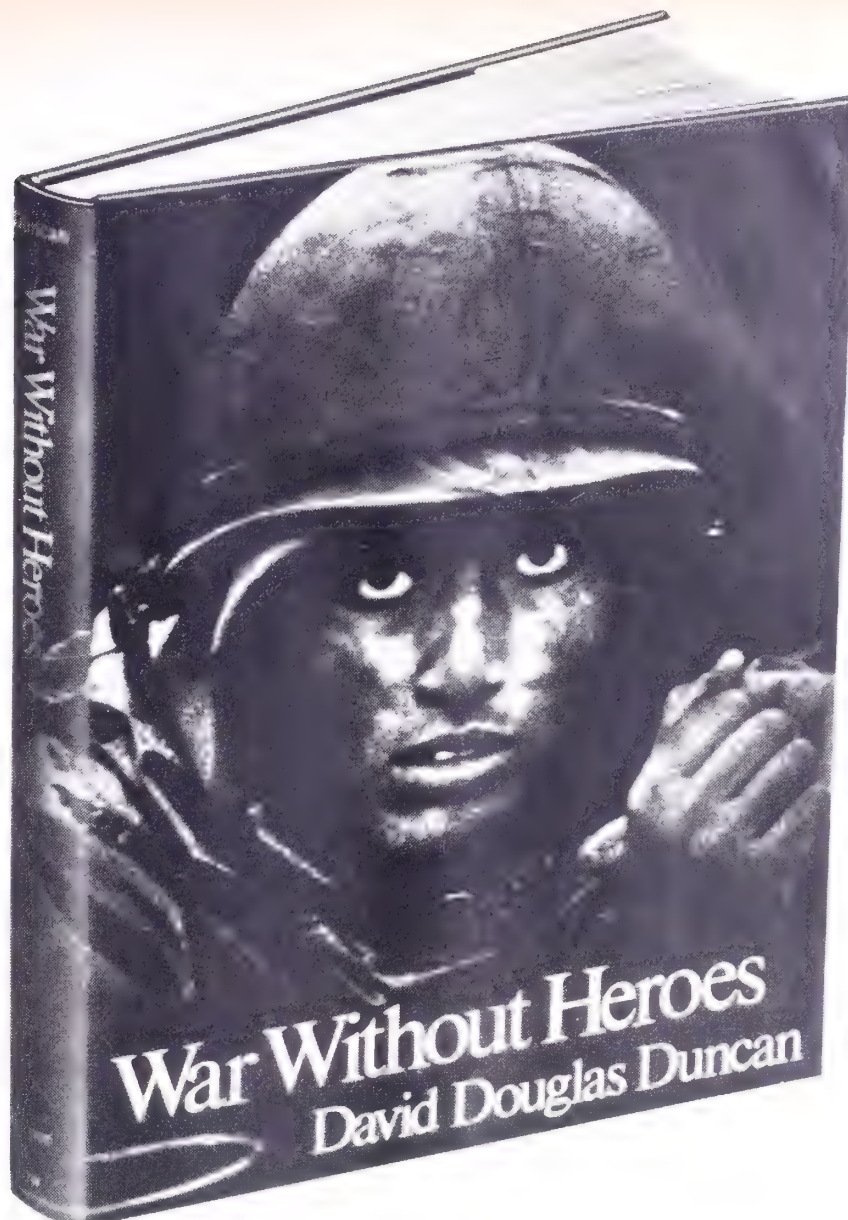
Let us approach the problem from a slightly different angle. Miss Millett argues that there "is no biological reason why the two central functions of the family (socialization and reproduction) need be inseparable from or even take place within it"; further, that we shouldn't take seriously the view that male physical endowment has been or remains a crucial factor in male social ascendancy. One must consequently ask: how then has so "basic a form [as] patriarchy" managed to arise and survive in just about every civilized society? If this "basic" form isn't even needed for socialization and reproduction, what is the secret of its hold? In what way can it even be considered "basic"? These questions, which follow inexorably from her assertions, seem never to trouble Miss Millett, since she writes with the thrust of the polemicist rather than the curiosity of the historian: and the punishment she thereby suffers is to create a picture, all but unknowingly, of endless female subordination from which, analytically, there seems hardly an escape. The root premise of her work, which naturally she does not care to express openly, is that women have been kept down because men have chosen to keep them down—which seems a more terrible tribute to the masculine will than any of its celebrants have ever dreamt of proposing. As a key to "the most pervasive ideology of our culture and . . . the most fundamental concept of power," this view of the life of the sexes is, let us say, a little inadequate.

Now, there have been other theories positing the centrality of social oppression in history. Marxism, for one, sees history thus far as a sequence of class struggles, though with the nature and relationships of the contending classes in constant change. Whatever one may think of this theory, the Marxist approach has one overwhelming advantage over Miss Millett's: it provides a principle of causation and change within society. Far from looking upon man's physical setting and conditions as somehow an "enemy" of the hope for social change, as Miss Millett does, the Marxist view places social change within a

natural context, or more precisely sees mankind as making its history through the materials and within the limits provided by nature. As men achieve mastery over nature and thereby free themselves from the burdens of labor, the internal relationships of society are transformed and men *begin to be able* to determine their own destinies in a distinctly "human" way. At the least, this avoids the simple either-or of biology/culture to which Miss Millett is addicted.) And though Marx believes all history to have been a history of class struggle, he is not scornful of those—precursors in economic terms of Miss Millett's reductionism—who see history as a view of undifferentiated oppression. He insists upon the crucial difference, say, between the master-slave relationship and the bourgeois-proletarian relationship. That is, he insists that historical change occurs and that historical change matters.

By contrast Miss Millett makes no concession to this central fact of history. Fixated upon the patriarchal family as if it were an all but supra-historical constant, and forced to acknowledge its omnipresence, she sketches out a picture of the life of women. She makes no serious effort to differentiate among the various kinds of patriarchal families. After all, there may have been enormous differences (and of course were enormous differences in its endless manifestations) or to differentiate among the life-styles, which women have tried to fulfill for themselves at different points in history. The method here is exactly that of "vulgar Marxism," that caricature of Marxism which insists that the only reality is the economic and all else, the "superstructural," must be insignificant. Thus, with a reckless thrust of the phrase, Miss Millett can dismiss patriarchy as "a game the master group plays. . . ." But such "games" crucially affected the lives of millions of men and women during the Middle Ages, and the cult of Mariolatry became so powerful in the Church that a syncretistic struggle between Mother and Son, male and female principles, was enacted among the faithful. Can one really explain such complex events as "a game the master group plays"? Isn't this historical reductionism a sign of impoverishment of sensibility? A simplification such as we have come to expect in the work of Stalinist ideologists? It is striking that for all the far-ranging ambition of reference and passion of female defense, Miss M

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

does not even list in her index, and only mentions two or three times in trivial contexts, the single most important woman in all Western history: the Virgin Mary.

A host of other questions press for consideration. The woman who worked sixteen hours a day in the Midland mines during the Industrial Revolution—was she really a “sexual object” up for “barter” to the “master group” (the wretched men who also worked sixteen hours a day in the same mines) quite in the same way as the bourgeois ladies of, say, Matisse’s Paris? Does the “passivity” Miss Millett says patriarchal society induces in women characterize the American pioneer wife staking out a homestead in Oklahoma? Was the Jewish immigrant mother working in a sweatshop, often shoulder to shoulder with her equally exploited husband, “customarily deprived of any but the most trivial sources of dignity or self-respect”? Are the ladies of the Upper East Side of Manhattan simply “chattels” in the way the wives of California grape pickers are, and if so, are they “chattels” held by the same kinds of masters? Has the fact of being female been more important in the social history of most women than whether they were rich or poor, black or white, Christian or Jewish? Has the condition of women since the rise of the patriarchal family been so unvarying, so essentially the same repeated and endless story of oppression, that it can really be summoned through Miss Millett’s one simple model? Have not human beings, men and women, found *some* paths to fulfillment and fraternity, *some* side alleys to decency of relationship and respect for sexual difference, even under the patriarchal curse? In short, does Miss Millett have any sense at all of the range and variety and complexity—and yes, even once in a while the humane achievements—of our history?

For what I am trying to suggest through the questions I have just asked—the list should be extended for pages—is not only that Miss Millett flattens out all history into a tapestry of “sexual dominion,” not only paints a picture of the past and present depriving women of any initiative, will, or capacity, but that she systematically ignores those crucial factors of class position which have the most far-reaching impact on the life of women. Most of the time, when she speaks of women she really has in mind middle-class American

women during the last thirty years. About the experience of working-class women she knows next to nothing, as in this comic-pathetic remark: “The invention of labor-saving devices has had no appreciable effect on the duration, even if it has affected the quality, of their drudgery.” Only a Columbia Ph.D. who has never had to learn the difference between scrubbing the family laundry on a washboard and putting it into an electric washing machine can write such nonsense. As with most New Left ideologues, male or female, Miss Millett suffers from middle-class parochialism.

And more: she suffers from a social outlook which, despite its “revolutionary” claims, is finally bourgeois in character. She writes that “nearly all that can be described as distinctly human rather than animal activity (in their own way animals also give birth and care for their young) is largely reserved for the male.” And again: “Even the modern nuclear family, with its unchanged and traditional division of roles, necessitates male supremacy by preserving specifically human endeavor for the male alone, while confining the female to menial labor and compulsory child care.”

These sentences indicate that Miss Millett is at heart an old-fashioned bourgeois feminist who supposes the height of satisfaction is to work in an office or factory and not be burdened with those brutes called men and those slops called children. For one must ask: why is the male’s enforced labor at some mindless task in a factory “distinctly human,” while the woman bringing up her child is reduced to an “animal” level? Isn’t the husband a “chattel” too? Hasn’t Miss Millett ever been told by her New Left friends about the alienation of labor in an exploitative society? And is the poor bastard writing soap jingles in an ad agency performing a “human” task morally or psychologically superior to what his wife does at home, where she can at least reach toward an uncontaminated relationship with her own child? Why can’t Miss Millett here remember the sentence, one of the best in her book, that appears in another context: “In conservative economies with an ethos of aggressive competition [and in other economies too!—I.H.], the ‘home’ seemed to offer the last vestiges of humane feeling, the only haven of communal emotion”? That animals also raise their young (in the same way? toward the same ends of socialization and ethical continuity?)—does this re-

markable piece of information deny the “distinctly human” character of women’s experience in raising children? In such remarks Miss Millett betrays a profound distortion of a deep if unconscious acquiescence only to the corruptions of the bourgeois society against which she rails but whose “masculine values” she sues herself to be against.

What is lacking in Miss Millett’s “theory of sexual politics,” as throughout her book, is a felt sense of immersion in, the actualities of, the experience which must always be the foundation of any useful theory. What is present in her “theory” is an impudent condescension toward all those calculations of past and current experience that won’t fit into her scheme, as if all human beings who don’t satisfy her categories. In a remark worthy of any other leftist snob, Herbert Marcuse tells us that “many women do not recognize themselves as discriminated against: no better proof could be given of the totality of their condition.” And those women who *do* recognize themselves as discriminated against would not Miss Millett leap to conclude that “no better proof could be given of the acuteness with which they recognize the reality”? Against the imperiousness of circularity, reason is helpless.

Now, it is true that the lot of women has frequently been that of a subordinate group—though not that alone, nor the relationship between men and women like other relationships in our society does often have a strand of ugly commercialism—though not that alone, nor often not that predominantly. But many of Miss Millett’s readers, like mirrors, one wonders, would be ready to apply her categories—“chattel,” “sexual object” etc.—to themselves? Women have been exploited throughout history, but most of the time in ways quite similar to those in which men have been, and more often than as members of oppressed or disadvantaged classes rather than as women alone. Yet it is also true that women have suffered a kind of exploitation, though this can’t be understood in the gross terms of “sexual politics” but must be studied as a moment in the tortuous development of mankind from the penalties of scarcity to the possibilities of plenty. And the risk of being charged with “playing the game of the master group,” let me say that even in their conditions of disadvantage women have also been able to gain for themselves significant

seen to Israel, taking late into the night, and discovered that it had all become eminently useful as...
 amphlight of the West Side apartment. They were surrounded by walls of books—more books, it seemed,
 had ever encompassed in one glance in his lift outside an actual public tax-supported library; covers of dull a
 wns and reds between which, it was his simple impression, all the agonies loose anywhere in the universe were c
 a windy February morning almost twenty-one years ago I woke up before first light, tossed a duffel bag and a se
 itcase into a friend's pickup truck, and went off to college. I was twenty-one, just discharged from the Army, eag
 cept the best cerebral gases on deposit at Texas Tech. I brought as qualifications a scroll attesting the U.S. Army's
 ction with my score on its High School Equivalency Test, and valuable civilian experience as a cotton picker, oil-fi
 ustabout, summer postman, and counterman at a drive-in restaurant. I had less than fifty dollars, and not a book o
 ess shirt. I might just as easily have been heading for any of a half-dozen small Southwestern schools, each
 pressed interest in my football potential to the exclusion of my scholarly possibilities. I chose Texas Tech becaus
 y mother's cooking was only three hours' decent hitchhiking away: agents of the Athletic Department had efficien
 ognized a youngster who might respond to shameless flattery and promissory lies. I had no course of study in nat
 general terms I aspired to make All-American, write a best-selling novel, and be forever revered in the hearts of sh
 eds. I lasted one and one-third semesters. The bell was out of order, but someone always heard the knock, no ma
 ow loht a knock it was. There was always someone attuned to hearing the knock. Usually, whoever happened to
 oroccan style on low cushions around a big rectangle of plywood that served as a table. One time, Ralph inspected
 uttered top of the table and whooped like a prespector. "Wow, someone left a big piece of hash there," he said, ab
 as enough to fill two pipes. If you brought something to drink, it would disappear as though it had evaporated; bu
 ay bothered to remove the empty bottles. Monkey, his fat little rump rising as he crawled over people's knees, tex
 the corks. Someone had given Sven and Viveka a real monkey when they got married but they couldn't get it thr
 stoins. The first six months, Viveka carried Monkey in a basket that was shaped like a kayak, with a strap around
 ck. She carried him everywhere, in the metro, in cafes, to visit her friend Hank. Hank was a saxophonist who did
 ay much anymore. He hung around the Storyville jazz club on the Rue de la Huchette a lot. He had a room in the
 ieme with a washbasin and a bidet in the corner, concealed by a screen. When Hank and Viveka were in bed, she p
 onkey and his kayak on the bidet behind the screen. Viveka had blond hair as fine as floss-thread, with phosphore
 t's eyes in a round milkmaid face, and she talked with a slight lisp like a baby. We used to say, "Were you scared," ar
 :d say, "gee man, of course," and then he'd tell us how they had old men riding along with them, and how the job c
 d men would be to keep talking to the young guys, telling them to keep their courage up, and not to get scared. I
 ving this is a young man, and he is talking about conversations with his great-grandfather, who died in 1953 at the
 e of 106, and was called Man Who's Hunting for a Horse. The young man himself is called Perry Horse, and he thin
 t when he has children he may call them something like Hunting Horse, which is closer to his great-grandfather's j
 an just plain Horse, and more distinctive, too. Great Grandfather once rode like hell through Texas and Mexico, sl
 tizens and stealing horses, and when he died so many years later, being practically a monument at the time, and get
 ried in moccasins and an old soldier's uniform, it took six buses just to carry his friends and relatives to the funer
 of to mention the Congressmen and other prominent people who showed up. Perry Horse, the great-grandson, ren
 rs him well, and he remembers him talking about his own father, who, of course, would be the great-great-grandf
 Perry Horse. When Great Great Grandfather was just a shaver, he was captured by a mean Pawnee with one eye
 s later, when the Pawnees and the Kiowas met in solemn council to conclude a treaty of peace. Great Great
 fell upon the mean Pawnee with one eye, busting his head open with a mighty blow, and nearly ending
 hen and there. Great Great Grandfather, you see, was a Kiowa, and even now Perry Horse, who br

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leges and powers. Males may have been "masters" and females "chattels," but this is perhaps the only such relationship in human history where the "masters" sent themselves and their sons to die in wars while trying to spare their "chattels" that fate.

That the relations between men and women have had and still have an element of "power" similar to that characterizing the relations between social classes is almost certainly true. But not the whole truth and very often not the most important truth. Indeed, the more closely one applies Miss Millett's "theory" to concrete instances both in history and immediate experience, the less adequate does it seem even as description. For the word "power" is very tricky in this context, and Miss Millett isn't the one to look carefully into its complexities. In any relationship of caring, people gain power over one another: the power to please, the power to hurt. Sexuality is a mode of power, and often, as history indicates (for Miss Millett, one gathers, no female face ever did launch a thousand ships...), sexual power has been of a magnitude to overcome the effects of economic power. Sexuality gives us power at varying times of our lives, and often with radical inequities for which there seems to be no solution or even solace. That men have held power over women, in both the desirable and deplorable senses, is a truth that was noticed before the appearance of Miss Millett's book. That women have held power over men, usually in the more desirable but often enough in quite deplorable ways, is a thought with which Miss Millett will have no commerce. And it is even possible—indeed, if one clings to some sort of tragic view of life, it is likely—that the powers we hold over one another are both of the desirable and the deplorable kinds, the two fatally and forever mixed.

Yet it would be a sad mistake, and for the women's movements a strategic folly, to suppose that the relations between men and women, so entwined with the deepest and most mysterious elements of our psychic life, can ever be understood by the sexual monism, the historical reductionism of Miss Millett.

III

From "theory" to "history" and with similar results, Miss Millett begins with a sketch of the "sexual revolution" in nineteenth-century England that reveals immediately the poverty of her historical imagination. With the ideologist's willfulness, she keeps graft-

ing upon the past categories of analysis and standards of judgment drawn from the immediate present, so that, as you might expect, the past is forever found wanting. The very period she begins by praising she ends by berating, since the women's movements of the nineteenth century concentrated on such practical matters as suffrage while Miss Millett, snug with hindsight, would have preferred that they devote themselves to exposing "patriarchal ideology." But if she is serious about her idea of what a "sexual revolution" is—"an end of traditional sexual inhibitions and taboos, particularly those that threaten patriarchal monogamous marriage: homosexuality, 'illegitimacy,' adolescent, pre- and extra-marital sexuality"—then it is hard to see how she can speak of a "sexual revolution" in nineteenth-century England and America at all.

She proceeds to examine some intellectual and literary texts of this period concerning women, and John Stuart Mill, because of his unambiguous advocacy of equal rights for the sexes, stands out as an heroic figure. I think he deserves all the praise Miss Millett gives him. But since she isn't one to rest with an advantage, she must scurry about in search of a villain, naturally a male villain. And she finds him in the sad person of John Ruskin, the critic of art and society who, between his major works, wrote an essay urging that women, as guardians of sensibility and moral purity, cultivate these values at home. Poor Ruskin—how could anyone suppose him a representative figure of Victorian patriarchy, this man notoriously askew in his own sexual life and about as distant from standard masculine assertion as Miss Millett from standard feminine submission? Here too an historian with a sense of scruple would have added that Ruskin's paean to femininity wasn't merely Victorian bilge: as a bitter opponent of industrial society, he felt that the home was the last resort for suffering human beings—hardly, of course, an adequate view but not a view simply to be ridiculed.

As historian Miss Millett enters high gear in the next section of her book, where she discusses the "sexual counterrevolution" of the last four decades, her evidence for which is first the reactionary family policies of Nazi Germany and Stalinist Russia, second the theories of Freud and his followers, and third the fiction of D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller, and Norman Mailer.

Now, as is typical with Miss Millett,

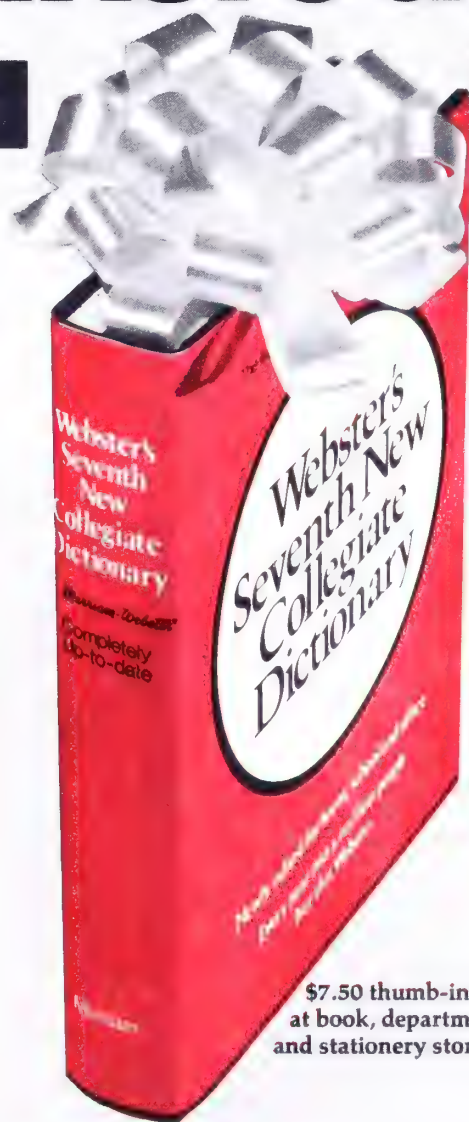
her intelligence has not played her part in supposing that there has been a counterrevolution of some sort during the past several decades: she is, after all, talking about the age of totalitarianism. But once beyond this useful generalization, she betrays the methodological sloppiness characteristic of her entire book. A few instances:

- The "sexual revolution" she previously celebrated was located mainly in England and America. The "counterrevolution" she locates mainly in Germany and Russia. Is a causal connection active or any other kind of relationship proposed between the nineteenth-century "sexual revolution" of England and America and the twentieth-century "sexual counterrevolution" of Germany and Russia? No answer from Miss Millett. While Hitler and Stalin were pontificating about motherhood, what was meanwhile happening to the relations between men and women in the original locale of Miss Millett's "sexual revolution"?

My own sense of what was happening in England and America is that a gradual process of sexual reform through the first three decades of the century came to be felt by cultivated and humane persons—they can hardly have all been "sexists"—as a social-cultural trend bringing with it serious and unforeseen difficulties. Women seem often to feel that their liberation, whether partial or complete, had left them adrift, without adequate personal or public security. Men felt disturbed by the growing uncertainty as to their social roles and sexual obligations. There was much talk, some of it colorful but some very serious, about "inadequacy" and "crisis of identity," reflecting a system of anxieties created by changes in sexual relations. Even persons of advanced opinions came to feel through the bitter prodding of experience, that certain kinds of liberation (for example, the childless marriage favored by some intellectuals in the Twenties) had a strong element of sterility. As a result, there was an inclination among such people to reinforce the family structure, not by returning to the old-style Victorian patriarchy (it's a joke to imagine anyone thought that a genuine option) but by trying to establish distinctive sexual roles within the fraternal marriage. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't.

Now Miss Millett can, if she wishes, dismiss all this as "sexual counterrevolution"—but only at the price of a fanatical disdain for the experience of other

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• The “sexual counterrevolution” that did occur in Germany and Russia is placed by Miss Millett in an expository and, as it turns out, logical parallel to the rise of Freudianism and the writings of Lawrence, Miller, and Mailer. Intellectually, this is feckless; morally, shameful. Miss Millett never troubles to notice that the “reactionary” Freud was anathema to Hitler and Stalin, both of whom understood perfectly well that he threatened their despotism not because of one or another opinion but because of his fearlessness and skeptical openness of mind. Perhaps Miss Millett can explain the fact that Freud, whom she declares to be the theoretician of “counterrevolution,” was banned in the very countries she designates as its central locale: if so, she is saving the explanation for another book.

• Equally squalid is Miss Millett’s linkage of Lawrence, Miller, and Mailer (“The Literary Reflection”) with the “Sexual Counterrevolution” of Nazi Germany and Stalinist Russia, and then with the alleged Freudian “Reaction in Ideology”—subtitles that promise connections which the text cannot establish. Of *precisely what* were Lawrence, Miller, and Mailer the “Literary Reflection”? The “sexual counterrevolution”

in Germany and Russia? But Lawrence wrote his main books before that counterrevolution occurred. Henry Miller, a crackerbarrel American anarchist, was developing his sexual sentiments in the Twenties, again before the counterrevolution. How can writings reflect something that hasn’t yet happened? Mailer, who until recently supposed he was breaking past “the last frontier” of sexual repressiveness, has been strongly influenced by the Wilhelm Reich whom Miss Millett relies on so heavily for documenting what happened in the totalitarian countries. In short, we have here an intellectual goulash that could be taken seriously only in a moment when serious standards have collapsed.

But let us turn to the “sexual counterrevolution” itself. Miss Millett quotes the standard reactionary hymns of Nazi and Stalinist propagandists. Very good: except that she contents herself with remaining strictly on the level of their ideological claims. Had Miss Millett read carefully the scholarly authorities she cites, she would have learned what even such radical critics as Herbert Marcuse have acknowledged: that in every totalitarian society there is and must be a deep clash between state and family, simply because the state demands complete loyalty from each per-

son and comes to regard the family as a major competitor for that loyalty, both political and nonpolitical. If the family becomes the last refuge of humane values. Thereby the delusion of the “conservative” institution of the family becomes under totalitarianism a profoundly subversive act.

Now the comedy of all this—Miss Millett prints, at one point, a note quoting from a book by Folsom:

The Nazis have always wanted to strengthen the family as an instrument of the state. State interests are always paramount. Germany does not hesitate to turn a husband against his wife or children against parents. The political disloyalty is involved. (emphasis added.)

Miss Millett prints this footnote clearly does not understand it; otherwise she would recognize how comically it undermines her claim that in totalitarian countries the “sexual counterrevolution” consisted in the enforcement of the family.

Miss Millett seems especially informed about what happened in Russia. She attacks Lenin for not finding the sexual revolution . . . important enough to speak on,” and then, with that pininess steadily characterizing the relation between her assertions in the text and her evidence in the footnotes, quotes Lenin in a footnote as saying, “Perhaps one day I shall speak on these questions—but not now. All our time must be dedicated to other matters.” That is, during the revolution and civil war, a time of hunger and death, Lenin felt he had more obligations than to speculate on the future of the family. Similarly, Miss Millett notices that in *The Revolution Betrayed* Trotsky attacked the reactionary Stalinist policy toward women, and, this,” she adds, “is the hindsight of 1936.” Nonsense! Trotsky was advocating the reversal of progressive state policies concerning divorce, abortion, nurseries, salaries, etc., enacted by the Bolshevik regime during the Twenties. Does Miss Millett suppose that somehow these reforms had been adopted behind Trotsky’s back?

IV

It is upon Sigmund Freud that Miss Millett directs her heaviest fire. Freud has “generally been accepted as a prototype of the liberal urge toward sexual freedom,” but this, we are now informed, was a delusion, since the purpose of his work was to “rationalize the



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relationship between the
 Yet, throughout the chapter at-
 Freud as throughout the book
 ole, Miss Millett keeps employ-
 dian concepts as if they were
 est axioms and specifically notes
 roval of the "theories of the un-
 is and infant sexuality." (Ap-
 . as old Freud noticed once or
 ere are times when too great an
 ss of what one is doing can be
 ome.) We must then ask: how
 ne Freudian theories of which
 illett approves have left their
 n modern thought and experi-
 hout also profoundly affecting
 better—as in fact they did—"the
 is relationship between the
 Could the current concern
 exual roles even have begun
 the contributions of Freud?
 Millett opens her attack by dis-
 Freud's treatment of his early
 , most of whom were women.
 l not accept his patients' symp-
 evidence of a justified dissatis-
 with the limiting circumstances
 l on them by society, but as
 natic of an independent and uni-
 'emine tendency." Now this
 p, if only because it sets up much
 le and naïve a disjunction be-
 what is biological and what is
 . It won't do, because Freud
 ways to work with the observed
 es of his patients' experience
 han with fixed categories bor-
 rom other disciplines (whether
 toward the biological or cul-
 which he rightly felt psycho-
 could not handle. It won't do.
 Freud did see in his patients'
 ns "evidence of a justified dis-
 tion," though not in the sense
 illett would like (the only "evi-
 that ever strikes her as vital is
 ich gratifies her own rhetoric).
 r of Freud's early patients were
 suffering from symptoms of
 ia," often grossly somatic in na-
 air troubles were related to the
 veness of the upper-middle-class
 in which they had grown up.
 ly to an excessive subordination
 ineering fathers. What Freud
 do was to enable them to accept
 exuality and thereby be freed
 e symptoms. To the extent that
 eeded, Freud struck an oblique
 erful blow at the tyrannical as-
 f the Victorian family. If any-
 an be described as militating
 "the limiting conditions im-
 by society," it is precisely this
 -even though Freud's investi-

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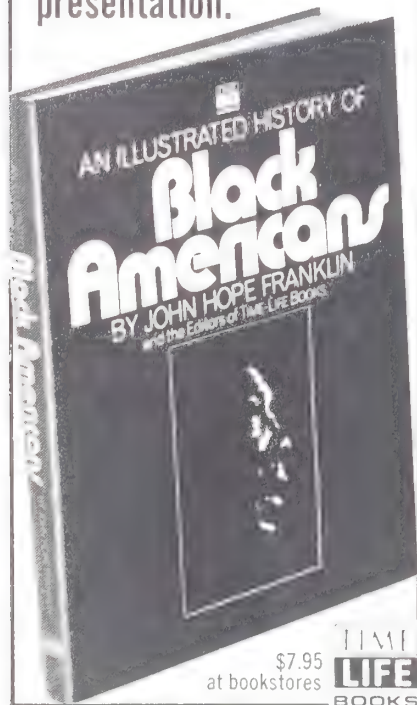
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gations also led him to believe that there were indeed problems deriving from a "universal feminine tendency" which were not likely to be resolved through social measures.

All this, in a notably vulgar sentence, Miss Millett summarizes as follows: "Female patients consulted him in the hope of becoming more productive in their work: in return for their fees Freud did what he could to cause them to abandon their vocations as unnecessary aberrations." And as evidence for this charge Miss Millett offers a footnote quoting from Freud:

... at no point in one's analytic work does one suffer more from the oppressive feeling that one is "talking to the winds" than when one is trying to persuade a female patient to abandon her wish for a penis on the ground of its being unobtainable.

Now if Freud is right in supposing penis envy to be a pervasive fact of female experience, then what he is doing here—and in a voice wryly, "philosophically" sympathetic—is not engaging in vocation guidance but reflecting upon the sheer recalcitrance of human desire, the difficulties we all have in reconciling ourselves to the limitations of our being.

The theory of penis envy comes in for a special barrage from Miss Millett, and while I have no stake in this or any other Freudian notion, the issue here is one of simple intellectual responsibility. Freud writes:

As we learn from psychoanalytic work, women regard themselves as wronged from infancy, as underservedly cut short and set back; and the embitterment of so many daughters against their mothers derives, in the last analysis, from the reproach against her of having brought them into the world as women instead of men.

The crucial phrase is the opening one, "As we learn from psychoanalytic work..." For a central problem in considering Freudianism, or any other theory claiming to probe psychic life at levels deeper than those of rational consciousness, is the problem of validation. The validation of Freudian concepts cannot yet have, and perhaps can never have, the rigor to which scientific propositions are subjected (as Freud knew well, and therefore kept hoping that physiological bases might be found for his psychological constructs). For the time being, validation must depend on the accumulated and critically sorted observations of analysts for whom a no-

tion like penis envy* is not, I should think, a fixed certainty but a usable by means of which to form hypotheses about the material they gather during analytic sessions.

Freud's "entire psychology of women," writes Miss Millett, "is built on an original tragic experience—born male." This is true enough in a sense, and there is also a simplified truth in the claim that Freud sees women defining their existence through relations to men (though to say this isn't necessarily to convict him of falsehood or bias). Finally, however, this is not so devastating a charge, Miss Millett supposes. For it is Freud's judgment that the psychology of women rests also on an original tragic experience—born male. Miss Millett may

*Miss Millett offers an array of questions and assaults about penis envy, not emphasizing its nature but rather concerned with its consistency, and they are worth looking at together with possible Freudian replies. On matters here, I would stress again, is not the "rightness" of the Freudian view, about which I cannot form a qualified judgment, but the method of intellectual discourse:

How does the little girl, discovering the lack of a penis, "make the logical jump" from the sight of bathing or urination [to] the edge that the boy masturbates with the "novel article"? She makes the jump more essentially than logically, these events occurring during the years between three and five, when there is a great deal of experimental infantile sexuality.

"Might she not just as easily, reacting from the naïveté of childish narcissism, imagine the penis is an excrescence on her own body as norm?" No; since the "novel article" clearly has the power of directing the stream which she discovers herself to have, and since this power becomes associated with other, greater ones.

"Surely the first thing all children notice is that mother has breasts, while the male child has none." Does this not impress the child with evidence of female advantage? Yes, but the female child has no breasts and the possibility of their later growth, not very apparent at this stage in her development, can mean much to her; while the male child has that "novel article," and he has it.

"It is interesting that Freud should impute the young female's fears center about castration rather than rape—a phenomenon which girls are in fact, and with reason, inclined to, since it happens to them and castration does not." Several answers, seemingly in contradiction but actually involving different layers of consciousness: (a) at this stage of infantile sexuality as Freud conceived it, female children aren't likely to have formed a strong idea as to rape; (b) the psychic life that which may not happen can be feared at least as much as that which does; (c) as Miss Millett has surely learned from her studies, reports of being raped by fathers were so frequently proffered by Freud's early women patients that at first he took these literally and only later came to regard them as projective fantasies.

ect the fact that in the Freudian theory of penis envy finds a quivalent and necessary balance theory of castration anxiety. The seen as being quite as heavily d by nature and circumstance as male, and perhaps less well d to cope. In Freud's view, na- no one off easily. If women feel ist" to be told they are condi- by residues of their childhood - that "novel article"—Miss Mil- gh-ironic parlance for "penis" men may feel it quite as "unjust" ey must live out their lives in t anxiety as to sexual perfor- Freud does, however, envisage oility for at least a partial re- transcendence of these troubles, naps a shade more so for women : men. Women are said by him e to emerge from the hold of vny, in part through a strong sitive identification with their . Nor, by the way, are they the es in the Freudian outlook who rce envy; men are seen as at site envious of that very passiv- wh Miss Millett regards as so an attribution to her sex.

ould all this outrage Miss Mil- much? She really has, I would only a slight intrinsic concern eudianism. A major reason for ionate assault is that, by mak- nplistic leap from one order of ice (psychological) to another oolicy), she sees the theory of vny as the basis for an alleged n belief that "the intellectual ity of the male, constitutionally ith the penis, is close to an as- ble fact..." And again she pro- ootnote from Freud supposedly ing this claim:

ten feel that when we have d the penis wish and the mas- protest we have penetrated all ychological strata and reached ock" and that our task is com- And this is probably correct, the psychic field the biological is really rock bottom. The re- ion of femininity must surely logical fact, part of the great of sex.

er the truth or falsity of what ays here, he is clearly not say- t Miss Millett claims he is say- simply will not read with care. nce her ideological assaults and ations are put aside, there does the fact that Freud's view of his analysis of their sexual na- d roles, doesn't happen to lend

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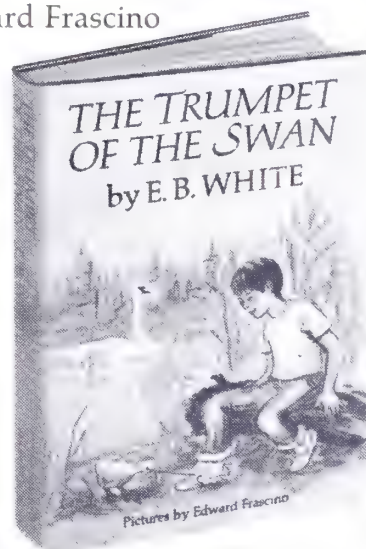
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itself to the more extreme visions of the Women's Liberationists. Freud tended to believe, as Philip Rieff says, that "women are erotic boarders in the male economy of culture. In the strife between sensuality and culture, women represent the senses." To someone like Miss Millett this immediately seems an invidious distinction, for she is completely identified with the values of the bourgeois activist male, the one who performs (what she supposes to be) "distinctly human" work. But in Freud's canny and ambiguous view, those who "represent the senses" are at times far more "distinctly human." For even while regarding women as the agents of racial survival and men as the culture-creators, Freud also fears, like many other nineteenth-century European thinkers, the death of spontaneous life at the hands of an increasingly tyrannical culture, the nightmare of a rationalistic self-destruction as "the world of the senses becomes gradually mastered by spirituality." No one is obliged to accept these views, but anyone wishing to attack Freud in a serious way ought to be able, at the least, to report the complexities, the inner sequence of change and doubt, and the frequently problematic tone which characterize his work.

What shall we say, however, if we are committed to equality between the sexes and yet continue to believe that Freud remains one of the great minds of our age? It is the kind of question that divides those who want everything neatly aligned, slogan stacked against slogan, from those prepared to accept conflict and unresolved contradiction.

We can say of course that Freud was a product of his age, and that while he did more than anyone else to overcome its prejudices, inevitably he still shared some of them. If there is a streak of patriarchalism in his writing, as I suppose there is, we must recognize that fifty or sixty years ago people could not possibly see things as they are seen in 1970: that is known as historical perspective. In fairness, we must then add something Miss Millett fails to mention, that Freud greatly admired intellectual women and that the psychoanalytic movement was one of the first intellectual groups in this century to give a large number of gifted women the opportunity to fulfill themselves professionally. Still, to say this isn't enough.

We can add that Freud's views on women, especially those expressed in his more "philosophical" moments, must be separated from some clinically

more cogent portions of his work. Freud would not be the first great thinker whose method can be used critically against portions of his writings. Still, to say that isn't enough.

We can then try to struggle with the fact that Freud advances conclusions as to the nature and consequence of sexual differences which rub against our progressive inclinations—but which can't, simply for that reason, be dismissed. For we must always recognize that analytically he may be right. Yet why should even this possibility create anxiety or anger? If the concepts of penis envy and castration anxiety prove, in some sense, to be valid for psychoanalysis, this surely doesn't at all affect the claims of women for socioeconomic justice—though it may affect some of the more nightmarishly utopian fantasies of writers like Miss Millett.

Freud believed that the process of maturation for women presented certain special difficulties, and perhaps these would persist in the best of societies—though to say that such difficulties seem to be rooted in biology isn't at all to say that they can't be eased by social policy and education. To persuade a woman to like herself and to accept herself sexually, which was one of Freud's aims, isn't necessarily to persuade her to stay in the kitchen—though it may well be to tell her, Miss Millett's arrogant ultimatum notwithstanding, that if she does prefer to stay at home, this doesn't stamp her as inferior or brainwashed or a "chattel" of the "master group."

*The most egregious of these fantasies is Miss Millett's cavalier play with the notion of the abolition of the family. That the family, at once the most conservative of human institutions and endlessly open to social and psychological changes, has been coextensive with human culture itself and may therefore be supposed to have certain powers of endurance and to yield certain profound satisfactions to human beings other than merely satisfying the dominating impulses of the "master group," hardly causes Miss Millett to skip a phrase. Nor does the thought that in at least some of its aspects the family has protected the interests of women as against those of men.

In any case, one might suppose that Miss Millett would cast a glance at one of the very few contemporary social institutions—the Israeli *kibbutz*—where a serious effort has been made, if not to abolish the family, then at least significantly to modify its nature. Had she troubled to do so, and read the reports of, say, Stanley Diamond, an anthropologist of radical inclination, she would have had to recognize that at least in terms of psychological consequences, that is, the kind of children it brings forth, the evidence from the *kibbutz* isn't likely to persuade one that abolishing the family will greatly enrich the human race.



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Q

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Freud seemed also to believe that the biological differences, or if you prefer disadvantages, of women inclined them toward the sphere of private values and experience. Even if we suppose this to be true, why should it at all lessen our zeal—I mean the zeal of both women and men—for seeing to it that those women who enter upon careers be given every kind and equality of opportunity? I suspect, however, that what troubles Miss Millett is not merely the injustice of sexual discrimination but the very idea of sexual difference. For all that she is so passionate an advocate of the cause of women, she shows very little warmth of feeling toward actual women and very little awareness of their experience. Freud speaks in his essay on "Femininity" of the woman's "active pursuit of a passive function," and Miss Millett finds the phrase "somewhat paradoxical," thereby revealing a rather comic ignorance of essential experiences of her sex, such as the impulse toward the having of children. Indeed, the emotions of women toward children don't exactly form an overwhelming preoccupation in *Sexual Politics*: there are times when one feels the book was written by a female impersonator.

V

For what seems to trouble Miss Millett isn't merely the injustices women have suffered or the discriminations to which they continue to be subject. What troubles her perhaps most of all—so one is inclined to say after immersing oneself in her book—is the sheer existence of women. Miss Millett dislikes the psycho-biological distinctiveness of women, and she will go no further than to recognize—what choice is there, alas?—the inescapable differences of anatomy. She hates the perverse refusal of most women to recognize the magnitude of their humiliation, the shameful dependence they show in regard to (not very independent) men, the maddening pleasures they even take in cooking dinners for "the master group" and wiping the noses of their snotty brats. Raging against the notion that such roles and attitudes are biologically determined, since the very thought of the biological seems to her a way of forever reducing women to subordinate status, she nevertheless attributes to "culture" so staggering a range of customs, outrages, and evils that this "culture" comes to seem a force more immovable and ominous than biology itself.

Miss Millett lashes out against the Freudians not merely because some of

them indulge in male chauvinism because they persist in seeing, the common fate of humanity, a passive nature and role for women. as Miss Millett assaults the not current styles of perceiving "masculine" and "feminine" must be taken as verities, I don't see that she is faulted. Who would care to doubt the attractiveness of historical variations or the hope that men and women be able to define themselves with more freedom than they have in the past? Miss Millett will not let it go at all that she is driven by some ideological vision of the world as commune? the end of the nuclear family? the triumph of utopia—which undermines what is so much the cause of women's protest. In a remarkable sentence she writes:

Removed from their contexts of social behavior, where they function to maintain an order not only of differentiation but of dominance and subordination, the words "masculine" and "feminine" mean nothing at all and might well be replaced with terms which are biologically or naturally verifiable—male and female.

No longer is Miss Millett insisting the probable truth that the claim of the biological determination of roles has often been an excuse for reactionary laziness. She is now saying that the very idea of distinctive male psychologies, responses, and life patterns—in short, masculine and feminine as modes of behavior deriving from more extensive in consequence than the elemental differences between male and female—means "nothing at all." Here she betrays a rashness such as rarely finds in scholars who are intently committed to their subject.

For what is obvious to anyone who even glances at the literature of the matter—and that is all I claim to have done—is the agreement among scholars (who may agree on nothing else) that they don't yet know enough to make the kind of absolutist declaration that is just quoted from Miss Millett. It appears to be three kinds of differences between the sexes: the quite obvious physical and physiological ones; the more shadowy and ambiguous ones of role, attitude, and potential that are sometimes called "secondary"; and those that are culturally derived and imposed. Just as few scholars would deny the last two in favor of the first, so few would deny the first two in favor of the third. The most problematic of course the second, that is, those

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ferences pertaining to behavior yet seeming to derive mainly from the physical and physiological."

Now there are moments when one is tempted to dismiss the whole matter by repeating Oscar Wilde's reply to a question about the differences between the sexes: "Madam, I can't conceive." For Wilde's remark points to a fundamental fact of our existence which ideologists forget at their peril and most other people, whatever their grave failings, do seem to remember. Together with the accumulated prejudice and mental junk of the centuries, there really is something we might call the experience, even the wisdom of the race, and it is not to be disposed of simply by fiat or will (as many revolutionists find out too late). It tells us, through the historical pattern of a sexual division of labor universal in form but sharply varying in content, that for good or ill our natures shape our conduct.

We can perhaps say with some assurance that the "secondary" sexual differences have to do with:

(1) the distinctive female experience of maternity (one supposes that the act of carrying another human creature in one's body for nine months would have the profoundest behavioral consequences, what the anthropologist Malinowski calls an "intimate and integral connection with the child . . . associated with physiological effects and strong emotions");

(2) the harmonic components of our bodies as these vary not only between

*This tripartite division is similar to that which Freud applies in a valuable footnote to his book, *Three Contributions to the Theory of Sex*, in the section called "Differentiation Between Man and Woman." He writes here that the conceptions of "masculine" and "feminine" belong "to the most confused terms in science and can be cut up into at least three paths. One uses masculine and feminine at times in the sense of activity and passivity, again, in the biological sense, and then also in the sociological sense. The first of these three meanings is the essential one and the only one utilizable in psychoanalysis." A bit later, Freud continues: "Every individual person shows a mixture of his own biological sex characteristics with the biological traits of the other sex and a union of activity and passivity; this is the case whether these psychological characteristic features depend on the biological or whether they are independent of it." (Emphasis added.)

How anyone reading this passage from Freud could suppose him guilty of unqualified biological determinism, or, as Miss Millett charges, of "a rather and rather foolish confusion between biological culture, anatomy and status," is hard to understand. That Miss Millett should find Freud "rather foolish" is not, however, hard to understand.

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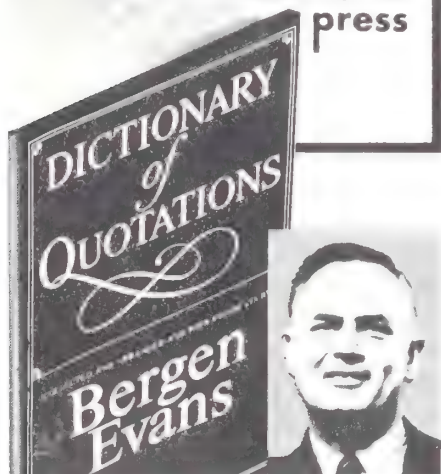
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the sexes but at different ages within the sexes and lead to a range of behavioral results, some of them manipulable, that have not yet been fully grasped:

(3) the varying possibilities for work created by varying amounts of musculature and physical controls;

(4) the psychological consequences of different sexual postures and possibilities (Diana Trilling writes: "This fundamental distinction between the active and passive sexual roles is an irrefutable fact in nature—the most active sexual seduction or participation on the part of a woman cannot relieve the male partner of his primary responsibility in their sexual union. To put the matter at its crudest, the male can rape the female, the female cannot rape the male").

Can we go any further? Miss Millett cites with approval a study by Dr. Eleanor Maccoby on women's intelligence which calls into serious question the notion that women are inherently less capable of doing abstract intellectual work by "pointing out [I quote Miss Millett] that the independence and ego strength necessary for first-rate achievement in certain analytical fields is completely absent from the cultural experience of nearly every girl child." Again, if we turn back to the source we see Miss Millett handling citations with her customary care. Were one to take literally what she says in the above-quoted sentence, there would be no way of explaining the increasing number of women who do have to their credit "first-rate achievement in certain analytical fields." And while it is true that Dr. Maccoby does make out a strong case for the view that much of the deficiency of female performance in certain intellectual fields is due to cultural inhibition, she is also careful to add:

I think it is quite possible that there are genetic factors that differentiate the two sexes and bear upon their intellectual performance other than what we have thought of as innate "intelligence." For example, there is good reason to believe that boys are innately more aggressive than girls—and I mean aggressive in the broader sense, not just as it implies fighting, but as it implies dominance and initiative as well—and if this quality is one which underlies the later growth of analytic thinking, then boys have an advantage which girls who are endowed with more passive qualities will find difficult to overcome.

In the same way, with the same admirable tentativeness, Dr. Maccoby re-

marks: "We don't know what biological underpinnings of behavior are, but if you try to child training among males and we might find out that females do it and males don't."

Now the real question is, why any of this trouble Miss Millett there are sexual differences beyond anatomy and into behavior? Why should this be supposed to alter the case for equality, unless Millett tacitly or explicitly accedes to the male chauvinist view that the maintenance of difference is proof of superiority? Why cannot intelligent and people look upon sexual difference as a source of pleasure, one of the ways with which nature compensates for the miseries of existence? Why are differences be seen as necessarily vicious? And even if these differences suggest the possibility that fewer will reach "first-rate achievement," men, why should that keep anyone being responsive and responsive to those women who will do valuable work outside the home? Any more, should we feel dismay at the possibility that an adjustment in sexual roles might decrease the number of women reaching "first-rate achievement."

The dominating obsession of Miss Millett's book—which is to insist that all but rudimentary sexual differences are cultural rather than biological in origin—is a token of her lack of intellectual sophistication. If you insist, as she in effect does, that the biological can be regarded as somehow untouchable by cultural alloy, then it becomes virtually impossible to offer any biological explanation, if only because man is a creature that always exists in a culture, and whatever we can learn about him must always be through the prism of culture. Culture is, at least in part, that which we make of our biological existence; certain patterns of existence, such as family, are invariable throughout the development of human culture, but it seems reasonable to suppose, even if it may be difficult to prove, that the biological requirements of our biology are these have manifested themselves through culture.

But as Miss Millett uses "biology" and "culture," they become absolute polarities ranged in an endless struggle against one another. She begins by insisting quite properly that in the present case for biological determinism has been overstated, especially in popular writings, and ends by doing pretty much the same thing for cultural determin-

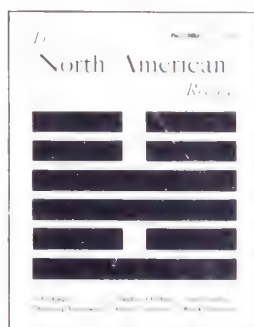
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though with not much more persuasive evidence. In her somewhat desperate reliance on the transforming powers of "culture," she reminds one of the thrust Morris Raphael Cohen once made against John Dewey's use of the term "experience": it was hard, said Cohen, to know what in Dewey's system was not experience.⁴

VI

It was the usual things of life that filled her with silent rage, which was natural inasmuch as, to her vision, almost everything that was usual was iniquitous.

This sentence was written a good many years ago by Henry James about Olive Chancellor, the feminist heroine-martyr of *The Bostonians*. Brilliant, it is also hard-spirited and a little unpleasant, for we sense a certain withdrawal of sympathy on James's part. Yet for those of us committed to the hope of changing the world, it is a sentence alive with challenge. Often enough "the usual" is iniquitous, and often enough not to feel "silent rage" toward the complacency with which the idea of "the usual" is employed to rationalize injustice is to abandon a portion of one's humanity. Yet in the history of modern intellectual life nothing has been more disastrous than this hatred of "the usual": this disdain for what is called "one-dimensional": this scorn for the inherited pleasures, ruses, and modes of survival by which most of us live; this nagging insistence that life be forever heroic and dramatic, even if ordinary humanity must be herded by

authoritarian party bosses and ideologues to make it so. And in large measure this is the spirit that informs *Sexual Politics*.

Miss Millett's nightmare-fantasy of sexual lordship in which the man buys a woman as "sexual object" or household drudge and in which the woman submits to his ruling-class will; this parody of the Marxist vision of class dictatorship, with the woman as propertyless proletarian who can sell only her labor power or her sexual power—how much truth does it contain and what does it tell us about the realities of the life we lead? In the glistening towers of the Upper East Side of New York, in the country clubs of the O'Hara provinces, in Hollywood, in whatever places the rich enjoy their idleness, there are, I suppose, women who have sold themselves as "sexual objects" and must slink and kitten before their masters. Among the millions of middle-class families living in suburban homes there are surely some who can say how many? how does Miss Millett know? what has she *actually* observed of their lives? that conform to this grotesque version of the human relationship. And among working-class families there are no doubt blunter and cruder variants of male bossdom and female submission.

But how can anyone with eyes to see and ears to listen suppose that this is the dominant and unmodulated reality of our time? Isn't Miss Millett guilty of the prime sin of the ideologue, which is always to forget that the scheme is at best an abstraction from reality and not reality itself, and that always the reality must be seen as more shaded, com-

plicated, and ambiguous than the scheme can be? Caught up in a chistic tremor of overdetermination, Miss Millett sees only butterflies by brutes, drudges exploited by bosses.

Again, one must say, yes of course there are such instances, just as there are still sometimes lynched and brutalized: but to fail to see the improvement in large areas of black life in America isn't merely political stupidity; it is a kind of self-torture. The Left is pledged unto death, it is the snobism of those who will have nothing to do with the small struggles and little victories of human beings; these are patterned to their ideological and slogans. This is the very opposite in spirit, in feeling, in political consequence—of genuine radicalism. It is, instead, a symptom of the contempt that today rages among our intellectual and professional classes: contempt for ordinary life, contempt for ordinary people, contempt for the unwashed, the unenlightened, contempt for the unschooled, contempt for blue-collar workers, contempt for those who find gratification in family life, contempt for "the usual."

You would never know from Miss Millett's book that working-class life can be marked by that easy warmth and fraternal steadiness in the relations between sexes that Richard Hoggart has sketched in *The Uses of Literacy*.⁵ You would never know from Miss Millett's book that there are a great many middle-class Americans who have sought to find and perhaps in part found terms of personal respect through

⁴Were there space enough and time, I would want to write at length about Miss Millett's way of approaching literary texts—an approach that proves women critics can be as heavy-handed and tendentious as male critics.

Thomas Hardy, in presenting Sue Bridehead, the charming and neurotic heroine of *Jude the Obscure*, shows himself "troubled and confused *vis-à-vis* the sexual revolution."

Though Sue is one of the first and greatest portraits of the emancipated woman and nothing is said by Miss Millett about Hardy's still greater portrait of Tess, a magnificent figure transcending all of Miss Millett's categories. George Eliot is "stuck with the Ruskinian service ethic," Virginia Woolf "glorified two housewives," D. H. Lawrence, whose mystique of blood consciousness is read as if it were a social policy, is a virtual devil. His Lady Chatterley is never "given the personal autonomy of in occupation" (unlike all the other contemporary English ladies in both life and literature?). Mrs. Morel, the mother in *Sons and Lovers*, is "utterly deprived of any avenue of achievement" (as if that were somehow Lawrence's fault rather than an accurate re-

flection of what a miner's wife would have been like at the end of the nineteenth century—and apparently the raising of her family under conditions of hardship and with a drunken collapsed husband doesn't strike Miss Millett as an "achievement"). Paul Morel, "when his mother has ceased to be of service . . . quietly murders her"—an utterly grotesque distortion of what happens in the book. And as if there had never been a dominating woman in the world, Miss Millett complains of "a curious shift in sympathy between the presentation of Mrs. Morel from the early sections of the novel when she is a woman . . . 'done out of her rights' [Lawrence] as a human being . . . to the possessive matron guarding her beloved son from maturity. . . ." But this sentence itself gives a sufficient reason for the shift in narrative tone toward Mrs. Morel, as well as indicating, through the quote from Lawrence, that he did have kinds of sympathy for women which Miss Millett either won't allow or depreciates as tokens of male hostility.

It comes as a sign of Miss Millett's literary grasp that, outraged over Mrs. Morel's pleasure at ironing her son's shirts (as if

Lawrence were here inventing a feeling without precedent in human experience), praise should then follow for, of all things, Portnoy's Complaint as "a healthy antidote to this kind of thing."

The one writer whom Miss Millett approaches as if as a spokesman for sexual health is Jean Genet, the portraitist of prison crime, homosexuality. His "explication of the homosexual code becomes a satire of the heterosexual code" this, in the dubious though familiar premise that the extreme instance is the best illumination of the usual experience. Writes Miss Millett: "The degree to which eroticism and shame are inseparable in Genet is a nice illustration of how deeply guilt invades our apprehension of the sexual, and how pleasant a fact of sexual politics and human life is the less true of heterosexual society than it is of Genet's." But is it hardly less true? Is the common range of human sexuality "illustrated" by the world of Jean Genet?

That such a farrago of blunders, distortions, vulgarities, and plain nonsense could be passed by the English Department of Columbia University for the doctoral degree is an interesting fact.

to share their lives. You would now from Miss Millett's book are families where men and work together in a reasonable manner of humanness, fraternal even equality—at least as real as one can expect in an unjust time, and with all the difficulties that sheer existence imposes

think about me and think of the things I know, the friends with whom I live. The women have it hard, since they have to be at one and the same time mothers and professionals (and they are professionals here), mothers who do have to confront general conflicts and confusions of attractive wives (and why not? many succeed), and heaven knows what else. But in part at least the women have it hard because, for the same reasons that the men have it hard. Do they have it harder than the men? Probably so. Yet these are the people who seem to me among the most intelligent people in the world, are intelligent and fulfilled human beings who are not free in the terms of their freedom even though they recognize the bounds of limitation imposed by circumstance, gender, history, and culture. "Chat-Sexual objects"? Submissive to the master group"? These are the people of a little girl who knows nothing of life.

But, however, I am referring to a special group, too "enlightened" by the stigmata of sexual politics as Miss Millett describes them. I think of them, to the one other world I know well, the world of immigrant Jewish workers. I recall my father and father sharing their years of struggle and affection, meeting together in the bitterness of sudden poverty during the Depression, both of them struggling for wretched wages in the garment center, helping one another in the shop, on the subways, at the end of dreadful years. And I indeed know, that they weren't alone there were thousands of other families in the neighborhoods in which we lived. Was my mother a woman in subordination to the "master"? No more a drudge than my father who used to come home with his feet blistered from his job as a shoemaker. Was she a "sexual object"? I never have thought to ask, but in the shadow of decades, I should think that at least sometimes she



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Musings on the "Met"

Thirty-seven suggestions about how to make a famous house live up to its name.

IT'S LIKE SHERLOCK HOLMES' DOG in the night. The behavior of the board of the Metropolitan Opera is very suspicious. Here it is the beginning of October (at the point of writing) and there have been no noises, not even a yip, about the matter of Rudolf Bing's successor. His contract expires at the end of the 1971-72 season, which means that already, necessarily, he is planning 1972-73. Big musical organizations have to work several years ahead, to pin down the services of famous international figures, to plan the repertory, to make out schedules, to do the million and one things that have to be done before the curtain goes up. This means that if the board does appoint a successor, he will come in to run a season already planned by the previous management. Would any strong manager come in on those terms?

The music world can add as well as anybody else. Those who can put one and one together have already come up with the answer. The Met cannot find a successor. The Met will humbly ask Rudi Bing to stay on for another season. Rudi Bing, out of the goodness of his heart, will reluctantly accede.

Or: Herman Krawitz and Robert Herman, two of the assistant general managers, have in effect been running the house the last few seasons. They will continue to run it as a duumvirate, Krawitz in charge of administration, Herman in charge of artistic policy. Bing will be retained as a "consultant."

"If I were running a book," said one member of the board late last September, "Bing would be my first choice."

BING HAS BEEN THE HEAD of the Metropolitan Opera for twenty years. He is a complicated man: urbane, strong, feisty, witty, bitchy, arrogant,

utterly confident that he has done the best possible job under the worst possible circumstances. And at the end of his twenty years, the Metropolitan Opera is operating out of a house that combines the more garish features of a Hilton hotel and the Fontainebleau in Miami (fortunately the acoustics turned out well), with a repertory so timid that a spinster lady's boo would send it running for cover, and with a musical staff that has the strength of wet cardboard. The Metropolitan Opera means absolutely nothing to the cultural life of the United States.

IT IS THE OVERWHELMING CONSENSUS of musicians the world over that the one major fault of the Metropolitan Opera through the decades of the Bing administration has been its lack of strong artistic direction. Strong-minded conductors and Rudolf Bing do not seem to be able to work together. George Szell left in disgust. Jonel Perlea was treated like an office boy. Leonard Bernstein last season conducted *Cavalleria Rusticana* more as a favor to Franco Zeffirelli (his friend who designed the sets) than to Bing. Later that season Bing offered Bernstein *Götterdämmerung* and then changed his mind. The two men are no longer on speaking terms, and it will be a cold day indeed in Valhalla before Bernstein next conducts at the Metropolitan Opera as long as Bing remains in charge.

It so happens that the Metropolitan never in its history has had conductors in depth. There have been seasons where three or four great ones participated: Mahler, Toscanini, and Hertz in 1903-09; Beecham, Szell, and Walter during World War II. Generally, though, there are one or two headliners and a group of *routiniers*. This season we have Adler, Allers, Baudo, Böhm, Bonynges, Cleva, Franci, Krips, Lombard, Mehta, Molinari-Pradelli, Morel, and Schip-

pers. Of this list Böhm is the oldest, with Cleva (a greatly underrated conductor) the experienced workhorse. Most of the others are simply not of caliber to inspire singers or orchestral players, and the result can be a series of limp, unimaginative performances (when the Bonynges, Morel, or Adlers are conducting) or hysterical, superobjective performances (when young hotshots like Schippers or Mehta are at the helm). The situation at the Metropolitan has been more toward great singing than great conducting, but that is not why things should not change.

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY. The Metropolitan these days has an annual operating budget of some \$21 million, and its losses are fierce. A box-office failure can send losses off the bottom of the graph. This is why Bing frankly admits that he is a slave to the box office. The Metropolitan Opera, which has no guaranteed governmental subsidy, takes in only a percentage of its income at the box office. That means there can be no experimentation with repertory. At least, that is the reason offered. It is hard to believe that the Met, with all the millionaires on its board, without leverage in moneyed circles, could not get sources to underwrite productions that would not be box-office successes.

Nobody is asking the Met to become an avant-garde house. Neither its audience is currently geared for that. Nor are there many operas coming after *Turandot* and *Wozzeck* that deserve to be staged. But as presently constituted, the Met for years has been primarily a Verdi-Puccini house, with standard works by Mozart, Wa-

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and a few others filling out the y. That is why the Metropolitan in essence a provincial house. ncisco, London, Berlin, Vienna, all have seasons with a far more repertory. The Metropolitan must—examine other repertory. *Trerred Bride, Russalka, Jenufa, Kabanova, Mefistofele, Sadko, tchina, Les Huguenots* (if a cast assembled), *Le Comte Ory, nide, I Puritani, Doktor Faust*—peras can do for a start. *Der ütz* (announced but dropped). *Pyens* (which attracted international attention at Covent Garden)—dy has his favorites. These are ane works, doomed to instant and they belong in the repertory they may not prove to be as as *Traviata* or *Bohème*.

ANCE ON THE BOX OFFICE has l a carry-over into actual per- ce. Travesties like the new pro- s of *Carmen* and *Orfeo ed e* end up as Opera for the Tired sman. So anxious is the Met to nit that it will sometimes vulgar- distort the opera. Why, for in- even think of staging *Orfeo* if ve so little confidence in the hat you put the chorus in the pit ke a silly choreographic spec- the classic Gluck score?

BOARD OF THE METROPOLITAN era seems to go along entirely e Bing administration. It is an us board, of forty-four members, al in this kind of setup, a half- or so do most of the work and most of the decisions. It is a f directors that represents money ciety. The Metropolitan Opera that it is for all the people, that leader in the cultural life of the it there is no black on the board. nber of a minority group. Nor, at the names, do there appear ny Jews. If the time ever comes ity and state money will be going e Metropolitan, there will have me drastic changes on the board. nic groups that have supported ise for so many years will have epresented.

ge Moore, president of the Met- an, is the first to admit that he little about opera or music. The y retired head of the First Na- City Bank, he is business-ori- and frankly admits that he would

prefer an administrator who knows business, rather than a musical type, at the head of the Metropolitan Opera. "We're looking for a boss," he says.

But can't a musical type bring in a strong administrator as his No. 2?

QUERY TO MYSELF: "All right, smart guy, who would you like to see as Bing's successor?"

Above all others, Leonard Bernstein. He has the charisma, he has the musicianship, his repertory ideas would be exciting, and he always has been made for the theater. He would give the house the strong musical direction it has so lacked for many years. But would he take it? One board member high up in the hierarchy says that he has been asked and that he refused. Several sources close to Bernstein insist that he has *not* been asked, certainly not officially. These sources say that if Bernstein ever did accept an invitation to take over the Met, he would concentrate on musical problems, bringing in several knowledgeable and strong assistants to take care of the administration.

Julius Rudel. He runs a tight opera house, and the New York City Opera is a much more democratic institution than the Met. He is a superb conductor, has developed into a good infighter (they say), is a proved administrator, and has stimulating repertory ideas.

Lord Harewood. His name came up several years ago, as a trial balloon, and was scotched by Bing. He is a man in love with music (his first wife was a pianist, his second is a violinist), is an opera buff, has had administrative experience at Covent Garden and the Edinburgh Festival, is tall and good-looking. One of the jobs of the general manager is to raise money. Can you imagine this glamorous figure, this cousin to Queen Elizabeth herself, addressing the ladies of the opera guilds in Des Moines, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and New Orleans? He would not only wipe out the Met debts: he could clear the national debt if he so took it into his mind.

THE MET THESE DAYS IS A TIRED house. Often one gets the feeling that management considers it a triumph merely if the curtain is lifted. There is a monotony of repertory, a monotony in the pit, a monotony on stage. Every once in a while the Met can raise the spirits when it assembles an all-star cast of singers: Sutherland, Horne, and Bergonzi in *Norma*; Arroyo, Bergonzi,

Milnes, and Raimondi in *Ernani*. Then there is real excitement in the house. More often the singing is flaccid, the applause perfunctory. This unfortunately is the rule in most major opera houses the world over. There are not enough great singers and conductors to go around. But at least the Met could try to get more spirit into its performances, give the participants a little more rehearsal. These days the Met is dominated by its problems, and not by the music it presents. It also is an open secret that the person in charge of casting is not only no musician: he also knows next to nothing about the voice, and his employment in such a critical job has created a great deal of resentment in the house.

SOME WILD SPIRITS, SUCH AS Luciano Berio, would completely restructure the Metropolitan Opera, making it an experimental house. It can't be done, nor should it be done. There has to be a place where opera of the past is presented with the greatest available voices, in a traditional manner. The Metropolitan Opera should remain the counterpart to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, letting other organizations take care of the avant-garde. All talk about "relevance," and art of the past being no longer a part of our time, is nonsense. Is Rembrandt relevant today? Shakespeare? Beethoven? Homer?

Of course they are. All great art is eternally relevant, in that it continually adds to our experience. Talk about opera houses or symphony halls no longer being relevant is not only nonsense: it is dangerous nonsense, reflecting either an insensate populism or a know-nothing philosophy. In the present structure of music and music education, there has been little effort to bring people, especially young people, into the opera houses or symphony halls, but that does not mean that the art must be destroyed. It merely means that our educational and economic priorities must be shifted so that, first of all, the arts should become an integral part of one's education: and, second of all, that concerts and opera be easily and inexpensively available to those who wish to take advantage of them. The latter postulate necessarily involves massive government subsidy. Eventually the arts will have it, though the time is long away. (Massive government subsidy in relation to the arts may sound like a lot of money, but it would be a tiny speck in today's military budget.)

WORDS WORTH SAVING

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- Across a Darkling Plain*, by Marshall Frady. Harper's Magazine Press (1971).
- Decline and Fall*, by Otto Friedrich. Harper & Row.
- Who Needs the Democrats*, by John Kenneth Galbraith. Doubleday.
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WHERE THE WORDS COME FIRST.

MUSIC

IN ANY CASE, UNLESS THERE are convulsive changes, the Met cannot be a "democratic" house. The orchestras already are approaching \$20 each. If there is inefficiency in the house—there are—there are stories—but even if an administrator with the genius of a McNamara, with twenty IBM machines and twenty cost-accountant sharpshooters, were running the place, he could not greatly reduce ticket prices. Opera is a very expensive undertaking. Sure: you could get fewer singers of international stature, you could cut down on the salaries and (especially) the costumes, you could reduce staff, you could do a lot of things to reduce expenses. But even so, the house would be even more provincial than it is now.

The star system cannot be disassociated from the Met. Stars are stars because they do certain things better than anybody else alive. As far as the Met is concerned, it has no choice. If it is going to stage *Tristan und Isolde*, it must have Birgit Nilsson, at \$5,000-plus a performance, and not Mme. Pipsqueak at \$3,000. Certain opera companies have to make a virtue of ensemble. They have abolished the star system because they have to, not because they want to. They have stocked up with intelligent, highly trained, some, musically singers, who can sing convincingly and learn fast. And they do indeed present a high grade of opera. But when the chips are down, to whom would you rather hear as Norma: Joan Sutherland, who can't act very well, or a considerably less endowed vocalist who has better looks and more musicianship? If the Metropolitan Opera does not stand for imagination, for courage, for enterprise, it at least does stand for great singing, what there is of it around. It must have the stars, or it is nothing. A great conductor can shake up the stars, and sometimes even make them act like human beings and sing like artists. The combination is unbreakable. That is why the Metropolitan Opera so badly needs the services of conductors like Solti, Kempe, Boulez, Bernstein, Karajan, Davis, Rozhdensky, and others who have the power to inspire singers and players. The conductors, and also a general manager whose musicianship is equally inter-

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA IS IN a position to go around acting as if it is God's gift to culture. It isn't, but it never will be until it starts leading audiences and not following them.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/DECEMBER







